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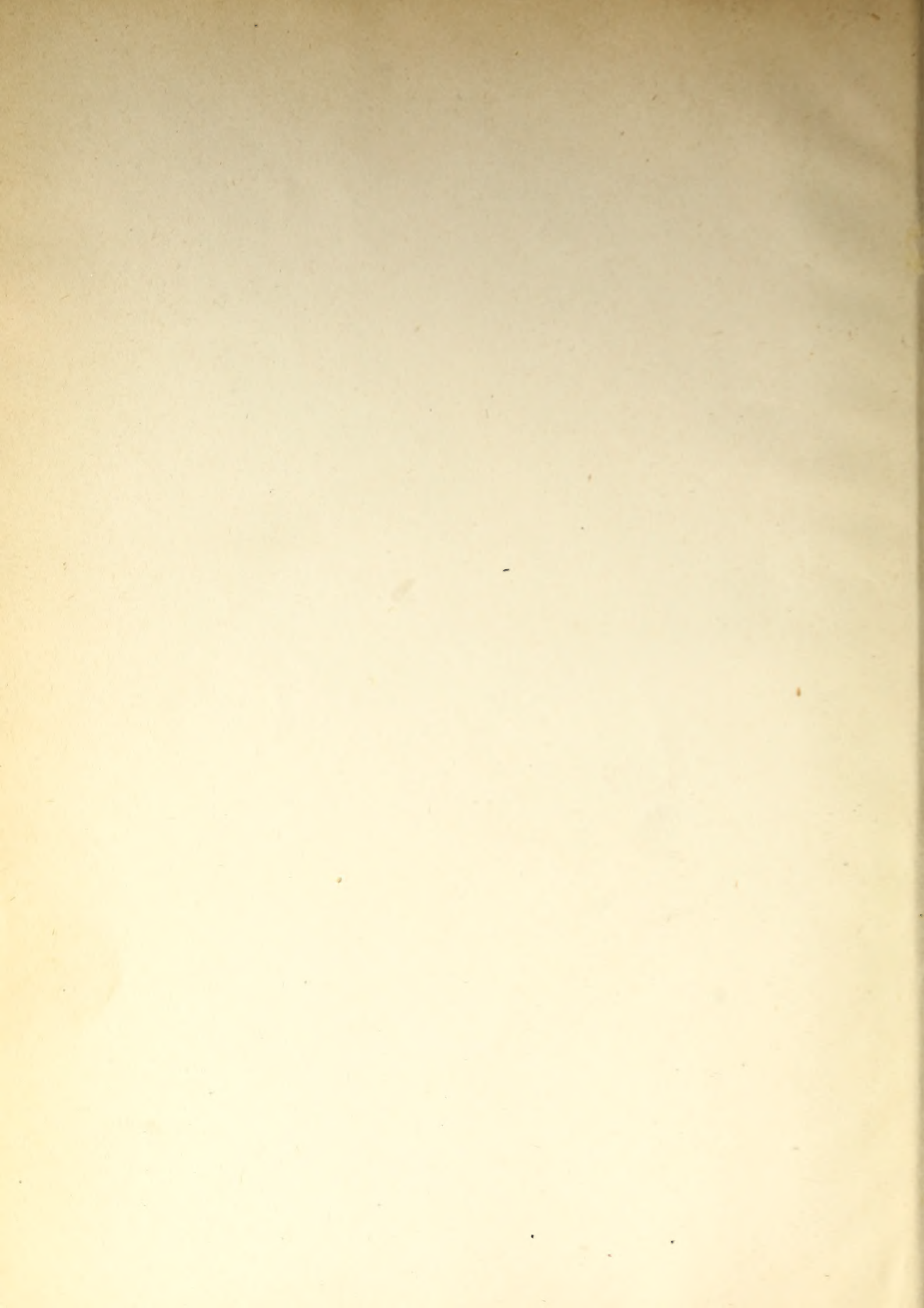
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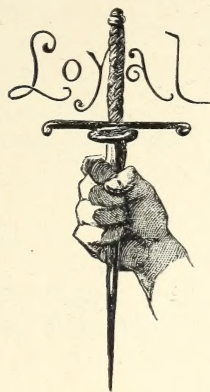
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September, 1896



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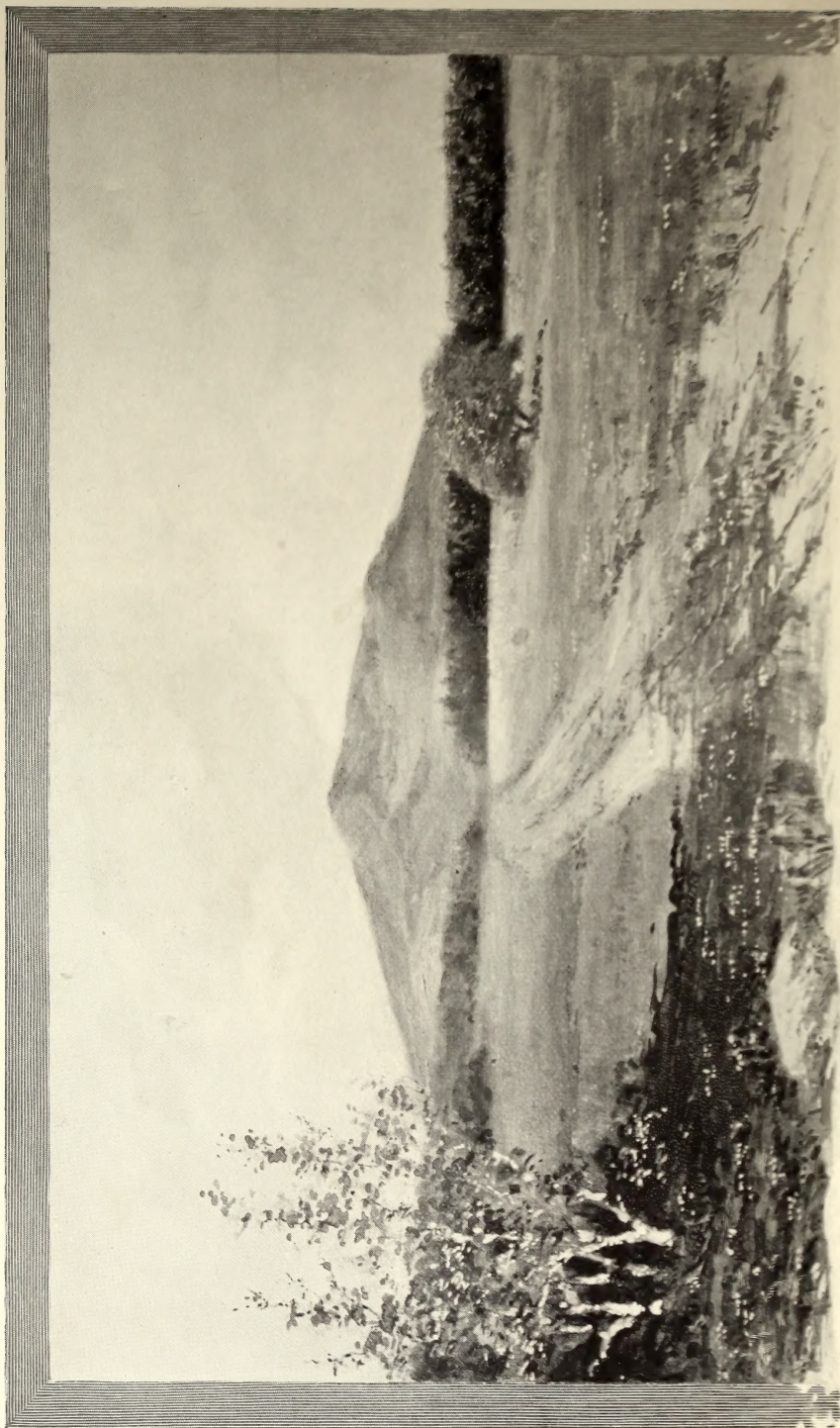
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MONADNOCK.

From a painting by Edward W. Emerson.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

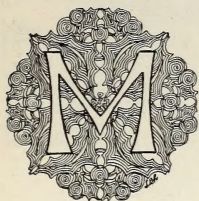
NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1896.

VOL. XV. NO. I.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

By George Willis Cooke.



RS. STOWE secured in her lifetime a greater popularity, a more universal fame, than any other woman obtained. Her works have been translated into many languages, and she has been read in every part of the world. Her influence may be well compared with that of Madame de Staël, George Sand and George Eliot, each of whom was her superior in intellectual strength and in the depth of her influence on individual minds. It was Mrs. Stowe, however, who reached the popular heart, who appealed to the mass of mankind.

Three or four of Mrs. Stowe's books seem destined to hold a permanent place in literature. With all the imperfections of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it has in it elements of such vital interest, both in the subject itself and in its manner of treatment, that it is not likely to lose its place as one of the great books of the world. Of greater artistic excellence are the "Minister's Wooing" and "The Pearl of Orr's Island," though they describe a life which was less dramatic and of not so universal an interest.

Mrs. Stowe was fortunate in having within her reach two subjects of primary importance in their time,

with both of which she was personally familiar, and both of which have now ceased to exist. These were slavery in the South and the later Puritanism in New England. It was these fresh and unique subjects which she interpreted with great skill, and which made her fame. When she went outside of them her work reached nothing like equal merit with the books



MRS. STOWE IN EARLY LIFE.

From the portrait at Abbot Academy.



BIRTHPLACE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE AT LITCHFIELD, CONN.

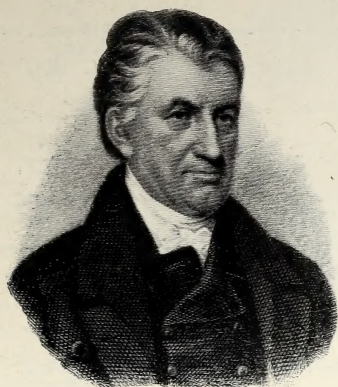
devoted to these two phases of American life. She saw something of slavery with her own eyes, and knew what it was with a woman's quick intuition. Its picturesqueness and its inhumanity were alike impressed upon her, and found their place in that wonderful book in which she described the life of Uncle Tom. She knew slavery in its reality, in its good and in its bad, and with such clear insight that her books yet remain, and are likely to remain, its best record and its truest interpretation. That life has now so wholly passed away that it seems a thing of the remote past; but in its last days of full and complete life she described it for all time.

Of only less interest are her novels of New England life; for they have the flavor of the soil, and are thoroughly indigenous in their spirit. Born into and reared amidst the social conditions of later Puritanism in New England, she knew this Puritanism to the very heart, loved its outward form and its inward heart-throb, and knew how to interpret what was

truest and most loving in it. No one has described this life so faithfully as she, on so large a canvas or with such minuteness of detail. Her attitude toward it, of course, was wholly different from that toward slavery, which she hated and held up to detestation. Yet her heart was too sympathetic for her to be intentionally unjust even to slavery, and she not only saw but portrayed its good side with loving kindness. For New England life, however, she had only feelings of love and admiration. She saw its quaintness, its narrowness, and its provincialism; but even for these latter she had a most tender affection. This life she described as one might a sweetheart or a devoted mother.

In estimating the permanent literary value of Mrs. Stowe's work, we must count her as in the highest degree fortunate in having two such subjects within her reach, unique in their literary value, and about to pass away from the world's great social influences. Had slavery continued, something of the interest we now find in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would not

be there; a measure of its literary and historic force would be absent. In almost as large a degree the novels of New England life describe social conditions no longer to be found, and picture for us a life of intensest interest, which was not only unique, but which has ceased to have any real ex-



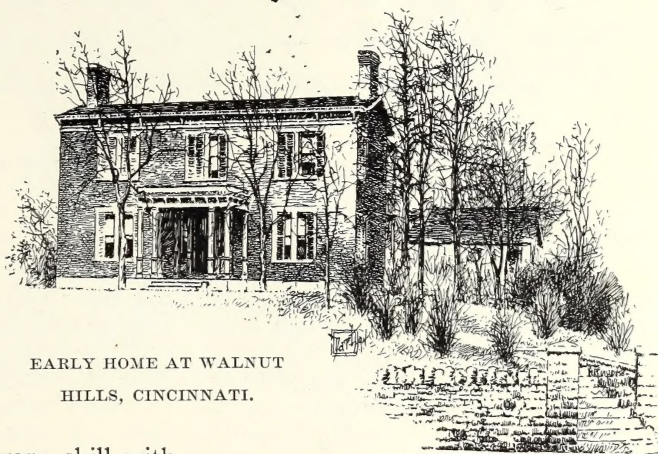
LYMAN BEECHER.

istence. For Americans, at least, these books must continue to have a value of the most important kind, in helping to make real to them potent social forces in the life of their own country.

It would be assigning to the works of Mrs. Stowe but a minor value if they are supposed to have only a historic interest. It may be assumed, on the other hand, that there is a limitation of a serious nature to be found in the fact of the temporary character of the life she described. No reader can feel today, however, that it is a detriment to these books that they interpret social conditions no longer to be found. It shows the art and literary skill with which Mrs. Stowe wrought, that her

books are not dependent for their charm and interest on any exterior conditions of this kind. Her books were read in far-away countries, where there was no immediate interest in the political and social problems which slavery created, as enthusiastically as by the members of the anti-slavery party here at home.

It is their humanity, their faithfulness to life, their warmth and depth of sympathy, their intense affection for persons, which made the real charm of these books; and there was something here which time will not take away or any changing of social conditions make less important. We do not read Mrs. Stowe's books with a curious interest in the characters, as if they were strangers and to be dismissed as soon as the book is laid aside; they become to us companions and friends, take up their abode with us, and domesticate themselves. We acquire affection for them, a warm sympathy with them in their perplexities and sorrows, and a tenderness for their infirmities and vices. For the moment, at least, we forget their fictitious character; and even later on we think of them persistently as living persons, as those we once knew who have gone away into another neigh-



EARLY HOME AT WALNUT
HILLS, CINCINNATI.

too often and too intensely, that she kept the emotions stirred up too constantly, that her pathos was too harrowing and her wit too frequently in demand. In this she was but following a characteristic of all women novelists, and showed forth a trait of the "eternally feminine." To the mind that is eternally masculine this may be an objection; but to the large majority of those who find in the novel their mental recreation, this appeal to the feelings is not an objection. Indeed, it cannot be

seriously urged against any literary production that it has this element, an element so essential to the fully developed man, and which lies closest to what is permanently true and noble in human nature. It is not high thought, but pure feeling, which makes men heroic and women devoted. Great thought may illuminate, but great emotion saves.

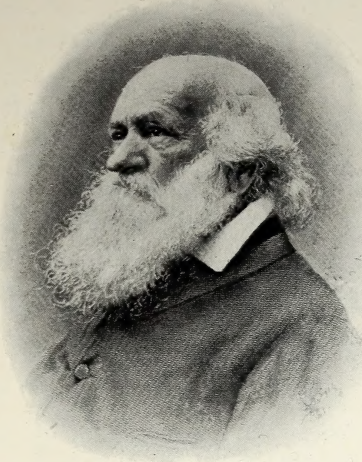
The career of Mrs. Stowe is one of which every American and every woman may well be proud. Born in 1811, in the old town of Litchfield, Connecticut, of a true New England ancestry, she grew up to a life of free activity and earnest mental effort. Educated under the Puritanic influence of her

sister Catherine, in Hartford, in early womanhood she went with her family to Cincinnati, engaged in the career

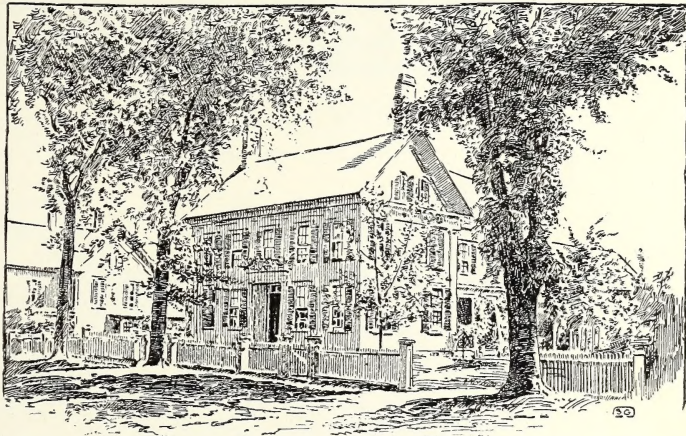
of a teacher, saw slavery near at hand, took part in helping free such slaves as she could reach, and married Professor Calvin E. Stowe. After years of struggle, trial and poverty, having seen much of life and learned some of its greatest lessons, she went with her husband to Brunswick, Maine. Here she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in the midst of her household duties, under condi-

tions of urgent demand from within to utter what she knew about slavery and to bear her testimony against it. This book at once made her famous, as it was the truest word which had yet been spoken or was ever to be spoken from the heart of the freedom-loving North.

After a visit to Europe, she returned to live at Andover, Massachu-



CALVIN ELLIS STOWE.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" WAS WRITTEN.
BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

setts, where her husband had removed. Here she wrote "Dred," and collected her book of facts about the career of Uncle Tom. There rapidly followed her New England stories, "The Minister's Wooing," and "The Pearl of Orr's Island." Somewhat later came her "Pogonuc People," and her "Oldtown Folks," and "Oldtown Fireside Stories." In 1863 she removed to Hartford, and a year or two later she established a winter home in Florida. To the end of her life these were the places of her residence; and of Hartford she came to be an important part. Of her several visits to Europe no word need here be said; nor is it necessary to enter upon the incidents of the remarkable expression of affection shown her by American authors on the occasion of her seventieth birth-

day. Important features of her career were her interest in the supernatural, and her correspondence with George Eliot. By far more dramatic was her defense of Lady Byron and her attempt to right the wrongs of that long suffering woman. Her minor books have a value of their own, as does everything she wrote or did; but her fame will rest upon the works which have been named.*

It may be frankly said of Mrs. Stowe, that she never wrote with a purely literary object in view. She did not regard the novel merely as an artistic production, but she went to the deeper sources of life for her motives and her inspiration. It may be



MRS. STOWE.

From a portrait in her later life.

*Most of Mrs. Stowe's books are now published in uniform edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The same firm also publishes her "Life compiled from her Letters and Journals," by her son, Rev. C. E. Stowe. Another biography, "The Life-work of the Author of Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. F. T. McCray, is published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.



THE HOME OF "THE PEARL OF ORR'S ISLAND."



HENRY WARD BEECHER AND MRS. STOWE.

true that she did not give sufficient attention to the æsthetic construction of her books, to their creation in the image of artistic ideals; but she did what was far better, she put a woman's heart into them, and the results of a rich life experience. Her plots are not always well constructed, are lacking in firm outline and steady adherence to one main purpose, and have too many subsidiary interests. Yet she was a great story-teller, which is

the main thing; and she knew how to appeal to the average reader through what is universal in human life. The simplest person could not only understand what she meant to say, but the most obdurate heart was moved by the tenderness of her appeal.

It is not by any means certain that Mrs. Stowe lost anything because she was not more of an artist. No mere workmanship, however finely wrought, ever yet made any perma-

nent appeal to men and women. The finest artistic performance is that which works the finest effects; and by that standard Mrs. Stowe does not fall behind any. She had a story to tell and she told it straight on, without fear and without favor, in a truly womanly way, as it came to her out of the fullness of her own life. Whatever artistic limitations may have thus resulted, there was a great gain on the side of effectiveness and on the side of the strong appeal which she made to the humanitarian spirit of her time. She was wise in her generation, in this regard; the love of humanity was worth more to her than any æsthetic gift of literary expression.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was a great moral and humanitarian protest. Its power over the reader is much greater than that of "Dred," which is far su-



MRS. STOWE'S ANDOVER HOME.

perior from an artistic point of view. This was the result of the intense moral conviction with which it was written, as an indignant protest against the evils of slavery. She said of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," that "God wrote it, not I." Here is the secret of its power, that it was wrought out of the fires of feeling and imagination, that every page of it glowed with moral indignation or an affectionate love of the lowly and suffering. The condition of mind in which she wrote may be seen from the letter which she sent to Mrs. Follen soon after the publication of "Uncle Tom," and while she was preparing



INKSTAND PRESENTED MRS. STOWE BY HER ENGLISH ADMIRERS.



MRS. STOWE'S HOME AT HARTFORD.

the "Key" to the novel. "I suffer exquisitely in writing these things. It may be truly said that I write with my heart's blood. Many times in writing 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' I thought my health would fail utterly; but I prayed earnestly that God would help me till I got through, and still I am pressed beyond measure and above strength. This horror, this nightmare abomination! can it be in my country! It lies like lead on my heart; it shadows my life with sorrow; the more so that I feel, as for my own brothers, for the South, and am pained

by every horror I am obliged to write, as one who is forced by some awful oath to disclose in court some family disgrace."

This sensibility, this vigor of sympathetic imagination revealed in all her books, is a striking feature of Mrs. Stowe's writing. Her characters are her own children, a part of her own life, and are of her kith and kin. In this respect her imagination shows a greatness which is rare in literature and which has seldom been exceeded. She had not the power to stand off from her characters and



MRS. STOWE IN HER HOME AT HARTFORD.
From a late photograph.

view them with keen intelligence alone. She could not dissect their lives or study the evolution of their careers. They were as her own children, their deeds and sayings affording her subjects for narrative; but she talked of them as a mother of her loved ones. Her imagination, however, was really creative, but through

vivid imagination, however, that she was enabled to tell her story with such marvelous directness and force. It was not the exterior conditions of her characters of which she wrote, but of themselves, their feelings, their experiences of love and hate, and the insights of their spiritual natures. Her method did not so much require

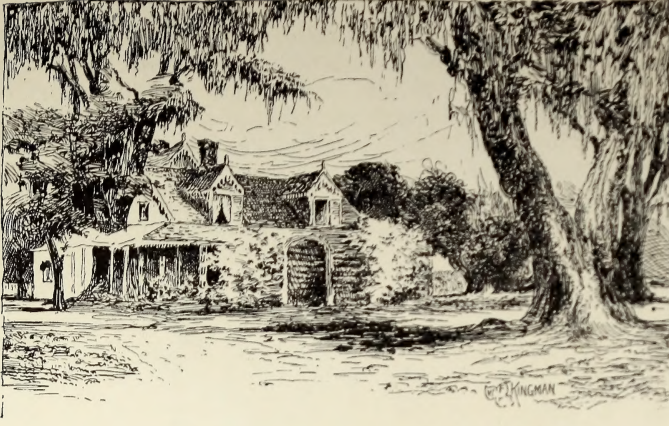


sympathy and not through mere intelligence.

It would have been for Mrs. Stowe an impossibility to give a critical analysis of her characters, as is the wont of some novelists. She wrote before the analytic style came into vogue and ere it was discovered that it is the business of the novelist to describe life as it is. Yet it will puzzle one to find in any of the more recent novelists a greater truthfulness to nature or a larger fidelity to human realities. It was by the aid of her

that she describe her personages, as that they should live their own lives in her books, and speak to us in a way which to our imaginations makes them real.

In Turgeneff's "Annals of a Sportsman" we have a book of like intent with "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; but the manner of it is far different. This book of the great Russian described serfdom as it existed in his country; and it had the effect of abolishing the holding of human beings in bondage. It was read by Alexander II., who



THE FLORIDA HOME.

was moved by it to his act of emancipation. Turgeneff's method was that of the cool, dispassionate observer of social conditions, who described these with a keen intellect. He appealed to reason, as Mrs. Stowe appealed to feeling. He convinced the intellect, as she convinced the moral nature. Her appeal had the more immediate answer, because she made it to the great heart of the common people. Turgeneff's argument convinced the Czar with its reasonableness, its moral integrity and its political sagacity. If his method was suited to a despotism, where only one person had to be converted, hers was suitable to a republic, where the mass of the people had to be reached. Intellect is aristocratic and convinces the select few; feeling is democratic and persuades the many.

In a general way such a comparison is helpful, showing the difference in method of two great writers, and proving that the life of man is many-sided. It is not just to Mrs. Stowe, however, to admit that her appeal was only to emotion. The fact is that the imagination is as intellectual as pure reason, and is of far higher force as a literary power. The supremest of all man's intellectual powers is that of imagination, for it is the most elemental, the most creative, and affords the

surest way to the wholeness of the truth. Without this faculty the author is a mere scribbler, and without it the thinker is a mere logician. It creates forms of beauty, and it brings one to see life as it is, to know the ways and thoughts of others. Hence it is that nothing is to be detracted from Mrs. Stowe's

power because of her vigorous imagination, which enabled her to enter into the heart experiences of others, and to tell their story better than they could do it for themselves.

Not less is to be said for her power as a humorist, which kept her work well-balanced, sane, and in touch with reality. It kept her from being morbid in her crusade against slavery, and as often as she laughed brought her to what is honest and just. Without her keen sense of humor her work would have been less healthy and less effective. Her humanity was all the more real, struck deeper roots and bore fruit sounder and in greater quantity, because she could laugh heartily when life showed its fun and its broad farce. Not only in the South, but in New England, there was on every hand the substance of humor, and need enough for wit in showing the genuine good and evil of men. Keenest wit Mrs. Stowe sometimes possessed, wit incisive and subtle; but humor lay very near the surface of her mind, and was ever ready to bubble over in sweetest expression of sympathy or in richest insight into character. Great as was her hatred of slavery and the slave-master, she could laugh at their follies and the simplicities of the negro, with readiest appreciation of what was

grotesque and absurd in their doings and sayings. In her books humor is always the vehicle of sympathy and of the growth of a more loving appreciation.

Mrs. Stowe was thoroughly a woman in her intellectual gifts, as in her sympathy and her humanitarian spirit. Though no author of her time obtained greater celebrity or had a wider influence, yet she was domestic and feminine in her tastes.

In her there was nothing of that assertive spirit which distinguished Madame de Staël and George Sand, nothing of that wish for notoriety and that individuality of temper which marked those great women and which secured for them the epithet of "masculine."

The literary traits which have been already mentioned are distinctly of the womanly type, and are such as distinguish the majority of women from the majority of men. This is not said in any spirit of detraction, for these traits are as distinctly human, and as noble in character, as any which are peculiar to men.

It is very difficult to distinguish that which is masculine from that which is feminine in literature. Yet there is without doubt an appreciable difference and one worthy of being noted. It is one felt rather than rea-

soned out, one of flavor or emphasis rather than one of marked features. So far the work of women is distinguished by more of emotion, by a keener personal sympathy, and by a finer ethical insight. In all her books Mrs. Stowe shows these characteristics, and in a marked degree. She was wise in keeping thus to what is everywhere accepted as womanly, for it is the woman we need in literature.

Say what we will, sex stamps itself upon the mind, qualifies and emphasizes its powers, and marks with its own peculiarity every mental product. So long as women think they must write as men write, they will suppress their own individuality and do injustice to their own special gifts. We need in literature the womanly

feeling which such women as Mrs. Stowe only can express. We need the interpretation of life which the home duties and the mother love can give; and literature will always be weak on the moral side until such interpretation is given us. It has not so far been easy for women to speak plainly and simply from the vantage ground of their own experiences, for all literary ideals call them to see life from another point of view. The merit of Mrs. Stowe was that she wrote as a mother, sitting by her own fireside



ON THE PORCH AT THE HARTFORD HOME.

and caring daily for her children and training them to manhood and womanhood, of some of the greatest problems of life. Mrs. Ward has written of this side of Mrs. Stowe's life what should always be taken into consideration, in judging of the final value of her work as literature: "Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and

strength and moral earnestness, is what women can do, and what there is a great demand to have done. The promise of humanity for the future is to be found in the willingness of women thus to put the home mark on life and all its great and precious interests.

Mrs. Stowe's books are especially



THE GRAVE AT ANDOVER.

Mrs. Stowe's grave is between the two crosses which mark the graves of her husband and her son.

loving of mothers. . . . It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy." That is what we need in literature, and what we have so far had too little of. At no time was this spirit more needed than now; and never was there so great an opportunity before women as at this present moment. To show, without preaching, that life may be simple, loving, just and humane, filled with human

worthy of notice at this time because they are so truly feminine, in the largest and best sense. They are not weak and gushing, languid or silly. There is not a bit of sentimentalism in them, no expression of feeling merely for the sake of exciting emotion. They are thoroughly natural, healthy, sound and pure. Their purity, however, is not the result of ignorance or hot-house culture. Living in the

world, familiar with its depravity and its crime, Mrs. Stowe selects what is most truly human for the subject of her pen, and so interprets it that virtue shall appear as health. It were well if all other women could be as true to their own natures, as loyal to the womanly within them.

Some word should be said of Mrs. Stowe's religious position. In her books the religious trend of her mind is always apparent, for she could not disguise the fact of the depth and earnestness of her religious convictions. She assumes that religion is natural to man, that by all the deeper and larger instincts of his nature he feels himself called to believe in God and to hope for immortality. This faith she does not argue about, in no way discusses it, simply assumes its reality. Yet it is not difficult to see what is her own attitude or to discover what is her own position with reference to the great faiths of mankind. She was a Christian of the undogmatic type, sincere, earnest and devoted. Hers was the Christianity of the heart and of faithful living. She was contented to accept the great and simple faith of all Christian men and women as something known through moral and spiritual experience, and so proven.

She early outgrew the sterner features of her father's Calvinism, but not without much of struggle and heartache. Once having put it aside and found a faith which gave her love and hope, she was contented to accept the Christian symbols without question and in a spirit of entire confidence. The fine mystic quality of her faith found expression in a few of her poems, which may be counted among the best religious hymns of our century. Her habitual religious attitude was one of earnest humanitarian consecration and loyalty, which found noble statement in several of the essays contained in her "House and Home Papers" and in "The Chimney Corner." Hers was a religion of life and love, of Chris-

tian fidelity and spiritual insight. She accepted the Christian traditions and symbolism in no narrow and sectarian spirit, but with a largeness of hope, a humility of intellectual opinion, a sincerity of moral motive, and a loyalty of human service, which gave her closest sympathy with the best religious teachers of her time.

In all her greater novels we find this religion, which was so much to her in every phase of her life. It is not a religion of the sects, it is not based on any statement of doctrine, its foundation is never intellectual. In whomsoever it appears, life is made richer because of it. Quietly it expresses itself, inspires the life and gives beauty to every word and act. It seems onewith the sunshine, and yet it invigorates the moral nature; and it brings the soul into harmony with God. The simple religious trust thus presented is a beautiful feature of Mrs. Stowe's life.

This word about Mrs. Stowe's religion may remind us how wholesome and helpful her books are. There are times when we wish to know what life is, in its struggle, its crime and its tragedy. In such mood we are, perhaps, too little concerned with its destiny and its moral issues, for we wish to know its facts, and are ready to take them without flinching. It is well that its realities, stern and forbidding as they are, should be presented to us, in all their lurid colors and with their horrors all upon them. Yet we know it is not this presentation of life which keeps the heart pure and makes us brave to labor for those we love. If we are willing to accept the facts as they are, and if we have the courage to face them and so to deal with them as still to live on bravely and hopefully, it is even more true that we crave something assuring and trustful.

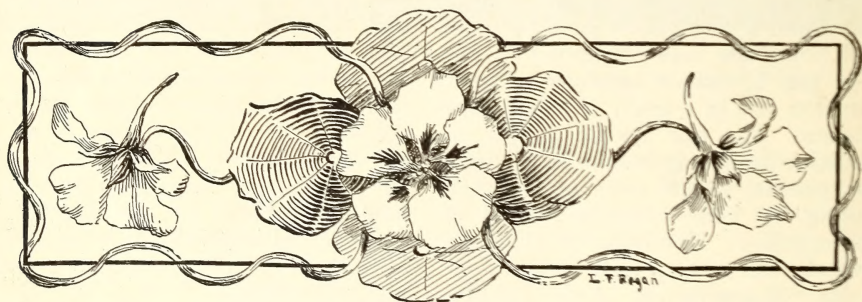
There is all that about Mrs. Stowe's books which makes us glad to have read them and, having read them, makes us feel that we are braver and stronger for having done so. They

help to convince us that it is worth while to take part in the struggle for right against wrong, and that if we do so we cannot fail to find life richer and finer because we have done it. They are bracing to the moral nature, making it easier to resist temptation; and if we have done wrong, they give us courage to fight our way out of it, with God's help. Therefore her books leave a good effect behind them, so that we count it a fortunate day when we read them, a day which put new sunshine into life, and a day which gave light upon some of the dark places which we feared or stumbled through before.

It may be said of Mrs. Stowe, as of all authors who move the world by their moral personality, that she was greater than any of her books. Her womanhood was the most conspicuous thing about her, and is that which most strongly commends her to us. Her books are but fragmentary expressions of her large and rich nature. No one can read her biography by her son, which is largely of the nature of an autobiography, without feeling that here was a true woman, who was able to overcome untoward circumstances, to whom poverty was an enrichment of nature and sorrow a gain-

ing of larger hope and faith. Her religion was so generous, liberal, broad-minded and genuine, that we can but feel it grew out of greater depths than those of tradition,—that somehow it had touched reality in God. So it is that her life was in itself the most perfect of her works, most worthy of perusal, and giving to the imagination the largest satisfaction.

It is not one of the highest places in literature which Mrs. Stowe will occupy in the future, but one of permanent hold upon those who love what is simple and heartfelt. When we are weary of brilliant intellectual novels, in which art and tragedy have a large place, we shall come back to these stories of human affection, to find them having a power to charm and inspire as the others cannot. Having read them, we shall go away to live out something of their pure human worthiness into the toil and sorrow of each day. Whatever the art limitations of Mrs. Stowe's books, they are such as the mass of men and women will love, because finding in them comfort and hope. It is this human quality, this quality of hope and courage, which will long keep them alive.



THE HEALING OF MRS. CHICHESTER.

By Zitella Cocke.

EVERYBODY knew the forbears of the Chichesters. Did not a family tree in excellent lithograph, as well as numerous ancestral portraits and family belongings, testify thereto, in an old brick mansion on a plantation not five miles from Torrance? They were of true and valiant stock, the Chichesters, having done good service in navy and state in old England and America. Therefore when James Chichester married a pretty little Miss Pardee, and brought her to the town of Torrance,—a university town by the way,—“the naso adunco” of the society people achieved a Horatian altitude and significance.

“The Pardees are nobody,” said one.

“She certainly is not good enough for him,” said another.

“Good enough? Absolute degradation, say I,” remarked the widow of a senator. “But given a man of good birth, good breeding, good disposition and unimpeachable honor, and faith in woman, and you can safely count on his marrying a woman who is not his equal. He is just the man to be caught by the most skilful angler; and whatever Miss Pardee lacked in other respects, she and her family—for you may be sure she had help—have proven themselves expert anglers. Such a man as James Chichester, too,—so fine a fellow ought to have a wife capable of appreciating him!”

“Yes, some men marry, and other men are married,—or I should say are given in marriage,” said a physician’s wife sententiously.

“Oh, given in marriage by all means!” laughed the senator’s widow. “Somehow it was made to appear to James Chichester that the well-be-

ing or happiness of this woman depended on his proposing to her. You may be sure he never once looked at his own advantage,—he is too chivalrous for that! Wives and husbands are sometimes inexplicable curses, sent by a malignant fairy or wicked spirit.”

“Ah, ladies, you are darting straws against the wind to try to account for a man’s motive in marrying,—or a woman’s either,” said a stately octogenarian, the mother-in-law of the widow. “The law says Miss Pardee is James Chichester’s wife—and there’s an end of it. Yet he is the most unmated looking man I ever saw. His face is a history!”

“Oh, he is very married looking, I think,” retorted the widow.

“He does look rather subdued,” said the physician’s wife, “but she,—dear me, she seems to be in a continuous flutter of self-gratulation and embarrassment, as much as to say, ‘Now haven’t I out-married the world? I am a Chichester—I am!’ She flutters, however; she has not yet crystallized into her position—the environage is much too new and strange.”

“You are out there, my dear. Her self-poise is tremendous,” interrupted the octogenarian. “These half-strainers, as the negroes call them,—these vulgarians—always have plenty of self-assertion. Fools, you know, rush in where angels fear to tread.”

“Well, she does make him comfortable; she is an excellent housekeeper,” mildly interposed the clergyman’s wife. “She has copied half my book of recipes already, and her fruitcake is a triumphant success, I assure you.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed the widow. “Like all people of her class, she im-

agines bustle and fuss the marks of a notable housekeeper. If every negro on the place is running to and fro for dear life, looking busy, she is content. The poor darkies hardly have time to eat their meals. I daresay they hate her. Think of her requiring the cook to show her hands before she begins to cook a meal—a cook trained by James Chichester's mother proving her cleanliness to a Pardee—think of it! Old Sukey,—a perfect artist, in the kitchen!"

"Oh, don't let's discuss her any more," said the clergyman's wife. "I hear her health is very poor now. Doctor Johns is there once a week regularly."

"Well, then," continued the octogenarian, "I say poor James Chichester again; for there is no more inexorable tyrant than the one who wields the sceptre from a sick chair. On my soul, I pity James Chichester."

"Perhaps he would not thank you, mother," replied the daughter-in-law. "Besides, he made his own bed; let him lie on it."

"No, no, Rebecca, you are wrong. Men and women do not always make the beds on which they are compelled to lie."

"Well, if she has become an invalid, we have compensations; we shall escape the sight of those startling toilettes she exhibits on Sunday at the morning service. I hate a dumpy woman, and they always dress badly."

"Well, all of us cannot be tall," again expostulated the clergyman's wife, taking in at a glance the handsome figures which comprised the little circle; "she didn't make herself!"

"Begging your pardon, she does make herself. She makes a fool of herself every day of her life, and James Chichester is obliged to see it," exclaimed the widow, with a laugh so contagious that every face in the room shone with merriment.

"I declare, Rebecca, say no more; you do exceed all bounds," laughed the octogenarian, with a glance at her daughter-in-law, divided between pro-

test and admiration. "I am sorry for poor James Chichester!"

"You can exercise your compassion, to better purpose," replied the widow. "I dare say she esteems it a phase of elegance to pose as an invalid. No doubt she will enjoy her bad health to her heart's content."

"Rebecca! Rebecca!"

And so it came to pass, that from an attack of malaria, a touch of neuralgia and rheumatism, followed by a complication of bodily ills, Mrs. Chichester was absent from church service for several weeks, and the astonishing toilettes were presented to the eyes of Torrance only during the afternoon drives, which occurred three times a week. The first assault of disease in no wise daunted these braveries of dress, nor did a protracted siege accomplish unconditional surrender. The Chichester pew showed a vacant seat, and the afternoon drives were finally given up, but Mrs. Chichester still received visitors. Her spacious drawing-room offered ample opportunity for the display of rare toilettes. In the course of time she became too feeble to stand during the formalities of a reception, and seated in a handsome *fauteuil*, welcomed the fashion and "elite" of Torrance. From this enthroned incurability Mrs. Chichester did not arise.

What happens to flowers and plants when, as florists say, they are over-potted? A loss of vital energy and surcease of growth. Mrs. Chichester had been over-potted. Excessive indulgence had produced an atmosphere which her feeble nature could not resist, and development was arrested. From the sick-chair to the carriage was a painful transition; hence a chair on wheels—a sort of modernized palanquin, with overhanging curtains, fine of texture and bright with color,—propelled by a sturdy negro footman, became the invalid's means of locomotion. On exhilarating mornings and radiant afternoons, the pleasant avenues of Torrance were coursed by this unique

perambulator, showing in its brilliant equipment as much of oriental magnificence as could be condensed into its dimensions. Time, indeed, added somewhat to Mrs. Chichester's avoirdupois, but generously declined to exact anything in payment. Her luxuriant growth of hair retained its raven gloss, her eyes sparkled as brightly as ever, and if her complexion had lost its rose, it had received compensation in the added beauty of the lily. Nor were the adventitious aids of dress wanting. Dainty gowns from the emporium of Olampe, the exponent of fashion in New Orleans and Paris, struggled in violent and almost fatal contest with the wearer's original designs in toilette effects; and although after five years the chair and its occupant ceased to be the cause of Torrance wonderment, the remark they excited was none the less frequent. They were the inevitable topic.

Naturally the invalid had been a source of emolument to many of the physicians in the county. Each one counted on his probable income and Mrs. Chichester. As a change of menu is essential to healthy digestion, so the advice and practice of alternating physicians offered a pleasant variety in the invalid's monotonous life. Weary of the same old methods, the same old anecdotes and the same old face, she demanded change. Presto! another entered the cosy little boudoir, sowed his seed, and gathered his harvest. Yet the case was hopeless; amelioration, not cure, was the highest expectation of the most sanguine—when there arrived in Torrance a new member of the medical fraternity, a man already famous, whose great reputation had preceded him. Dr. John Sterling had diplomas from various medical schools of Europe, was fresh from the clinics of Paris and the hospitals of Vienna, and rumor recorded the most extraordinary cures which his skill had accomplished.

"What sort of a looking man is this

new doctor?" asked Mrs. Chichester, grasping her vinaigrette and gazing languidly into the face of her husband.

"A very sensible looking man, my dear. I am most favorably impressed. He has had rare opportunities, and is a man of great natural ability," answered Mr. Chichester, with a hopeful glance at the querulous face before him. "Suppose we call him in, dear. Perhaps he can cure you; he has wrought wonderful cures."

"No,—not cure," answered Mrs. Chichester, smiling in pity at her husband's credulity. "I shall never be a well woman again, you know, James. But we can try him,—certainly if it pleases you, my dear. Really, I'm so tired of Torrance doctors. I hear he is a charming man."

"No doubt, my dear. But let's try him with the hope of a cure. You are young enough to get well; hope and courage are half the battle. Just think what it would be if you could walk about everywhere. You used to be a good walker. Cheer up; let's take a strong pull and a pull altogether for complete restoration."

"Oh—oh!" gasped the wife with a deprecatory wave of her hand. "O, James, how can you talk so? walk about everywhere! I—who have not taken a step for so long! Would I be sitting here if I could walk? Oh, how unfeeling men are! Hand me the camphor, Tamah."

"My dear, I only mean to say—to hope—that the new doctor may discover something which can help you." And James Chichester, the embodiment of manly excellence, looked the impersonation of guilt as he listened to the hysterical sobs which issued from the sick-chair. "Surely, my dear, you must know that I did not mean to wound you."

"Well," said Mrs. Chichester, lifting her head from the cushions and following up the victory she discerned, "I'm willing to try him if you

say so. I've taken everything the doctors gave me. That closet there is full of bottles, isn't it, Tamah?"

"Gawd knows!" replied Tamah pathetically, surveying her mistress.

"Few women have gone through so much as I have; and other people know it, if my own husband doesn't,—and that's a consolation." And Mrs. Chichester adjusted the folds of her lavender gown,—the prettiest thing of the kind Olampe had ever made, so declared that paragon of modistes.

"I know better than all, my dear," said the thoroughly subjugated husband, "what you have suffered; but if this doctor can help—can amuse you!"

"Oh, yes, he may amuse me," replied the wife, her black eyes sparkling. "I do need a change. You can see him as soon as you choose and call him in, dear. I don't rebel. I'm a—submissive wife."

Mr. Chichester looked up with a vague expression of distress and utter inability to comprehend that most incomprehensible of enigmas, a hysterical woman. He said soothingly: "I will call on Doctor Sterling at once, my dear, and tell him just what a dreadful sufferer you are; and he shall come and relieve, I mean amuse you. He can break the wearisome monotony, at least."

"Yes, James, he can make me a little more comfortable."

The earliest reprieve from legal duties found Mr. Chichester at Doctor Sterling's office where an account of his wife's illness was given in explicit detail.

"I will call and make a careful examination of the case and tell you candidly, sir, whether or not I can make a cure," said Doctor Sterling.

"A cure!" Mr. Chichester's heart gave a bound. "I hardly dare hope for a cure; a relief—an amelioration, perhaps. Oh, if you could cure her! Tell me, sir, are such cases ever cured?"

"Undoubtedly," said the doctor

with emphasis. "There are numberless instances of complete recovery. But we will not talk of it until I have seen your wife. Then I shall be perfectly candid with you."

To Mrs. Chichester, the coming of a new physician marked an epoch. There was evident excitement even in the newly arranged furniture and decorations of the room where the elaborately attired patient sat awaiting the professional visit.

Doctor Sterling proved more than agreeable; he was charming. He was a good listener to the oft told tale. His very attitude and expression imparted a flavor of novelty and interest to the old complaints, and the patient gave a recital of bodily ailments and mental depressions with a zest she had never felt before. He sympathized with each detail and encouraged the bottle review and vial parade, which through the instrumentality of Tamah was made to pass before his eyes. He extracted the truth, in spite of inadequate concessions and preposterous evasions.

"Ah, doctor, you see I have been through more than most women!"

"I do, madam. Your case requires judicious handling." He drew from his satchel a box of dainty pills. "We will go slow; but these pills will surprise you by their quick results. Take one before each meal, and one just before your night's rest; take one now, if you please." The patient swallowed the pill with a sip of lemonade; and the doctor departed with effusive leave-taking.

When in the afternoon of the same day Mr. Chichester entered his office, he greeted him with the words: "I made a thorough examination, sir, and am glad to tell you that I have little doubt of making a cure. But I will undertake the case on one condition only."

"What is that, sir?"

"That you do not find fault with my treatment."

"I am not in the habit of interfering with my wife's medical advisers."

"No offence, sir. Your wife's case is a peculiar one, although by no means so rare as you may imagine. It is nothing more nor less—really—sir, I must tell you that it is a very extreme case of"—and the doctor pronounced a term in medical nomenclature, in so low a tone that Mr. Chichester barely heard it.

"Indeed—indeed, sir! But you think you can make a cure?"

"I am certain of it. But I may as well say that I will not brook the slightest intervention—not even a suggestion. In such cases the physician must be untrammelled."

"But, sir, I offer you no suggestion."

"My treatment may be heroic,—the exigencies of the case may demand it."

"You cannot endanger my wife's life, sir!"

"Surely not. I would take no risk whatever. Your wife will be none the worse in any respect, through my treatment."

"I trust you, sir; but for God's sake, doctor, cure her."

Mr. Chichester was soon on his way home. He hastened to his wife's chamber.

"Ah, my dear!" he exclaimed, "what did you think of your new doctor?"

"Oh, he is a treasure, James. I've taken only two of his pills, and feel so much better already. Tamah, show the pills to your master! Yes, James, he seems to understand my case vastly better than all the others; he says I am so delicately organized that I cannot endure much; he says my suffering is dreadful."

"Of course, my dear. But I hope he can help you."

Doctor Sterling was as regular in his morning visits to the luxurious chamber as the mocking-bird to the gigantic oak which shaded its windows. The mocking-bird sang and the doctor talked, modifying and alternating prescriptions with professional sagacity.

Upon one of the beautiful mornings when the air was soft and caressing, Doctor Sterling entered the Chichester dwelling. In her easy-chair sat the invalid, and in the tall oak sat the little minstrel pouring forth his morning ecstasy.

"Good morning, Mrs. Chichester," exclaimed the doctor, bounding into the room. "Ah, I see this spring air, and that prince of songsters are better doctors than I am. If I saw that face at a dinner-party or in a ball-room, I should never suspect it to be the face of an invalid. In good spirits, too, I see. I knew it—that last remedy is remarkable."

"So I told James," merrily replied the patient.

"Why, the prettiest girl in Torrance would exchange complexions with you this morning, Mrs. Chichester."

Mrs. Chichester's laugh rippled around the room like a strain of music.

"Talk of the inventions of the age—the true progress is in pharmacy. Thank heaven, madam, you did not live one hundred years ago,—or even fifty. Medicine strides with every decade. What is that bird trying to say—or rather what does he not say? Why, Plato would have given all the nightingales of his academic grove for that singer. See him swing on the last leaf of that twig. I think he must be in love with you, and is trying to swing himself into your notice—there he looks into your eyes!"

Mrs. Chichester moved her feet from the floor of her chair and her body half way round as she said: "The audacious little fellow is looking right into my eyes."

"Yes," pursued the doctor, "just such a singer comes to my bower of Le Marc roses. By the way, madam, you must have some of those peerless roses before they fall. Send Tamah at once with a basket, and let her tell my man Abram to fill it. You must have them in their immaculate beauty and freshness."

Tamah departed, and the doctor locked the door behind her.

"Your freshness and vigor this morning quite charm me, my dear Mrs. Chichester," said he, standing before the patient, "though I expected that medicine to work wonders. Suppose we put it to the test. See, I take your hands—so. Now try to stand on your feet."

Mrs. Chichester, up to this moment radiant with smiles, now drew back haughtily.

"Are you insane, Doctor Sterling?"

"My dear lady, I never had a clearer head than at this moment, and I never better appreciated your conditions. You have moved your feet, your legs and your body this morning—and if you but make the effort to rise, I am sure you can. Now throw your weight on me, as I hold you by the arms. Rise up—up!"

"Sir, nobody ever dared to speak to me so!" replied Mrs. Chichester, her eyes flaming with indignation.

"To Mrs. Chichester of the past, no doubt; but Mrs. Chichester of the present can rise and stand. One effort now—and we shall be on our feet. Up! up!"

"Sir," cried Mrs. Chichester, trembling with wrath, "who is the best judge, you or I? I tell you I cannot rise."

"My dear madam, I am the judge of the case. There, I place my hands under your arms. Now rise—up!"

"Sir, do you persist in insulting me? Do you forget that I am a lady? I dismiss you. Go. I will not rise!"

"There,—we have the seat of the disease; you yourself have found it. It lies in the will. You *can* rise, but you *will not*. I respectfully decline to be dismissed. Exercise your good sense, Mrs. Chichester. Say 'I will'—and you will."

"Oh, if James would come! Tamah! Tamah! You sent her away purposely. You shall pay dearly for this," she shrieked, and shook her clenched fists.

"Dear Mrs. Chichester, put the

energy into your legs which you show in your fists," smilingly urged the doctor.

"Leave this room," screamed Mrs. Chichester, stamping her foot, "and never dare speak to me again!"

"I regret not to obey you, madam," said the doctor, walking the length of the room and returning to his position in front of her. "You will thank me in the future. I ask your consent to assist you to rise and stand on your feet. I shall not ask you again."

"I cannot!—I will not!"

He looked at her a moment, and then in the twinkling of an eye drew from his inside pocket a small riding-whip and struck her twice across the shoulders.

With the bound of an enraged animal, she threw herself on him. He receded, plying the whip. She followed, fighting like a tigress. Turning quickly, he unlocked the door and backed into the hall. He began to ascend the stairs, still going backwards. She pursued, her eyes gleaming and her white teeth showing between her tightly drawn lips. Not until they gained the top did she show any sign of exhaustion. Then the doctor seized her in his arms and bore her to a lounge.

Someone entered down stairs. It was Tamah.

"Ah, Tamah, Tamah!" called the doctor, "this way with the roses!"

The bewildered Tamah staggered upstairs and stood in the doorway, staring alternately at the doctor and at her mistress in speechless astonishment.

"My dear Mrs. Chichester," said the doctor, placing a bunch of roses on the sofa pillow, "enjoy these beauties in their freshness. The red roses are already in your cheeks. Your mistress, Tamah, made up her mind this morning that she would walk, and so we came up here. Now she is quite exhausted—too ambitious for the first effort. Hereafter we will walk but little at a time, Mrs. Chichester—don't attempt so much.

Tamah, fetch a bottle of champagne!" Tamah left the room, and the doctor leaned over his patient. "A rather severe remedy, Mrs. Chichester—but hypochondria is a severe disease. You can walk, you see."

"O, doctor, will you never tell anybody—not a soul?"

"Upon my honor as a gentleman. We doctors know how to keep secrets; it is a part of our trade."

Mrs. Chichester smiled faintly, and just then Tamah entered.

An hour later, the doctor said to Mr. Chichester: "Your wife has taken quite a walk this morning. You will

find her in an up-stairs chamber."

"Is it possible?"

"It is true. I insisted upon her standing,—in fact forced her up. Having risen, she persisted in walking. She has overdone it a little perhaps, but a night's sleep will make her all right."

In two months Mrs. Chichester walked to church.

"Medical science works miracles nowadays. Doctor Sterling is a greater magician than can be found in the Arabian Nights. He cured Mrs. Chichester!" said the senator's widow.



THREE DRAUGHTS.

By Caroline Brown Bourland.

STERN Labor held her cup to me;
I laughed, and said her nay:
"Go, I have not to do with thee."
I turned my face away.

Then Pleasure held her cup to me,
And I was fain to sip.
"Ah, thine's the draught, I'll drink with thee."
'Twas bitter on my lip.

Grave Sorrow held her cup to me,—
And Sorrow left no choice.
"Drink, drink," she cried unsparingly,
And I obeyed her voice.

Then Labor held her cup to me,
And I, who shrank at first,
Now held my parched lips eagerly,
And drank, and stilled my thirst.

THE ROYAL PINES OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By W. H. Stone.

AT the beginning of the seventeenth century, the eastern part of what is now the United States was covered by a nearly unbroken forest, which in the value of its timber products was probably unequaled by that of any other part of the temperate regions. Among these products none afterwards attracted more attention in Europe than the gigantic white pines and the masts obtained from them; and nowhere do these trees appear to have been more abundant or of more lordly dimensions than within the present territory of New Hampshire. Belknap, the historian of that state, thought that New Hampshire and the eastern counties of Massachusetts contained more white pines than all America besides. In the primeval forest the mighty columns of these pines rose high above the other trees. Pines two hundred and fifty feet high and six feet in diameter at the base were not uncommon; and Doctor Dwight, in his "Travels in New England," mentions a white pine in Lancaster, N. H., which measured two hundred and sixty-four feet. A white pine cut near Dunstable, N. H., in 1736, is said to have been "straight and sound, seven feet eight inches in diameter at the butt end." When these trees grew in the dense and damp old forest, with only a few branches near the top, the wood was free from knots and resin, was almost without sapwood, and had a yellowish color like the flesh of the pumpkin. Tall, tapering and straight, their trunks were particularly adapted for masts.

These imperial trees did not escape the attention of the English government. As early as 1651 vessels came to the eastern coast of

New England for masts. England at this time was about to begin the naval and commercial war with the Dutch, which secured for her so much of the commerce of the world. Naval stores, which had formerly been obtained from the North Sea ports, were liable to interference by her enemy; so the New England masts were especially in demand. In 1666 Massachusetts, with which New Hampshire was then united politically, made a present of ship timber to King Charles, thus bringing the forest resources of New England to the attention of England, and in 1668 forbade the cutting of white pines which were twenty-four or more inches in diameter at three feet from the ground and which grew more than three miles from a meeting-house. In King William's reign, a surveyor of the woods was appointed by the crown; and the Earl of Bellomont, governor of New York, the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and New Hampshire, was ordered to have acts passed in his several governments for the preservation of the white pines. The surveyor was instructed to mark with a broad arrow such trees as were fit for the navy, and to keep a register of them. Where a towering pine lifted itself above the surrounding trees, there he found his way; and soon a broad arrow, the sign of royal appropriation, was on the rough bark of many of the finest trees. In 1700 the war of Sweden against the other Baltic powers, and the inclination which her sovereign manifested to assist the Pretender, showed to the English government the importance of the American source of supply for naval stores. The ministry also wished to confine the attention of the colonists

to the production of these, that they might not enter into competition with the English manufacturers by supplying themselves with woollen goods.

In 1706 a bounty was granted by the English government on naval stores exported from the colonies. In the same year John Bridger was appointed "surveyor-general of all and singular our Woods within all and every our Plantations in the Continent of America." He and Benjamin Furzer had been previously commissioned by the Board of Admiralty in England to survey the American woods for masts, oak timber, pitch pine, and for land suitable for hemp. They had accompanied the Earl of Bellomont to the Barbadoes; and there both fell sick—the result of "a debauch," as Bellomont says—and Furzer died. Bridger, in 1698, followed the earl to New York, and was sent by the latter to New England to execute his commission. In answer to a petition presented by him, the New Hampshire government ordered "that sixty men be forthwith raised in the several towns in this Province, with arms, horses, ammunition and provisions to attend to serve" him as a guard in exploring the woods. His salary as surveyor-general was two hundred pounds yearly; and his commission authorized him to view and survey "all our said Woods and Timber," and to mark such trees as were suitable for the use of the navy, and to keep a register of them. It also required all civil officers in the colonies to aid him in the performance of the duties of his office. Soon after his appointment as surveyor-general, he presented a memorial to Governor Dudley and the Council and General Assembly of New Hampshire, representing that he had been commissioned by Queen Anne to preserve her woods from spoil and waste, pursuant to a clause in the charter of Massachusetts, which reserved to the crown all trees of twenty-four or more inches in diam-

eter at twelve inches from the ground, not growing upon land previously granted to private persons, and provided a penalty of one hundred pounds for every such tree destroyed without royal license. The memorial also states that complaint had been made to the queen of the waste of the woods, and that the surveyor-general therefore forbade all her majesty's subjects to fell any of the trees reserved by the Charter; and he requested the governor to call the attention of the members of the Assembly to the prohibition, that they might give notice to their constituents, particularly to those engaged in logging, to be very careful as to what trees they felled.

Bridger, by his efforts to enforce laws that were contrary to the interests of many of the people, became odious in New England. He was accused of accepting bribes for permission to cut masts. In 1717 the New Hampshire House of Representatives voted, "yt 3 men be chosen of ye members of this house to wait on his excellency and represent to him ye grievance yt many of his maj'tie's good subjects labor under, by being restrained by Jno. Bridger, Esq., his maj'tie's surveyor, from logging in ye woods in ye Province"; and also, in the same year, on the ground that Bridger had orders to prevent any lumbering in the king's woods, voted that the governor be requested to lay before the king the grievance that many of his subjects labored under because of such restraints, and that twenty pounds be appropriated to forward the appeal. On the other hand, Bridger complained to the English government of the destruction of the royal trees. In 1717 he wrote the secretary of state that at Exeter, of seventy trees marked with the queen's broad arrow, only one remained standing.

At about this time the settled portions of New Hampshire, according to Palfrey, were all within some

fifteen miles of the mouth of the Piscataqua; and the population of the province was computed at "nine thousand persons, of which number there were fifteen hundred men, very few white servants and a hundred and fifty blacks." Away from these restricted settlements, for many a green and leafy mile of hill and valley, stretched the "King's Woods," dense with noble trees and rich in timber sufficient, with proper care, as Bellomont says, to supply the shipbuilders of England and her colonies "to the end of the world."

Bridger held his office until 1729. He was then succeeded by Colonel Dunbar, afterwards lieutenant-governor of New Hampshire. During Bridger's term of office, in 1708, a law was enacted in New Hampshire protecting the giant pines of the forest. It prohibited the cutting of such as were as much as twenty-four inches in diameter at twelve inches from the ground, without permission from the surveyor. Afterwards Parliament enacted:

"That from and after the Twenty-first day of September one thousand seven hundred & twenty-two, no Person or Persons within the Colonys or plantations of Nova Scotia, New Hampshire, the Massachusetts Bay & Province of Mayne, Rhode Island, & Providence Plantations, the Narragansett Country or Kings province, and Connecticut in New England & New York & New Jersey in America, or within any of them do or shall presume to cut, fell or destroy any white pine trees, not growing within any Township or the bounds, lines, or limits thereof in any of the s^d Colonies or plantations without His Majesties Royal Lysense for so doing, first had & obtained; on pain that every Person so cutting, felling and destroying such pine Trees, or who shall be aiding and assisting therein, or in drawing away such pine trees after the same shall have bin cut, felled or destroyed, shall for every such offence forfeit and pay the severall and respective sums following, that is to say, For every white pine Tree of the growth of twelve inches Diameter, & under, at three feet from the Earth, the sum of five pounds, for every such tree from twelve inches to eighteen inches diameter the sum of Ten pounds, for every such tree from eighteen inches to four and twenty inches diameter the sum of twenty pounds, and for

every such tree from four & twenty inches diameter & upwards the sum of fifty pounds," [and] "That all white pine trees Masts or Loggs made from such trees, which from and after the s^d one & twentyeth day of September one thousand seven hundred and twenty two, shall be found cut or felled without such Lysense—as afores^d in any of His Majesties s^d Colonies or plantations shall be forfeited and seized for the use of His Majesty, His Heirs and Successors, any former Law, usage or custom to the Contrary notwithstanding."

The penalties provided in this act were recoverable in a court of admiralty, where a single judge removable at the pleasure of the crown determined the case; and it rested upon the accused to prove that the timber in question had been felled within township lines. A single witness only was required to convict, and one-half the penalty went to the informer. After this, in order to evade the penalties of this act, large tracts of land were laid out as townships, and the most valuable timber taken from them. Therefore an act of Parliament was passed, which, after reciting the prohibition of felling the mast trees contained in King William's Charter of Massachusetts, which however did not include trees growing on land granted to "private persons" before the date of the Charter, forbade any person in New England "to cut or destroy any white pine trees of the Diameter of twenty-four inches or upwards at twelve inches from the ground, not growing within some soil or Tract of Land within the s^d Province granted to some private person or Persons before the seventh day of October which was in the year 1690 without His Majesties Lysense first had and obtained." The provisions of the act regarding penalties and forfeitures and their recovery were the same as those of the preceding act. In 1730 Governor Belcher issued a proclamation, from which the above extracts have been taken, which, after quoting the two acts of Parliament, called on all justices of the peace, sheriffs, constables and

other officers to aid in the enforcement of these laws, and to assist the surveyor-general or his deputies in the seizing of all trees unlawfully cut.

During Dunbar's term of office, from 1731 to 1743, the contest for the great pines was waged with virulence. On one side were the royal officers endeavoring to uphold the technical rights of the crown; on the other, a class of people interested in lumbering, familiar with the woods, and having but scant regard for acts of Parliament or the proclamations of royal governors. The central figure in the controversy was Colonel David Dunbar, surveyor-general. He was a native of Ireland and colonel in the British army. He had been commander of the fort at Pemaquid, where his rigorous rule had given offence to the inhabitants of that region and involved him in a controversy with the Massachusetts authorities. He brought to the performance of his duties as surveyor the habits of military command, and is represented to have been violent with trespassers and abusive to the New Hampshire people. At the saw-mills he seized large quantities of lumber, which the owners could recover only by proving, in a court of admiralty, that it had come from trees to which they had a legal right. He was sometimes resisted. At Dover, whither he had come with a boat's crew to remove boards which he had seized, the party were threatened with death if they persisted in their purpose, and withdrew without the lumber.

An incident which occurred in 1734 shows the temper of the people and the extent to which resistance was carried. Dunbar, having gone to Copyhold Mill in Exeter, where, as he had been informed, there was lumber cut from logs unlawfully obtained, was there insulted by armed men. He afterwards sent a force of ten men to the mill to recover the lumber. Some of these stopped for the night at the house

of Samuel Gilman in Exeter. At about nine o'clock in the evening, while three of them, Benjamin Pitman, Benjamin Dockum and Robert Gallaway, were in the kitchen, three men suddenly entered and, seizing Gallaway by the hair, endeavored to drag him to the door. Pitman went to his assistance, while Dockum went for a magistrate. The latter, coming soon, endeavored to preserve the peace, ordered a crowd of men about the house to disperse, and advised the three men to go upstairs to bed. Hardly had they done so when about thirty men burst into their room, seized upon them, beat them, and pulled them headlong down the stairs and out of doors. There Pitman was beaten with clubs. Fearing for his life, he fled to a house that was near. There he burst open the door, and was hidden within by the inmates. A number of men, swearing that they would murder him, followed into the house, and endeavored unsuccessfully to find him. Dockum escaped from the mob and hid under a wharf till the rising tide drove him out, and then got under a pile of boards, where he remained till daylight. Others of the party escaped from the house and mingled with the crowd or concealed themselves. Such is the tale as it is gathered from the depositions of the sufferers.

At this time one of Dunbar's deputies was informed of a plot to murder Dunbar and himself. As he was told, three Indians had been plied with rum and hired to kill them as they went up to Black Rock Mill. Though this tale appears to have been a successful ruse to frighten Dunbar from going to the mill, Governor Belcher gave it sufficient credence to mention the supposed conspiracy against the surveyor-general's life in a proclamation which he soon issued requiring all officers and others to "use their best endeavors" for the discovery of those who had been concerned in the Exeter riot or who had conspired against the life of

the surveyor-general, and also requiring

"all His Majestys officers Civil & Military, and all other His good subjects within this Government to be aiding & assisting from time to time as need shall require to the Hon^{ble} David Dunbar Esq Surveyor General of His Majestie's Woods, and his deputies and assistants in the Execution of their office and that they strictly observe all acts of Parliament for the Preservation of His Majesty's Woods, and that they endeavour by all proper means that the Violators of the said act be brought to Justice, and more especially that Prosecution be made against all Persons, who shall presume to cut into Boards, or any other ways manufacture such Trees or Logs as are by Law forfeited and condemned to His Majestie's use."

Among Governor Benning Wentworth's Instructions is one ordering him, in coöperation with Dunbar or the latter's deputies, to ascertain where within the province there was a tract of land suitable for a nursery for pines, which should furnish masts, yards and bowsprits for the royal navy. In regard to this, in 1742, he wrote to the Board of Trade that from the report of the deputy surveyors it appeared that, while there were in New Hampshire a great number of trees fit for the use of the royal navy, there was, so far as was known, no great body in any one place except upon the river Piscataquoagg, where were townships granted by Massachusetts without any reservation of the mast trees; but he says that just without the province at a bend in the Newichwanock River,—a branch of the Piscataqua, now called the Salmon Falls River,—in a township granted by Massachusetts under the name of Towow, but still uninhabited, there is a "body of timber not to be equal'd in any part of the world," and suggests an alteration in the boundary line of the province in favor of the crown, "by which will be secured to His Majesty in the bend of Newichwanock River, the only and greatest growth of Mast trees in all America."

Not long after Wentworth's appointment as governor, Dunbar was

persuaded by the offer of two thousand pounds sterling, to resign his surveyorship, and the office was obtained for Wentworth. The latter's salary was eight hundred pounds, from which, however, he was required to pay his four deputies. In the charters of towns granted during his administration and that of Gov. John Wentworth, who was also Surveyor of the King's Woods in North America, it was provided, in accordance with the instructions of the English government:

"That all white and other Pine Trees within the said Township, fit for Masting Our Royal Navy, be carefully preserved for that Use, and none be cut or felled without Our special Licence for so doing first had and obtained, upon the Penalty of the forfeiture of the Right of such Grantee, his Heirs and Assigns, to Us, our Heirs and Successors, as well as being subject to the Penalty of any Act or Acts of Parliament that now are, or hereafter shall be Enacted."

At the Revolution the ownership of the great pines passed to the proprietors of the soil on which they grew.

The whole contest regarding the ownership of the great pines forms an interesting series of episodes in the history of the province. Every governor and lieutenant-governor made complaint of the destruction of the royal trees. On the other hand, it was represented by the people that the surveyor neglected to mark the mast trees; so that many trees unfit for masts, but which might be sawed into lumber, decayed in the woods, or those who got them were exposed to a vexatious prosecution. When there was no surveyor on hand to guard the trees, the governor and council appointed suitable persons for this duty, who are represented to have been more efficient than those sent from England and maintained by the crown.

Masts from the great trees were furnished to the royal navy by contractors, who sometimes made large fortunes in the business, but the men who felled the trees and got the

mast sticks from the woods were generally kept in poverty and dependence, provisions and clothing for themselves and their families being furnished by the contractors. At all seasons they would pass weeks together in the woods. Even in the coldest weather their only shelter was an open shed made of poles and bark. At night they slept wrapped in blankets with their feet toward a great fire burning before the shed. Their food was principally salt pork or beef, potatoes and Indian-corn bread.

In felling the great pines, care was necessary in order to avoid fracturing the long trunks. Often the lowest branches of the trees were eighty or a hundred feet from the ground; and, unless the snow was so deep as to render it unnecessary, smaller trees were felled so that they should lie in a position to break the fall of the pine,—or, if none grew in the right place, some were dragged into a great bed. When all had been done and the huge trunk cut nearly through, the majestic tree came “rustling, crackling, crashing down.” If on examination after its fall the stick was found to be sound, it was cut in the proportion of three feet in length to each inch of diameter at the base.

The transportation of the mast sticks was an arduous operation, unless the trees grew near a stream by which they could be floated to tide-water. The patient, powerful ox, so indispensable in subduing the New England wilderness, otherwise furnished the motive power. Monster teams of these dragged the huge burden sometimes thirty or forty miles. When once the long string of oxen was in motion,—and no easy task that of “raising” them, making all, the active and the sluggish, pull as one harmonious whole,—nothing must be allowed to stop them. If an ox fell sick, as sometimes happened, he was removed from the team without diminishing its headway, and another was forced into his place.

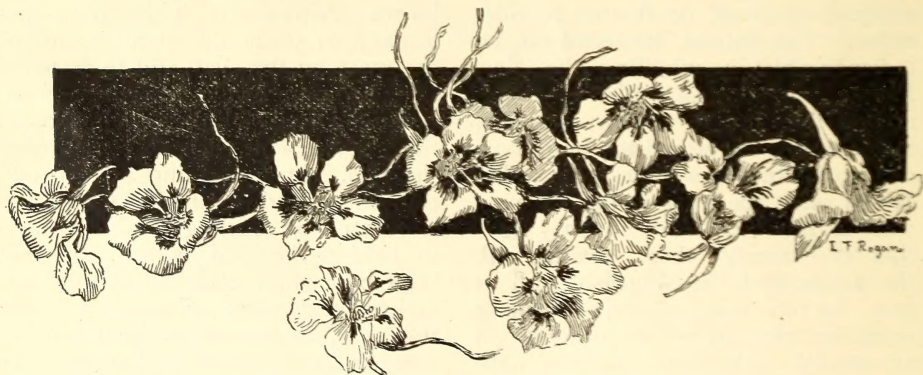
Judge Sewall of Massachusetts considered the transportation of a mast a “notable sight.” In 1687 he went into a swamp at Salmon Falls to see a mast started on its journey. It was drawn by twenty yoke of oxen, and was about twenty-eight inches in diameter. At first, when there was not sufficient snow for the use of a sled, the mast was hung beneath the axles of pairs of wheels, which were sometimes sixteen feet in diameter; but afterwards an improvement on this method was made. The mast was loaded on the axle of wheels of the ordinary size by raising the axle into a nearly perpendicular position, so that one wheel rested upon the ground while the other was aloft. Then the mast was rolled over the felloe and spokes of the lower wheel and fastened to the axle; and by means of a chain attached to the upper wheel and to a yoke of oxen the wheels were easily brought into their usual position, with the mast resting upon the axle. Two pairs of wheels were used, one at each end of the mast. In transporting masts upon the snow, at first the butt end of the stick was placed foremost and upon a short sled; but this method was attended by the inconvenience that the rolling of the rear end of the mast would sometimes overturn the sled. This the drivers endeavored to prevent by the use of ropes and levers. Afterwards it became customary to place the smaller end of the mast on the sled, and to fasten it to the tongue of the latter by a chain having a swivel link, which allowed the mast to roll without overturning the sled. In descending a steep hill, the too rapid descent of the load was prevented by “tailing”—placing cattle behind the load, where they held back by a chain attached to the mast and to their yokes. Sometimes when the mast was passing the top of a steep hill, its length would cause some of the oxen nearest the sled to be suspended by their necks until those ahead had drawn a large part of the

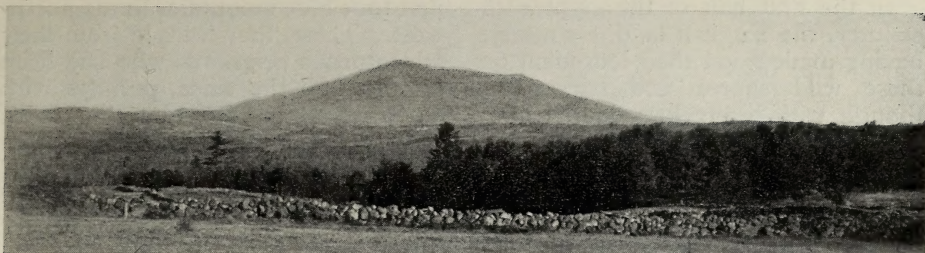
stick over the brow of the hill; and the drivers were obliged to use care to prevent injury to the cattle.

Previous to the Revolution the exportation of masts from New England was a great industry. In 1666 New Hampshire was the great cutting ground for timber; but by 1718 the best trees along the larger streams of New England, excepting those of Maine, had gone down under the axe. Until 1727, Portsmouth, N. H., seems to have been the centre of the trade; but in that year the royal agency for the shipment of masts for the English navy was removed from that place to Portland, then Falmouth, Maine. Ships for the transportation of masts and other spars plied to and fro across the Atlantic. These "mast ships" were of about four hundred tons burden, had crews of about twenty-five men, and carried forty to fifty masts. They were "the couriers of the sea, the surest and quickest means of communication with England." The British government paid a premium of one pound per ton on masts, yards and bowsprits—the masts not to exceed thirty-six inches in diameter at the base. In Europe the masts came into competition with those of Nor-

way. Belknap admits that the latter were at first the stronger, but claims that they began to decay in five or six years, while with proper care those from America would endure unimpaired by natural causes for twenty years. For eighty years immediately previous to the Revolution the British navy was supplied with masts exclusively from America.

Though the English government limited the diameter of masts on which it paid a premium to three feet, larger ones were sometimes exported; it is said that Colonel Partridge, who at one time had the mast contract, sent to England some sticks having a diameter of forty-two inches. In 1644 the navy commissioners were offered New England masts thirty-three to thirty-five inches in diameter at ninety-five to one hundred and fifteen pounds for each mast. In 1791 the price current at Piscataqua for hewn masts thirty inches in diameter was thirty-eight pounds; but from this size up the price rose rapidly, so that a mast thirty-six inches in diameter sold for one hundred and forty-seven pounds. By this time, however, the exports from this port seem to have much declined; for only forty-five were exported in two years.





MONADNOCK FROM FITZWILLIAM.

THE GRAND MONADNOCK.

By Edward W. Emerson.

Illustrations chiefly from photographs by J. A. French and A. A. Clough and Co. of Keene, and Henry D. Allison of Dublin, N. H.

“Dark flower of Cheshire garden,
 Red evening duly dyes
 Thy sombre head with rosy hues
 To fix far-gazing eyes.
 Well the Planter knew how strongly
 Works thy form on human thought;
 I muse what secret purpose had he
 To draw all fancies to this spot.”

—*Emerson.*

THE planet Tellus, which has so long and well supplied our need of rapid transit, happens to be so built that most of us must have “inside places” in plains, valleys or on low hills. But children are never quite content with anything but outside seats; indeed the scramble for these is usually the first incident of a journey. So with the half-grown children of Adam and Eve: if assigned inside places they will now and then long for their turn in the others. The inside places have the advantage of comfort in this for the most part rather cool ride. But now summer is come and your turn. Choose then, child,—the ridge of the mountain or the ocean’s shore.

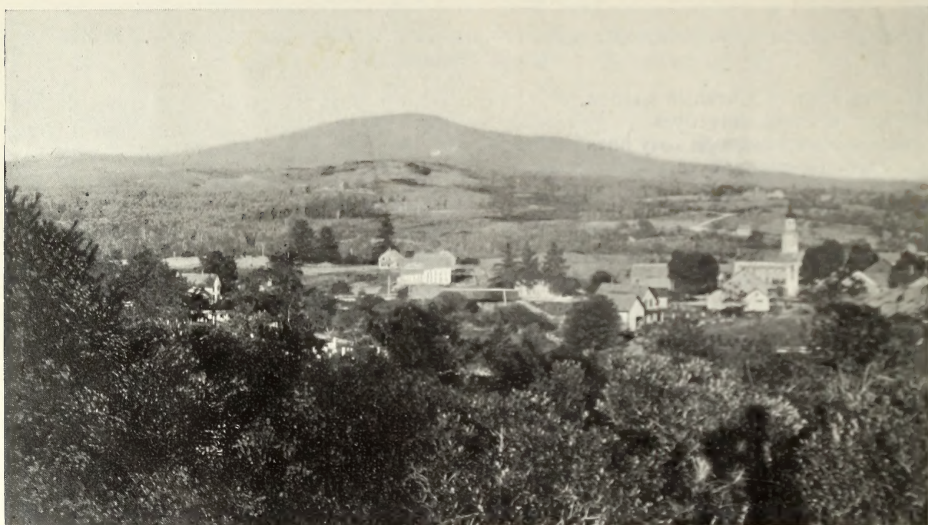
We know well which draws us, however circumstances may decide whither we go; but as surely as some will heed the far call of the ocean, others lift up their eyes unto the hills, assured that thence cometh their help; and the stirring which we feel within us when these rivals summon us is something stronger than that

which bids us go to this town rather than that. Call it instinct, call it love,—it is in the grain, and who shall say how far back into the dim vista of the evolution of the race we must look for its cause and beginning? It is one of the early gods that speaks. The migrating instinct in the birds and creatures of the earth is the most interesting of their traits and tells of memory, affection, imagination.

It is a rule of art founded on the nature of man that transitions are interesting. Of all commanding transitions, even surpassing that where the yielding liquid element proudly shows how it can break or carve the adamant, is the mingling of rock and cloud, with embroideries of rain and lightning and snow, a shroud laced with fire and silver. The ocean, ever murmuring of other and more favored lands, whispering of romance or shouting of conquest, has since earliest time beguiled men from home with all the fascination of play for stakes of wealth or wreck. Meanwhile it has brought the pirate or conqueror to the door. The mountain, steadfast, rough, but a giver of health and strength and safety, in its helpfulness, its majesty, its mystery, awakening the gratitude, the imagination, the religious sense of all whom it harbored, has made patriots and poets, lovers and defenders of home.

In the first half of the eighteenth century, the English in this country, having made good their lodgment on these wild shores and triumphed, though with heavy loss, in the hundred years' struggle with cold, famine and the savage, had begun to prosper and multiply. The grandchildren of high-minded but rather helpless cockneys, now brave, capable Yankees, no longer clung to tide-water, but had pushed up the valleys of the Piscataqua and the Merrimac; and especially the rich alluvial valley of

first time blue mountains in the northwest. These, they learned from their adventurous neighbors who had been far out into the wilds, perhaps with Lovewell in his scalp-hunting raids, were the Monadnocks, the southern outworks of the great "Height o' Land" which divided the waters of the Merrimac and Connecticut. Once seen, the mountain began to be felt. These boys were, by the necessities of their training, hunters and woodsmen. Among them were those in whom the instinct was strong. In



THE MOUNTAIN FROM HIGH ROCK, TROY.

the Connecticut tempted them to risk much for the sake of its sheltered fertility. Fort Dummer now guarded the region as far as Hinsdale and Brattleborough, and scowled at the French outpost soon after established at Crown Point; and under its wing Keene, Swanzey and Rindge (Rowley-Canada) sprang up along the Ashuelot.

But in spite of the charms that the rich valleys offered, the mountains held their own. When the great pines and chestnuts on the round-backed hills of Groton and Lunenburg crashed down under the axes of the farmers' boys, they saw for the

the old settlements the authority of magistrate and minister was often galling. Parental discipline in those days was stern and made the farm work, always hard, the harder. As they grew up and married, there stood the mountain calling to them; and soon a few adventurers pushed toward it and founded homes around its skirts. But now war with France and her savage allies broke out and, with only a short intermission, made the outlying settlements untenable for fifteen years. Wolfe's capture of Quebec removed the danger, and moreover* the continual passage of

*Belknap, History of New Hampshire, 1791.



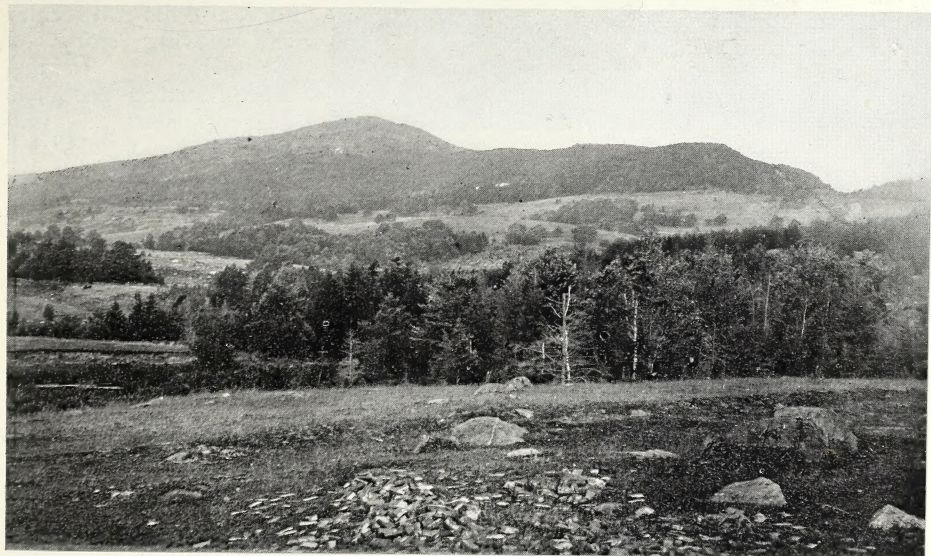
THE MOUNTAIN FROM JAFFREY.

troops through the northern lands between the Merrimac and Hudson caused their value to be known, and on the cessation of the war they were eagerly sought. The alluvial lands of course were quickly taken; but it is remarkable that the uplands, where every spot that was not occupied by a tree was by a granite ledge or boulder, were taken for farms as well. The remote freedom, the exciting neighborhood of large game, the fine upland air and water, and the beauty of the region tempted some men more

than easy farming. Massachusetts and Connecticut sent perhaps as many settlers as New Hampshire. Land is said to have sold for from twenty-five to seventy-five cents the acre.

It has been asserted that those who open a new country are not the practical, money-making

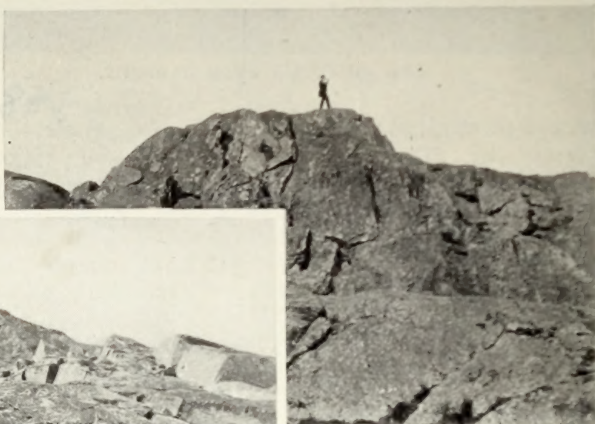
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people,—those come later,—but the visionary men whose imagination presses the service of their stout hearts and strong arms. One may well believe that the majesty of this presiding mountain drew and kept about its feet the men whom the niggard soil and long winters might well have repelled. That the mountain was an influence the names of the region show. It was called the Grand Monadnock; the beautiful twin summits ten miles eastward in Peterborough and Temple



MONADNOCK FROM THE SUMMIT ROAD.

were the Pack Monadnocks; a minor hill to the south, Little Monadnock; and the townships granted around in Cheshire County, Monadnock Number One or Rowley-Canada (now Rindge); Monadnock Number Two or Jaffrey; Number Three, Dublin; Number Four, Fitzwilliam; Number Five, Marlborough; Number Six, Packersville (now Nelson); Number Seven, Limerick (now Stoddard); Number Eight, Camden (now Washington). These towns, though granted much earlier and settled as soon as it was in any way safe, were incorporated in the ten years before the Revolution; and so attractive had this

The very first settlers of Fitzwilliam were Benjamin Bigelow and Elizabeth his wife, who, with their household goods in an ox-cart, in 1762 struggled up from Lunenburg through the narrow trail cleared through the forest. This cart, turned up against a great tree, was the shelter of the family until a log-house could be built; and under the cart Beulah the first English child of that village, was born. The second settler there



West Cliff.

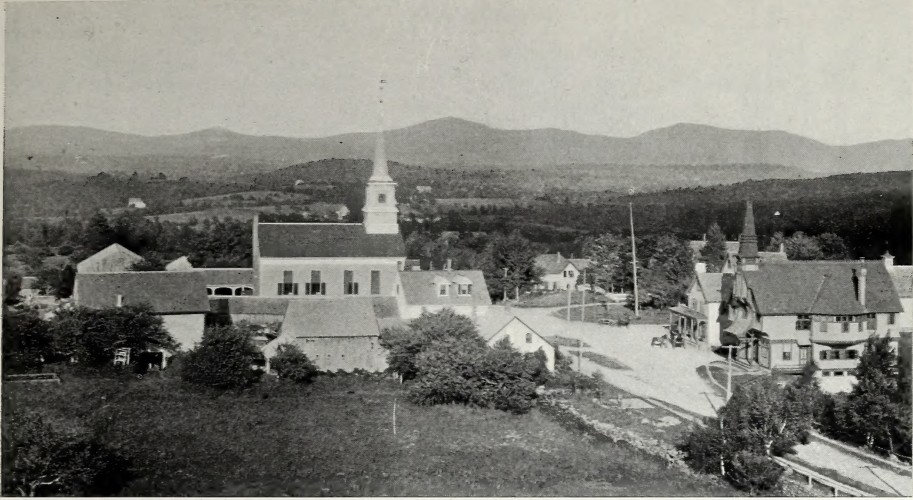
East Cliff.
THE SUMMIT.

region of rocks and woods and wolves become, that in 1775 Cheshire County already had more than eleven thousand inhabitants.

Presently we will climb the great mountain; but let us first rest a few moments in these villages below to hear from the old people some fragments of their epic, strong and genuine as Homer's, though little more than a century old. There is a Troy in the plain near by, not ancient, but formed from portions of three older towns.

was heroic in his history, and his end recalls the moving story of Belisarius. James Reed, born in Woburn, Massachusetts, but later of Brookfield and Lunenburg, entering on military life in the

second French and Indian war, served under Abercrombie at Ticonderoga and with Amherst in 1759, and was engaged in several public services until the peace of 1763. Then he took land to the south of Monadnock and with the Bigelows began in the forest the founding of that beautiful village. Twelve years of peace from man were given him, but every day brought its struggle with the forest, the swamp, the rocky land, hard climate and wild beasts. Such peace as this was broken in



A GLIMPSE OF DUBLIN.

upon by the news that the yeomen had met the King's troops at Concord and Lexington, and a doubtful war was begun. He raised a company of volunteers and marched with them to Medford; recruits from his neighborhood followed him, and soon he was colonel of the Second New Hampshire regiment. At Bunker Hill he and his men on the left of the redoubt, behind rails stuffed with new-mown hay, maintained themselves so stubbornly that it is said that, of a crack Welsh regiment opposed to them, some seven hundred strong, but eighty-three reported for duty next day. After the evacuation of Boston he did constant arduous service with the army until at Ticonderoga his commission as brigadier general reached him just as he was struck down with camp-fever. He recovered, but with the loss of his eyes. He was pensioned and went to Keene. Persons who died not long since remembered an aged man, blind, walking daily on the main street, supporting and guided by

a friend who was paralyzed on one side. He soon returned to his home in Fitzwilliam, "where everything was so familiar," in the town he had helped to lay out "that he could walk in safety without a guide."* He died in Fitchburg, in 1807. Of another Homeric settler, Captain Richardson, Doctor Cummings says: "He was a stout man. He served as an ox-frame to have his oxen shod."†

*History of Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, by Rev. John F. North, 1883.

†History of Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire.



MONADNOCK FROM JAFFREY.



MONADNOCK FROM BEECH HILL, KEENE.

The town of Richmond was on the old military road built in 1765 by Colonel Josiah Willard of Lunenburg from that town to Northfield on the Connecticut, whence the road led by the river to Fort Dummer, which he then commanded. This road united the eastern and western settlements of Massachusetts. When Richmond was settled, before their first crop was harvested the men used to go to Northfield, twelve miles, afoot, thresh rye and return with a sack on their backs; and it is said that some did this day after day.* Pioneer skill as well as strength was brought out by their many-sided life and contact with the Indians. Mr. Haskell of Fitzwilliam was a basket-maker, and once on a bet made a bushel basket that, filled with water, lost but two quarts during the night. The California Indians can do this to-day.

Old-world customs still prevailed in some degree. In the charter of Richmond permission was given to hold two fairs each year, in June and November, to last two days, and a "Master of the Fair" was chosen. Where there was no possibility of shopping it was manifestly a great convenience to bring supply and de-

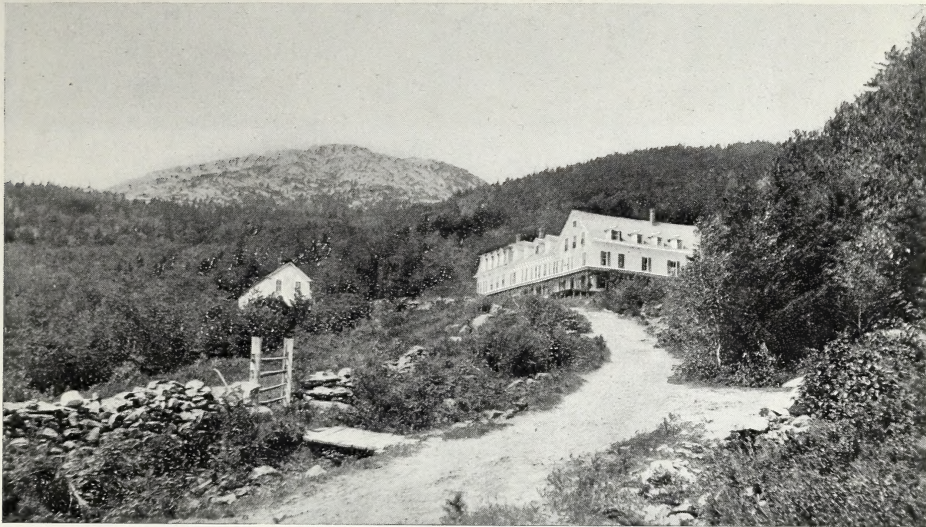
mand of a scattered people together for barter. A "deer-reef" was chosen to prevent the killing of young deer in spring as long as there were any deer to preserve. A moose was early killed at Sip Pond. Wolves and bears from the mountains were a terror and a scourge. Bounties were offered for their ears, and great drives were organized to exterminate them. The wolves disappeared before the century ended, but there was a great hunt as late as 1827 for a bear,—a circle of men with guns, and boys with horns and tin pans, closing on the place where he lurked. He was killed in Royalston.

These dangers and hardships were a good sieve for the population; only the hardy and brave stayed. The women had to be as brave as the men, as was often shown in New England during the Indian wars. Humor helped them through much. To a summer visitor who praised one of the New Hampshire hill towns enthusiastically an inhabitant said dryly: "Yaas, it's a pretty country; the only trouble is that there's 'bout six months o' the year that yer hev to drag 'raound on wheels." When the snow-blockade set in, tradition has it that "it was not uncommon to see a

*History of Richmond, New Hampshire.

woman standing behind a man, both upon the same snow-shoes and keeping step perfectly. As there were no wagons for years, side-saddles and pillions were in common use." In speaking of absence of written records of these days, Doctor Cummings writes:* "How should they be provided with writing materials when they had not even the common implements for eating? I was informed a few days since by one of the mothers of Israel that she worked in the family of one of the proudest men in town

In 1770 the little daughter of Daniel Mellen, three years old, strayed into the forest and was lost. The parents, in distress, summoned the neighborhood, and men, women and children went out with horns. Night came and they lighted torches. Towards morning the child was found by David Perry, sitting under the trunk of a fallen tree, with the little dog that had followed her by her side. Success was announced by the signal on the horn, relieving the almost distracted parents, and reassembling the



MOUNTAIN HOUSE AND SUMMIT.

in 1785, and lived on bean porridge and eat it out of a brown earthen mug, which served as a dish for the whole family, it being the only one used in the kitchen. She also informed me that she was treated to the best lodging the palace afforded, a cot-bed on the floor with one sheet, there being but a single pair in the house. Her employment was spinning cattle's hair, procured from the tanner, to be made into bed-covers."

Here is a human picture of one of the chances which the day brought and of the manners of our fathers.

*History of Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire.

searchers. They went to Mr. Mellen's house, where Rev. Mr. Brigham (preaching then as candidate) "led the devotions of the assembled people in a fervent prayer of thanksgiving to God, which was followed by songs of praise, and then all partook of the best refreshments that the house afforded" [probably Johnny-cake and beans; perhaps venison].*

As the forest, like the wolf, fell back before man, and his axe and fire cleared the beech and spruce from the rocky fields, the great blue mountain asserted its right of primogeniture to dominate the country. In very fact

*History of Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire.



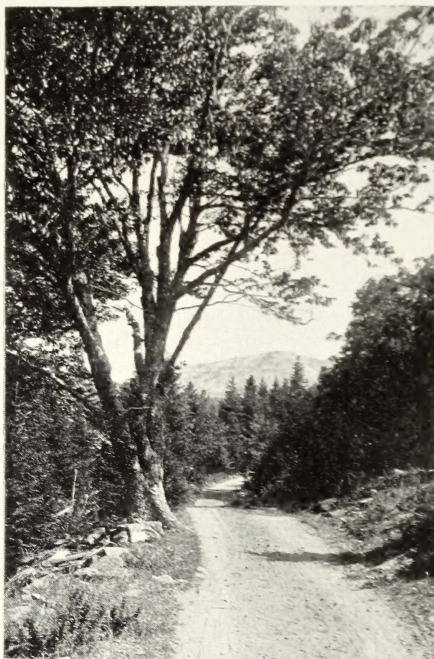
THE MOUNTAIN FROM STONE POND IN MARLBOROUGH.

it must have been with many a greater power for good than the neighborhood of governors, judges and stern ministers. Last year I had the privilege of a talk with a dweller in that region who cultivates in his old age the farm cleared by his grandfather when the fear of the ambuscading Indian was past. He told me how one Sunday, in the early part of this century, the minister of Dublin was preaching to his people in the old meeting-house on the hill from the text, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove, and noth-

ing shall be impossible unto you." In the course of his sermon, recurring to the text, he had gone as far as "ye shall say unto the mountain"—and

naturally stretched out his hand towards Monadnock, but, his eye following his hand, he caught sight through the window of its vast purple bulk. It stopped him short. He looked at it a moment, then at his people, and said sincerely: "I don't know—it looks pretty big."

In America the clear, dry air, showing all details and hard outlines within usual ranges of the eye, robs our landscape of romance; and, again, the architecture of a young people is



FIRST GLIMPSE OF MONADNOCK FROM THE MOUNTAIN ROAD, JAFFREY.

slight, present need being the main consideration. Hence the delight with which we see the old temples and castles through the blue enveloping atmosphere of Europe, simplifying and softening all. Now the mountain, lifting its mass above the usual horizon, has for us Americans those gifts of grand simplicity and ethereal color. To one who goes up from Middlesex into Berkshire or into Cheshire, New Hampshire, the sudden glimpses of strong violet or pure blue, seen suddenly through the luminous leaf-shoots of May, the sunlit green of July, the yellow or scarlet of

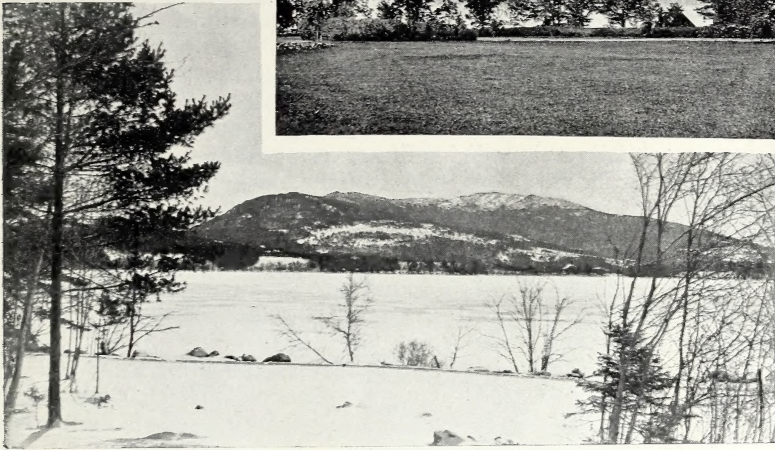
"The work
Of ancient kings who did their days in
stone."

"A score of airy miles will smooth
Rough Monadnock to a gem,"—

but perhaps at five miles' distance the majesty of the mountain most asserts itself, and its changing aspects, all beautiful, are best enjoyed. Standing



IN SUMMER.



MONADNOCK LAKE AND MOUNTAIN IN WINTER.

October, or the sober twigs of December, startle by their beauty, and for the moment he believes he must move his fixed Penates where such sights may be seen. When at closer range he sees the uplifted masses of dark rock worn with the wind and storms of ages and polished by the old ice-cap, he receives something the same impression as when he first saw the mouldering castles and cathedrals,

alone, commanding a region of lesser hills and meadows, its austere outlines clear of the forest growth which masks the features of most of our mountains, it is seen at its best from the towns of Fitzwilliam and Troy, which look on its most abrupt and bare crags. From Dublin, because of the height of the town and the fact that that ascent is more regular and at a less slope, which is wooded farther up, it is least imposing. From



MONADNOCK LAKE AND MOUNTAIN FROM CATHEDRAL ROCK.

Jaffrey the lines are least agreeable, the northeast spur, because of its nearness, dwarfing the summit.

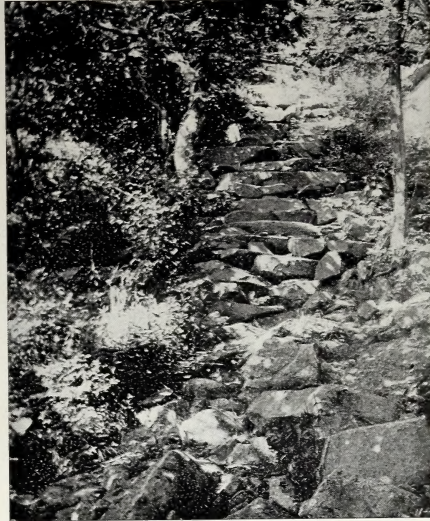
The mountain has a strange power of veiling and making himself mysterious even on bright days by spinning webs of haze about him, even below the huge knees, and thickening the woof until he is all but hidden even from the villages at his feet. Again the gauze is partially thinned and a fair gleam as of milk-weed or thistle-down comes from some inner fold. This diaphanous summer robe differs entirely from the thick muffling fold of cloud wrapped around the great shoulders during a storm. It is most subtle and fades away imperceptibly into the surrounding air. Yet the mountain is more shrouded by it than farther objects and evidently has power to draw these gleaming hazes in greater quantity to him. At sunset of an exceptionally clear day following a showery time this bald old giant puts on a soft, rosy-white cap and plume. His cold, stone forehead condenses this out of the passing air, saturated with moisture as it approaches from the windward, and on the leeward side the cloud melts again as fast as it floats beyond his cold influence. At these times the peak looks like a smoking volcano. The cloud is still and constant; the particles are continually renewed.

Between the great stone knees to the south and east is the sweep of the ascending forest of dark spruce and light birches, a lap with all the festooning folds and curved radiations that the great sculptors have known how to use so well, harmonizing but not concealing the great structural lines. The colors melt and change with the light and season, but in summer remind one of a Highland plaid of the darker type, where blue and green tones are harmonized by a little purple. Two effects are interesting when a great cloud covers the summit; first, attention is called to the great breadth of the base, and, second, an indefinite height is suggested. A great Sphinx's head might well be wrapped in that veil, the mountain's shape as seen from the hill between Rindge and Fitzwilliam strongly suggesting a stone lion's body with outstretched paws.

What is the subtle charm of three whethers in theology, in trilogy of drama, in triads, in three voices for the ear, three primary colors for the eye, the triangle in mathematics, in architecture, in magic—three in one in so many forms, from the Trinity to the fresh trillium from the woods? The faint blue triangle of Monadnock when we reach it has become a mighty mass, a unit, yet

plainly divisible into three zones,—first, the skirts of pasture land; second, the shoulders mantled by forests of varied green; and, third, the purple ledges that form the head. Now we will climb the mountain and enjoy these in turn.

John Bunyan at a certain stage of his pilgrim's painful journey to the Celestial City makes Christian's heavy burden fall from him; I think it was at a wayside cross. And now, traveller towards the mountain, sacred by common consent of man, you have come up from the lowlands, but you still have your pack of hurry and worry bound to you. The wagon, which climbs with you over the stony foothills and through cool reaches of woods in the brook-valleys between, will soon bring you also to a wayside cross. The good local elders have inscribed it for you with refreshing names of upland towns, stating distances ideally and poetically; but it is still a cross, a station on your pilgrimage, and here it is your duty and wisdom to cast off your burden. You can do it. For what other end did you come? Thoreau, in his paper on "Walking," says that the pilgrims who thronged the ways of old Europe were



STEPPING STONES UP THE MOUNTAIN.

called *Saunterers* because they were bound to the *Saint Terre*. Take comfort then in this land to which you have come for help. Take time, and do it the courtesy to attend to the little graceful hospitalities it offers for every sense, and be not a rude, pre-occupied visitor.

And now you have reached the pasture zone of the mountain, the knolls very likely sunburned and not looking

interesting under hot noon. Of the three zones one would give precedence to the upper, but the pastures have greater picturesqueness and variety than the forest zone. In the morning or late afternoon they are at their best. The low sun brings out the modeling of the ground near by, and also shows ridge beyond ridge in the blue distance in wonderful sequence of value and ethereal hue.



THE MOUNTAIN BROOK.



ON THE SUMMIT.

All the foreground grows interesting; the rocks gray-green or lilac in the sun and blue-gray in shadow, or rusty if the ground has been burned over. The transmitted light makes the fern-beds glow in their fair green—in the autumn they will turn through cream—color to brown—while in the deep folds of the land groups of spruces with their strong dark green give the necessary support to the lighter color-scheme. One recalls Virgil's two words in the "Eclogues" for these types of green, *viridis* and *nigra*.

In the deeper folds you hear water tinkling, and the brooks coming down from the mountain will usually be marked out in the pastures by a little ribbon of trees. Climbing up on a hot August day, your

shoes slippery with the grass, you will find the true hospitality of the mountain along these little streams, which give you perfect water to drink, good footing along the rocks of their bed, a little shade, and lunches of the best of strawberries, rasp-

berries or blackberries, according to the month. On the way up, unless there is an unusual drouth, you will find deeper shaded pools in which you can have a bath that will make your skin tingle, and you glad that you were hot enough to enjoy it. But all the pleasures have not yet

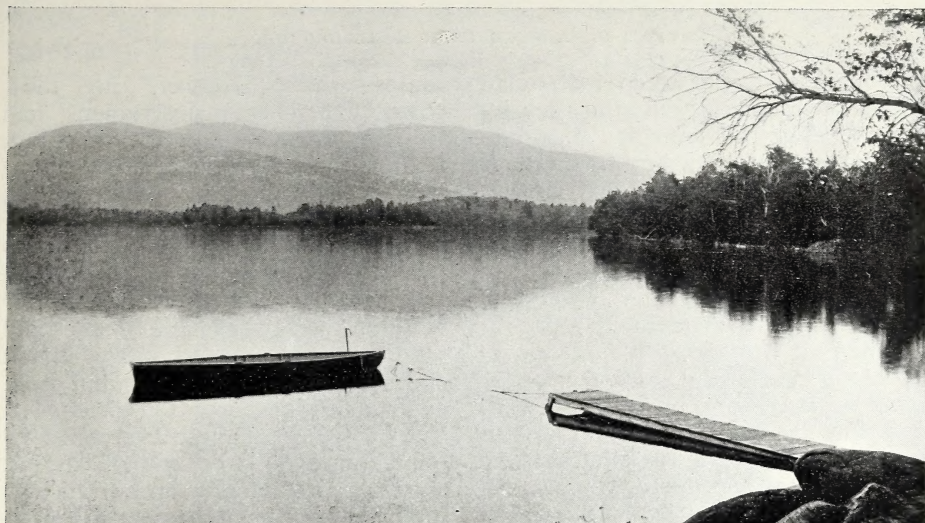


LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SUMMIT TOWARD DUBLIN LAKE.

been told. It may be hot in the pastures, but the sweet, pure quality of the up-country air steadily refreshes and every now and then the cool breeze blows away the glassy, vibrating radiation of heat from the baking grass. Then comes the spruce smell or that of the fern-bed, or in autumn, of the silvery-white beds of life-everlasting flowers. The cat-bird sings from a copse, or the little indigo-bird from the top of a tree, or the sweet, clear song of vesper- or song-sparrow rings out. Suddenly you hear the lowing of cattle, and coming over a

memories help them through the winter.

Upon the shoulders of the pastures are groups of beeches, rock-maples and red oaks, or single trees blown into wild shapes by the northwesterners. It is interesting to see how the same lichens make the trunks and gnarled roots of these trees match the out-cropping rocks at their feet. Violets, houstonias and saxifrage, cinquefoil, strawberry and blackberry blossoms are here early in the year; later, buttercups, St. Johnswort, yarrow, hardhack and fireweed; later still,



MONADNOCK LAKE AND MOUNTAIN AT TWILIGHT.

rise find a herd, which very probably came up in spring from your own town, ill-conditioned and caked with filth, after a winter in the stanchions. Now see how vigorous and clean they are; washed by rain and brushed by wind and birch trees, each hair gleaming and the tassels of their tails curling gloriously. See the colors, dark-red with purple shadows, burnt-wood color fading into mouse color, black with high lights reflecting the sky, or gleaming cream-white patches. These graze the sweet, short grass or lie in the fern or group in the cool woods, the square bell telling of their whereabouts. We will hope the

hawkweed, golden-rod, asters and life-everlasting. This is the home of the fox and woodchuck.

Where pasture and forest meet one may, and almost surely will, rest at the little tavern. This is at the end of the wagon road and its traffic is mostly the caring for horses of persons who come to spend the day and the furnishing them dinners if desired. One may often stay here very comfortably, though inns change with their landlords, and find fine air and outlook, good plain food, and a point of vantage whence to make a speedy ascent when the mountain calls.

Now, the outworks won, we attack



MOUNT MONADNOCK FROM MARLBOROUGH.

the main fort, the steep forest-clad slopes culminating in the craggy citadel. The adventurous may do this by tracing up a brook; perhaps the more interesting way, and having the advantage of the refreshment offered to ear, to brow and to throat of the panting climber, which the cool and tinkling water offers. Or one may go more easily and with more refreshing air (for the woods are close) up along one of the great spurs; or more obviously and better, if strength and time are to be saved, up the path from the hotel. This at some seasons becomes a water course in storms, though not a real valley. The loose stones and outcropping ledge are somewhat denuded of vegetable soil and there is at least a firm footing, though the scramble is steep and taxes the wind, especially if one carries a backload. This old path was greatly improved by the United

States Coast Survey, in 1861, when their heavy instrument had to be carried to the summit, and their extensive camp equipment half way up. Between the rocky spurs the leaf-mould and finer soil accumulates, and here the deciduous trees, requiring a better soil than the spruces, thrive. On the lower edges of the zone are fine beeches and maples and large red oaks. Black and canoe birches are there, but especially yellow birches. On the edge of the wood one of these has coiled its gleaming trunk like a python around a spruce and actually sunk itself into the bark. Perhaps the resinous quality of birch-bark, which causes it to



THE MOUNTAIN FROM PERKINS' POND, TROY.

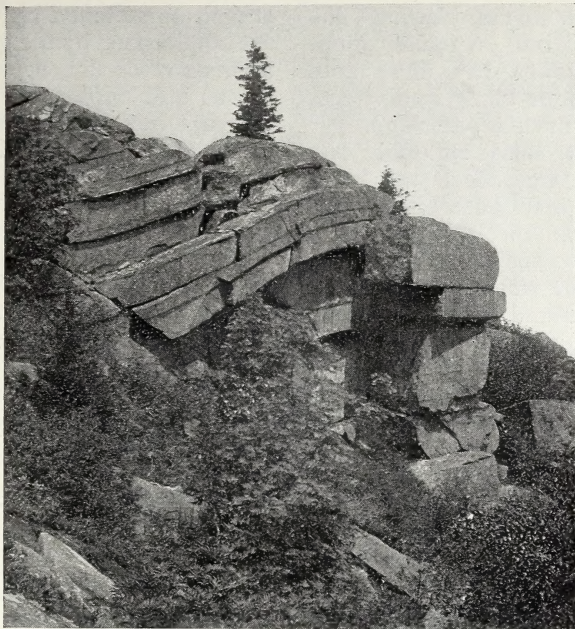
burn readily even when wet, makes it feel affinity for a conifer. The brilliancy and health of the foliage of all these trees is a pleasure to see. Among their gleaming stems one finds lower shrubbery of interesting northern plants. Here are the great unequal heart-shaped leaves of the hobble-bush (*viburnum lantanoides*), tending to mottle their green with a livid purple in autumn. The beautiful black-and-green-striped stems of moosewood (*acer Pennsylvanicum*) grow freely.

The more laurel-like, dark and gleaming foliage of sweet viburnum is here, whose white blossoms are beautiful to see; and also the mountain holly (*nemopanthus Canadensis*) and the white-blossoming mountain-maple. The laurel, too, grows here.

On the higher ledges to the right of the path all deciduous growth disappears, leaving a rather melancholy forest of the larger spruces, black and white, here and there a balsam-fir and occasionally a stunted white pine. I do not remember to have seen either a pitch pine or a Norway pine here. Hemlocks are found rather low on the mountain, and here and there an American yew with its twin red berries and beautiful, glossy, green sprays. Under this forest one's feet crunch a carpet of crisp-gray "reindeer moss" or slip on

the red-brown spruce-needles. As one climbs higher the trees grow smaller, the oaks and beeches give place to the mountain-ash, the rowan-tree of Scotland, good against witches and warlocks. Some have even supposed that "Aroint thee, witch!" was a corruption of "A rowan-tree, witch!" This tree, from its graceful growth, its plumes of composite leaves on which Ruskin finds a lecture on architecture, its cymes of blossoms, pale in summer, changing

to deep orange berries in autumn, is a constant delight to the eye, especially when seen from above, or in silhouette against the sky. Below these trees the flowers of the mountain wood are the wild oxalis, the little Solomon's seal and the great white false Solomon's seal with its



THE DORIC TEMPLE.

palm-like leaves, the little green lily (*Claytonia*), so graceful in its leaves, shaft, and strange blue berries in autumn, wood violets, trilliums, and ground-cornel with its quatrefoil of white sepals.

You may have the luck here to see a strange creature climbing a birch tree and, startled for a moment by its resemblance to a young bear, look anxiously around for its proud parent. A second look shows you that in spite of its formidable claws the creature is only a great Canada porcupine. If your dog discovers him



MONADNOCK AND KEENE VALLEY FROM THE WESTMORELAND HILLS.

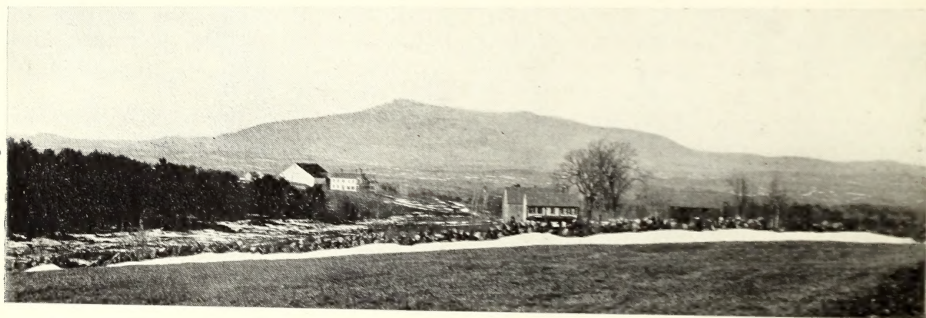
scuttling among the bushes he will presently return to you howling, his mouth turned into a pincushion. Rabbits and foxes live here too, thrushes of various kinds, and vireos, and you often flush a partridge.

After a short, sharp scramble one rises above the trees, feels the high, cool air, and suddenly astonished, has to raise his head through an arc of many degrees to see the edge of the blue wheel of the world below, which seems to rise around him.

You are now at the head of a stairway of rough blocks built by the Coast Survey up a very steep part of the path where it emerges from the woods, and happily here is a spring where you will rest and enjoy the sights up and down and the fine air. The forest as seen from above is very interesting, especially the beautiful heads of the mountain-ash. Above you tower the rocks, perhaps seven hundred feet to climb before you reach the top; their actual height enhanced by the fact that just where they come

against the sky their edges, which should be softened by reflected light, are emphasized by the growth of black *tripe de roche* lichen, on whose gelatinous and unpleasant nutriment the starving fur-hunter is said to live on the Barren Grounds when other food fails.

Hitherto you have had the toil of climbing; now comes its delight. Cheered by the great outlook, fanned by the cool breeze, with good square footing on slabs instead of slippery black soil and stumbling blocks, you feel the joy of battle without its danger, as you carry with a rush, or flank by zig-zags these stone rifle-pits, scarps and bastions of superb regularity and strength, with faces as clear cut as if planned by Vauban himself. For at the point where we come above the tree-line the construction of the mountain shows best. It is simple and grand, and in detail is but a repetition of the outline as seen from the east-southeast on the hills near Boston, viz., a long, smooth slope north,



IN APRIL.

and a steeper, broken one to the south. As may be seen in the report on the Geology of New Hampshire by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a great layer of gneiss and mica-slate overlies a mass of older porphyritic granite heaved up from below. The dip of the strata is to the northward, hence the edges crop out on the south and make a series of giant stairs a little tilted backward. The great glacier which once covered the country, moving from the northward as it slid over the mountain ridge, using it as a foot-scraper, rudely sand-papered the ledges, thus bevelling their sharper edges. Speaking of a hill near by, a resident said to me, "North cant is mostly clayey"; perhaps the result of this foot-scraping process. This dip of the rocks is a sure guide to one lost in the cloud, an adventure which may easily happen on the mountain. By following the long even slope he will go down in the direction of Dublin and by going down the tilted steps he will shortly come out on the Troy side, where is the Mountain House.

Now you reach the peak, stone hub of a dim blue wheel. No rival mountains close by interrupt the view. Once, when a boy, I had the pleasure of being on the summit on a clear day when mountains of every New England state, and also in New York, were flashing answers to Mr. Dean and Mr. Talcott of the Coast Survey on the apex rock and thus triangulating the country. Of course they had a great instrument, but following the hint I have found since then that it is easy with a hand mirror to exchange greetings at a moment agreed upon with invisible friends seven miles away. To those at home it is almost miraculous to see at exactly one o'clock a perfectly clear but very minute flash where friends ambuscade in the pinkish-gray mystery of the mountain slope.

Of course the silver gleams of ponds first attract your eye as you look down. The Connecticut River you cannot see, and hardly the

Ashuelot, but the westering sun brings out the mountains that fence them in, and at early morning the rivers rise into sight, as it were, by their mists. Beyond Watatic and Wachusett, Massachusetts seems so flat as to make one believe one looks at the sea, but to the north and west are hills and forest enough. Ascutney is a marked feature and is set down as exactly paired off with Monadnock in height, three thousand one hundred and eighty-six feet. Kearsarge is nearer, and, close by, the beautiful twins called the Pack Monadnock, or Peterboro and Temple Hills. The great "Height o' land" separating the eastern and southern-bound waters stretches northward from Monadnock culminating in Mount Washington, one hundred miles away north by east, to be seen on clear afternoons. When the old meeting-house stood on Dublin Hill it was said that of two snow-flakes melting side by side on its ridge-pole one reached the Atlantic at Newburyport, and its mate Long Island Sound at Old Saybrook.

"At Monadnock it seems that the final cause of towns is to be seen from mountains," said a humorist. Certainly the white New England villages around their steeples are pleasant to see, but I pray you do not try to identify barns with your spy-glass or lament if haze or, better, cloud or storm come up; nor stay too long on the bleak summit in the wind. Even without the view every spot on the mountain is full of beauty, changing with the lights and the month, and everything is at its best two hundred feet below you. Begin by noticing in the crevices of even the upper rocks, vibrating in the incessant wind, a delicate little Alpine flower, the Greenland sandwort, and in the gravel accumulating between the rocks and on the shores of those little rocky tarns, in which blocks like great stone coffins lie half submerged, gleams everywhere the shining dark green leaf of the mountain trefoil. Some of the leaves tend to turn scarlet

early and they adorn the rock fissures when the white flowers are gone. High on the watershed are the beds of glossy mountain-cranberry vines with plentiful fruit and flowers, and below there you may pick large wild strawberries in the end of July. The thyrsus-shaped head of the mountain golden-rod show everywhere in the late summer, and so does the white spiraea. The bind-weed gropes for something to adorn with its beautiful spiral vine. Chokeberry and white golden-rod and pink fire-weed are lower. The white balls of the cotton-grass gleam everywhere in the rock-bottomed sphagnum swamps of the ridge between the first and secondary peak. The pretty Arctic sparrow, slate-blue with white tail-primaries, nests here, and I have heard a company of them sing at dawn. Song-sparrows, cheewinks and night-hawks and even robins live on the sheltered side along the forest.

Monadnock shares with a few other mountains—Chocorua I think is one—the advantages of having had its noble head cleared of forest and vegetable soil by fire, yet so long ago that the blemishing wreck of fire has disappeared. It is said that early in the century the fire from a brush-burning on a farm on the Troy side spread to the mountain, which burned for three weeks, a glorious beacon for fifty miles around. This burned off the primeval forest and even the soil, largely vegetable, from the upper rocks, which it would require geologic time to replace. Of course the fire roared up the hollows between the spurs where the trees were largest, and the wind sent this blow-pipe-flame against the precipices above. At two such places enormous slides have occurred, the granite blocks large as cottages are piled at the bottom like enormous dice, and among these were to be found red lines of punk of decayed spruces seventy feet long, the ends of the knots charred; and these remains of trees actually bitten in between the blocks, which

seems good evidence that the ruin was due to the fire. In many places the rock scales off as it does after being burnt.

There is a region above the tree-line and below the crags, sheltered from the north and looking out on the great quadrant towards Wachusett. Here the blue-gray slabs of rock are flatter and between them are spaces carpeted with moss, comforting to the feet, or filled with the handsome glaucous foliage of rhodora-bushes or the pink of sheep-laurel. Here is an ideal camping place when once you learn where the sure spring lies hidden; and if you pass a week here you will carry away memories to brighten a lifetime. The scattered spruces on this plateau afford you bedding and fuel. Blueberries of a quality that lowlanders never know come in June in the lower southern forcing-beds and last through the summer; and on the north side of the upper rocks I have picked them from blood-red bushes in October. Of the multitudes who ascend the mountain, hardly one in a hundred leaves the path, so you are not molested. If your home is on the mountain you need not flee as evening or rains come on. The night, the dawn, the evening, the oncoming or breaking away of a storm are the very choicest pageants the mountain has to offer, and you learn that mythology and poetry is all to be written anew and better. There are mornings when you can stand on the peak, the heavens bell-clear above you, and look down on a tossing sea of pale clouds shutting off the world. The sun rising touches these with pink and soon they fade and melt. There are dark nights when wandering on the lesser domes you will see the broken fragments of cloud rush on you like great ghosts or reminding you of Kuhleborn in Undine. When on a July day the thunder mutters behind the mountain, if you plan to go to the hotel for shelter you will make a great mistake. Stay rather and sit at ease

upon one of the split domes near your camp, like Priam on the walls of Troy (you look down on Troy, by the way), and watch the marshalling of the storm. A column gathers, advances, tarries, divides. You think it will pass round the mountain. No, he will almost surely summon it to bathe his hot rocks and stir him with thunderbolts. The towns below have faded in sheets of rain, and now the great thunderhead sweeps aloft over the sun, and the cold, wet wind rushes upon you. Soon a flash right over the summit and a heavy detonation startles you and the big drops begin. Another crash, this time prolonged by echoes of crags and clouds, shakes down the rain and a deluge falls. Vain to seek shelter in caves of granite blocks; the water drips from above and courses below. The anchorites had the wit to choose a limestone country with practicable caves. So you must revel in your wetness and the splendid glories of Heaven's artillery. But the fuses of its shells are cut very short.

Now the storm is breaking up. See the beautiful dissolving views of a few blue acres here and there through curtains of pallid cloud, and look at the whole mountain-side alive with silver sheets and white singing cataracts. The sun comes out and dries your rocks, and shows you the beautiful fresh green of the spruces and the shining viburnum leaves. Now to the eastward is a rainbow, a complete brilliant arch, but of Moorish horseshoe pattern because you are so high. Everything is now soaking wet, but birch bark and spruce knots will burn gloriously and dry your clothes and cook your supper while the hermit or wood thrush's song rings up clear and rich from half a mile below you. The rain has darkened the rusty *tripe de roche* and the great sierra of the summit stands black against the northwest glow of twilight, or of northern lights which may follow. Now the night-hawks begin to rip the air with their swoop-

ing. Far in the east you see the lightning plunging its bolt again and again into Sodoms and Gomorrachs of the plain. Pile your fire high for company. It is well worth while, for be sure the goddess will repay the discomforts of *couchant a la belle etoile* with sights of her

“Far folded mists and gleaming halls of dawn.”

In the few verses which I have the privilege of quoting below, from a longer poem,* the austere splendors of *Monadnock* are fitly rendered.

“ From field and fold aloof he stands,
A lonely peak in peopled lands
Rock-ridged above his wooded bands ;

“ Like a huge arrowhead in stone.

“ The gentle hours, in gradual flight,
Weave round his huge, impassive height
A warp of gloom, a woof of light :

“ All day the purple shadows dream
Along his slopes or upward stream ;
And shafts of golden sunlight gleam, —

“ The circle of the changing year
Rounds slowly to the perfect sphere,
His withered sides grow brown and sere.

“ Along his lone and barren crest
The screaming gale, his only guest,
Roars from the wild and dreary west.

“ The dazzling day, the steel-blue night,
Bathe each bold crag and ice-capped height
In zones and shafts of naked light.

“What change has warped the hills and leas
Since first he rose to forms like these
Above the wild Laurentian seas?

“ The Alps and Andes were not born
When first he saw the beaming morn
Paint on the dark a world forlorn.

“ He heard the wind of Destiny
Speed trackless over land and sea,
Sowing the seeds of life to be.”

* "Monadnoc," a poem by Mr. J. E. Nesmith of Lowell.

FATE.

By J. Torrey Connor.

“**B**EHOLD, unto this princely house
A child is born!”
A sentinel from watch-tower high
Proclaims at morn.
Whate'er may be his heart's desire —
The best of earth
Is his to have and hold, this child's
Of noble birth.

With none to welcome, none to praise,
That self-same day
Another life is ushered in,
Not far away,
Beneath the castle's frowning walls;
His heritage,—
That lowly babe's, — grim want, and woe
His only wage.

At midnight, when all men forget
Their cares in sleep,
Save those who slumber not, but rise
To pray or weep,
Death's angel passed the castle walls—
Aye, passed inside,—
Although the humble cottage door
Stood open wide.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

By John White Chadwick.

“Of all peculiarly beautiful things in Japan, the most beautiful are the approaches to high places of worship or of rest, — the Ways that go to Nowhere and the Steps that lead to Nothing.”—*Lafcadio Hearn.*

A THOUGHT is here, O spirits that deny,
To cheer us when your doleful prophecy
Of Nothingness and Nowhere breathes its sigh
Upon our hearts. For even if so it be,
And Death ends all, how beautiful the Way
That leads us thither, lit with suns and stars,
Bright with the seasons' magical array,
The morning's and the evening's cloudy bars,
The birds and poets singing as we go
From East to West across the pleasant Land;
The clouds, majestic, moving to and fro,
And dear companions always close at hand
Heart-full of love. So rich, O God, the store
Of perfect things, how dare we ask for more?

OLIVIA'S WAITING-LIST.

By Caroline Ticknor.

NO one who had the good fortune to spend a few minutes in her society would have wondered at the length of Olivia's "waiting-list." She was the acknowledged belle, not only of the village, but of the entire country round about. Far beyond the limits of the country, indeed, had spread her fame for grace and beauty, so that admiring swains journeyed from quite improbable distances to dance with her at the May Festival, or to escort her to the Agricultural Fair. Her father, old Judge Freeland, had tired of city life, after the death of his young wife, and had withdrawn with his little daughter to spend the last years of his life among the peaceful hills of Meadow Crest; and it was in those early years, when he first settled there, that I became a visitor beneath his hospitable roof.

My father and the Judge had been great chums at college, before my father had decided to make his home in the far West, whence I emerged after many years bound for my father's college and bearing in my pocket letters to many of his early friends. It was in response to one of those letters that I received a cordial invitation to consider the fine old house at Meadow Crest one of my homes. The Judge was gratified to find in me an aspirant for his beloved profession; and so it came about that I spent a great part of my college vacations driving his horses, lounging under his wide-spreading elms, or listening to long discourses on his pet theme, the Law. If I have failed to profit by the good advice which he so freely poured into my half-attentive ears, his generosity must bear the blame, for giving me too much of a good thing.

During my early visits, Olivia and I became fast friends. She was a child,

and I a full-grown college man. Together we scoured the country round on horseback, rode madly over fields and through swamps, or scampered across the hills at breakneck speed. She was a daring little creature, running a thousand risks and never coming to any harm. She always set the pace; I merely followed, exhorting her to caution, until I found my words were wasted and held my peace and my seat in the saddle as best I could.

Olivia was a wayward child, and spoiled. She twisted the old Judge around her little finger as deftly as she twined the daisy chains she wove and tossed aside. She desired pets, and the Judge provided all she wanted. The house was filled with dogs and cats of all descriptions, sizes and tempers. Rabbits and white mice frisked across the drawing-room, and tame gray squirrels nibbled freely at the backs of priceless law books.

I tried to point out to the Judge the error of his way one evening, after I had found my tennis shoes quite ruined by the favorite squirrel and several pairs of gloves chewed up by a new pup, not to mention a bantam hen upon my bureau which had devoured all my collar-studs. I urged that it was wrong never to curb so wild a nature. I felt, moreover, that it was hardly more than fair to offer the Judge a little something in return for all his valuable advice to me.

But not a word would he so much as listen to. Olivia was perfect in his sight. She should go where she wished, have anything she wanted, say what she liked. He had himself experienced an education, the creed of which was "Thou shalt not"; his daughter's should be something quite different.

I plainly saw that any restraining

influence which was to reach Olivia must come from some other source, and I determined that I would do my best to exert that power which as "*bon camarade*" I exercised over the little lady of the house. I strove to win her admiration by small feats of athletic prowess (which heretofore had failed to win me anything), and, entertained her by thrilling fairy tales and stories of wild adventure, until I saw that I had gained a hold upon her youthful fancy, which had enshrined me with those doughty and doubtful heroes of whom I told prodigious lies. Then, during our rambles after berries or while our horses walked along a shady road, I began warily to exercise my educational influence upon Olivia. I pointed out to her the error of blindly following every passing impulse and giving way to each extravagant emotion, and urged the noble doctrine of self-control. "Let your head rule that wayward little heart, Olivia," I often told her, "and you will be spared many wretched hours." As I administered my good advice, my pupil's laughing eyes grew thoughtful, and she listened to my words with the same rapt attention which she bestowed upon my fairy tales and stories of adventure.

At the close of the last visit which I paid to Meadow Crest during my college days, my small companion drove me to the station in her pony-cart in calm, indifferent silence, which contrasted sharply with her usual outspoken grief at my departure. As I alighted from the phaëton she remarked briefly:

"I suppose we may expect you as usual next season?"

"Nothing shall keep me from dear old Meadow Crest," I answered warmly, "though this you know must end the long vacations of one who is to be a bright light in the legal world. Now, please remember all my good advice. Good-bye. Ah, but you do not look as though you cared one bit. I do believe you are not sorry to have me go."

At this, Olivia flashed a half reproachful glance at me from underneath her sunbonnet, and swallowed as if a painful lump had risen in her throat. Then she said with a toss of her small head:

"You give me good advice, and when I follow it you do not like it. Remember that you said, 'Let your head rule.'"

So saying, she seized the whip and gave the pony a vicious little slash with it, which so surprised him that he took to his fleet heels and quickly bore his mistress and the phaëton out of sight.

Despite my promise of a speedy return to Meadow Crest, more than eight years elapsed before I once more alighted from the train which drew up at the dusty little station which had apparently escaped the "Queen Anne" wave which had swept over the margin of the railroad. Breathing a prayer for this and other blessings, I stepped on to the well-remembered platform, which seemed to have shrunk somewhat in size during the intervening years, and found myself confronting the same impassive visage of the station-master, which had nodded a friendly farewell to me eight years before. He stood in the precise spot where I had left him, and it seemed to me that he was certainly attired in the same clothes; in fact, everything about the station and its presiding genius appeared quite as if I had left them but yesterday. Instinctively I looked to see Olivia's curly locks surmounting the pony-phaëton in which I had last taken leave of her. She, too, I felt, must greet me as of old, jumping down from her seat and rushing to welcome me with outstretched arms. I grasped my bag, which I had momentarily dropped while I surveyed the old familiar landmarks, and turned to greet my old friend Hinks, the station master.

"How d'ye do, Hinks?" I called out gaily, but he stared blankly at me,

and thrust upon me for the first time the melancholy consciousness of those eight intervening years. Had I then changed so much, while Hinks had obstinately remained untouched by Time's relentless finger?

"I'm sorry that you don't know me, Mr. Hinks," I said, approaching him with an aggrieved air; "but apparently it's quite the proper thing, for the Judge has not remembered to send down for me."

Hinks bestowed upon me a searching glance, which, coupled with my reference to the Judge, served to make known my identity to him.

"The Jedge!" he drawled, while the glimmer of dawning intelligence crept upon his inexpressive face. "Oh, you ain't young Mr. Kent, what used to come here summers? Wall, I must say you hev changed." The certainty of my identity having by this time thoroughly permeated his consciousness, he became friendly. "Glad to see ye up here ag'in. I guess you won't find things changed much, except the new race track they've put in at the Centre; though the Jedge he's changed some, I should say."

"And Miss Olivia?" I questioned, suddenly thinking that she too, like myself, was doubtless not possessed of Mr. Hinks's talent for standing still.

"Oh, Miss Olivia, she's grown up, I should say, more'n considerable, since you was here," he replied with a broad smile. "I tell you she's"—he paused as if searching for some suitable adjective, and as he did so turned his attention to a distant cloud of dust. "There she is," he concluded, quite as if she had been the missing adjective; "I guess the Jedge ain't forgot ye, after all."

I watched the oncoming dog-cart driven by a stylish damsel, whom I stared at fixedly for traces of my curly-headed companion of old. I could discern only a crinkly golden coil in place of the familiar shock of curls, and delicate, finely chiseled features

instead of the chubby face I so well remembered.

In another moment she had reined up the bay mare, and was protesting: "I am so sorry to be late!" Her smile and mischievous blue eyes assured me that this was indeed my old friend.

"What a transformation!" I exclaimed, climbing up beside her. "Where is my little girl with her long curls? Can this superb young woman be Olivia?"

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you," she responded lightly; "but it is your own fault. Why did you stay away so long?"

"That is what I'm saying to myself this very minute. But the Judge can answer for me; he knows how long it takes to make a lawyer, and how much longer than that it takes the lawyer to make a living. Can't you see how much hard labor has already aged me? Even Mr. Hinks quite failed to recognize me."

"Yes," she said looking at me critically, "you are old and—lift your hat again—and gray. I thought I saw a few gray hairs when you first raised it. I'm very glad, for I was afraid you might seem too young."

"Indeed,—why too young?"

"Because all my friends at present are either at one extreme or at the other; they are too old or else too young, and I've been longing for some one in between, a kind of standby, you know, on whom I could depend. I want a friend and counselor to lecture me and give me good advice, and I remember how well you used to do it. Now, poor papa," she went on, "is not advanced enough in his ideas to be of real assistance. I need some middle-aged friend who has experience without a lot of old-time prejudices."

"You may call me any age you please," I answered laughingly. "If you were twelve and I was twenty-four when last we met, why, now that you are twenty, I of course am twice

as old as that. Is forty old enough to suit you?"

"I think that will do," she answered gaily, "and I can easily imagine that you are quite as old as that."

I responded with the best grace that I could summon to this doubtful compliment; and just then she pointed with her whip. "See, we are coming to the old place. I don't believe you'll find it changed one bit; and look, there's papa watching for you. He has been looking forward to having such long, delightful discussions on law! You will not mind, I know, if I leave the room when you begin those tiresome talks; I simply cannot stand a great deal of that sort of thing."

"I should be sorry to be instrumental in boring you to death," I said a little stiffly, as we stopped in front of the wide, vine-covered porch, where the white-haired Judge stood waiting to greet us.

After dinner, I sat with the Judge in his spacious library, listened to his fluent discourse, and tried to talk enthusiastically regarding a famous case pending in the Supreme Court; but despite my efforts, my attention was distracted by the constant murmur of voices just outside the window on the veranda, where the form of some devoted swain was visible. He seemed determined to stay indefinitely, regardless of the impatience of his horse, which clanked incessantly at the chain by which he was fastened to a post. After some little time, the Judge, concluding doubtless from my irrelevant replies that I was weary after my journey, asked me if I wished to go to my room; and I responded promptly that I was extremely tired and begged that he would bid Olivia good-night for me. "I see that she has company," I murmured in an indifferent tone.

"Ah, yes, yes,—I believe it's young Gale from the Corners; he's here quite frequently,—rides a fine bay."

"No, a white horse," I answered, peering out of the window.

"Ah, then it must be Richard Foster,—he rides a white horse; indeed I said the other day it seemed to me that his white horse had become a permanent fixture at that post lately."

"A popular post, truly!"

"Yes, yes,—and that's the worst of it," the Judge went on. "You see they're all of them after Olivia."

"What, the horses?" I queried flippantly.

"My dear fellow, it is no joke," the Judge said earnestly. Then he sat down, and I sat down, while both of us forgot that I was ready to be shown to my room. And this time my attention did not wander.

"I talk to you as I would to your father," the Judge began, "for I can almost imagine you are he, you seem so much older than other fellows of your age; in fact, ever since I first knew you, you have seemed like a veritable companion to me."

I nodded assent. "It is doubtless my mission to be old before my time," I murmured.

Then the Judge went on to tell me that he was growing feebler all the time, and that he hated to picture to himself Olivia left all alone after his death. "She is so impulsive and so headstrong, that I should really like to see her married and settled down before I go," he said. "But," he added after a pause, "that is a problem very difficult to solve."

"Undoubtedly," I answered, waiting for him to go on.

He seemed lost in thought, and as he paused the summer breeze wafted a gay "Good-night" in through the window, followed by the clatter of departing hoofs.

"A problem difficult to solve, you said?" I ventured finally.

"Yes, yes,—she is so wild and wayward, not like her mother or like me, sometimes I verily believe she has no heart. There are a dozen in her train, whom she plays fast and loose with. One day she is loud in praise of one, the next day it is someone

else; now she dislikes them all, and again declares that she adores them every one. At times, I fancy there is one she really cares for, and then I am convinced that she has not the least regard for anyone,—except perhaps myself—here the Judge's tone grew softer; "I really think that she is rather fond of me."

At this point I heard a little rustle, and as I turned I saw Olivia standing in the doorway, like some bright vision in the sombre setting of an antique frame. The picture was illumined by the rays from a tall lamp near by, which fell upon her golden hair and made her face shine forth from the dark background, while her muslin gown melted mistily into the blackness behind her. She stood with clasped hands, regarding her father with a half troubled look; then she ran lightly forward and perched upon the arm of his big chair.

"He merely *thinks* that I am fond of him, poor soul," she said in a low, mocking tone. "He never feels quite sure, because he has no confidence in one so vacillating. He has spoiled me, and now repents his folly, when it is too late. Poor papa!" She kissed him playfully upon the forehead, and then crossed to the sofa where I was sitting. "I see that he's been telling you about that dreadful 'waiting-list'; and she laughed gleefully as she sat down beside me. "Ah, it is such a painful subject,—for papa. I'm glad that you have come to help him solve the problem; two heads are so much better than one."

"I should think this was rather a question of hearts."

"Oh, no, it isn't in the least," she answered quickly. "I see you are inclined to make the same mistake papa does. Such absurd notions were well enough back in the dark ages, but we to-day have reached a more progressive state. A calm, reasonable comparison of qualities is what the modern woman's choice should rest on, not the irresponsible fluttering of a foolish organ called the heart." She looked

appealingly at me. "I know that you agree with me, sir counselor."

"How do you know?"

"I've not forgotten your parting words of good advice to me, although you gave them eight years ago."

"But I have,—pray what were they?"

"Let your head rule your heart, Olivia!" she returned serenely.

I shook my head. "I'm not so sure that it was good advice."

"But I am; it was the best advice I ever had."

"At all events, I can give you some that is much better, now," I said decidedly, "for my advice is worth a great deal more than it was eight years ago."

"Very well, sir, I shall soon demand it, you may be sure," she cried gaily, rising to say good-night.

"I will help you all I can," I answered.

She clasped my hand impulsively. "It is a bargain that you shall be my legal confidant and highly valued adviser. I shall have perfect faith in your decision, and will abide by it,—you have my word upon it."

"I too place all confidence in your discretion and excellent advice," added the Judge, grasping my hand when she was gone.

"But this is really too absurd!" I eagerly protested. "You are not in earnest! Why should I meddle in a matter which seriously concerns the lifelong happiness of other people?"

The Judge smiled vaguely. "One reason is enough,—Olivia wishes it."

When I reached my room, I threw myself into an armchair and sat for a long time with my eyes fixed upon the vines which swayed across my window in the moonlight. Why, after all, I argued in my effort to readjust myself, should we let tradition and usage acquire so firm a hold upon us? Why should we be surprised at a new expression of human progress? Olivia was undoubtedly a type of the progressive woman, and the more I

meditated upon the spread of such a type, the more I was convinced that lasting benefit must spring from an advance towards reasonable and logical selection in the important matter of marriage. I was pleased for my own part to have so fine an opportunity to study the working out of this interesting problem. I, an impartial friend, with some experience and a tolerable amount of taste and judgment, would do my best calmly and wisely to compare and weigh all merits and defects in a judicial balance which should pronounce upon the worthiest aspirant and cross the others from Olivia's "waiting-list."

During the next few days, I waited in vain to hear the vital subject again alluded to. Apparently Olivia had quite forgotten the rôle of confidant which she had so readily assigned to me on that first evening. She was my boon companion now, and as of old we scoured the country roads on horseback and explored the groves and apple orchards. The summer days sped by on wings, while oftentimes I wondered if the pleasure I experienced was mutual and the quick response to every fleeting mood which I expressed really spontaneous, —or was Olivia merely trying to entertain me? Surely she was mistress of that delightful art—if art it was.

While I reveled in the simple country life, smoking and chatting with the Judge, walking or driving with Olivia, I often meditated upon the "waiting-list." As I studied Olivia and learned to know her better daily, I recognized in her a certain elusiveness, which lessened my assurance as to the weight which any opinion of mine might carry. And I possessed an uncomfortable conviction that I was being made game of on the evening of my arrival.

One afternoon I sauntered to the shaded veranda where Olivia sat in a high-backed wicker chair, intent upon a complicated piece of embroidery, which I regarded with growing ani-

mosity since it absorbed Olivia's undivided attention whenever she took it up, and made me keenly feel my unimportance.

"I never saw a piece of work like that," I remarked discontentedly, after a long silence, during which my presence was quite unnoted. "I verily believe you ravel it out each night and then begin it again the next day, like that deceitful woman Penelope. Such an old-fashioned and worn-out method of proceeding for a progressive, up-to-date young woman!"

Olivia laughed. "You see there are so few good ways of keeping off impetuous suitors!" she said, glancing at me mischievously.

Thoughts of the "waiting-list" arose before me, and I frowned; then, after a few moments more of silence, I ventured in an aggrieved tone: "I'm sorry that I have been tried and found wanting."

"Found wanting what?" she queried mirthfully, glancing up from the absorbing piece of work.

"Wanting to be a counselor, a confidant," I replied. "You know you said you needed one, to help you with —with that 'waiting-list.'"

I fancied that I discerned a fleeting wave of displeasure upon her face as she bent over her embroidery. It vanished instantly, however, and she looked up serenely to meet my gaze.

"I see," she said, "you have been waiting patiently all this time to be consulted, and have been disappointed at the long delay! How could I have been so thoughtless as to fancy I could entertain you better in other ways? Come," she continued, rising so hastily that the embroidery silks were scattered at her feet, "and I will introduce you to my 'waiting-list.'"

She led the way upstairs, and I followed to the end of the long, winding hall, where she paused and drew aside a heavy curtain.

"Walk in," she said. "This is my picture gallery."

"Of rogues or fools?" I questioned

lightly, glancing around at the array of photographs which literally covered the walls.

"You can decide that for yourself," she answered laughing, "for you are one of them. Look!"—and she pointed out a little old college picture of me.

I gazed around with interest at the many faces on the walls, which were mostly classified in groups according to Olivia's fancy. Here, the composers, the most famous artists; there, her favorite authors, celebrated prima-donnas and actresses. After a few moments during which I kept exclaiming: "Ah, that is excellent of Bernhardt!" or "What a clever pose that is of Terry's!" I realized that Olivia was studying a group of pictures in an opposite corner of the room. Glancing over her shoulder, I paused a moment before exclaiming with keen interest, "So this is the 'waiting-list!'" Ranged in line, were the pictures of half a dozen or more young men, all comely in appearance, some decidedly attractive. Underneath each picture, attached by a piece of ribbon to a small brass hook, hung a strip of paper, which was divided into two columns by a line drawn down the middle. At the top of each strip I read the word "remarks," and below that the words "for" and "against" headed each column.

The first picture which I scrutinized had underneath the following "remarks" in the "for" column, "interesting listener," "knows when to go," "beautiful chestnut hair and handsome eyes," "rides well," "extremely generous," "loves flowers," "is most attentive to papa," which was offset on the "against" side by "conscious of his good looks," "lacking in original thought," "has no high aspirations," "wears glaring neckties," "votes the democratic ticket," and "smokes too many cigarettes." I slowly perused the strip under each picture, and then turned and faced Olivia, who was looking at me intently from a divan near the window.

"Now you are in possession of the salient points," she remarked calmly.

"The salient points! Ha, ha! They are too delicious for words. Why, already I know them all better than if I had met them a dozen times." And I laughed loudly again.

But Olivia rose with flashing eyes. "So this is my reward for taking you into my confidence! I see that you were right when you suggested you had been tried and found wanting. I might have known—"

"Pray forgive me," I interrupted. "I beg a thousand pardons. I solemnly swear that I will never from this time on laugh at anything you say or do, Olivia, unless you wish it; and I will do my best to help you choose the worthiest from that list, although I warn you that I shall criticise severely, for I cannot let you throw yourself away."

Her wrath had quite subsided during my humble protest, but she seemed hardly to have heard my last remark, so intently was she gazing upon the line of pictures which I had been inspecting; so again I repeated, "You know I cannot let you throw yourself away, Olivia."

"No," she responded rather petulantly, "but how are you going to prevent such a catastrophe?"

"I don't know yet," I answered, frowning at the row of photographs, which one and all seemed to challenge my interference; "but when the time comes I shall doubtless find a way."

Then we went back to the veranda; but a chilly east wind had sprung up, which blew Olivia's embroidery silks wildly about and sent me scurrying across the lawn after the magazines and papers which the summer gale was making sport of, while it treated the Judge's "Quarterly" as if it were very light literature indeed.

If there is one trait in woman more aggravating than any other, it is her fondness for extremes. Why should Olivia have ignored that "waiting-list" at first, and then have taken it for

granted that I was interested in nothing else? It was so inconsistent in her to ask me to be her counselor, and then to seem resentful because I showed my readiness to carry out her own suggestion. I should assuredly never have introduced the subject had I dreamed my words could be productive of such disastrous effect. From the afternoon I broached the "waiting-list," Olivia seemed determined to talk to me of that and only that. Vainly I tried to interest her in other topics; she always returned to that one line of thought. The subject possessed undoubted interest, but it seemed to me a trifle too much to expect that any counselor would never tire of discussing the qualities of other men. I often grew so weary of the self-same theme that I took refuge in the solitude of my own room or sought relief in listening to deep legal discourses from the Judge.

It was not merely conversations regarding the gentlemen in question which tried my soul, but the necessity of personal acquaintance with each, added to hours and hours of friendly intercourse, which I could not escape. Olivia invited them in turn, until I had inspected the entire list, and then, as though I had not previously endured enough, began again at the beginning, never giving me a breathing space between. They came to dinner, supper,—yes, to breakfast; and when they were not present, Olivia sat down seriously to discuss their merits with me, so that their shades were ever on hand to torture me. She seemed to think that I was as absorbed in choosing one of those wretched aspirants as she was, when she might have seen that I abhorred the very mention of their names. Still I tried for her sake to consider them with impartiality, although I grew to hate them severally and individually, for very weariness of the whole lot; for not only were they with me through the day, but at night they visited my dreams, nay, altogether banished sleep from my uneasy pillow.

In return for all the irritation which the members of the "waiting-list" caused me, I dissected them mercilessly, studied their faults minutely, and rejoiced in every vulnerable point my penetration could discern. I discovered frailties and peculiarities innumerable, which Olivia never would have chronicled but for my timely aid. I even wrote them down on the "against" side of those slips of paper. In fact, most of my writing was done on the "against" side. Olivia complained that I was overdoing it, but I asked her in response why she had asked me for my criticism if she did not want it. Moreover, I claimed that she did all her writing on the "for" side of those rapidly lengthening columns, and so exhausted all that could be said there. No matter how long the column might be on the "against" side, she would invariably equalize it by a lengthy list upon the other. I never would have believed that any one could have discovered so many desirable traits in half a dozen very commonplace young men.

On one occasion, I couldn't refrain from saying to Olivia that I didn't wonder it was hard for her to make a choice, when she apparently admired them all so much. To which she responded that she had often had the same thought herself and had in consequence almost come to the conclusion that it would really be wiser to draw lots. After this rejoinder, I decided that it was useless to give advice to anyone so hopelessly unreasonable. I even doubted if it was ever worth the while to give advice to anyone,—for people failed to appreciate what they received gratis; it was only what they paid a generous sum for that they valued. Having come to this most logical conclusion, I sought the Judge and urged him to take a stroll with me; but he declined and I was forced to go alone, and having nothing to divert my thoughts, I spent the afternoon in cutting down the "waiting-list" and legally disposing of the names upon it one by one. In fact,

before I turned my steps again towards the house, I had convinced myself clearly and definitely that they were none of them capable of making Olivia happy.

The only difficulty now was to convince her of this great truth. After much deliberation, I decided that I would take them one by one, and by a thorough and eloquent statement of their disqualifications endeavor to open Olivia's eyes to the unsuitability of each. I began the following afternoon, and my heartfelt appeal was not without effect. Indeed, it settled one member of the list that very night; I knew, because she told me briefly the next morning that she had crossed him off. This announcement filled me with a righteous joy. I was indeed a tried and trusted friend, a valued counselor, and my position was one of genuine importance. Best of all, Olivia really placed implicit faith in my opinion when a final decision was to be reached.

I almost trembled as I realized the power which I was wielding over the fate of others. I began for the first time to feel some little sympathy for the remaining names upon that "waiting-list," although I realized that it was my painful duty to destroy their chances one by one,—for was I not Olivia's friend, whose only duty was to consider her welfare? If I could have conscientiously believed that any one of them was suited to Olivia, I should have done my utmost to champion his cause; but I could not, and so I urged Olivia to consider well my summary of each before she made a rash decision.

So it happened that, one by one, I had the satisfaction of seeing those aspirants crossed from the list. Yes, there came a time when only one poor luckless chap remained; and he was the least interesting and most unattractive of the lot. His evident unfitness made me feel quite confident that a few words from me would settle him; for had not my intelligent suggestions regarding all the others been

received with deference, my every criticism taken note of and my final decision abided by! I therefore attacked the last man on that list with a superior air and assured bearing; when, lo! a strange and unexpected something happened.

It was just after supper on a warm and enervating August night when I touched upon the last man, having learned that he was coming over that evening to make a farewell call before departing on a western trip. For the past few days I had observed symptoms in Olivia of something like a defiant attitude towards me. She had snapped me up derisively on several occasions, and had acted in a thousand little ways as if my presence had become distasteful to her. I tried in vain to comprehend this sudden change. I finally concluded that I must have worn my welcome out, and I determined to tell the Judge that I must go at once, having already prolonged my visit far beyond the limit I had originally set. Be this as it might, I resolved that I would do my duty while I stayed, and say my say regarding the remaining name upon the list.

Olivia was passing through the hall, waving a palm-leaf fan, when I confronted her with a few well-chosen words concerning the last man. She paused and looked at me in a haughty, distant manner, as I began to speak; then a fierce light flashed from her eyes, and the palm-leaf fan dropped from her fingers and rustled down upon the polished floor.

"I've had enough of your impartial and imperative advice," she cried. "You would dismiss them one by one,—my friends,—till all are gone. You would find cause to criticise the angel Gabriel himself! I've had enough of it. Oh, I am sorry I ever asked for your advice. I can't endure you; and now I'm going to take the last one that is left!"

"Oh, but consider!" I exclaimed.

But she went on unheeding. "You shall not say a word against him.

He's a splendid, noble fellow, and one that any girl may well be proud of." The palm-leaf cracked beneath the weight of her small foot.

"Olivia," I pleaded, "listen one moment before you throw yourself away!"

"I have listened too long already," she retorted, with her hand on the knob of the screen door; as she opened it, she added derisively, with one glance back at me, "As I said once before, if I decide to throw myself away, what can you do about it?"

"True," I murmured, "what can I do?" Then the door clicked behind her as she stepped on to the wide piazza. I stooped mechanically and picked up the fan, and sat down, staring at it. I held it tenderly, feeling that a bond of sympathy united us, for I too had been trampled under that dainty foot.

A rider was dismounting; now a quick step could be heard crossing the piazza, and the voice of the intruder sounded in response to Olivia's cordial greeting. I bit the edges of the palm-leaf fan. Let her then throw herself away. What did it matter to me? I had tried to be a thoughtful friend, a true adviser,—and what thanks had I received? Nothing but insults. Olivia had shown herself unworthy of even my sympathy, since she rejected my good counsel.

Their voices came filtering in through the screen door. How sweet and clear her tones, and how unmusical and harsh his voice! I tightly closed my teeth and shredded the palm-leaf fan in trailing strips. Then I rose. I could not stay to hear those harsh tones any longer. I would find the Judge and tell him that I must go back to town at once.

"Never again," I said, "O, fool, meddle with other people's business!"

I took a step towards the screen door. One thing was certain—I was above listening to his discordant voice. What was he saying! "I love you." How dared he utter those

words, the scoundrel! And then I seemed to hear Olivia's parting thrust at me, "If I decide to throw myself away, what will you do?"

What would I do! the words echoed in my ears. "I shall find a way," I had once before replied; and now I stood like a dumb image against the door-post.

Now or never. I strode like an avenging spirit across the wide veranda. "Olivia," I cried, "will you go to your father at once,—he wants to see you." She jumped up hastily and disappeared without a word. I stood confronting the "last man."

"The Judge is ill," I said,—he had been suffering from a touch of gout,—"so I must ask you to excuse Miss Olivia for to-night."

The "last man" ground his teeth with rage, I fancied; then he said, "I will remain a while and see if she does not come back."

I trembled lest she might, only too soon. "No, she will not come back. When the Judge is ill, he will have no one else. I will give her your good-bye. Let me unhitch your horse." I vaulted down to the driveway.

"I will do that myself," he muttered; "your interference is not needed in that direction." Dashing by me, he jerked the bridle free and leaping into the saddle rode indignantly away.

As I mounted the steps, Olivia stood before me. I did not wait for her to speak, but burst forth: "I could not bear to hear him say those words to you. Oh, it was base to listen and cowardly to interfere; but I am both, both cowardly and base, and yet—I love you, Olivia. You said that I had driven off the others and you would take the last man. Well, I am that man. I too was on that 'waiting-list.' Dearest Olivia, say that you forgive me,—for I love you a thousand times better than all the others. Why, I have always loved you—"

"Only you never found it out until

to-night!" a meek voice interrupted.
 "Ah, can it be that you do care for me, Olivia? And yet you would have taken that—"

"Oh, hush!" she exclaimed; "how could you be so foolish as to really think that I meant what I said?"

Olivia stood once more in the dark frame of the doorway, while the light from the tall lamp fell on her golden hair; but this time she was not alone, for I stood beside her, and the Judge, who had been dozing in his easy chair in a secluded corner of the library, looked up as we appeared.

Olivia still stood within the doorway with downcast eyes, but I crossed the threshold and came towards the Judge, whose glance I thought be-

trayed a knowledge of what I was about to say.

"You asked me to advise Olivia, to help her to choose wisely. I have done the best I could. I have revised her 'waiting-list' and helped her to cut it down until—until, well, there was no one left except myself; and I—I—who had never dreamed or dared to hope, why, I discovered—"

Here Olivia left the radiance of the doorway, stepped from her picture frame, and joined me in the shadow before the Judge's chair.

"Yes, he discovered what I knew all the time, but what it took him so long to realize, that there was never but one name on my 'waiting-list'—and that name was his own."

UNDER THE CLIFFS.

By Alice D'Alcho.

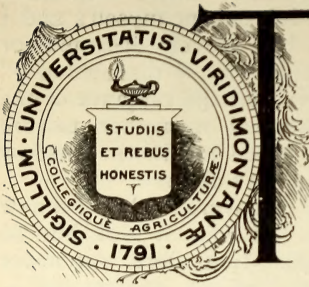
A NARROW strip of glistening sand,
 Where wave joins wave, in measured psalm;
 And towering cliffs above them stand
 In silent majesty and calm.
 Far out across the shining sea
 The moonlight falls in quivering bars;
 The winds sing low; and over all
 Brood the soft eyes of listening stars.

So listen they, while lovers' lips
 Once more the story old repeat—
 Old as the everlasting hills,
 Yet ever new, and ever sweet.
 O, perfect scene! O, perfect hour!
 That in my memory stands alone,
 When songs of wind and wave were lost
 In music of a deeper tone.

In many a clime, on many a shore,
 I've seen the moonlight wax and wane,
 And heard as 'neath the cliffs of old
 The sea repeat its deathless strain.
 But never night shall seem so fair,
 Nor time bring back such hours to me;
 For silent now the voice that once
 Filled all my life with melody.

THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

By Robert E. Lewis.



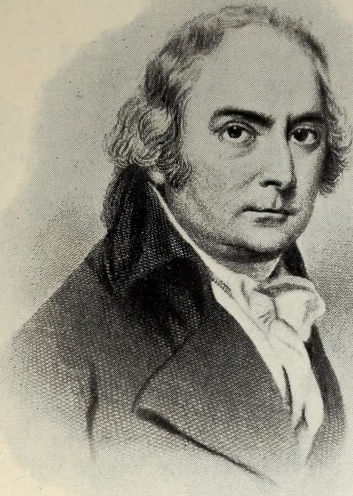
THE last thirty years of the eighteenth century were turbulent ones for the settlers of that portion of New England between Lake Champlain on the west and the Connecticut River on the east, claimed now by New York, now by New Hampshire, and coveted by Great Britain. The sturdy pioneers were resolute in the determination to institute and maintain, with their lives if need be, an independent and democratic state. The Champlain valley was the theatre of a large part of the later revolutionary victories. These were the days of triumphs over the British on Lake Champlain and in lower Canada, of Ticonderoga and the campaigns of Montreal and Quebec. Then came the battle of Bennington, which aroused the flagging hopes of the colonial armies and made possible the sweeping victory over Burgoyne at Saratoga. Here the fate of the would-be "free and independent states" was actually determined. Amid such an environment of battle, of blood, of indomitable courage, the Green Mountain Boys

assembled to launch a constitutional government.

In July, 1777, a convention of delegates from the New Hampshire Grants, as this section was officially known at the time, met and adopted a constitution for the independent "State of Vermont." Among other provisos was this significant one made fourteen years before the state was admitted to the Union: "One grammar school in each county and one university in the state ought to be established by direction of the General Assembly." Pennsylvania, North Carolina and Georgia alone of all the colonies antedate this constitutional provision for education; and of these, Pennsylvania and North Carolina alone refer to collegiate education. This constitutional provision received, of course, little attention during the years Vermont as an independent state was fighting for her life against the rigorous climate, the stubborn soil, the freebooter and the armed political foe.

In 1791 George Washington gave





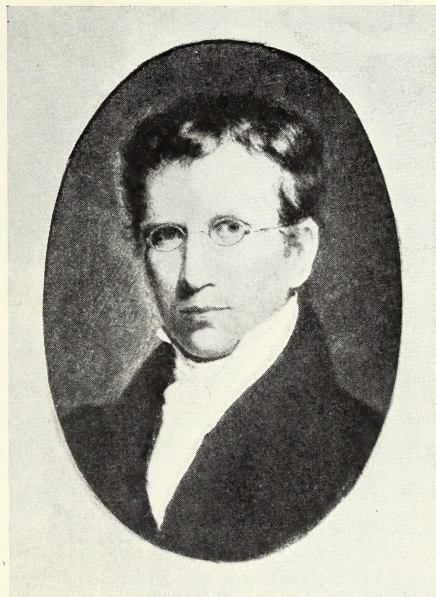
GENERAL IRA ALLEN.

executive approval to the Congressional act which stipulated that Vermont be "admitted into this Union as a new and entire member of the United States of America." At once the new state, the first to be received to the fellowship of the original thirteen, showed all the pride and vigorous self-assertion of a young man just coming to his majority. Matters of education were her pride; and before the close of the first year of her statehood Vermont chartered a State University. There were at this time, 1791, not more than twelve colleges in America, Harvard, Yale, Brown and Dartmouth being the only ones in New England.

The University owes its origin to, and honors as its founder, General Ira Allen, the brother of Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga fame. Ira Allen was born to the saddle. In the New York, Montreal and Quebec campaigns of the Revolution he was an officer. He returned from the campaigns of the colonies only to lead in the fight against the "land-jobbers" who were seriously harassing the

western counties of his own state. In these frontier days he was a leading member of the Council of Safety, as well as Secretary of the Council of State. He, together with Governor Chittenden, drew up the state constitution and planned the state seal. Though giving his life to the independence of his country and to preserving the integrity of his own colony, he was the diplomatic representative of the independent republic of Vermont at the Colonial Congress, negotiated treaties with British Canada, and was sent on a special mission to the Court of King George. In the midst of such deeds of courage, patriotism and statesmanship, we find him making this petition to the Vermont legislature:

"The memorial of Ira Allen humbly sheweth that an early education is necessary for the promotion of virtue and for the happiness

JAMES MARSH.
President, 1826-1833.

of human society, and tends to render a people or nation respectable by disseminating useful knowledge among youth . . . The sooner the Legislature establish the place for a college and appoint Trustees to receive donations, take care of public lands, prepare materials for building, etc., the better. . . . Having honorable views toward the public, and having a desire to make the place I have chosen for my residence respectable by the establishment of Liberal Arts and Sciences, I therefore name Burlington for that purpose, . . . being situate on the Lake shore where the waters are clear and beautiful, . . . being about one hundred miles from Dart-



THE OLD UNIVERSITY HALL.

was unprecedented. We are reminded that "Harvard College rests on an original appropriation by the Colony of but £400, and its name is a magnificent monument to the man by whose will it re-



THE NEW UNIVERSITY HALL.

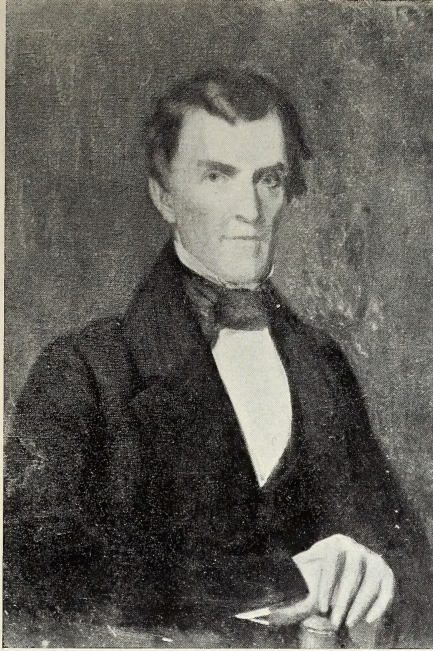
mouth College, and from its local situation in respect to the Province of Quebec and the northern part of the State of New York where there are no Colleges; it is therefore reasonable to suppose considerable donations may be had. . . . That so great an object may soon be affected I offer to the public £4,000 on the following conditions, viz.: that the Legislature at their next session in Westminster establish the place for erecting a college in this State at or within two miles of Burlington Bay, in the county of Chittenden, and appoint Trustees for the same."

Such a proposition in such times

ceived some £800 and a small library." To General Allen's gift of £4,000 was added £1,643, 12 s. as a result of popular canvass, which justified his prediction that "considerable donations may be had."

The statement seems to be made with authority, that "in 1784 there were not more than nine persons in the state, excepting clergymen, who had received a college education." The legislature appointed six of these

nine laymen to draft a bill, which in 1791 became "The Act of Incorporation" of the University. These men were qualified to lay the foundation which General Allen had made possible, having themselves graduated, three from Yale, two from Harvard, and one from Princeton. They were laymen; and as they drew up the charter they planned a new thing in college government. The trustees were to choose as their successors "such and so many as they shall think proper," not to exceed a certain fixed number. This was a radical move. It was provided for Harvard, that among the overseers should be the Congregational ministers in six surrounding towns; for Yale, that new trustees should be chosen from the "ministers of the Gospel inhabiting within the colony"; for Princeton that, besides the Governor, the trustees should include ten "gentlemen" and twelve "ministers of the Gospel." Dartmouth was Congregational; Brown was secured to the

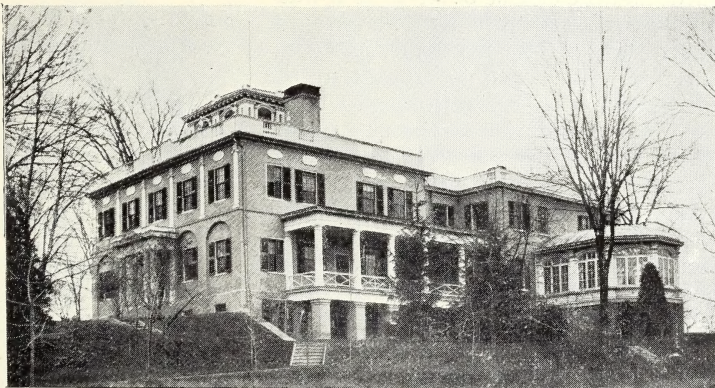


JOHN WHEELER.
President, 1833-1849.

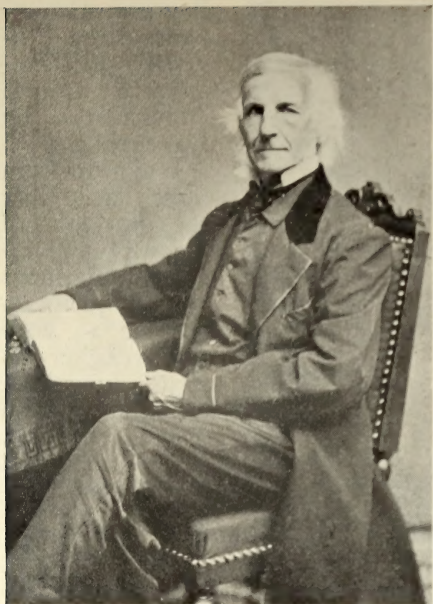
Baptists; Columbia and the University of Pennsylvania were dominated by Episcopalians.

It appears from these facts that the position of the new University of Vermont was unique. Its attitude as concerns religion was made emphatic in the first by-laws of the institution, which stipulated that the University should "not tend to give preference to any religious sect or denomination whatsoever." Clergymen were not at a discount in the new state.

They were among its bravest and strongest leaders. The sole attempt was to keep the new college from sectarian hands. That the stricture was not in any sense a boycott is seen from the fact that among its first trustees were three ministers, a Congregationalist, a Baptist and an Episcopalian; and also that the first president was a



WOMEN'S DORMITORY.



JOSEPH TORREY.
President, 1862-1866.

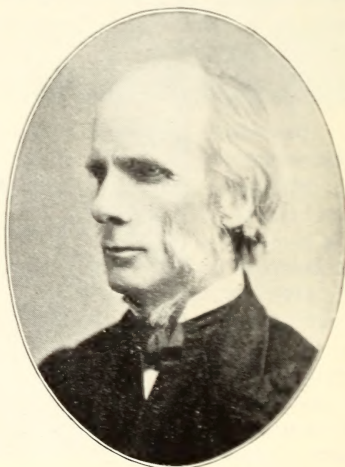
clergyman. Furthermore, from that day to this, with two exceptions, a doctor of divinity has filled the presidential chair.

Though the University was chartered October 17, 1791, it took years of anxiety and labor to actually house and organize the incipient institution. It was not until 1800 that Rev. Daniel C. Saunders, as president, was able to invite students to the nurture of the college. He was a graduate of Harvard; and the course of study as it was finally arranged "was as extensive as in any of the New England Colleges, and was taken mainly from that of Harvard." It is remarkable to note the comprehensive scheme upon which the studies were arranged and carried out. Two other Harvard graduates and a Dartmouth alumnus were of the greatest assistance in perfecting the system. The corporation exacted the sum of twelve dollars per annum as tuition; and if this seemed exorbitant to any youth, the president would point out to him that by teaching school four months in the winter season he could earn enough to pay

all his college bills, board, books, tuition, etc., and round the college year "with thirty-two dollars in his pocket." The college year was arranged with the long vacation in the winter, to aid all such indigent students.

But the struggle for existence was not over. Though the state had set apart thirty thousand acres of land as an endowment for the University, the income was hard to convert into cash. The politicians made their state institution the recipient of their blunders; and Vermont, sorely needing commercial relations with Canada, as the more southern states did not, prepared to secure her rights. This caused President Jefferson to declare Vermont to be in rebellion. Because of the inaction of the national Congress, northern Vermont was almost bankrupt. This crippled the college. Then came the War of 1812 with the British; and Burlington was the headquarters of the American troops. The college buildings were taken by the government and used for the army. The undergraduates were recommended by the faculty to various colleges; and all instruction ceased.

After the war the University was reopened and reorganized. But though it gave good promise, it still



WILLIAM G. T. SHEDD.

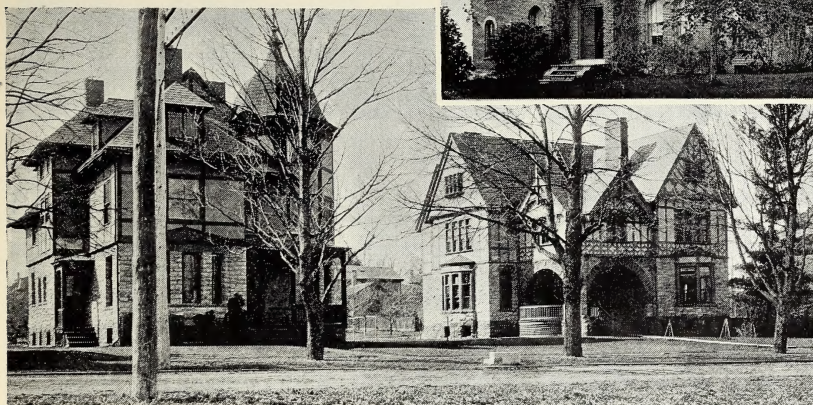
had to battle for life in its frontier location. It was about this time that the president of Williams thought his college, a hundred miles to the south, should be united with Amherst Academy, as Williamstown was too far out in the wilderness. He was so sure that Williams could not succeed, that he abandoned his post and with a large number of the students went to Amherst and became the first president of the "Collegiate Charitable Institution," changed in name in 1825 to Amherst College.

It was no weakness then on the part of the Vermont educators which made it doubtful whether

a scholar. He was a Vermonter by birth, a graduate of Dartmouth and of Andover Seminary. He gave stability to the college: the new buildings were accompanied by the new leader. He was given to philosophy, and is considered by Doctor Buckham to have been "the first thorough Kantian student in this country." Under



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.



PROFESSORS' HOUSES.

the University could be supported. To the other problems was added a crushing blow in the burning of the main college building and library in 1824. This building is a quaint and small affair in our eyes, but then it was respectable and adequate. But from the ashes sprung a more substantial structure, the corner-stone of which was laid the next year by General Lafayette.

The future of the college was assured by the election of Professor James Marsh as the fourth president. He came from the chair of Biblical Language and Literature in Hampton Sidney College, and proved to be

Doctor Marsh's administration the college gathered strength, and education in Vermont became a system and commanded the respect of New England educators.

At this time the Medical College of the University was brought to the forefront. As far back as 1804 a medical professor had been appointed and a course launched, which in the conflicts of the time was an attempt, not an achievement. Before the old University Hall was burned, the Medical College was set into full operation; and when President Marsh came, five years later, it received from him careful thought. "A system of instruction was organized altogether



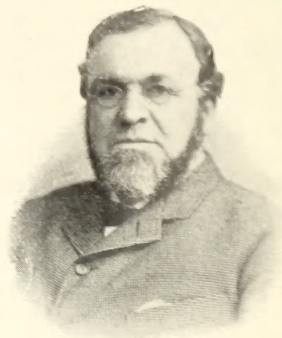
WILLIAMS SCIENCE HALL.

more perfect in fundamental views, more thorough in its practical studies, and more comprehensive in its purpose, than then existed in the United States."

At about this time a special contribution of twenty-five thousand dollars was asked in subscriptions, and just after the resignation of Doctor Marsh the canvass was closed. The large sum of thirty thousand dollars had been secured; and this made 1834 a memorable year for the University.

The first great task was the purchase of an adequate library. The story of the gathering of this library is extremely interesting. Week after week the faculty met and discussed book after book, each professor acting as critic for his specialty. The list was taken up in the minutest details. From the first the rule of selection prevailed, that only books making or marking epochs should be purchased. After a complete canvass of catalogues and lists, Dr. Joseph Torrey was commissioned for the trip to Europe, and was empowered to spend at least \$10,000. The

result of his laborious mission was the purchase of seven thousand volumes. President James Wheeler said of this collection: "The University became possessed of a library which at that period was not equaled for the purpose of such an institution in the United States with perhaps the exception of that of Harvard." It was well that such an important task was finished when it was. If it had been delayed a few months, it might never have



EDWARD H. WILLIAMS.

been consummated. The awful financial panic came during the last of the thirties. This was the time when all the banks of the land suspended specie payment. Not a few of the state governments repudiated their debts. Commerce was suspended, money had hidden itself, and corporations were prostrated. Liabilities, if assumed, could not be met. Despair was written on all faces. In the midst of such a financial famine, the University was in peril. The sheriff's sale was averted only by heroic sacrifice. "We ordered the provision carts away from our doors. But, alas! the story of domestic care, labor and privation of rest and quiet must not be told. Any one may learn some of the results, who will enter the churchyard and read the names of those women who labored with us for the present and future interests of the University." Out from this valley of the shadow of death the institution was led by the administrative ability of President James Wheeler, who had among his advisers on the faculty Ex-President Marsh. The latter, at his own request, was now devoting his talents to the chair of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy.

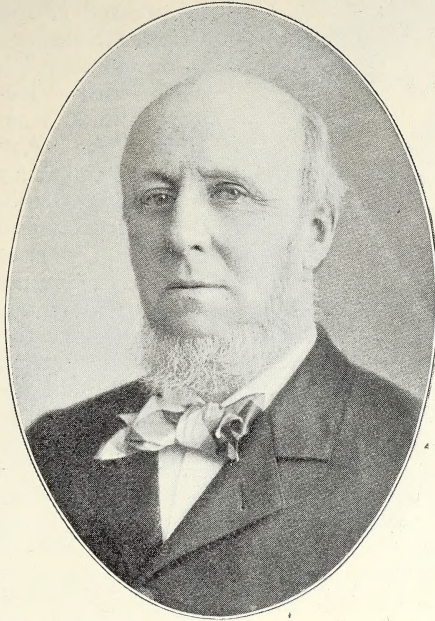
Perhaps no safer estimate of the scholarly work done at the University during the administration of Doctor Wheeler can be made than by noting the career of three men of radically different tastes who were trained under his hand. The name of William

G. T. Shedd is well remembered by theological students. Called from a professorship at his *alma mater*, for fifty years he may almost be said to have dominated orthodox theological thought in this country. As professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology at Auburn, and later in the chair of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology at Andover, he earned his leadership. His greatest influence, however, came from Union Seminary, in New York, where he taught Sacred Literature and Systematic Theology for many years. Here he made men; and the churches to-day are feeling the power of Doctor Shedd, for his influence lives after him.

An entirely different man was Henry J. Raymond, the founder and maker of the *New York Times*. He launched his paper on conservative, dignified lines; and though he had for his great competitor Horace Greeley

and the *Tribune*, he never altered his purpose, and the *Times* became an unqualified success both as a newspaper and as a business investment.

In still another way was the training of the University shown. When Henry O. Houghton for the last time as a student breathed in the inspiration of the Champlain and the Adirondacks, he little thought of the years of drudgery, of defeat, of success and of preëminence which would come to him. Houghton the student could scarcely have pictured Houghton the publisher, encircled by his



JAMES B. ANGELL.
President, 1866-1871.



FREDERICK BILLINGS.

friends, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and others who loved him.

As we recall these Vermont alumni and remember others who went out with them and who were their peers, we exclaim: "The wealth of a college is the life of her sons!" Many eminent men have gone from Vermont's University. William A. Wheeler, LL. D., represented New York at Washington in the 37th-44th Congresses, and was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1876. Judge Asa O. Aldis of the Supreme Court of Vermont resigned to take a foreign consulate and in

1870 returned to this country to become president of the important Southern Claims commission, and in 1880 became a member of the French and American Claims commission. For twenty-seven years Judge Aldis was in prominent judicial or diplomatic service. Jacob Collamer, LL. D., was a Vermont stalwart, a judge of the Supreme Court of the state, a member of Congress, Postmaster General under President Taylor, and then sent to the Senate, where he pressed national legislation which Charles Sumner called "a landmark in our history." In the same college class with Vice-President Wheeler was John A. Kasson, LL. D., now of Iowa. As Assistant Postmaster-General and as a member of Congress from 1863 to 1884 he was trained for large responsibilities. He rendered his country conspicuous diplomatic services as minister to Austria, minister to Germany, and, later, envoy extraordinary to Germany.

Probably no man has been more in the public eye in Vermont for a generation than the late John Gregory Smith, LL. D. Governor of Vermont during the most trying period of the Civil War and prominent in the Republican party from its birth, he was

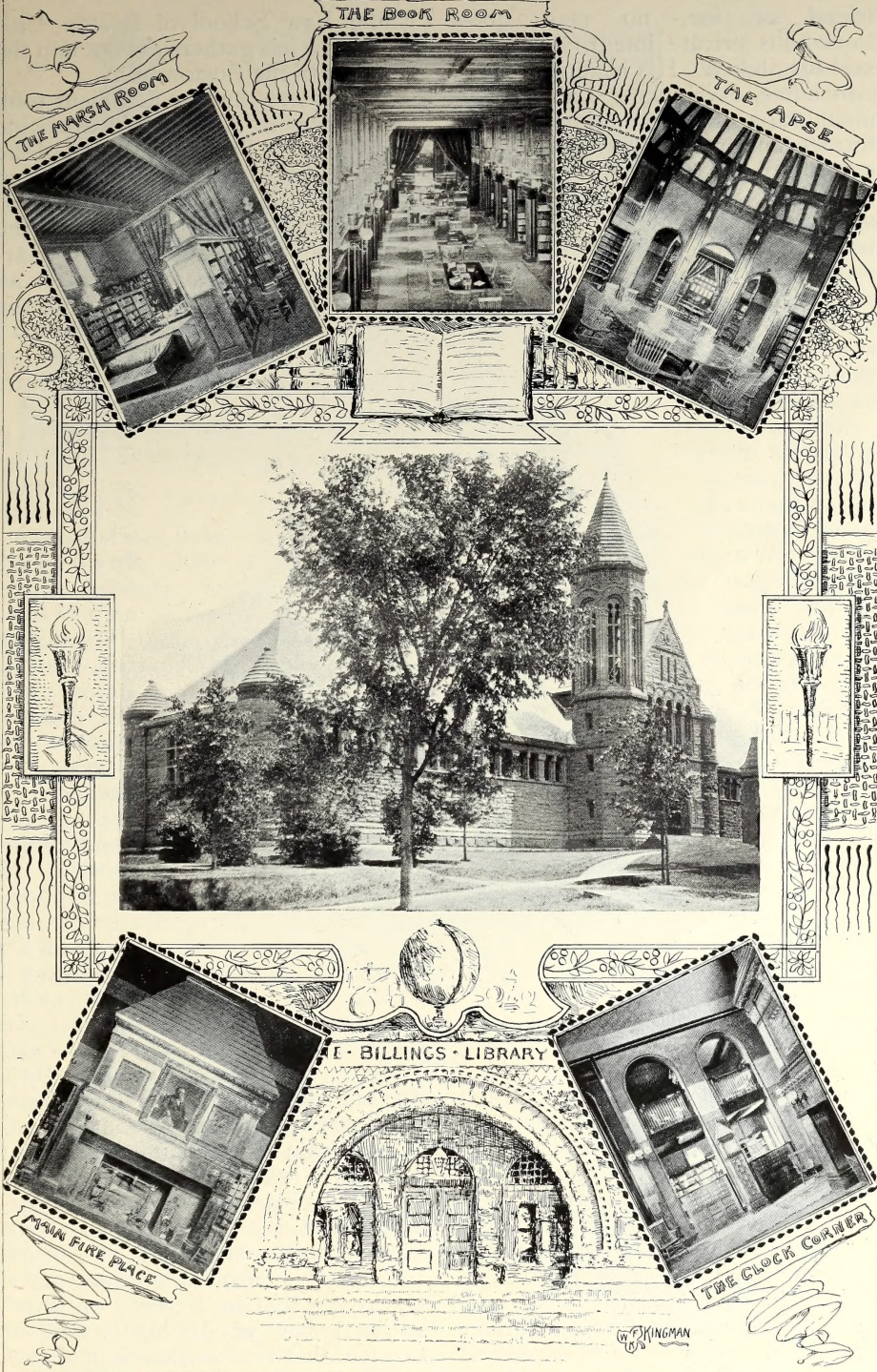


MARY FLETCHER HOSPITAL.



MEDICAL COLLEGE.

perhaps best known as president of the Central Vermont railway. Whether



friend or foe, no man questioned his private integrity or gainsaid his ability. His beautiful Christian home, overlooking Lake Champlain, was a sufficient testimony to the former, and in the thirty years of his control of the Central Vermont he brought it through "a perfect maelstrom of litigation" and left it controlling over 850 miles of road. He was one of the founders of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and for six years was its president.

Many graduates of the university are noted in the law. We will call attention to John A. Jameson, LL. D., of Chicago, and Edmund H. Bennett, LL. D., of Boston. Dr. Jameson for eighteen years previous to 1883 was judge of the Superior Court in Chicago. Later on he was professor of constitutional law in Chicago University and one of the editors of the *American Law Register*. His masterwork, "Constitutional Conventions," is a court of final appeal. Judge Bennett holds an eminent position among Boston lawyers, revered and loved. As lecturer on law at Harvard University, judge of probate and insolvency in Boston, and as an author, his judicial temper has been tested and acknowledged. As Dean of the flour-

ishing Law School of Boston University, he has gathered about him the strength of the Boston bar.

Just before the war a student took his degrees in Arts and in Medicine who was to be Surgeon General of the United States Army, with the rank of Brigadier General. Jedediah H. Baxter was also a practitioner, the family physician of President Garfield, and during his whole career an

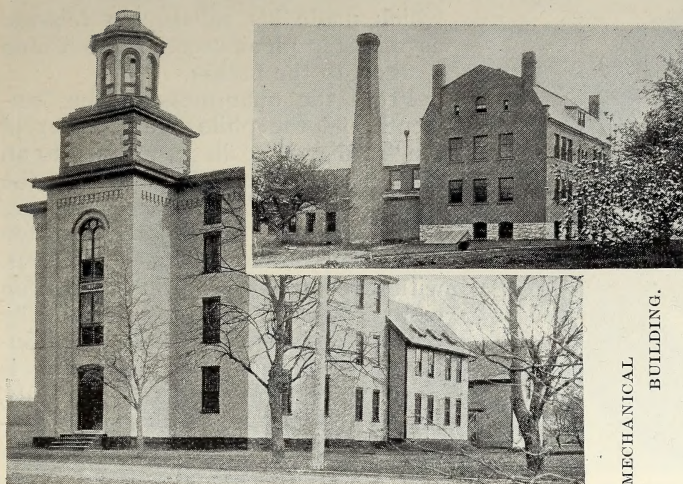
honor to the Medical College of the University.

Among the more recent graduates are men who are influencing their generation. Professor Davis R. Dewey of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Professor John Dewey of the University of Michigan graduated from Vermont in 1879, and took their



MATTHEW H. BUCKHAM, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT.

doctor's degrees at Johns Hopkins. Professor Frank E. Woodruff was called from the chair of Biblical Literature at Andover, and now fills the chair of Greek at Bowdoin. The early death of Professor Charles H. Tuttle of Cornell took away a man of unusual parts. By saying that he lectured on international law at Michigan and at Cornell, that he was chosen professor of the History of Political and Mu-



EXPERIMENT STATION, AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

MECHANICAL BUILDING.

and fight, for they loved the legend on the state banner, and would die for "Unity and Freedom." It was a difficult thing to hold the college together; but it was done, and a class was graduated each year.

In the midst of the civil conflict, the University took to itself a child of the national Congress.

An "act donat-

ing public lands to the several states and territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts" had been passed at Washington. Vermont, together with many other states, proceeded to charter a "land-grant" college. It was a weak affair by itself; and so in 1865 the legislature added it to the University, and changed the full title of the corporation to "The University of Vermont and State Agricultural College." This secured for the infant institution wise management and greater resources than it could hope to have by itself. Similar

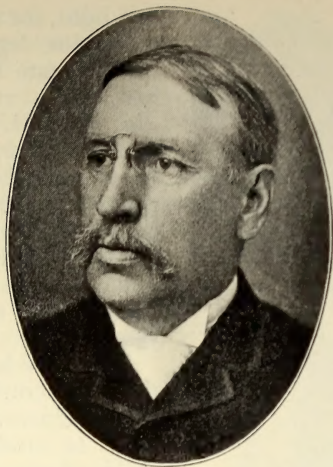
municipal Institutions at Cornell, and later to the chair of Modern European History, we have only suggested his influence. In his earlier graduate studies in Germany he had the unusual privilege of the friendship of Prince Bismarck, whose influence is seen in the nature of Professor Tuttle's best known works: "German Political Leaders," "History of Prussia to the Accession of Frederick the Great," and "History of Prussia under Frederick the Great."

It fell to the lot of the seventh president of the college, Rev. Worthington Smith, to relieve the college of its indebtedness. This he was able to do both because of the strong hold he had in the hearts of the people of northern Vermont and also because of his incessant labor to that end. He loved the institution, and really gave his life for it. He died in the midst of the fierce anti-slavery discussion. On Lincoln's call for troops, many of the students went to the front. Professor Joseph Torrey, called to the presidency in 1862, found the institution in a condition which demanded the best he could give. The problem was an internal one. Forty-two per cent of the students were actually marching to the front. They could do nothing less than leave the college

ing public lands to the several states and territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts" had been passed at Washington. Vermont, together with many other states, proceeded to charter a "land-grant" college. It was a weak affair by itself; and so in 1865 the legislature added it to the University, and changed the full title of the corporation to "The University of Vermont and State Agricultural College." This secured for the infant institution wise management and greater resources than it could hope to have by itself. Similar



HENRY J. RAYMOND.



JOHN H. CONVERSE.

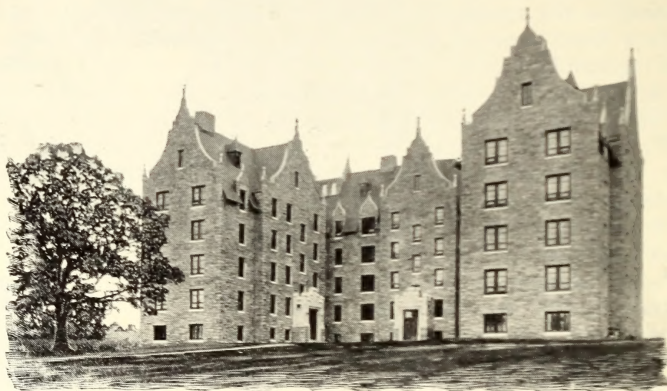
action was taken in New Hampshire and Rhode Island; in the one case the state college was added to Dartmouth, and in the other to Brown.

Scarcely had this consolidation been carried into effect when the University was again in search of a president.

There was a man in Rhode Island who had been a professor in Brown University, but was at the time editor of the *Providence Journal*. He was appointed to the helm of the Vermont college,—which may be given the credit for discovering James B. Angell. After serving the University for five years he was called to the presidency of Michigan University, where he has been and is one of the foremost educators of the country. Hon. James Bryce in his *American Commonwealth* estimates Michigan University as one of the most representative of American Institutions. In those earlier days of administration in Vermont, President Angell displayed the same tact in handling men

which made his subsequent mission as minister plenipotentiary to China a credit to the nation.

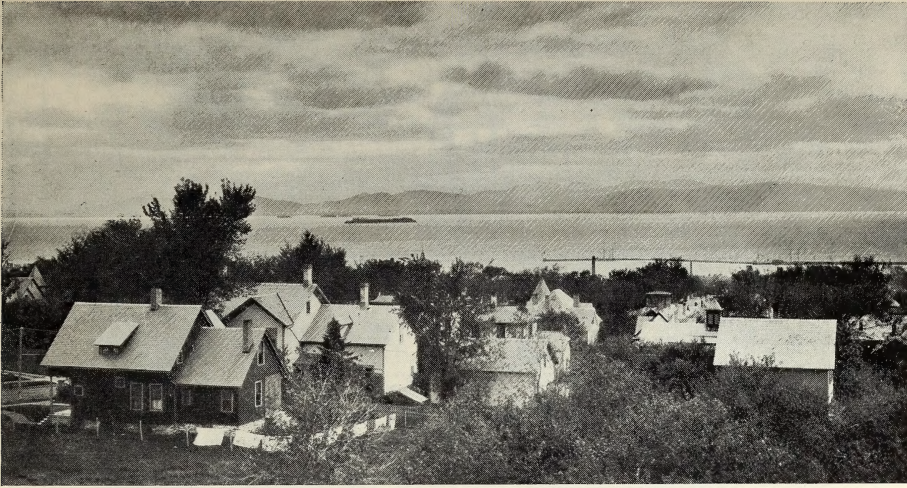
From the quaintness of the “ancient” and the philosophic power of the “mediæval” college, we turn to an even more interesting period, the time of expansion and the gathering of resources.* During the last ten years every building on the campus, with three minor exceptions, has been either rebuilt or newly erected. The courses of instruction have been entirely remodeled. The University is now divided into five departments, Liberal Arts, Engineering, Chemistry, Medicine and Agriculture. A college cannot expand without benefactors; and that president is, generally speaking, a success who gathers around him men of means who will place their money in endowment and equipment. Four such large-hearted men have recently built monuments for themselves on the campus in Burlington.



CONVERSE HALL.

The building movement began with the gifts of Hon. John P. Howard. University Hall had been the main college building from the day

*Early facts may be gathered from the *American Quarterly Register*, 1841, Prof. G. W. Benedict; Historical Discourse, 1854, Pres. J. B. Wheeler; University Obituary Records; Vermont, A Study of Independence, Roland E. Robinson; *Chittenden County Gazetteer*; Charter History, centennial oration, Hon. Robert D. Benedict; Life and Public Services of Gen. Ira Allen, oration, Prof. John E. Goodrich; University Alumni records, and faculty collection of Chronicles.



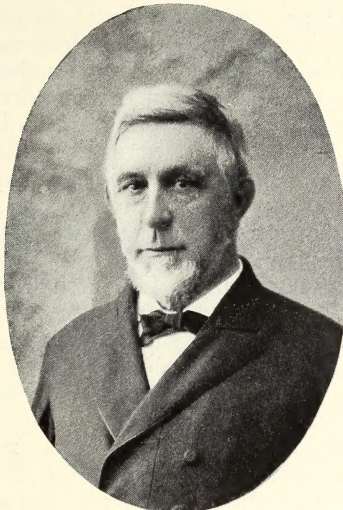
LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE ADIRONDACKS FROM THE UNIVERSITY.

when Lafayette in 1825 laid the corner-stone. This building and the Medical College building were reconstructed from the foundations and made tenatable. Add to these practical gifts the endowment of the Natural History professorship, together with the erection of the Lafayette statue which graces the college park, and we find that Mr. Howard must have expended \$120,000.

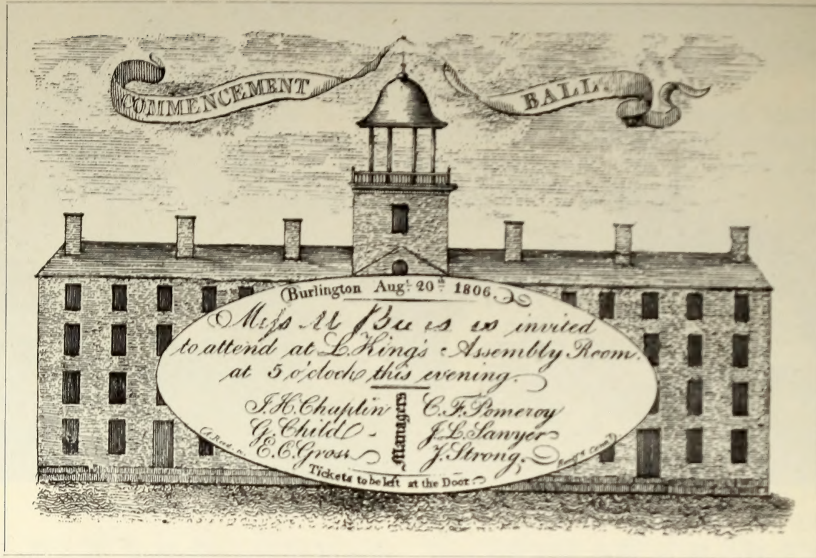
Scarcely had these plans been completed when Hon. Frederick Billings proposed to the trustees to donate to the University the library of twelve thousand volumes belonging to the late American minister to the Italian Court, Hon. George P. Marsh. Mr. Billings knew the exceptional value of this collection, and made a further proposition, to build a home for the enlarged University library. As a result, there now stands in the University grounds the Billings Library, encasing to-day a choice collec-

tion of 50,000 volumes. It is the child of H. H. Richardson, who remarked that it was one of the most satisfactory of his buildings. It was erected at a cost of \$153,000, the library was endowed by a special gift of \$50,000, the previous collection was enriched by volumes costing \$20,000. By such a display of loyalty to his *alma mater* Mr. Billings has won the affection of every Vermonter. The writer has been in nearly every college library in New England and has yet to see a nobler structure than this of the University of Vermont.

The demands of the engineering department required the erection four years ago of the Mechanical Building, containing shops and equipment for civil, mechanical, electrical and sanitary engineering. About this time two Pennsylvania manufacturers began to range themselves among the benefactors of the University. Three exquisite houses for



HENRY O. HOUGHTON.



professors were erected near the college park and presented to the college. This seemed to be but the loosing of the purse strings, for it was followed by an increased expenditure, which warmed the heart of every alumnus. The two men were partners in one of the largest manufactories of the world, the Baldwin Locomotive Works in Philadelphia. John H. Converse, who had given two of the houses, caused to be erected last year, on the slope back of the first row of college buildings, a dormitory of rock-face blue marble. It forms three sides of a deep quadrangle, inclosing a sodded court, and represents an expenditure of more than \$120,000. The marble is of a rich color, and the architecture is a fascinating Hollandaise development of the pointed arch. But Mr. Converse did not stand alone in his affection for his college. Dr. Edward H. Williams, of the Locomotive Works, planned and erected one of the most elaborate science buildings in the country. This can be said without contradiction after examining the new scientific buildings which are the boasted pride of Williams, Bowdoin, Amherst and Dartmouth. The

building has a frontage of one hundred and seventy-five feet, a depth of one hundred and five feet, and affords in its five stories over forty-five thousand square feet of floor space. Built of granite, brown brick and terra cotta, as a home for Chemistry, Physics and Biology, it is not surprising to be told that it cost \$255,000. Though the apparatus is just being placed in this building, the building is not the latest of the University's acquisitions. The Governor Van Ness mansion, rich in historic memories, has been purchased for a women's dormitory. It is a spacious building, located in the midst of two acres of gardens, and, with its parlors within and bowers without, will add much to the social life of the women in the institution.

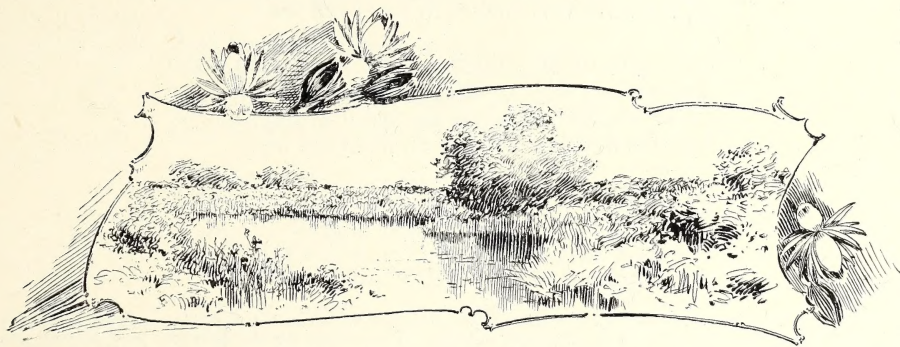
In sketching the expansion of the University, we have seen that in ten years new buildings aggregating an expenditure of nearly \$800,000 have been added to its equipment; and today there are four hundred and eighty students within these halls. As it lays no claim to the honors or leadership of the greater American universities, and is content to be one of the lesser lights, this development

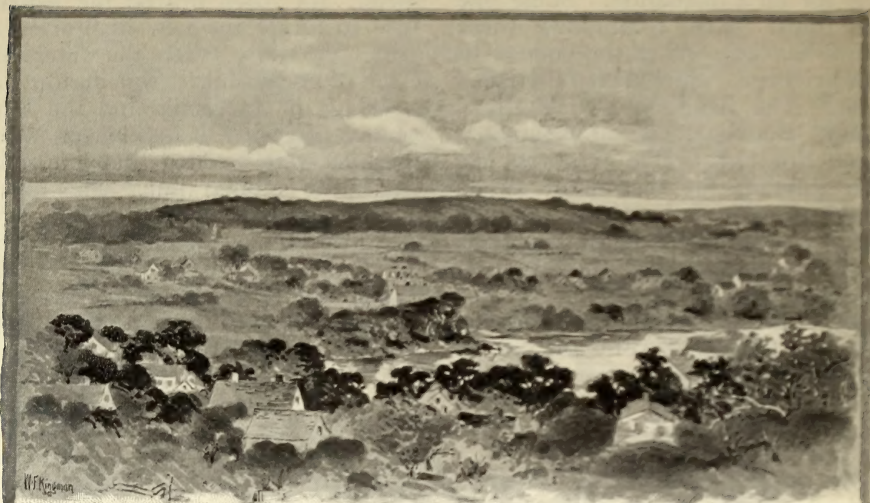
calls for an explanation. Some one man must have summoned these liberal-handed sons of the college to their privilege. Such a man there has been. The hand of Dr. Matthew Henry Buckham is unmistakably seen. For twenty-five years he has been guiding the institution as its president. There has been no dramatic action; but by his unassuming, persistent mastering of the situation and winning of his men, he has marked himself an administrator as well as a scholar. Although one of the most modest of men, he is in special demand for public assemblies and occasions where his incisive, clear-cut English is appreciated.

One of the most attractive features of student life in the smaller colleges is the opportunity for personal acquaintance with men of high intellectual attainment. Such professors there have been and are at Burlington. Professor Henry A. I. Torrey of the chair of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Professor Samuel F. Emerson in History, Professor George H. Perkins in Natural History, Professor John E. Goodrich in Latin, Volney G. Barbour, Dean of the Engineering Department, Dr. A. I. Grinnell, Dean of the Medical College, and others are men of ripe scholarship, whom the student is fortunate to know.

A single phase of student life remains to be emphasized,—without which this sketch would be incom-

plete. Ira Allen prayed the legislature to locate the new institution at "the Lake shore, where the waters are clear and beautiful." Burlington was a village of 332 souls and the University consisted of its charter, when the two were wedded that autumnal day in the colonial time. This queen city of Vermont and the college have shared each other's success and kept faith through each other's trials. Again and again in the days of struggle, Burlington headed the subscription list and put thousands of dollars into the college treasury. And in these later days the cultured home life of the city has made possible a profitable and somewhat unusual social atmosphere for the students. Anyone who is acquainted with this highly respectable residence town knows how touch with it has given to many a country lad that added freedom and control of himself which makes the manner of the well-bred student a pleasing auxiliary to scholarly habits. From the day when the quaintly engraved card admitted the belle to the "Commencement Ball" at five o'clock in the afternoon, the social life of faculty, students, resident alumni and the town has been mutually agreeable. This condition has prevailed because there has never been a feeling of exclusion on the part of either party; the college has not tried to dominate the city, nor has the city attempted to absorb the college.





SUNSET FROM HEARTBREAK HILL.

By William Hale.

I STOOD on the brow of Heartbreak Hill,
And wondered if hearts were breaking still,
And if ever from cups of loss and pain
The soul its blessing must bravely drain.

And the sunset fired old Ipswich town
And glorified the hilltop brown,
Where the Indian maiden long ago
Wailed to the sea her song of woe.

Standing wrapped on that hilltop bare,
Made by the Father a place for prayer,
A flood of thoughts swept over me,
As the swift tide rushes in from the sea.

I thought of the pilgrims who came from far
And tacked ship wearily off the bar;
Of Whitefield, holding the devil at bay,
And his flock that in the churchyard lay;

Of the witches that, lashed to an ox-cart's tail,
Were hurried over to Salem jail,—
The wretched wights, a good twelve miles,—
For shocking folk with their wanton wiles.

NOTE.—In Ipswich, Mass., a noble hill overlooks the sea. Upon its summit an Indian maiden was wont to watch for her recreant sailor lover, who set forth one day, never to return. From a great boulder the faithful maid watched steadfastly, until the Great Spirit, pitying, released her from her suffering, calling home his brokenhearted child. It is to this pathetic devotion that the hill owes its name.

Would the lover, I wondered, his voyage past,
Not return to his maid at last,
Soul to soul on the brown hill met,
To prove that true love liveth yet.

But maid, witch, goodwife were sound asleep;
Ipswich's bravest gone down in the deep;
The town with the river seemed hurrying down
To the sea, on past the hilltop brown.

So, on the brow of Heartbreak Hill,
I wondered if hearts were breaking still;
And kneeling there on the great gray stone
I prayed to God on the heights alone;

And on that hallowed mount of prayer
I thought of brave hearts everywhere,
Bruised and bleeding and yearning sore
For the joy that cometh nevermore.

"O hearts that break on many a hill,
Be brave," I cried, "God loves ye still!
And O, whenever a heart shall break,
Father in heaven, pity take!"

The sunlight, slanting on Eagle Hill,
Spake beauty and blessing and "Peace, be still!"
And, glinting in splendor upon the wave,
Told of love's triumph o'er the grave.

And the river rippling its reedy runes
To the haggard, milk-white, foam-flecked dunes,—
The brave, sweet singer,—seemed to call:
"In life is splendor, and God o'er all."

O'er folk in the valley far below,
O'er ships at sea with sails of snow,
O'er saint and sinner, there seemed to fall
A heavenly grace from the Lord of all.

And the dear Christ-miracle of old,
By sages sung and by angels told,
Which, dearer and grander as ages roll,
Blesses and glorifies the soul,

Breathed out of the silence sweet and clear
This message which only the heart may hear:
"Long as the dew shines on the grass,
God's miracles shall come to pass;

"Long as ever the wind shall blow,
Long as ever the tide shall flow,
Love shall have victory over pain,—
Hearts that break shall be healed again!"

A CHAPTER FROM THE LOCAL HISTORY OF KNOWNOTHINGISM.

By George H. Haynes.

POLITICAL party we cannot claim as a Yankee invention.

Yet nowhere else has its machinery been so highly developed as in the United States. Party appeals strongly to the American voter. To a certain extent it leads him out of the humdrum of business; it stimulates his political thinking, till most men come to see the state only through party. Rare is the state or national election in which nine out of every ten voters do not cast a "straight" ticket; for unwavering allegiance to party becomes a matter of pride, it wins the popular applause, while the orthodox in politics look suspiciously askance at the man whose party loyalty admits of question.

Yet there has been one period in our history when party ties were strained even to breaking. The old gods were dishonored; they seemed tottering to the fall. Of all the new claimants for devotion, which was the true, which were the false gods? in whose service was there to be found perfect freedom? or, if perfect freedom were unattainable, which would most liberally repay submissive service with the victor's spoils? These were the questions which three voters out of every four were anxiously debating with themselves in the decade preceding the Civil War. It was the decade which witnessed, among other less important events, the death struggles of the Whig party, the reconstruction of its great rival, the meteoric career of the American party, and the birth of the Republican party. All of these were national, not merely local and sporadic movements. In attempting, therefore, to trace the history of the Worcester Council of the American

Party, which is the purpose of this article, we are to look for the local working of causes which were operating with varying effectiveness throughout the country.

In the first place, the times were ripe for a new party. Worcester wasted small sympathy on the southern institution. After the dalliance with slavery shown by the Whig Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 and the Democratic Kansas-Nebraska Bill of 1854, both Worcester Whigs and Democrats underwent something of a change of heart. It was the demands of the readers not less than the principles of the editors which brought the orthodox Whig *Spy* and the staunch *Palladium* out from the old party grooves and made them stand for stalwart resistance to the aggressions of slavery. The old compromise parties were discredited. Both must lose heavily to a new party which should show the courage of its convictions.

Again, Worcester was disquieted with "growing pains." In 1820 it was a country town. Its population was quite homogeneous; each man could know personally a large proportion of his fellow-townsmen. As late as 1840 there were here two-thirds as many farmers as men engaged in manufacturing and commerce combined. But in 1850, and still more in 1855, things had come to wear an utterly new aspect. (See Table I at end of article.)

Mere growth necessitates change. A coat does not last long for a boy in his "teens." It is outgrown fast, and worn out even faster. In much the same way, a young city, doubling its population in less than ten years, has readjustments, rapid, costly and painful, to make.

But there were other complications which made this process of readjustment immensely more difficult. (See Table II.)

These figures show that Worcester's population was no longer native-born, homogeneous. More than one-fourth of its inhabitants were already of alien birth; and of these, four out of five were Irish. Moreover this race was contributing to the public burdens and to the criminal class far out of proportion to its numbers. The growing alien element meant a great increase also of illiteracy. (See Table III.)

These figures are inadequate; but, remembering how much more rapidly the foreign immigrant population was increasing in the city than in the country at large, we may readily estimate the influence which this influx of foreigners must have had on the intellectual tone of the community.

Year.	Polls.
1850.....	4,783
1851.....	4,843
1852.....	5,118
1853.....	5,110
1854.....	5,906
1855.....	5,842
1856.....	5,840

It was not anticipation of unfortunate social and intellectual effects from the influx of immigrants, however, which caused most concern. The aliens were rapidly naturalizing and entering into active politics,—none with more zest than the Irish. There was a widespread apprehension that the Irish vote, cast almost uniformly for one party, and, as it was claimed, at the behest of the Pope, was coming to constitute a serious menace to American liberties.

Certain simple facts of economics, imperfectly analyzed, caused great uneasiness. There was much complaint of "hard times," and the blame was laid upon the ubiquitous Irish laborer. In June, 1854, a great fire in Worcester put from 1,000 to 1,200 employees out of work, yet five weeks later it was

stated that not more than ten of all that number were out of employment. When a thousand jobless laborers can be set at work in little over a month, the "hard times" are certainly of a different type from those which we have recently experienced; under such conditions, an "overstocked labor market" would seem a very inadequate diagnosis. Observers of keener insight attributed the dissatisfaction in the industrial world not to the ousting of American laborers by the Irish, but to relative changes which had recently taken place in wages and prices. In the inflation which followed the great gold discoveries of '49 and '50, wages, as ever, were the last to rise and the first to fall when currency conditions began to readjust themselves. But for most men this explanation of prices high in proportion to wages was too far to seek, and when found it did not ease the "pinch." Times were hard,—that they felt; and the Irishman was near at hand to shoulder the blame. "Hard times" always feed faction. The discontented sit loose in party allegiance, and have an ear ever open to the seductive promises of "the party of the future."

In Worcester, thus, in the early fifties, we find old party ties greatly relaxed, both the Whig and the Democratic parties having coquetted too much with slavery; we find a population growing at rapid strides and forcing on the solution of unfamiliar municipal problems; we find a large and recent influx of immigrants, possessed of little wealth, illiterate, gregarious, eager for activity in politics, but with no previous training in self-government, the vast majority of these aliens of one race and of one faith—a faith which, in the thought of many onlookers, was synonymous with submission, blind and unhesitating, to the will of a foreign potentate whose influence was steadily directed toward the subversion of America's civil and religious liberties.

It was conditions such as these which gave birth to the American

Party. It started as a secret order with passwords, grips and signs, with awful oaths and with successive degrees. To inquiries as to the American Party, its members so constantly replied, "I don't know," that they speedily received their popular and most permanent name, the "Know Nothings," though both among themselves and by outsiders the organization was frequently called by the familiar and patriotic sobriquet, "Sam." Never were men more certain that doubtless they were the people, and that if not wisdom, at any rate patriotism, should die with them. Rarely did a Council meet in which the shade of Washington was not invoked many a time during the evening. Their favorite mottoes, of which they never tired, were: "Americans must rule America," and a mythical command attributed to Washington, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Started in New York City sometime during 1852, this order, in the stock phrase of the period, "swept through the country like wildfire." Its first footholds were in the large cities, where the immigrants had given most trouble and had shown the least signs of assimilating; for the soul of the movement was opposition to immigrant influence and antagonism to and fear of the growth of Catholic power. In country districts the immigrant problem was less pressing, but the natural conservatism of a rural and agricultural population made the country towns a very congenial field for the growth of the new order, religious prejudice here probably outweighing the economic, in the opposition to the immigrant.

During the early months of its career, it attracted little public attention, for all of its workings were in the dark. As yet it had not entered the broader political field, and was for the time being satisfied with casting its vote in local elections for whatever party nominee should offer best assurance of carrying out the ideas of the

order, or of doing them least violence.

In Worcester the attention of the public was not drawn to the new order for some time. Its presence might have been suspected from the cordial reception which was given to the "Angel Gabriel," a ranting street preacher, whose anti-Catholic harangues in the city landed him in the lockup as a disturber of the peace, while the mayor had to call out the militia and read the Riot Act to disperse the incipient mob which threatened to free the "Angel" from durance vile. As the months passed, reports kept coming in of Know-Nothing victories in other states, and curiosity was on the *qui vive* as to the strength which this nocturnal party was developing in the Heart of the Commonwealth. Rumors were in the air that the state election in November would bring some strange surprises to the old party hacks. But the result, when the election smoke had cleared away, was astounding. Henry J. Gardner, a broken-down, disappointed Whig politician, whom the Know Nothings had called to be their standard bearer, was made governor by a round vote of 80,000. In Worcester, out of a vote for governor of 3,060, Gardner received 1,886, 243 going to Wilson (Free Soil), 415 to Washburn (Whig), and 516 to Bishop (Dem.). The result was startling. 32 per cent of the polls of Worcester, and 62 per cent of those who felt interested enough to take part in a hot election, were here voting for the nominees of a secret order. What was this to mean for Worcester? How many of these were regular soldiers in the oath-bound army? How many were camp followers?

These questions we can answer a little more positively to-day than could the curious forty years ago. An unexpected good fortune has placed in my hands the book containing the original constitution and list of autograph signatures of members of Council No. 23 of the American Party in Worcester. The petition, signed by

thirteen names, for a dispensation to found a Council in Worcester bears date of February 11, 1854, and it was approved the same day. The cardinal principles of the order were: (1) an insistence on twenty-one years' residence in the United States before an alien could complete his naturalization and become a voter; and (2) the exclusion of men of alien birth, and especially of Catholics, from all positions of civil and political trust. Members were bound by oath faithfully to adhere to these principles, "to vote for the candidates of the American Party when fairly nominated, and never to divulge the passwords or any of the secret work of the order." Upon the first night 106 men became charter members of the Council. A week later, 39 new members were admitted. At the time of the passing of the "Angel Gabriel" (May 8), the numbers had grown to 511. The rapid growth continued during the summer months, the weekly initiations frequently reaching 25. At the time of Gardner's first election, when he polled 1,886 Worcester votes, the Know-Nothing membership here stood at 1,088. With success, zeal in proselyting seems to have abated, for in the next six weeks only 37 names were added. December 30, 1854, for some unknown reason this list of members ends with a grand total of 1,120. At least 27 of these were non-residents—or "none residents," as the record reads; 22 came to the local organization from Councils elsewhere.

A Know-Nothing victory in the municipal election was a foregone conclusion. Only the Democrats even went through the form of putting up opposition candidates. The Americans elected from their membership the mayor, four out of the eight aldermen, thirteen members of the city council. Newspaper report said, "It is rumored that five gentlemen on the school committee do *not* belong to the Know-Nothing order." Most of those elected were new men in their positions, who heard now for

the first and, it may be added, for the last time, their call to their high position in the city's service. The smaller pickings in the gift of the city found their way in goodly proportion to expectant Know Nothings, who were soon numbered among the assessors, police court and city clerks, constables and ward officers. In the mayor's address there was no emphasis laid on Know-Nothing doctrines, nor did these ever figure prominently in the city administration. The impression produced upon the student, and I am informed that the same is true of the contemporary citizen, is that in city affairs not principles, but pickings, were the objects of search.

During this first year of Know-Nothing administration in Massachusetts, Worcester came twice into touch with the state administration. Following out the theory, announced in his inaugural, that none but native Americans should be enlisted in the state militia, Governor Gardner, in the second week of his term, gave orders for the disbanding of seven companies of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, among them the Jackson Guards of Worcester. The *Palladium* describes this organization as "a full company, well uniformed and drilled, and always prompt to obey orders." No charge whatever was brought against them, as soldiers or men, except that they were naturalized instead of native citizens. This seems, however, to have been the unpardonable sin, for on February 17, 1855, Adjutant General Stone, acting on the governor's orders, came to Worcester, broke into the armory of the Jackson Guards, and carried off whatever things he could find belonging to the state.

Early in the following month, March, 1855, Worcester was visited by the afterwards notorious nunnery investigating committee of the legislature. Holy Cross College was the first institution to receive their valuable attention. In their report they say that they were courteously re-

ceived and shown over the buildings. Not a sign of a woman could they find about the whole establishment. Street rumor had it that this pious committee passed the night at one of our hotels, not without joviality; but they left Worcester without having given rise to such scandals as attached to their investigations in Roxbury and Lowell.

In local political agitation the year 1855 was quite lively. The Worcester press entered into the controversy with spirit. The *Spy*, under the editorship of a Quaker Whig, and the *Palladium*, edited by a liberal Democrat, refused to bend the knee to Baal, and as a result received not a little sprightly abuse from the processions with which Worcester streets teemed. From time to time Know-Nothing parades made visits to these newspaper offices, and gave with lusty vigor their "Three groans for the lying *Spy*," "Three hisses for the *Palladium*," accompanied with a shower of the missiles in which street mobs delight. The Know-Nothing movement was not without its own organs. For six or eight months the *Evening Journal* lived at a poor dying rate on "American" spirit. But in June, 1855, it gave up the attempt to make a third daily live with antipathy to foreigners and especially to Catholics as its only *raison d'être*. Two months later the *Transcript* passed into the hands of a Know-Nothing editor and proprietors.

We must now take a hasty glance at politics outside of Worcester. In 1855 the Know Nothings, puffed up with their successes first in municipal and then in state elections, would fain swell themselves to the proud stature of a national party. If the approaching presidential election could be won, their favorite principles would then be far more rapidly effectuated than by detached victories in the several states. Nor was it for a moment lost sight of, that federal victory would bring, if not palms, at any rate pickings, which would be well worth the dust. Ac-

cordingly, in June, 1855, there assembled in Philadelphia a convention to which delegates were summoned from every state and territory, for the purpose of organizing for the national campaign. But the apple of discord was in evidence from the start. The Know-Nothing party could be made a united national organization only by liberal concessions to the South. The Committee on Resolutions reported a slavery plank by a vote of 14 to 13; and when after four days of hot discussion the minority report of a plank demanding the restoration of the Missouri Compromise was rejected by a vote of 80 to 59, the Northern members, led by Henry Wilson, bolted. Straightway in most of the free states councils were held in which the slavery plank was repudiated. The Massachusetts Council met at Springfield, and on August 7, 1855, adopted a new constitution, which put the American party of Massachusetts squarely on the side of resistance to slavery.

In Worcester this led to a reorganizing of the Council and to the opening of a new pledge book, in which the signers promised "faithfully to adhere to the principles of the American Party as embodied in the Springfield Platform." The list contains only 414 names, 200 of which are found in the older list. Of the 200 men whose names are duplicated, it is significant that the great majority joined the original Council in the first four months of its existence. From their renewed and long-continued membership may be inferred their entire devotion to Know-Nothing principles; they, at least, must have been "true-blue" Americans. Some few may have been more ready to join the order now that in Massachusetts it had taken a firm stand against slavery. A great many of the 214 new members, I am convinced, were either new comers to Worcester or young fellows who had just reached their majority and who had not been eligible to membership before the Council was reorganized. Yet here was a portentous shrinkage

of the original membership within a twelvemonth from 1,120 to 200. What were the causes? It cannot have been any liking for slavery, though many may have still clung to the national organization in spite of its unholy alliance. Some probably returned to their old party allegiance, while not a few doubtless joined the "American Freemen," popularly dubbed "Know Somethings." With no special liking for secrecy, this new organization found it expedient for a time practically to duplicate the Know-Nothing machinery. Their cardinal principle, however, was that "Freedom being one in aim and end the world over, the friends of Freedom in this Republic should make Principles and Character, not Birthplace, the test of admission to citizenship and its constitutional rights." They disclaimed hostility to immigrants who were Americanized in sentiment, and even to Catholics who were not of the ultramontane school.

Despite these secessions there still remained 414 who pledged their unflinching loyalty to the northern wing of the Know-Nothing party. These lists I have submitted to careful analysis for the purpose of determining for what this group of men stood in the community and what identified them with this movement. The ward distribution is seen from this table, which will have value for those familiar with Worcester. (See Table IV.)

It is interesting to note that the order started with especial strength in Ward I. In the later months, however, the relative rate of increase fell off very decidedly in Ward I, while rapid gains were being made in Wards VI, VII and VIII, especially in Ward VII. From each member there seems to have been expected an entrance fee—a free-will offering. In 59 cases there is no record of payment; 355 apparently paid 25 cents, while others whose zeal was more ardent, or money more abundant, paid 30, 35, 50 cents, and even as high as \$1, \$2, \$3

and \$5, several of these large payments coming from the holders of elective offices! I am told that in addition there were the regular (annual) dues of \$1.

A careful comparison of this list with the city directory of the period reveals interesting facts as to the *personnel* of the organization. (See Table V.)

It will be noticed that the vast majority of these members were from Worcester's shops and stores. This point deserves emphasis, for the comradeship, the somewhat exclusive guild feeling, of men who day by day work at the same bench or behind the same counter goes far toward explaining the phenomenal growth of this order. The fewness of professional men may be partly explained by an early aversion to lawyers which the Know Nothings seem to have had in common with the Populists of to-day. It is impossible to trace these names in the directory without being struck by the large proportion—one in four, if not one in three—of those who are put down not as householders but as boarders. Of the 1,100 members who in 1854 gave a Worcester address, 52 were such transients as to secure no mention in the directories of 1852-6. Out of the first 150 names, 21, though given in the directory of 1854, are not to be found in that of the following year. Another peculiarity about these lists, not without its significance, is the individuality which the signers show in matters of orthography; with Andrew Jackson they seem to have "had a very poor opinion of a man who cannot spell a word in more than one way." Of these signers, 189, one out of every six, have shown a decided preference for their own spelling of street names instead of that adopted by the city's signboards. Hiland, heighland (Highland), Orringe (Orange), Orched (Orchard), sumar (Summer), Washanton, Washtnton, Worshington (Washington), may serve as types.

In the early fifties, the newspapers,

apparently in all seriousness, devoted considerable attention to allaying popular apprehension that life and property were on the point of being endangered by popish plots. It may not be without interest to see to what extent panic-stricken Worcester wealth took refuge in this secret anti-Catholic organization. In 1856 the total tax assessment was \$151,193, the tax rate being \$7.50 per \$1,000. The names of 324 of these Know Nothings of 1856 have been found upon the assessors' books, and their payments aggregated \$6,054.94. Six paid a tax on real estate exceeding \$100. Including these, the average for the 324 is \$13.73. Excluding these six, the average of the remainder is \$6.47. The average tax on personal property was \$4.95; excluding the three who paid a personal property tax exceeding \$100, the average for the remaining 321 becomes \$2.53. One hundred and fifteen paid a tax on real estate, 89 on personal property, while 156 of the 329 were payers of a poll tax only.

These figures are not complete; but they are sufficient for illustrative purposes. Had the assessors' and registrars' lists been in such condition as to make a full canvass of the names possible, the results would have been as "two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff." It is obvious, however, that the completed figures would have materially cut down the averages, rather than have raised them; for the men whose names are hard to find on assessors' lists from year to year are not the names of men of wealth. Far be it from me to seem for one moment to cast any slur on the members of this organization because they were men of but small means; intelligence and integrity, the qualities which the state most needs in its citizens, are not to be gauged by the number of figures on a man's tax bill. But what these statistics do show clearly, I believe, is that Worcester wealth felt but slight apprehension of danger from foreigners, and that the bulk of this organization was made up of poll-tax payers or

very small property holders,—that it was made up very largely of the "unattached," the "boarding" class, which feels few responsibilities and little conservatism. Set loose from their old party ties by the slavery dissensions, these men were ready for new political inspirations or diversions, and the exclusiveness of a secret order was especially seductive. The Worcester situation at the time of the birth of the Know-Nothing Council is well summed up by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who was at the time an interested and open-eyed observer of the movement. In a recent letter, Dr. Hale writes me: "It was distinctly a Philistine movement, so far as its leaders went. That is to say, they represented the people who, as the man who was twice made Mayor of Worcester by Know-Nothing votes said, were 'tired of talk about rum and talk about niggers.' They found a strong aversion to Irishmen among the working people of their time, and these two factors made up the Know-Nothing party."

The real authorities as to matters relating to the Know-Nothing party in Worcester are its surviving members. In forty years, of course, death has removed the great majority. Not a few have doubtless found homes elsewhere. But a comparison of the later list with the city directory of 1895 revealed 74 names out of 414 which were alike, or so similar as to afford a strong presumption of identity. Accordingly a circular letter of inquiries was drafted a few months ago (Dec. 20, 1895), which letter was sent to 76 addresses, two of the names being duplicated. A stamped and addressed envelope was enclosed, so that some return might confidently be expected through the dead-letter office if the letter failed to reach the one to whom it was addressed. It is for this reason that I consider the mere figures as to the answers among the most significant of the facts which have come to my attention. Letters were sent to 76 addresses. From 56 of these no re-

turn at all was received in two and one half months. An answer of any kind came from only 20. Of these, one letter was returned after being advertised; two proved to have been sent to persons who had recently died; one correspondent proved an *alibi* by declaring that he was not born until 1857, a year after the break-up of the party; six claimed that some mistake must have been made, as they never were connected with the Council in Worcester (easily possible, considering the probabilities of common names being repeated), one man going so far as to cite his wife's authority that she had had no idea that he belonged to any such organization; on being shown the signature, however, he acknowledged that it was genuine. One business man, prominent on Main Street, curtly informed me that on the subject of my inquiries he had nothing to say. Out of the 76, nine have apparently answered as fully and frankly as it was in their power. Out of the 56 from whom no return has come, there are not a few men of prominence in business circles, about the genuineness of whose signatures on this list there can be no doubt. The inference seems not illogical either that they still consider themselves bound by the portentous oaths of an order that fell to pieces forty years ago, or that their zeal for "Americanism" in the Know-Nothing sense has cooled and that they are no longer over-proud of their old associations. It is to the files of contemporary newspapers and the letters of the faithful nine that I am indebted in the main for the information which forms the basis for the remainder of this paper.

The Council met weekly on Wednesday or Thursday evening, in a hall in the top story of the Waldo Block, just north of the Bay State House; in later years the meeting place was in the upper story of what is now the Walker Building. During the first months of the Council's existence the most profound secrecy was observed in con-

nection with the meetings. As the Masons and Odd Fellows met in this same building, men's gathering there did not necessarily arouse suspicion. Yet many a night, I am told, a member would see some one shadowing him, and would go blocks out of his way to sneak in by a back entrance, in order that it might not be known that he was coming to this secret conclave where true Americanism was at stake.

No nomination for membership could come before the whole Council before it was passed upon by a committee of admission consisting of five members. In informal conversation with the proposed candidate and his acquaintances, these men took occasion to find out that he was temperate and a man of good moral character and that his parents and grandparents were born in this country. If these preliminary inquiries resulted favorably, his name came before the Council, where five adverse votes blackballed him. If elected, he received from some member the invitation: "Wouldn't you like to come with me to-night?" If he accepted, he was conducted with due secrecy to the ante-room. Here he was obliged to take the oath of secrecy and to swear that he was himself of anti-Catholic sentiments and that neither his wife nor his ancestors were Catholics. Very rarely did a man, having come thus far, decline to take this oath, which would enable him to penetrate into still weightier mysteries. Mystic rappings and some native American password at the outer door had been necessary to admit him to the ante-room. Indian names were favorites as passwords. If "Shebogan" were given at the outer door, "Place of meeting" was the *sesame* which threw open the penetralia. Or perhaps it was "George Washington" which admitted him to the ante-room; if so, the "Father of his Country" ushered him into the august presence of assembled "Sam." Here he was instructed in the principles of the order. The initiation ceremony was short and simple, con-

sisting in the taking of more oaths and the signing of the Council pledge. It reached the climax in the solemn announcement, "You are now a member of the Supreme Order of the Star-Spangled Banner"; for by this potent name was the order known to the elect, within the holy place beyond the hearing of profane ears. It is amusing to learn what delicate provision was made for easing the tender Know-Nothing conscience. While the initiate was completing his membership by signing this book, every other name was concealed from him. When he went forth into the world, and was asked by the impertinently curious, "Is Smith a member of the American Party?" it was held that he could conscientiously answer, "I don't know," because, forsooth, he had never seen Smith's name signed to the pledge, although for a year he might have been meeting him every week behind two locked doors which he could have passed by no other means than by giving the secret raps and passwords.

When the initiate's awe had sufficiently subsided to permit him to look about, what did he see? In all probability there was a hall full, a gathering of from 175 to 225 men; for we are told that the attendance was always large. They were of all ages, although the great majority were young men, making the average age rather under than over 35 years. The discussions were animated, but the bulk of the eloquence came from the few. One of the Council's most vigorous orators had acquired the art in pursuit of his calling as an itinerant soap peddler. Moral issues, which were then to the fore, claimed some attention. It was in the early days of temperance agitation, and Massachusetts Know Nothings for the most part advocated a modification of the Maine prohibitory law, which their legislature forthwith enacted in 1855. Slavery also came in for a share in the discussions. But in the Council's early and strong months there was much jealousy if any other issue was allowed

to rival that of "Americans must rule America." Very great indignation was aroused in the Worcester Council by the report that at Philadelphia a delegate called Parson Brownlow had impatiently exclaimed: "Damn your Americanism; let's settle this slavery question."

Our impressions of the meetings are not to be based upon inference, but upon the signed statements of members. In reply to the question, "What was the nature of the business and exercises at the meetings?" it may be surprising to learn that most of my informants lay the greatest stress upon the purely formal work, such as the learning of passwords, the voting in and initiating new members. There was more or less instruction in the principles of the order, with discussion of the country's needs and of the aims which true Americans should hold in view. In the language of one of my correspondents, "our policy was politics to chose officers to govern our way." Another paraphrases this by saying, "The business manly was to control the election of Americans to fill all the offices." The animating spirit of the discussion was that of antipathy to men of alien birth and especially to Catholics. In the last half of the Council's career, "the proceedings were mostly of a personal character, discussing the merits of men who were prominent in the party. Henry Wilson, for example, was strongly denounced, many thinking that he used the party for personal ends." Such were the discussions which for three years fired the zeal of Worcester Know Nothings.

From this analysis of the *personnel* and work of the local council, we return to our attempt to trace the course of Worcester politics in 1855. The convention at Philadelphia had proved two things: (1) that there was a hopeless split in Know-Nothing ranks over the question of the day, slavery; and (2) that the secret-order mechanism had outlived its usefulness and was now mere frippery, repelling

rather than attracting those whose membership would have given strength to the party. The Know Somethings were in a position to profit from both these facts. They stood unequivocally for freedom; they were not over-fond of secrecy, and had slight hesitation to come out into the open. At a state convention of American Freemen, as they called themselves, held in Worcester, June 10, 1855, over which the late Judge Aldrich presided, it was resolved:

"That we are in favor of an immediate and honest union of all the people of the state who believe that freedom rather than slavery should be the controlling element in our national policy."

Of the committee appointed to organize the fusion movement, the late Judge Aldrich and the late Hon. W. W. Rice were the members for this congressional district. Three months later (September 20, 1855), this fusion convention met, nominated Julius E. Rockwell for governor, and adopted strong anti-slavery resolutions. A fortnight after the holding of this convention, the Worcester league of Know Somethings—the first, by the way, that was formed in the state—passed resolutions ratifying the work of what they call the "Republican" convention, and continuing thus:

"*Resolved*, That the causes and considerations which originally led to the formation of this Council have become so modified and changed as to render its continuance unnecessary; that in the opinions of its members the objects of the organization will be best promoted by uniting and coöperating with the Republican Party; and therefore be it known that Subordinate League No. 1 is hereby and henceforth dissolved and its members honorably discharged from all obligations pertaining thereto."

The state campaign was now drawing on amid great confusion. The Know Somethings, to use Emerson's expression, had "taken their heads out of the bag" and merged their organization in the fusion movement, making it thus the threshold over which many a Know Nothing and many an old time Democrat entered the ascend-

ant Republican party. Into this fusion movement, with apparent zeal, went even Governor Gardner himself; but his enthusiasm was suddenly chilled when in the fusion convention he found that he was not the chosen candidate. He therefore put himself forward for the suffrages of the true Americans. State officials, the "machine" and the Know Nothings who took their vows seriously were loyal to him, and in the election drew so many votes from Democrats who feared most of all Republican success as to secure the governorship for a second term.

But it is with Worcester's vote that we are most concerned: Gardner (Know Nothing), 863; Beach (Dem.), 1,060; Rockwell (Rep.), 1,370; Walley (Whig), 91. What a falling off was there—the Know-Nothing candidate distanced by both the Democrat and the Republican, polling a vote less by more than a thousand than that of a twelvemonth before, attracting no outside supporters, but even losing at least one fourth of his former oath-bound following! The votes for other state officers were in about the same proportion; no Know Nothing was elected by Worcester votes to either chamber of the General Court.

Right through the state in municipal elections it had been a year for "citizens' tickets"; and Worcester proved no exception. There were several sets of candidates in the field. The *Spy* was perhaps a little hasty in publishing a full statement of Know-Nothing nominations; for some of these alleged candidates no votes were cast. But what a farce the machinery of a secret order had become is shown by the fact that the *Spy* made not a single mistake in naming nine prominent leaders of the Council. The nominees of the Liberals and Democrats were successful, Hon. Isaac Davis receiving 971 votes, to 782 for the Republican (Judge Aldrich), and 745 for the Know-Nothing candidate. To the board of aldermen no Know-Nothing member was elected. In the

lower branch were five, though several of them had come out as Republicans. Indeed the party line had now become so blurred that it cannot be followed with confidence unless a man posed as a distinctively Know-Nothing candidate. On the school committee, the Liberal Democratic candidates were in the main successful. During the ensuing year there were two special aldermanic elections, both for wards in which the Know Nothings had been strong. In one case the American candidate was elected by Republican votes; in the other the Democrat was elected,—the running of two American candidates showing the presence of faction.

In the year 1856, our principal interest is in the part which Worcester Know Nothings took in national politics and in the reaction which national politics brought upon the local Council. Despite the split which followed the action of the Philadelphia convention in 1855, the Know-Nothing party was big with hope for success in the presidential campaign. It would be hard to duplicate the turgid eloquence, the lofty terms of patriotism, with which their party broadsides and pamphlets are swelled to bursting. They would at least be first in the field. February 1 the convention for the Ninth Congressional District met in Worcester, 65 delegates from 18 towns being present, and chose the editor of the *Transcript* delegate to the national convention at Philadelphia. The nomination of the senile Whig, Fillmore, with the young Democrat, Donelson, on a platform non-committal on the slavery issue, was made after the northern delegates had withdrawn from the convention. On this nomination the Massachusetts State Council took an evasive and uncertain stand, in the hope of holding the party together. In the Worcester Council, however, a fortnight after Fillmore's nomination, on motion of the most popular of its members, by a vote of 75 to 28, it was

“Resolved, that this Council ‘joyously,

unhesitatingly and promptly’ repudiates the National Platform and the candidates of the late National Convention.”

Two weeks later an attempt was made to recall this repudiation of Fillmore, but it failed by a vote of 65 to 52. On such an issue, a vote at once so small and so close indicates most clearly that interest in the Know-Nothing party was fast on the wane, and that within the order there was very little of brotherly love. The auguries for future harmony and vitality were not of the brightest.

There can be little doubt that this split in the local Council explains a petition with 83 signatures, bearing date of April, 1856, which reads as follows:

“To ———, President of Council No. 23:

We the undersigned members of American Council No. 23, believing that the best interests of the American Party demand the organization of a new Council in this city, do respectfully request our discharge from the Council for that purpose.”

From the roll, by a stroke of the pen through the signatures, have been stricken 94 names, including those of the petitioners. The would-be members of this new Council were widely distributed through the city, so that it was not mere local propagandism that led to this swarming. Its cause seems to have been internal dissensions, partly political, but largely personal. Special inquiries were addressed to the thirteen surviving petitioners; but not one of my informants can remember where this new organization met or whether it ever met at all. Apparently it was still-born. The old Council was now at its last gasp. When the meeting of the State Council (Boston, May 6, 1856) was captured by Fillmore men, who laid down no platform, the Worcester *Transcript* spoke of “the miserable, sneaking course of the majority of the State Council.” Brotherly love had evidently taken its flight.

In midsummer (July, 1856), a Frémont Club was formed, and in its list

of officers may be found the names of three who had been prominent in Know-Nothing circles. Some months later, when the more permanent Worcester Republican Union was organized, parties had undergone such a recrystallization that in the list of vice presidents we find the names of the Democratic editor of the *Palladium*, of the present congressman from this district, and of the "life and light" of Council No. 23 of the American Party!

The results of the November election brought conclusive proof that Know-Nothing bonds no longer held. In the Worcester vote, Frémont electors received 2,622 votes, Buchanan 764, while Fillmore, the American candidate, polled only 141, barely an eighth of the Council's membership in 1855. In the vote for state officers, Gardner secured quite a handsome majority for the third term, the Republicans having magnanimously refrained from putting up a candidate of their own, lest the state contest should distract attention from the national issue. To the General Court Worcester sent Republican candidates by heavy majorities.

In the city campaign, the next month, there is little of significance. It was hotly contested, but it was with the fire of faction rather than of principle. The "*Spy* clique" and the "*Transcript* clique" made a deal of talk, but it was little else than a bandying of personalities, for both slates represented all parties. The combination ticket which won was headed by the American mayor of 1855, and included among the aldermen two Americans, five Republicans, and one Democrat. In the common council we find the names of three, and in the school committee of five, who had been members of Council No. 23. It is a striking fact, too, that of the five representatives whom Worcester had just elected to the General Court, three were from the Know-Nothing membership. But neither in the state nor in the local election is this large repre-

sentation to be taken as an indication of the triumph of Know-Nothing principles or of the vitality of the order. Many of these candidates had formally entered the Republican ranks. They doubtless owed their start in politics to the Know-Nothing Council. Within its mystic circle they had developed the arts and aptitudes of the politician, and had secured the close personal following which made them available candidates. But it was no longer by Know-Nothing influence or votes that candidates were elected.

My correspondents are unanimous in the opinion that in these hot election campaigns which marked the closing months of the year 1856, Council No. 23 of the American Party came to a most undramatic end. In three years this secret conclave, which deemed itself the conservator of Worcester's political wisdom and patriotism, had run its course. What were the causes of its dissolution? To this question one of the survivors sends me as his only answer: "It went down so silent I can't say!" As in attempting the explanation of the rise, so in seeking the reasons for the fall of the American party in Worcester, we must find them in the local working of causes which were operating throughout the country. In the first place, there is singular unanimity among the survivors as to the baleful influence exercised upon the order by demagogues and office seekers. Says another of my correspondents, "Most of the leaders wanted office more than they did Americanism." Out from the American into the Republican party trooped these self-seekers, and with them they took much of the organizing, energizing force of the old order. I am not implying that the rank and file of the Know Nothings were not pure-minded, disinterested men. Few, however, will dispute—certainly my correspondents do not—Dr. Hale's thesis, that so far as the leaders were concerned it was a Philistine movement. The loaves and fishes,

the public crib, loomed large before them.

Dissatisfaction with the presidential nominations is frequently assigned as a disintegrating cause, and so it was. The Council included many who but a few short years before had been ardent supporters of one or the other of the two great parties. At least northern Whigs and Democrats were not to be welded into one strong and homogeneous party by the putting forward of a patchwork ticket headed by Fillmore, the old Whig who had signed the fugitive slave law of 1850, and the young Democrat Donelson, the adopted son of Andrew Jackson, who at the opening of the Convention had declared that he was "the owner of more than a hundred negroes" and that he "loved the institution as much, probably, as any man in the South." "I'll stump the state barefoot against that nomination," cried the ex-Democratic "life and light" of the local council. Equally pronounced was the repudiation of the national ticket by the old Whig and Free-Soil members.

The rise of the Republican party is perhaps the cause most frequently assigned for the decline of the Know-Nothing organization. But this explanation does not go deep enough. It is doubtless true that the great majority of Know Nothings went over into the Republican ranks; some returned to the Democratic party as to their first love, while a few were so incensed with the part which the Republicans were evidently playing in the disintegration that out of spite they threw themselves into the party which for one reason and another has always been the one most open to just those influences, opposition to which formed the gist of the Know-Nothing principles. But why was it that the Republican party thus sapped the vitality of the American organization? Was it not for the simple reason that it grappled manfully with the solution of the one real problem, it faced squarely the one great moral issue, whereas throughout its history the American

Party had been crying "Peace, Peace!" when there was no peace, had been attempting to distract attention from slavery by forcing forward minor issues of alien birth and faith?

The career of the American Party may be summed up in a very few words. At a time when parties were in a state of flux, by an appeal to race prejudice and religious intolerance it gathered within its secret, oath-bound fold a congeries of the most heterogeneous political elements. The party creed was simplified to the last degree. In the language of an early deserter from Know-Nothing ranks, "the platform is reduced to a single plank, and that so narrow that one's toes stick out in front and his heels behind." In the swirl of American politics in the early fifties it is not strange that so many and so diverse characters should have sought a footing on that narrow plank. But that such antagonistic elements should find it good for them to dwell there was a sheer impossibility. Even in the first flush of the American party's brilliant successes, Horace Greeley acutely observed that "it seemed to have about as many elements of persistence as an anti-cholera or an anti-potato-rot party would have."

At quite regularly recurring periods, the financial world is visited by a great crisis. Much effort has been put forth in an attempt to explain this, which the economist in sounding phrase calls "the periodicity of panics." One fanciful student has even suggested that between the panics and the sun-spots, recurring as it seems at about the same intervals, a causal connection may be traced. Where is the astrologer who will name for us that unlucky star beneath whose malign influence hostility to men of alien birth, coupled with religious intolerance, in ever-recurring cycle forces itself forward as a leading motive in our American politics? At the beginning of the century this feeling embodied itself in the Alien and Sedition Acts, which contributed so directly to the

downfall of the Federalist party. A generation had not passed when the same antipathy in Massachusetts broke out in riot and convent burning. A few years later, in Philadelphia, comes the rise and fall of the Native American party, accompanied with riot and bloodshed. After another interval, there follows the more important and orderly career of the American Party of 1852 to 1856, the local phases of which I have attempted to trace.

Much of the work of preparing this paper has been purely antiquarian, a rummaging about among newspapers, books and records which belong to a past generation. And yet how

strangely modern it all seems! The change of but a single digit transforms 1856 into 1896. Cover up the date of your forty-year-old newspaper, change a few names, and you might almost fancy you were reading an account of our last state and municipal campaign. There were some problems of American citizenship left unsolved by the "Supreme Order of the Star-Spangled Banner." The question in which we are to-day interested is whether a careful examination of the career of the Know-Nothing party gives warrant to the claim that in its spirit and methods we are to find the panacea for the troubled American politics of this closing century.

TABLE I. — INCREASE OF POPULATION.

YEAR.	Worcester.	Per Cent of Increase.	Worcester County.	Per Cent of Increase.
1765	1.478			
1790	2.095		56.807	
1800	2.411		61.192	
1810	2.577		64.910	
1820	2.962		73.625	
1830	4.173		84.355	
1840	7.497	127.41	95.313	37.22
1850	17.049	30.71	130.789	14.32
1855	22.286		149.516	

TABLE II. — POPULATION (1855) ACCORDING TO BIRTHPLACE.

	United States.	British America.	England, Scotland, Wales.	Ireland.	Other foreign countries.	Total Population.
Worcester (excluding (a) and (b) .	16,351	372	539	4,340	286	21,888
(a) Lunatic Asylum	224	—	6	93	7	330
(b) County Jail and House of Correction	34	3	1	30	—	68
Worcester Total	16,609	375	546	4,463	293	22,286
Worcester County	120,199	3,855	3,321	21,189	952	149,516

TABLE III. — ILLITERATE ADULT WHITE POPULATION.

DATE.	Worcester.	Worcester County.		Massachusetts.	
1840.....	5	159		4,448	
1850.....		3,172		27,539	
		Native.	Foreign.	Native.	Foreign.
		222	2,950	1,055	26,484

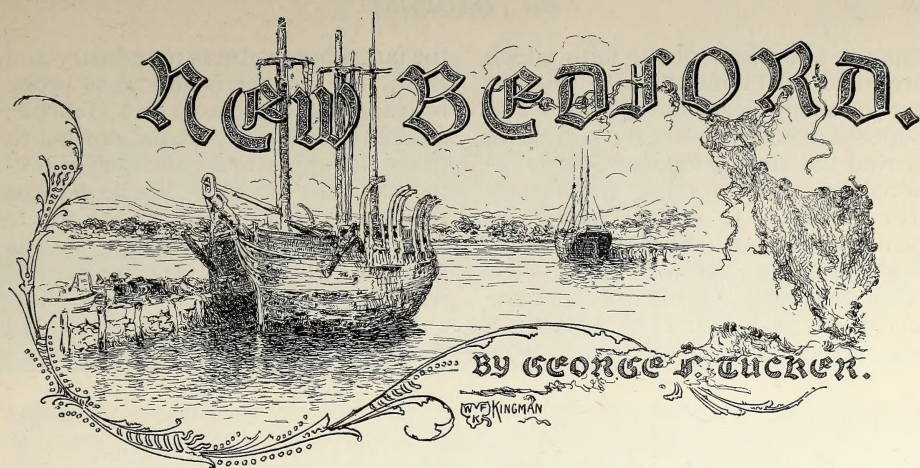
TABLE IV. — WARD DISTRIBUTION OF MEMBERS.

WARD.	I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.	VII.	VIII.
Dec. 30, 1854.....	152	155	60	98	135	185	159	112
1856	54	82	28	26	26	72	63	55

TABLE V. — OCCUPATIONS.

Worcester Council No. 23, American Party.

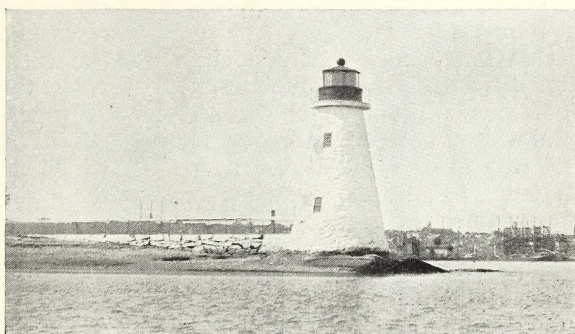
OCCUPATION OF MEMBERS.	1854.		1856.	
Iron Industries, { Machinists	202		69	
Others.....	125	327	67	136
Building Trades, { Carpenters.....	157		43	
Others.....	67	224	30	73
Shoe Industry		96		37
Car and Carriage Industry.....		31		13
Miscellaneous Manufacturing		95		28
Total in Manufacturing Industries		773		287
Mercantile, including Clerks		112		44
Banking, Insurance, Real Estate		5		9
Express, Hack, Trucking		36		17
Farmers		30		18
Laborers		35		14
City and County Officials.....		1		8
Professional		11		8
Total Membership.....		1,120		414



TO a well established rule New Bedford presents a striking exception. Transformations in trade are generally gradual and result from feeble endeavor and cautious experiment. Yet here is a city enjoying a distinction as the second city of spindles on the hemisphere, which only a few years ago was renowned for maritime interests from which it gained the appellation of the "whaling city." From the rude beginnings to nearly the collapse of the great enterprise, the New Bedford whalers sought the leviathans in dangerous and often in remote seas. It was an enterprise unexampled in the prosperity which it conferred upon the little city, and yet one prosecuted only with partial success by English and American competitors. The historian has portrayed the more salient aspects of its origin and development, but the stories of hardship and adventure, of conflict and escape, have never been fittingly celebrated by novelist or bard.

The lower part of the present Bristol County was obtained by the Pilgrims by purchase from the Indians in 1652. In the deed which was signed by Wamsutta, son of Massasoit, on behalf of the Indians, and by Edward Winslow and

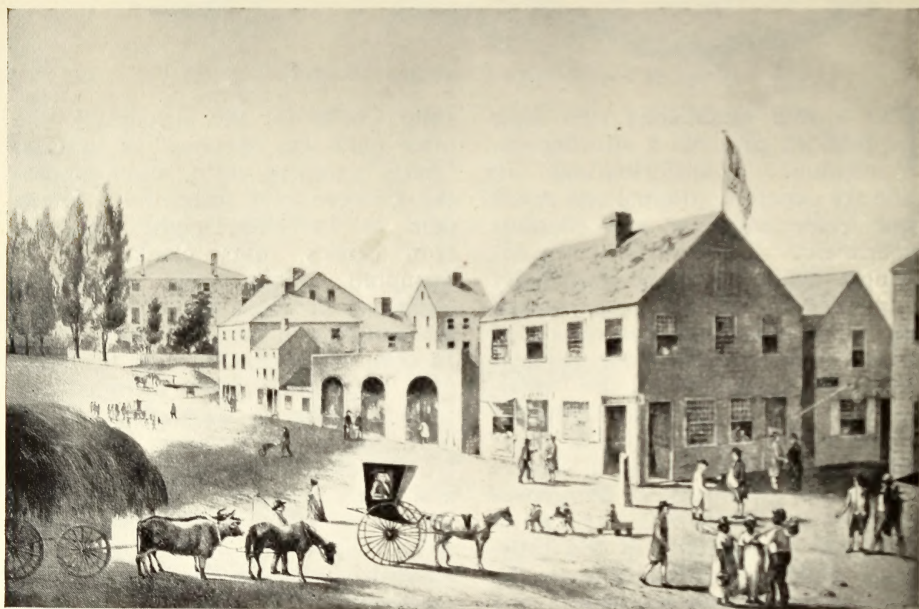
John Cooke for the purchasers, the price paid was specified as follows: "thirty yards of cloth, eight moose-skins, fifteen axes, fifteen hoes, fifteen pair of breeches, eight blankets, two kettles, one cloak, £2 in wampum, eight pair stockings, eight pair of shoes, one iron pot, and ten shillings in another commodity." In 1664 was formed the old township of Dartmouth, which included the present towns of Dartmouth, Westport, Fairhaven, Acushnet, the city of New Bedford and a strip of Tiverton and Little Compton, the entire territory comprising nearly 140 square miles. Very few of the purchasers located within the district, so that it seems to have been given up in great measure to Quakers and Baptists. A town was of course expected in those days to erect a meeting-house and



PALMER'S ISLAND LIGHTHOUSE.

support a minister of the faith which prevailed at Plymouth and Boston; but for many years the Quakers and Baptists, who were largely in accord, proved too strong for the Congregationalists, and according to the late Rev. William J. Potter, whose investigations were thorough and reliable, hardly a shadow of doubt is left "that the town as a town never once levied or paid a tax to support a preacher or to build a house of wor-

the farms bore witness to industry and thrift. A Quaker is almost as prone to trade and commerce as a Hebrew; so the followers of Fox did not fail to grasp the opportunity afforded of taking from the sea more liberal returns than they could exact from the sterile soil. The genesis of whaling and its gradual development present the old narrative of doubtful effort, of alternate hope and despair and of merited reward.



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NEW BEDFORD IN 1807.

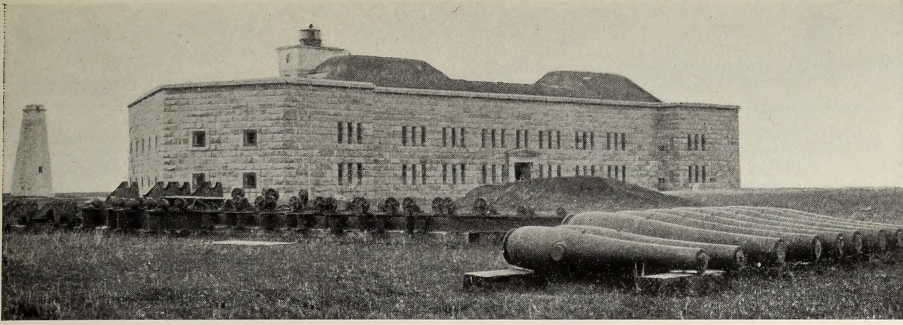
ship or elected a preacher who would receive any part of his support from the public treasury."

This independence which characterized the settlers and their immediate descendants and which was doubtless inspired by conscientious conviction was greatly intensified by geographical isolation. As neither Plymouth nor Boston was easily accessible, there was only limited intercourse with those centres of religious activity. The Quakers became the dominating factor. Though much of the land was far from fertile,

A word should be said in passing of the commercial advantages of the old township. The shores are washed by the waters of Buzzard's Bay, which is about thirty miles in length and of an average width of seven miles. On the outer side is a chain of islands, each of which has an Indian name. Here are the names of all of them so arranged as to form a curious rhyme:

"Naushon, Nonamesset,
Onkatonka and Wepecket,
Nashawena, Peskinese,
Cuttyhunk and Penikese."

These islands as a group bear the

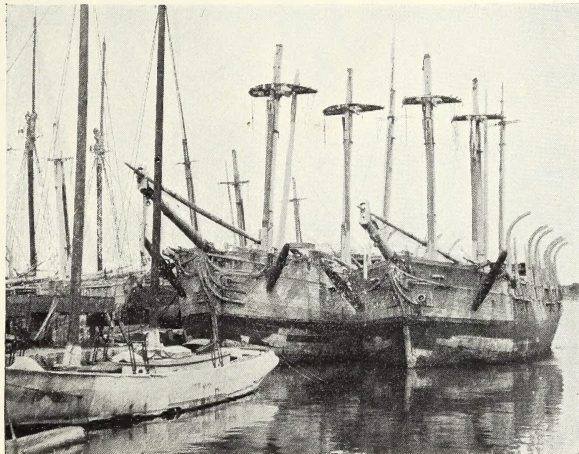


FORT TABER.

name of Queen Elizabeth, conferred by the venturesome Gosnold, who towards the termination of Elizabeth's reign in 1602 entered the bay and built a fort on the island of Cuttyhunk. The largest of these islands is Naushon, the property of Mr. J. M. Forbes. All of them are delightful resorts for the favored ones in the summer months; and one of them, Penikese, was selected for the location of his summer school by Agassiz, whose last efforts in the promotion of his cherished work are immortalized in the lines of Whittier. No large river empties into Buzzard's Bay, but an arm of the sea which makes up into the interior receives the waters of a small stream or brook. The two together are called the Acushnet River, and they divide the present town of Fairhaven and the city of New Bedford. Here on the western side of the river was afforded an opportunity for a settlement, which was made in due season, and which has grown into the New Bedford of to-day. The Russells were the most noted family in the early days of the township; and as they bore the family name of the Duke of Bedford, the suggestion was made and adopted that the settlement be called Bedford,—and, as it was afterwards learned that the name had

been given to another town in the State, the word New was prefixed as affording an appropriate distinction.

In 1787 an act was obtained from the General Court incorporating the town of New Bedford, which also included Fairhaven. In 1812 another act was passed whereby Fairhaven was set off as a separate township. In his history of New Bedford, Daniel Ricketson, Esq., who is still living, observes: "Although to Joseph Russell must be accredited the honor of being the father of New Bedford, the founder of its whale-fishery, and the first manufacturer of spermaceti into candles, yet to Nantucket we are indebted for those distinguished merchants and noble-minded men, the Rotches—Joseph, William and



OLD WHALERS.



THE BRIDGE TO FAIRHAVEN.

William, Jr.,—as well as for other enterprising citizens, merchants and shipmasters.”

William Rotch, Senior, as he was generally called, was a remarkable man. Born on the island of Nantucket, he achieved a great reputation as a merchant, and amassed a handsome fortune. Towards the close of the last century, he took his family in one of his own ships to England to engage in the whale fishery, as he was apprehensive that the business could no longer be prosecuted here with success. Returning to this country, he took up his abode in New Bedford, and lived to the advanced age of

ninety-three, dying in 1828. He was a man of strong intellect, of resolute purpose, of exceptionally good business ability and of exemplary life. In the early days of this century he presented a striking figure as he walked the streets of the little town. He was tall and erect, had long white hair, and was clad in faultless Quaker attire. His manners were affable and his deportment dignified. Several generations of his descendants have resided in the city and have maintained the family name for character and ability.

The most remarkable mercantile house which the city ever produced was that of Isaac Howland, Jr., & Co. The founder of this great firm, Isaac Howland, Jr., died in 1833, leaving personal estate to the amount of \$218,000, and realty valued at \$30,000. His son-in-law, Gideon Howland, his granddaughter, Sylvia Ann Howland, the



THE OLD FRIENDS' MEETING HOUSE.



ALONG THE WHARVES.

husband of another granddaughter, Edward Mott Robinson, and his former partner, Thomas Mandell, continued in the business under the old name, and gathered together an amount of money almost fabulous for a small town located in a district presenting rather narrow advantages. One by one the partners passed away, and on the decease of Sylvia Ann Howland in 1865, the dissatisfaction of Miss Hetty H. Robinson with her aunt's will gave rise to the famous "Howland will case," which has a unique place in the history of will litigation in consequence of the novel point presented as to the genuineness of the aunt's signature to a so-called will. Edward Mott Rob-

inson, who had removed to New York soon after the opening of the war, also died in 1865, leaving an immense estate; and to-day Mrs. Edward H. Greene (formerly Miss Robinson) receives, as she has received for the last thirty years, the beneficial interest of the larger part of both estates held for her in trust.

At one time New Bedford enjoyed a reputation for being the wealthiest city of its size in the land. Large estates were more the rule than the exception. Whaling was, of course, the chief agency through which these estates were accumulated, although frugal living in the early days was an important factor. The whalemens of southern New England were re-



SMITH'S NECK.

nowned for their enterprise and bravery even in the last century. In his speech before the British House of Commons in behalf of the Colonies, Edmund Burke paid a beautiful tribute to the daring and achievements of the New England whalemén, concluding with the words: "No ocean but what is vexed with their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their

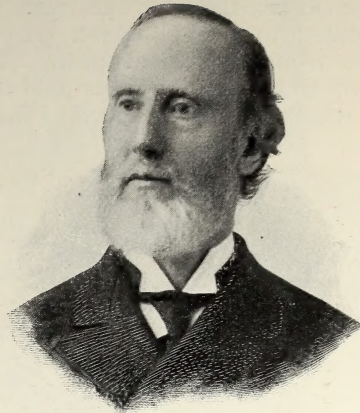
toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this perilous mode of hardy enterprise to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people,—a people who are still, as it were, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood."



THE HIGH SCHOOL.

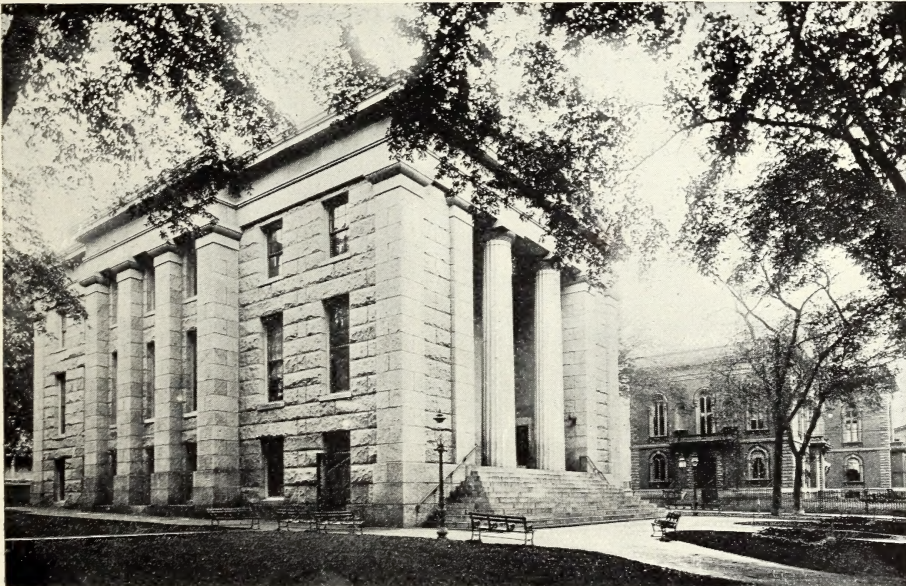
The Indians were said to have pursued and to have occasionally captured whales, and the white people naturally became their more accomplished successors. There was urgent call not long after the settlement of New England for the organized prosecution of whale-fishery, the beginnings of which were along the shores of Long Island. The waters abounded in whales, probably of inferior species, and their capture was achieved by crude methods employed by the hardy men who put out in boats from the shore. Gradually the business was prosecuted in a regular way in vessels of small ton-

nage, Nantucket enjoying the distinction of giving an early impetus to the business; until it was carried on by the merchants of New Bedford in a way to confer upon that place a commercial prestige somewhat similar to that enjoyed by Venice when at the zenith of her prosperity and power. The seamen were fearless and hardy, and their keels ploughed every sea. Both officers and men were schooled to a comprehension of their latent power. It was not an unusual thing from forty to seventy years ago for a young man of twenty-one to step with a captain's commission on the deck of a New Bedford whaler and take her into distant seas. The vessels were never large, rarely exceeding three hundred tons; but they were unsurpassed in that enduring construction which fitted them for their calling. A voyage generally lasted from two to four years, and in old days, before telegraphs and improved methods of communication, there was during its continuance an entire separation from home and family and friends. The provisions and whaling gear fur-



REV. WILLIAM J. POTTER.

nished the outgoing vessel were called "outfits," and as they were gradually exhausted their place was filled by oil and whalebone. It was necessary for a vessel every three or four months to seek some port for a few fresh supplies, and before the advent of consuls, commission merchants and missionaries, the port was one where natives ruled and exchanges were effected by barter and not by money. The early whalers brought home their



CITY HALL.

entire cargo; the later ones were accustomed to send home a part of theirs from convenient ports. The officers and crew were never paid regular wages, but had a specified inter-

being the superior in quality. The bone always found a ready market and is to-day of great value, as the substitutes which have been offered have not proved serviceable.

In 1857 the business saw its days of greatest prosperity, the New Bedford fleet comprising 329



GLIMPSES OF NONQUITT.

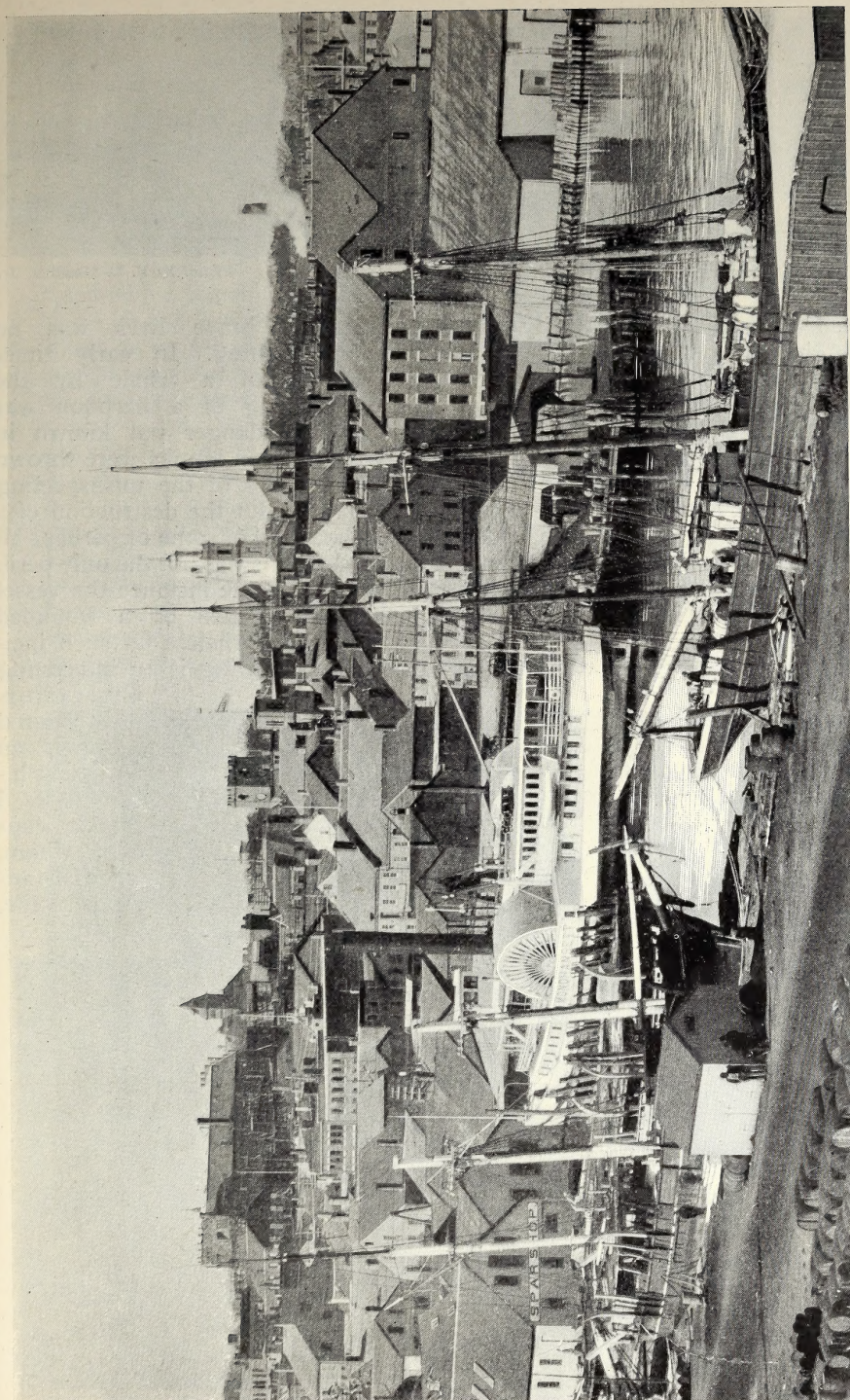
est in the results of the voyage called a "share" or "lay." It was not an unusual thing for a whaling vessel to last fifty years, although as the process of repairing and reconstructing went on but few of the original timbers were to be found.

There is a pronounced difference between the sperm and the right whale, the former having regular teeth and the latter instead thereof long strips of whalebone, through which it is wont to draw and strain its food. Both yield oil, that of the sperm whale

vessels, with a tonnage of 111,364, with crews aggregating 10,000 men, and representing an investment of about \$12,000,000. The value of oil and bone taken in that year was \$6,178,728, the largest known since the inception of the enterprise. The highest price recorded for sperm oil was in 1866, \$2.75 per gallon, and for whale oil was in 1865, \$1.60 per gallon; while whalebone reached its highest point, \$6.00 per pound, in March, 1891. Many vessels which were sent out in 1859 and 1860, and which returned during the civil war when artificial prices prevailed, made large profits. The most valuable



AT NONQUITT.



NEW BEDFORD FROM THE WHARVES.



THE WAMSUTTA MILLS.

Photo. by P. C. Headley, Jr.

"catch" of oil and bone by one ship, in one voyage, was made by the *Onward*, of which Edward W. Howland was the agent and William H. Allen of Groton, Conn., captain. She returned in 1866, her gross proceeds amounting to \$275,000.

While the material history of whaling has been well presented in books like Starbuck's "American Whale Fishery," there is also much of daring and adventure which never has been and probably never will be told or sung. A whale was not always a

sacrifice of brave lives was no uncommon thing. In early times the killing of a whale by the mere throwing of a harpoon was attended by danger not known in later times when bombs were thrown into the bodies of the unsuspecting leviathans. But the destruction of a whale-boat and of some or perhaps all of its occupants was not the only peril. In more than one instance the vessel itself was attacked by a wounded and infuriated whale. Of such incidents the following is an interesting illustration.

Edmund Gardner, an old-fashioned Quaker captain, whom, when in advanced life,



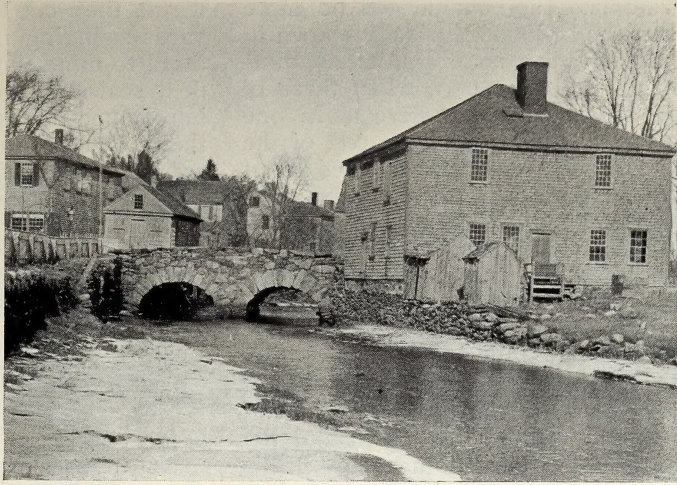
docile captive. Frequently boats were smashed by the flukes of ugly creatures, and the



COUNTY AND HAWTHORN STREETS.

the writer well remembers, sailed on September 19, 1807, when a very young man, from Nantucket, on the ship *Union*, for the Brazil Banks. When twelve days out the vessel collided with a sperm whale—very likely an ugly bull—with such force as to break two timbers on the starboard bow. Though the pumps were manned, it was

soon evident that the vessel must be abandoned; so lowering his boats and stowing in them provisions, water, fireworks, books and nautical instruments, the young cap-



THE ACUSHNET RIVER.

rigged sails and so relieved themselves of the fatigue of rowing. During the nights of the 2d and 3d they encountered a gale, and during a part of the time were compelled to lash the boats together and let them drift. Their provisions began to diminish rapidly, and when they landed, on October 9, on the island of Flores, their water was entirely exhausted.

The most startling incidents were those of encounters with the natives of the islands in the Pacific Ocean. Many a staunch ship braved ocean perils, only to meet its doom at the hands of savage sea-islanders. In some cases, however, the savages were successfully repulsed and the crew saved from impending



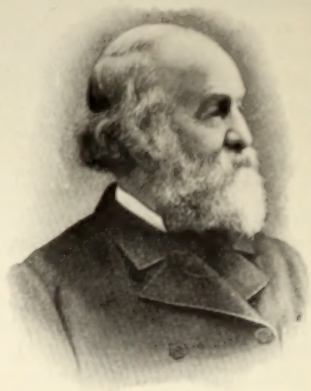
THE ABRAM H. HOWLAND HOUSE.

tain committed himself and his men to the mercy of the waves. The objective point was one of the Azores, and the possibility of successfully covering six hundred miles and reaching their destination was not encouraging. On October 2 the men

peril. One of the most thrilling stories is that of the ship *Arwashonks*, of which Prince Coffin was master. On October 5, 1835, the ship touched at Namarik Island, of the Marshall group in the Pacific Ocean, to recruit. The natives came on board, as was

customary, and manifested no more than the ordinary curiosity shown in those days in a vessel and her appointments. About noon, when three of the ship's company were aloft, one watch was below and the rest of the officers and crew were scattered about the vessel, the natives, who had quietly grouped themselves, rushed for the whale-spades, which were in the spade-rack under the spare boats. The captain, the first and second officers and the man at the helm were immediately butchered. Mr. Jones, the third officer, succeeded in getting a spade, which he threw at a native, who successfully dodged it, and the spade stuck fast in the wood. His only hope was now in a run for life. Closely pursued, he jumped down the fore hatchway, leaving the deck in the possession of the savages, who there-upon fastened down the hatches and closed the companion-way, while one of their number took the wheel and headed the ship for the shore. The men aloft, who had been the horrified witnesses of the butchery of their officers, now realized that deliverance depended upon their own presence of mind and immediate action; so gliding down the rigging as far as they

dared, they cut the braces, and, the yards swinging freely, the vessel refused to mind the helm and began to drift seaward. In the meantime the imprisoned officer and his men made their way aft to the cabin and got possession of the ship's muskets. Then

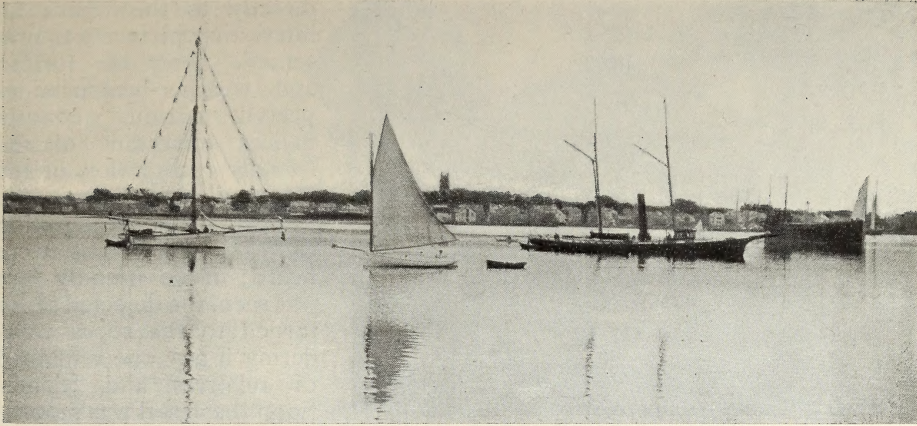


WILLIAM J. ROTCH.

by Mr. Jones's orders a keg of powder was passed up from the run, some of it was placed on the upper step of the companion-way, and a train was laid to the cabin. The brave young man gave orders to his men to rush on deck when the explosion occurred, regardless of probable injury to himself. He fired the train, and there was a crash of timbers followed by the yells of the savages. The encouraged men rushed on deck and drove the invaders overboard, and the battle, which had lasted about an hour, was over. Several of the crew were severely wounded, and



THE WILLIAM J. ROTCH RESIDENCE.

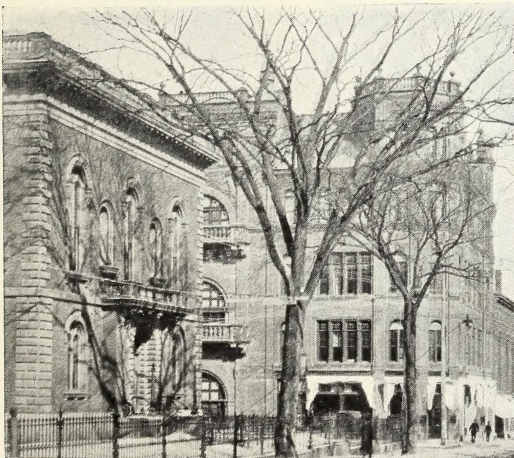


IN THE HARBOR.

one of them died. Mr. Jones assumed command and brought the ship home.

In the days which succeeded the civil war, the New Bedford wharves and the streets adjacent were the scenes of exceptional activity. At their moorings rode ships presenting the different phases of accomplished venture and of prospective undertaking—some discharging their cargoes with cock-billed yards, patiently waiting for preparation for another voyage, and still others almost ready for

the word which should send them away on the long mission of many months. There were all the sounds peculiar to the fitting out of a ship. Coopers, ship-carpenters, riggers and stevedores toiled as if the success of the different ventures depended upon their own individual endeavors. Great stacks of oil were seen, and here and there laborers removed the bungs from ponderous casks, and buyers and sellers dropped in long vials and then tasted the greasy contents with a complacent air. Sleepy old horses



LIBRARY AND ODD FELLOWS' BUILDING, WILLIAMS STREET.

PURCHASE
STREET.

drew trucks laden with barrels and casks, while an occa-



THE SWAIN FREE SCHOOL.

sional wagon brought down the chests of the sailors whose ships were about to sail. Men of various nationalities were to be seen, Kanakas and Portuguese abounding. Of the former few are now to be found; of the latter there are several thousand in the city, largely the product of the Western Islands or Azores,—sober, industrious, thrifty and law-abiding people.

There was always something thrilling and inspiring about the announcement of the appearance of a ship. Men with strong glasses were in the warm months constantly on the lookout from elevated stations. The first cry heard was: "Ship coming!" Then the inquiry came: "Whose is she?" Every agent or owner had his own flag or signal. Soon the announcement was made, and then boats put out to meet the vessel as she came up the bay. If she did not anchor, but came



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

directly to the wharf, an interesting picture was presented. Over her forlorn and weather-beaten sides peered curious countenances expectant of the friendly recognition of the faces of those upon the wharf. If the recognition came, joyful shouts were heard; if no friendly face was seen, the dejected sailor turned to the ropes wondering if any one remained of relatives and friends. Soon the vessel was moored to the wharf, and down came the jobbing wagons,

into which were pitched the sailors' boxes and chests. All was hurry and confusion; loud laughter was heard, and a few tears perhaps were shed; then silence began to reign, and as evening came on the home of thirty or forty brave men for three or four years was as silent as the grave.

The natural inquiry is: What caused the decline and collapse of the whale-fishery? In the fifties animal

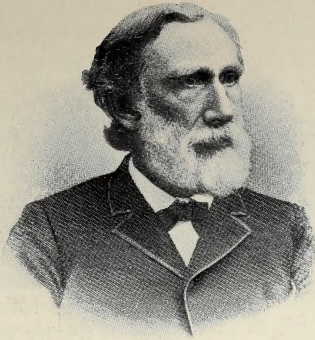


Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

oil was such a necessity that one reason why Commodore Perry was sent on his mission to Japan was to urge

the authorities to concede a port in which the New Bedford whalers cruising in neighboring seas might recruit. Later the plentiful supply and the introduction of mineral oils, first for lighting purposes and afterwards to some extent in lubrication, gradually removed the whalemens from the arena of competition.

Whalebone, however, as has been said, is still valuable; but the right whales or the kindred species—the bow-heads found in the Arctic Ocean—have greatly diminished, and the



HON. W. W. CRAFO.

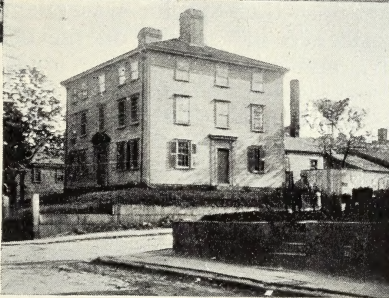
ent, he entered upon his labors with little of the zeal of his hardy predecessor. As the whales became scarce and shy, voyages were prolonged and as a consequence expenses increased. Then, too, it was necessary for the vessels to go into more dangerous places, and rates of insurance were advanced. Finally, strange as it may seem, civilization proved a great injury to the business. In the old days a thousand dollars in trade-axes, hatchets, knives, cotton cloth, etc., would support thirty men



THE CRAFO HOUSE.



THE MANDELL HOUSE.



THE ISAAC HOWLAND HOUSE.

prosecution of the business is attended with hazard. Another cause of the decline was the deterioration of seamen. The foremost hand of fifty years ago was a farmer's boy. He carried homespun garments and was rarely the debtor of the ship. He was ambitious to advance and, if he never became a master, he was reasonably sure of becoming an officer. In later years an unreliable element dominated the fore-castle. There was hardly a sailor who was not a debtor of the ship for his outfit; improvident and indiffer-

ent, he entered upon his labors with little of the zeal of his hardy predecessor. As the whales became scarce and shy, voyages were prolonged and as a consequence expenses increased. Then, too, it was necessary for the vessels to go into more dangerous places, and rates of insurance were advanced. Finally, strange as it may seem, civilization proved a great injury to the business. In the old days a thousand dollars in trade-axes, hatchets, knives, cotton cloth, etc., would support thirty men

for two or three years, as abundant supplies were obtained from the natives by barter. Later, when consuls, commission merchants and missionaries appeared, money was introduced as the medium of exchange, and so to prudence, which was once a necessity as well as a practice, extravagance succeeded. Voyages in late years were also often injured or broken up by the desertion of seamen—an effort for freedom never even contemplated in the earlier period, when a departure from the ship meant companionship with savages and perhaps cannibals.

The location of New Bedford was favorable to the erection of sightly residences. From



THE MILLICENT LIBRARY, FAIRHAVEN.

the elevation which overlooks the bay there is a gradual descent to the Acushnet River. Before the advent of exceptional prosperity, the well-to-do people lived on the lower streets, where, at the corner of School and Water Streets, may be seen to-day the old square three-story residence in which Isaac Howland, Jr., and his descendants once lived, but which now is either a Portuguese boarding-house or is unoccupied. When the real "whaling days" came, evidences of opulence appeared in the large commodious mansions erected on the hill. Many of them are unfortunate in their architectural finish, as their proud but unlettered builders enjoined the imitation of the Grecian or Roman temple. But who will deny that they are imposing? And where will you find in the old commercial cities of New England other residences with such abundant surroundings of garden and lawn? Many of the streets present rows of grand old elms; and on a June day there are few sights lovelier than County Street, where the branches meet overhead and form a canopy and the old



THE SUMMER HOME OF
HENRY H. ROGERS.

houses seem to be brought into striking relief by their environment of green-sward and shrubbery. Nearly all of these old houses are characterized by one amusing deficiency

—shall we say disfigurement? When they were built the Puritan idea was dominant. The efficacy of the sun's rays was little appreciated. We will not say that "men loved darkness rather than light," but it would seem that the light was not regarded as entirely wholesome; so most of the houses on the streets which ran north and south were built with the living rooms to the north and with the parlors to the south. The occupants, who had money enough to enjoy the luxury of a perpetual sun-bath, lived in sombre retirement and gloom, save once or twice a month, when the parlor was opened and the curtains raised on the occasion of the entertainment of guests.

It seems to be an accepted fact that southern Massachusetts is on account of a fancied isolation shut out from a participation in all matters of colonial, revolutionary and modern historical



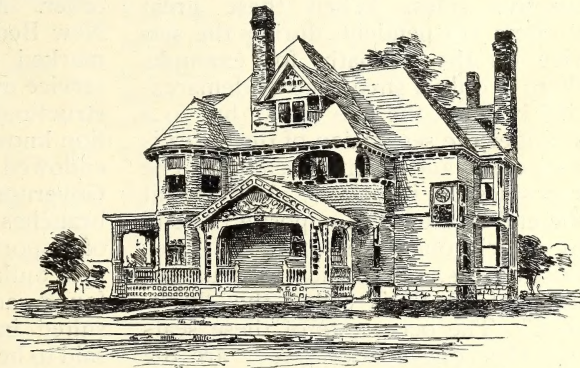
FAIRHAVEN TOWN HALL.

interest. This is a grave error. Just north of New Bedford are the Middleborough ponds, on the shores of which began King Philip's war; in the city itself, at a spot now known as Hazard's Wharf, was launched, a few years before the beginning of the Revolution, the *Dartmouth*, which was one of the obnoxious vessels to bring the tabooed tea into Boston harbor; during and just prior to that conflict, there flourished in a part of the old township just north of New Bedford Doctor West, a liberal divine in an illiberal age,—a man who was the classmate and intimate friend of John Hancock and who, it is said, prevailed upon that great patriot to approve and advocate the adoption by Massachusetts of the Federal Constitution in 1789; a man, likewise, whose thought and teaching were felt to the extreme limits of New England, and the mention of whose name even in this day evokes expressions of admiration and esteem. In 1778 British troops visited the little settlement and punished the patriotism of the people by the destruction of their property. Here lived the noted Colonel Claghorn, the builder of the frigate *Constitution*; and above all here were cultivated those sterling qualities of industry and frugality to which the place is so largely indebted for its growth and prosperity and also of patriotism and independence so signally illustrated by the response of the citizens to the call to arms at the beginning of the Civil War.

We have observed that orthodoxy had few adherents either in old Dartmouth or New Bedford. From Doctor West to the late Rev. William J. Potter seems a great transition. It is not so, however, when viewed in the light of theological evolution. Just now, after the close of Mr. Potter's pure and disinterested life, the old church

on the corner of Union and Eighth Streets stands as a monument of advanced Unitarianism. In this old temple and in its predecessor, which occupied another spot and which has long since disappeared, preached and taught several of the most noted Unitarians of the century—men like Doctor Dewey, Ephraim Peabody and John Weiss. Long ago there officiated in the old church during the absence of the regular clergyman in Europe a young man who was soon to achieve a lasting reputation as a philanthropist, thinker, writer and scholar. In his "Reminiscences of a Journalist," Charles T. Congdon, who was born in the city, observes: "One day there came into the pulpit the most gracious of mortals, with a face all benignity, who gave out the first hymn and made the first prayer as an angel might have read and prayed. Our choir was a pretty good one, but its best was coarse and discordant after Emerson's voice."

Quaker orthodoxy, however, was another thing. The followers of Fox remained consistent in their adhesion to his tenets, and long enjoyed an immunity which was favored by retirement. Old Friends' meeting-houses are still found in southern Massachusetts, and people not a few yet remain in the faith which was once so obnoxious to the Puritans of



THE RESIDENCE OF ISAAC B. TOMPKINS, JR.

Boston. The first Friends' meeting-house in New Bedford was built in 1785, its successor having been erected nearly seventy years ago. This venerable structure stands on Spring Street,—a reminder of an honorable past and a silent witness of far-reaching changes. There is no object in the city more worthy of a brief visit. It is still the drab-colored building of old, with the spaces on either side and the antique carriage sheds in the rear. Now, as then, the women enter by their own door and the men by theirs, and these two doors are still approached by the identical stone steps protected by the identical iron railings. The interior has also changed but little in the last half century. Its walls are still undressed and its furnishings are still simple. Innovation has wrought great changes in Friends' meeting-houses in other parts of the country; but the Quakers of New England adhere to the simple practices of their predecessors. The interior is divided into two parts, separated during the weekday or business meetings by what are called in the language of the Quakers "shutters." These great doors are lowered or "let down" after the preliminary religious service on weekdays; and then the women transact their business on their side of the house and the men theirs on their side of the house, and, as occasion demands, send messengers to the respective sides. When these great shutters are pendent, during the service on the Sabbath, for example, there is only a small line of demarcation between the two sides; but to a stranger the separation of the sexes is noticeable and seems peculiar. The two sides are identically alike, and at the end of the room opposite the end by which one enters are the three raised seats, the farthest and uppermost of which is called the "high-seat." The occupants of these seats face the congregation; they are the authorities in the church—the ministers, elders and overseers. The

writer of this article remembers seeing, when a boy, among the goodly number gathered there on a Sabbath morning fifteen or twenty men who were among the oldest merchants of their day and whose possessions were later a valued factor in constructing some of the railroads of the West and promoting other enterprises of signal importance. The Sabbath meeting was noticeable for the commingling of rich and poor. The scene of quiet waiting which Charles Lamb has rendered immortal was reproduced; and when the silence was broken, the feeling prevailed that the invocation or exhortation was the earnest prompting of the heart.

We certainly would not give the impression that the population of New Bedford is made up of Unitarians and Quakers. The Congregational Trinitarian Church, the Baptist, Methodist, Roman Catholic and other churches all are represented here, and represented by large and vigorous organizations. With the history of Congregationalism in New Bedford have been associated the names of Sylvester Holmes, Alonzo H. Quint and Matthew C. Julien. New Bedford was long the home of Rev. Henry M. Dexter, the distinguished divine and historian.

The progressive disposition of the people of New Bedford early manifested itself in the establishment of a school system of the most reliable order. More than once have the New Bedford public schools received marked commendation for efficient service and successful methods of instruction. There is also an institution known as the Swain Free School, endowed by the liberality of the late Governor Swain, in which the higher branches are taught. The provision of opportunities of improvement by the outlay of public money early found advocates whose efforts resulted in the Free Public Library, said to be the first in the United States to be opened under municipal sanction. At present this library has

about seventy thousand volumes, and since its inception has been under the direction of Mr. Robert C. Ingraham, who has achieved great success as a librarian and bibliographer.

Over thirty years ago New Bedford and the adjoining towns celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the original township of Dartmouth. A copy of the proceedings was sent to old Dartmouth in England; and the reply of the "Mayor, Aldermen and Burgesses," which abounds in expressions of interest and good-will, hangs on the wall of the main room in the library building.

One naturally asks whether the little community has done anything in the way of historical investigation or literary activity. Daniel Ricketson, the old friend of Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Curtis and the great abolitionists of long ago, still lives. In the "Editor's Easy Chair," in *Harper's Magazine*, of some thirty years past, are frequent sketches of the discussions of the "Sassafras Club." The observations of the member of "Woods and Meadows" were listened to with the deepest interest. That member was Mr. Ricketson, who, when the writer was a boy, gathered up his stray poems and presented them to the public as an "Autumn Sheaf," with this graceful prelude:

"Now in my waning years of life,
Since autumn's crowned my lengthened
days,
Apart from scenes of worldly strife,
And seeking light from wisdom's ways,
I've gathered up from far and near
The remnants of my joy and grief,
And with a mingled hope and fear,
Have bound them in an 'Autumn Sheaf.'"

Mr. Ricketson was the first historian of New Bedford; his labors have been worthily supplemented by Elisha C. Leonard and Leonard B. Ellis, both of whom have passed away within a very few months, but both have left behind them substantial evidences of faithful and painstaking research.

We come now to the era of change and modern achievement. How many of the old seaport towns of New England have witnessed the changes through which New Bedford has so triumphantly passed! Evidences of a past prosperity are noticeable in many of these old towns. The docks are decaying and there is little to show an interest in modern progress and achievement. In New Bedford all is different. The city now stands second to Fall River in the number of its spindles, having more than 1,200,000, and first among the cities of America in the manufacture of fine cotton goods. Nearly fifty years ago the first Wamsutta Mill was erected. The pessimists predicted ruin. Events have demonstrated that the location of the city is most favorable for the spinning of fine yarn, on account of the humidity of the atmosphere. In the days of the "whaling splendor" there was in New Bedford a population of about 20,000 inhabitants; now nearly 60,000 people exist without reliance on the uncertain benefactions of the sea. Indeed, in the seven years just before 1893 the growth of the city in population was over 50 per cent; in births, 85 per cent; in dwellings, 33 per cent; and in amount invested in all kinds of business, excepting bank stocks, including premiums on shares in local corporations, 90 per cent. The city's manufacturing interests are not confined to yarns and cloth, as a large amount of capital is invested in the production of shoes, fine silver-plated ware, cordage, glass, machinery, steam toys and novelties, works of art, and a great variety of articles.

Fairhaven, connected with New Bedford by the queer old bridge, is almost a part of New Bedford itself. It is the summer home of Henry H. Rogers, who in these late years has given to the town the magnificent Town Hall and Public Library shown in the illustrations. All up and down the bay, easily reached by boats and otherwise, are charming summer re-

sorts, many of them now very popular. Nonquitt has for many years been a favorite place with literary and artistic people.

If a representative of the maritime era were permitted to revisit the scenes of the departed activities, he would find much to remind him of the old prosperity, but more to surprise him. He would find a few old whalers rotting at the wharf, a few old candle houses and deserted buildings of familiar outline, and many spaces once covered by scores and scores of barrels filled with oil now vacant and deserted. He would find that business had forsaken the lower streets for a more convenient theatre of action not far from the old stone structure known as "City Hall." He would find that the national banks have a combined capital of \$4,100,000, and that the two savings banks—the famous old Institution for Savings incorporated in 1825 and the Five Cents bank—have combined deposits of over \$18,000,000. He would find that several of the financial institutions transact business in stately structures far from the humble scenes of their early successes. He would find a Young Men's Christian Association building, an Odd Fellows' Hall, and additions to the Masonic block, the declared conception of which in an earlier day would have been stamped as an evidence of mental decadence or insanity. He would find in association with the old residences houses of elegant proportions and of modern architectural finish. He would find one hundred and twenty-five miles of streets, forty miles of which are either paved or macadamized, with flagged or paved sidewalks, forty-seven miles of main ventilated

sewers which, on account of the location of the city on a gentle slope, are effectually cleansed during every rain-storm, and he would find several extensive parks which are a constant source of delight to the working classes.

But what would he say on visiting the localities known as the "North End" and "South End"—two busy communities at either limit of the city, each a city of itself? Let us fancy him in the district known as the "North End." He would see stretching away in a long perspective huge cotton mills with tall chimneys, rows and rows of tenement houses, long streets lined with shops and peopled by the representatives of many nationalities—Americans, English, Irish, French Canadians, Poles, Scandinavians and Russian Jews. All would be novel and almost unaccountable. We may picture him retracing his steps, his ears ringing with the hum of many spindles, his eyes longing for a glimpse of the reminders of the vanished days, and his mind overpowered by reflection on the scenes just relinquished. He would then doubtless seek the favorite haunts of his early years, in hope of finding some one to share with him indulgence in reminiscence and regret; and if he should meet one of the old sea dogs who still remain, he might perhaps, ere returning to oblivion, fancy, in repeating the old tales of peril and adventure and in sounding the note of warning if not of fear, that the clamor of the mills had given place to a renewal of the sounds which came in former years from the throngs gathered on the wharves and which testified in some measure to the extent and success of an enterprise which never will return.

THE BOSTON METROPOLITAN RESERVATIONS.

By Charles Eliot.

A GREAT work has been quietly accomplished in the neighborhood of Boston during the last two years, and a sketch of it may perhaps encourage the people of other American neighborhoods to go and do likewise.

Surrounding Boston and forming with Boston the so-called metropolitan district lie thirty-seven separate and independent municipalities, comprising twelve "cities" and twenty-five "towns," all of which lie either wholly or partly within the sweep of a radius of eleven miles from the State House. The population of this group of towns and cities is about one million of people, and the total of taxed property about one thousand millions of dollars.

In 1892 the central city of Boston already possessed and had in part developed a costly series of public squares and parks within her own boundaries, sixteen of the surrounding municipalities had secured one or more local recreation grounds, and some of these communities had acquired still other lands for the sake of preserving the purity of public water supplies. Nevertheless it was evident to all observing citizens that a great body of new population was spreading throughout the district much more rapidly than the local park commissions and water commissions were acquiring public open spaces, and that if any considerable islands of green country or fringes of sea or river shore were to be saved from the flood of buildings and made accessible to the people, it could only be by means of some new and central authority raised above the need of regarding local municipal boundaries and endowed by the people with the necessary powers and money. Ac-

cordingly the whole problem was laid before the legislature of 1891 by a committee appointed at a meeting of the local park commissions, aided by representatives from the Trustees of Public Reservations, the Appalachian Mountain Club and other organizations, and by numerous and influential petitions from all parts of the district. A preliminary or inquiring Commission was the result. This Commission, headed by Charles Francis Adams as chairman, examined the district in detail, discussed the problem with the local authorities, became thoroughly convinced of the need of prompt coöperative action, and so reported to the succeeding legislature; whereupon an act was passed establishing a permanent Metropolitan Park Commission, which act was signed by the governor, June 3, 1893.

The accompanying outline map illustrates the distribution and the area of the open spaces acquired for the public by this Commission down to December 1, 1895, the date of the last annual report to the General Court. In the very centre of the district the Commission has taken possession of several miles of the marshy banks of the estuary of Charles River. (See No. 5' on the accompanying map). Most of the remaining frontage on this obnoxious tidal stream is controlled by the Cambridge Park Commission and certain semi-public institutions; so that the metropolitan district is now in a position to make for itself, whenever it may so desire, a river park which, with its bordering drives, will extend six miles west from the State House. The broad Basin, surrounded as it will be by handsome promenades, is destined to become the central "court of honor"

of the metropolitan district; while, by building a dam which shall exclude the tides, the pleasing scenery of the fresh water river, with all its delightful opportunities for boating and skating, may be brought down stream to the central basin itself.

North-northeast of the State House, and between eight and eleven miles distant, Lynn Woods Reservation, containing some 2,000 acres (No. 1 on map), had been acquired by the city of Lynn some years before the establishment of the Metropolitan Park Commission. Lying in the corresponding southerly direction from the State House and exactly the same number of miles distant are found the highest hills of the whole neighborhood of Boston—hills whose broken sky line is the chief ornament of every prospect from the towers of the great city, from the other hills about it, and from the bay and the sea. Among these loftiest hills of the district there is extremely little land adapted to house-lots, but there is abundant interesting scenery and opportunity for the gradual development of even greater impressiveness and beauty. Here the new Commission has acquired the Blue Hills Reservation five miles in length (No. 1' on map).*

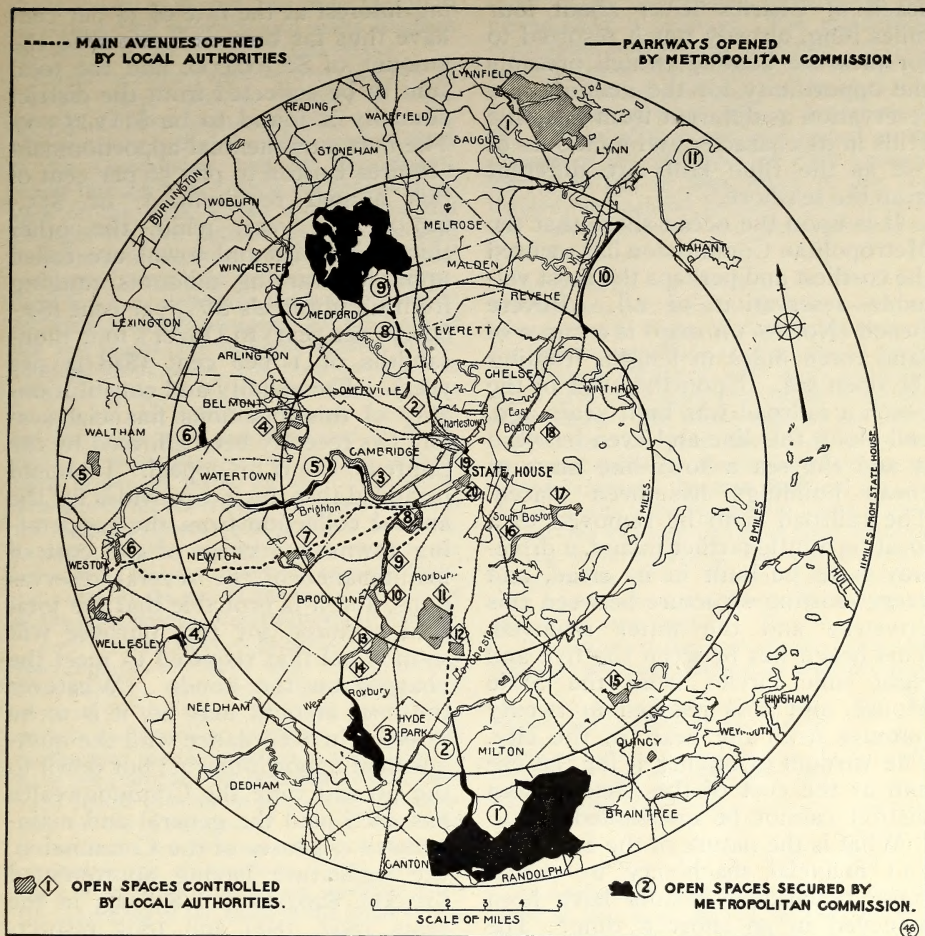
Between the Lynn Woods and the Charles River Reservation and between the Blue Hills and the same central domain lie many square miles of more or less densely settled but rapidly growing suburbs. When the Metropolitan Commission was created the southern section of these suburbs already possessed several hundred acres of public open space in Leverett Park, Jamaica Park, the Arboretum and Franklin Park, while the corresponding northern suburbs controlled few public grounds,—indeed almost none. Accordingly the Metropolitan Commission has acquired in the southern region the com-

paratively small but costly Stony Brook Reservation (No. 3' on map), while in the northern region there has been secured the broad domain of the Middlesex Fells (No. 9' on map). The narrow and deep valley of Stony Brook, with Bellevue Hill at its head, undoubtedly presents the most strikingly picturesque landscapes to be found in the region between Dedham and the Basin, and the new reservation will make a valuable addition to the already long chain of the Boston and Brookline parks. The Fells, on the other hand, include the most interesting scenery to be found between Woburn, Wakefield and Boston, scenery compounded of hills, rocks and waters, and well worthy of being preserved in a single reservation to answer for the northern suburbs the purposes of Jamaica Park, Franklin Park, the Arboretum and Bellevue Hill combined in one area.

Westward again two additional but small areas yet remain to be mentioned, each of which preserves scenery of remarkable beauty. Beaver Brook Reservation (No. 6' on map) contains a waterfall and a group of the largest oak trees in Massachusetts (the Waverley oaks), and lies just five miles distant from the nearest corner of the Fells.* Hemlock Gorge Reservation (No. 4' on map) preserves a series of beautiful pictures formed by the passage of Charles River between high and rocky banks, and lies just five miles distant from the nearest corner of the new reservation at Stony Brook. Thus, if the Lynn domain may be counted as a metropolitan reservation (and it ought to be made one of the series), the distribution of the seven new inland open spaces thus far mentioned is remarkably symmetrical. The only part of the metropolitan district not yet provided with a fairly accessible and large public open space is the extreme western part (see map); and it so happens that there is found in this very region a

* See the illustrated article on "The Blue Hills of Milton," in the August number of the *New England Magazine*, the first of a series of illustrated articles to be devoted to the Boston Park System.—*Editor*.

* See article, "Round About the Waverley Oaks," in the April, 1896, number of the *New England Magazine*.—*Editor*.



THE BOSTON METROPOLITAN DISTRICT.

Key to figures on the map.

OPEN SPACES CONTROLLED BY LOCAL AUTHORITIES.

- 1 Lynn Woods, Lynn.
- 2 Broadway Park, Somerville.
- 3 Charles River Parkway, Cambridge.
- 4 Fresh Pond Reservoir, Cambridge.
- 5 Prospect Hill, Waltham.
- 6 Riverside Park, Newton.
- 7 Chestnut Hill Reservoir, Boston.
- 8 Back Bay Fens, Boston.
- 9 Leverett Park, Boston.
- 10 Jamaica Park, Boston.

- 11 Franklin Park, Boston.
- 12 Franklin Field, Boston.
- 13 Arnold Arboretum, Boston.
- 14 West Roxbury Parkway, Boston.
- 15 Merrymount Park, Quincy.
- 16 Strandway, Boston.
- 17 Marine Park, Boston.
- 18 Wood Island Park, Boston.
- 19 Public Garden, Boston.
- 20 Common, Boston.

OPEN SPACES SECURED BY METROPOLITAN PARK COMMISSION.

- 1' Blue Hills Reservation.
- 2' Blue Hills Parkway.
- 3' Stony Brook Reservation.
- 4' Hemlock Gorge Reservation.
- 5' Charles River Reservation.
- 6' Beaver Brook Reservation.

- 7' Mystic Valley Parkway.
- 8' Middlesex Fells Parkway.
- 9' Middlesex Fells Reservation.
- 10' Revere Beach Reservation.
- 11' King's Beach Reservation.

reach of Charles River about four miles long, already much resorted to for pleasure boating, which presents the opportunity for the making of a reservation as different from the Blue Hills in its character and its modes of use as the Blue Hills are different from the seashore.

It is upon the ocean shore that the Metropolitan Commission has secured the costliest and perhaps the most valuable reservation of all. Revere Beach (No. 10' on map) is a curve of sand three miles in length, fronting the open sea. Upon the crest of the beach a railroad was built years ago, and along this line and even between it and the sea a town-like mass of cheap buildings has been placed. The railroad is to be removed to a location a little farther inland, a driveway is to be built in its stead, and every existing structure between this driveway and the water removed. This beach lies between the five and eight mile circles from the State House, and it is reached in twenty minutes from the heart of the city. The wisdom of buying it for the use and at the cost of the Metropolitan district cannot be questioned.

What is the nature of the executive and financial machinery by which these remarkable results have been achieved in so short a time? The Commission consists of five gentlemen who serve the community without pay. The Governor of the Commonwealth, acting for the metropolitan district, appoints one new member every year, the term of service being five years. The General Court of the Commonwealth, acting for the metropolitan district, authorizes from time to time the sale of bonds by the State Treasurer, who is directed to collect annually the amount of the interest and the sinking fund charges from the towns and cities of the metropolitan district in accordance with an apportionment newly made every five years by a special commission appointed by the Supreme Court. Bonds running forty years and bear-

ing interest at the rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent have thus far been authorized to the amount of \$2,300,000, and the total sum to be collected from the district annually is found to be \$111,253.99. The first quinquennial apportionment requires Boston to pay 50 per cent of this annual requirement, or \$55,627.00 per year, while the other thirty-six cities and towns are called upon for varying amounts ranging from Cambridge's $6\frac{8}{10}$ per cent (\$7,600.50 per year) to Dover's four thousandths of 1 per cent (\$48.92 per year). The validity and constitutionality of this ingenious financial system has recently been affirmed by the Supreme Court on appeal. It should be added that the law provides for the annual collection from the coöperating towns and cities of the cost of maintenance of the several reservations, and it is probable that the total sum required for this purpose will soon equal that required to meet the charges on the bonds. Whatever the total amount may be, it is to be assessed in accordance with the quinquennial apportionment; but down to the present time the Commonwealth has itself paid the general and maintenance expenses of the Commission, the legislature having appropriated \$10,000, \$20,000 and \$38,943 in the years 1893, 1894 and 1895 respectively.

The following condensed statements concerning the work of the Commission have been compiled from the three successive annual reports of the Board:

The Commission was originally composed as follows:—

Charles Francis Adams, Chairman, Quincy; William B. de las Casas, Malden; Philip A. Chase, Lynn; Abraham L. Richards, Watertown; James Jeffery Roche, Boston. William L. Chase, of Brookline, succeeded James Jeffery Roche, resigned, but died in July, 1895, and was succeeded by Edwin B. Haskell of Newton. Augustus Hemenway of Canton has also been appointed in place of Charles Francis Adams, resigned. William B. de las Casas is Chairman of the present Board. The commission

meets every week and sits from two until six o'clock; its members also make frequent excursions to the scenes of their labors.

Executive Department.—Secretary, H. S. Carruth, July, 1893, to January 1, 1896. John Woodbury, January 1, 1896, to date.—The secretary is the salaried executive officer of the Commission, and all departments report through him. He is the general manager of the work of the Commission and arranges for the financial settlements with the owners of the lands acquired. The total number of acres thus far taken for reservations is 6,822, embracing lands belonging to 603 claimants for damages. At the date of the last report 367 of these claims, representing 5,156 acres, had been adjusted at prices ranging all the way from forty dollars an acre to one dollar per square foot. So far there have been very few cases of litigation. It is pleasant to note that six persons have presented lands to the Commission. The sum of the three annual appropriations of the General Court (\$68,943) has been expended by the executive department for office rent, salaries, traveling, repairs, tools, etc., and for the pay of the keepers or police of the reservations (about \$20,000 to date).

Law Department.—Messrs. Balch and Rackemann, attorneys and conveyancers, have from the first drafted the legal papers required for the taking of lands by eminent domain and for other purposes. They have represented the Commission in such suits as have been brought by landowners who have been unable to come to terms with the secretary or the Commission. They have also prosecuted a few violators of the ordinances governing the reservations. The principal work of this department has, however, been the searching of the titles to the lands of the reservations in order to make sure that only rightful claims are paid. This tedious task has been accomplished by employing a large force of skilled assistants.

Landscape Architects' Department.—Messrs. Olmsted, Olmsted & Eliot have from the first advised with the Commission as to the choice of lands for the reservations, as to the boundaries of each reservation, and as to all questions relating to the appearance or scenery of the lands acquired. More than thirty miles of boundaries have been studied and re-studied in detail.

Engineering Department.—Engineer, William T. Pierce.—With a varying number of assistants the engineer prepares the plans of "takings," land maps to accompany filed deeds, projects for necessary works here and there in the reservations, and so on. During the first year or two different engineers were engaged in different places for special works. Topographical surveys of the Fells and Blue Hills Reservations have been exe-

cuted for the Commission by surveyors employed under a contract. The engineering department is at present principally occupied in supervising the construction of certain "parkways" not previously mentioned (Nos. 2', 7' and 8' on map), money for which to the amount of \$500,000 was placed at the disposal of the Metropolitan Park Commission by an Act of 1894, which in this case divided the financial burden evenly between the Commonwealth and the metropolitan district.

Construction Department.—Wilfred Rackemann, General Superintendent.—About twenty miles of old woods-roads in the forest reservations have been made usable by pleasure carriages, and many additional miles have been made practicable for horse-back riders. The whole area of the inland reservations has been cleared of the wood-choppers' slashings, the fire-killed trees, and all the dangerous, because dead and dry, timber with which the lands were found heaped. About one hundred men have been employed during three winters in this last mentioned safeguarding work. Several buildings have also been torn down, fences built and odd jobs of all sorts done.

The drafts on the sum of the loans (\$2,300,000) may, accordingly, be classified thus:

Payments for lands (to date of last report) . . .	\$940,739 77
Counsel and conveyancers' fees and expenses . . .	52,199 79
Landscape architects' fees and expenses . . .	7,147 78
Engineering expenses (including cost of topographical surveys, \$17,012.90) . . .	31,857 57
Labor and supervision thereof . . .	146,402 60
Miscellaneous expenditures . . .	16,303 90
Total	\$1,194,651 41

It is estimated that the whole of the balance of the loans (\$1,105,348.59), and possibly more, will be required to meet the remaining claims of land-owners, the cost of moving the Revere Beach Railroad, and a few other minor but necessary works.

Every rural as well as every crowded district of the United States possesses at least a few exceptionally interesting scenes, the enclosure or destruction of which for private pleasure or gain would impoverish the life of the people. Very often these strongly characterized scenes are framed by lands or strips of land which, like the Blue Hills, the banks of the Charles, and Revere Beach, are either almost unproductive or else are put by their private owners to by no means their highest use. In many districts now is the time when these

financially profitless summits, cañons, crags, ravines and strips of ground along the seashores, lake shores, rivers and brooks ought to be preserved as natural pictures, and put to use as public recreation grounds. To enable benevolent citizens or bodies of voluntary subscribers to achieve the permanent preservation of such scenes, Massachusetts has created a board of trustees, known as the Trustees of Public Reservations, who are empowered to hold free of all taxes such lands and money as may be given into their keeping—an institution which ought to be found in every state. In special regions, however, where the establishment of such a board of trustees would be ineffectual, either because large sums of

money are required promptly or because the power of eminent domain must be invoked, the methods of the Massachusetts Metropolitan Park Commission may be profitably followed on either a humbler or a grander scale. The establishment and the successful working of this Commission proves that at least one great and complex American democracy is alive to the usefulness of the beautiful and the value of public open space; also that this democracy is capable of coöperation and of foresight, ready to tax itself severely for an end which it believes in, and able to secure as executors of its expressed but undefined desires commissioners capable of realizing these desires in a remarkably comprehensive and equitable manner.



THE HERBS OF LONG AGO.

By Minna Irving.

IT stands upon a wooded hill
 Among the murmuring leaves,—
 An ancient house with shingle roof,
 And mosses on its eaves.
 Around its weather-beaten door
 The running roses blow,
 And all the narrow yard is sweet
 With herbs of long ago.

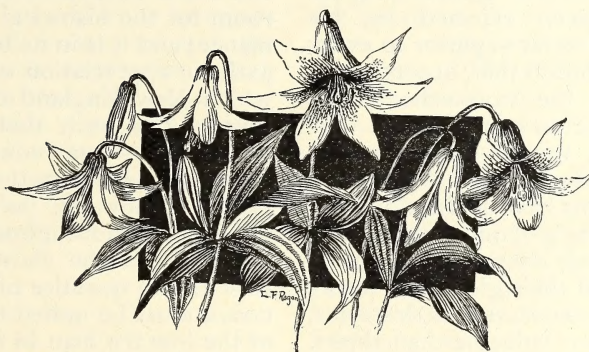
In dewy borders edged with box
 The poppy shakes its seeds,
 The silver sage and lavender
 Are struggling with the weeds;
 And in the dusk a withered form
 Goes softly to and fro,
 Still seeking with a trembling hand
 The herbs of long ago.

She lifts the wooden latch again
And climbs the creaking stair,
To breathe beneath the massive beams
The garret's fragrant air.
For there along the dusky walls
And from the rafters low
They hang, in dainty bunches tied,—
The herbs of long ago.

The balsam with its fluffy buds,
The roots of sassafras,
The catnip, and the peppermint
That loves the meadow grass:
They held a cure for every ill,
A balm for every woe,
When gathered in the morning dew,—
The herbs of long ago.

She sleeps, the little dame I knew,
Where Sabbath silence broods;
The bramble on her simple stone
Its glossy fruit intrudes;
But o'er the smoky chimney-tops
And in the street below,
I smell again the pleasant herbs
She gathered long ago.

The cricket tunes his violin
Beside a broken sill;
Untrained the hardy trumpet-flowers
Their cups of scarlet spill;
But in the lonely garret yet
They hang in many a row,
With healing in their brittle leaves,—
The herbs of long ago.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

RUFUS CHOATE once gave an address—it was at Salem in 1833—on “The Importance of Illustrating New England History by a Series of Romances like the Waverley Novels.” The address holds the first place in the first volume of Mr. Choate’s collected works; and we wish that every reader of the *New England Magazine* might turn to it there. It is morally certain that very few of them will do it,—we have ourselves met only one person who had read the essay; and we are strongly tempted, breaking customary rule, to reprint it sometime in the magazine, so unique and noteworthy is its insight into the picturesqueness of New England life and history and so forcible its plea for those interests for which this magazine chiefly stands.

Mr. Choate is certainly not the only great man who has borne eloquent testimony to the high-historical function of historical novels and the historical services of writers like Sir Walter Scott. “At Lincoln Cathedral,” says Macaulay in his essay on History, “there is a beautiful painted window, which was made by an apprentice out of the pieces of glass which had been rejected by his master. It is so far superior to every other in the church that, according to the tradition, the vanquished artist killed himself from mortification. Sir Walter Scott, in the same manner, has used those fragments of truth which historians have scornfully flung behind them, in a manner which may well excite their envy. He has constructed out of their gleanings works which, even considered as histories, are scarcely less valuable than theirs. But a truly great historian would reclaim those materials which the

novelist has appropriated. The history of the government and the history of the people would be exhibited in that mode in which alone they can be exhibited justly, in inseparable conjunction and intermixture. We should not then have to look for the wars and votes of the Puritans in Clarendon, and for their phraseology in ‘Old Mortality’; for one-half of King James in Hume, and for the other half in the ‘Fortunes of Nigel.’”

Many such words we might quote. The writing of history has become a very different thing, in the best hands, from what it was when Macaulay wrote; indeed Macaulay himself did much to make possible such histories as that, in our own time, of John Richard Green—histories with atmosphere and color and flesh and blood, histories recognizing the fact that the life of a people expresses itself not alone in parliaments and laws and battles and treaties, but also in literature and science and art and religion and philosophy and business and sport, the farm, the shop, the street, the home. But when sober history has entirely ceased to be one-sided and dull, there will still remain room for the historical novel and romance; and it is in its broad and sympathetic appreciation of the fine field which New England offers for such literary treatment that the value of Mr. Choate’s essay consists. The essay analyzes the method of the true historical novelist, pointing out the fidelity and thoroughness required in the study of the chosen period and how all the qualities of the good historian must be united to the qualities of the literary man in order to genuine service and to a success like that of Scott. But the great charm of the

essay is in the brilliant imagination which pervades it. We feel that Mr. Choate himself might well, had he had time for it, have been just such a romancer in the field of New England history as he calls for. He takes, by way of illustration, two periods which seem to him to offer special opportunity to the novelist and of which the ordinary historians give but stiff and poor impressions—the period of King Philip's war and the ten years before the battle of Lexington. Nothing could exceed the vividness of his picture of the little settlements scattered through the new, young Massachusetts in that day, a hundred years before the Revolution, the towns from which the smoke circled upward in the clearings from the Bay to the Connecticut containing altogether hardly a hundred thousand souls. And no less vivid is his picture of it all from the standpoint of the Indian, watching the stealthy, sure advance of the white man into the forest which had been his own free domain, and foreseeing his inevitable dispossession. He shows how all this can be made the setting of romances which shall bring the spirit and conditions of the time home to the people as the chroniclers have not brought them home. And so he sketches the congregations of the Boston folk in those troublous years between 1765 and 1775, while the preacher preaches and when he ceases to preach, and makes us feel the meaning of each expression which flits over the excited, earnest faces.

He turns back, too, to the time of the early Puritan and Pilgrim. There was no time to which Choate loved better to turn back. "The Age of the Pilgrim the Heroic Period of our History" is the subject of the address standing close to that whose pages we are turning in this first volume of his works. Much as the historians and the orators have done for the Pilgrims and the Puritans, he feels that their life and circumstances and aim and motive have not yet been

revealed with the impressiveness, the power and the moral effect with which the novelist could reveal them. "It is time," he says, "that literature and the arts should at least coöperate with history."

*
* * *

This too was what the people of Plymouth said this summer. As concerns Plymouth and the Pilgrims it had been said indeed and effectually acted upon before since Choate wrote his glowing essay. That, we have said, was in 1833. Longfellow was then just beginning his poetical career, and from the beginning he saw that New England had themes for the poet as truly as old England or old Rome or Attica or Arcady. One-half of the entire bulk of Longfellow's poetry is devoted to subjects in American history or legend—"Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "The New England Tragedies," "The Courtship of Miles Standish" and a score of shorter poems—or to the transfiguration of the New England places which were so dear to him. How great too is the service rendered to New England life and history and places by Whittier and Lowell and Holmes and Emerson! One of Longfellow's prose romances, "Kavanaugh," is a New England romance, and, although so much less read, it is as beautiful as "Hyperion." Of all the poems of New England history, none is more valuable than "The Courtship of Miles Standish"; and of all the books illustrating the old Plymouth life, there is none, when we leave Bradford's own words, which does it so sympathetically and impressively and faithfully as this beautiful poem. Nowhere else are we brought so closely home to the Pilgrims, to their heroism, their dangers, their loneliness, their faith, their simple humanity and their loving hearts. Nowhere else do we feel so deeply how dramatic the whole history was. Each canto is a living picture, and the range is broad, from the sweet idyl

of homely love-making to the pathos and tragedy of the sailing of the *May-flower* leaving the little company alone here in the forest with the graves of their dead in the wheat field. We wonder that it has not all been made the background of a hundred plays for our American stage. We remember how Mr. Howells, a dozen years ago, entranced anew by the beauty of "Miles Standish," made a dramatization of it; and very beautiful the drama was, which it was our happiness to hear him read one summer night. But he must have laid it away in the drawer, where perhaps it still reposes, the only Pilgrim play of really literary and artistic quality. Will the little drama sometime know a resurrection—in new and larger form perchance, such as resurrection is supposed to give to good things, as a drama whose first act shall lie in Scrooby and second act in Leyden?

*
* * *

Perhaps Plymouth will not wait for Mr. Howells. And perhaps the best that he could do—by which we mean the best that any great literary man could do—would not be so impressive or so noteworthy as the Pilgrim Play which we think will somehow *grow* in Plymouth itself, with authorship hard to define and about which there may some day be learned controversy. We suppose it would be hard to tell who wrote the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau. Did it not somehow get itself written, write itself, did it not *grow*, like the pine trees and the Alpine roses of its vicinage, grow as the children grow, fostered and fed and friended by mother and brother and neighborhood and heaven? We suppose—we do not know, but we suppose it would be hard to tell who wrote the Andreas Hofer play, which somehow came into being so soon after the hero's martyrdom and has been played year after year by the peasants there in the

Tyrol as reverently as their Bavarian neighbors each decade render the miracle play. We do not know whether it is known who wrote the drama of the Thirty Years' War which has been given at intervals from a time so far back by the people of Rothenburg. If it is not known who wrote it, if many wrote it, if it grew, it is the more impressive.

*
* * *

The historical play, we think, will hold as high a place in the affections of the people in the time to come as the miracle play did in the middle age. And among all American historical plays none will be greater or dearer to the people than the Pilgrim Play, when it gets itself born. Born it is sure to be, and born in Plymouth, a people's play as indigenous, as true to the spirit of the men and deeds it represents, as freshening and vitalizing to sacred memories and great traditions, as purifying to patriotism and stimulating to devotion, as the Andreas Hofer play in the Tyrol.

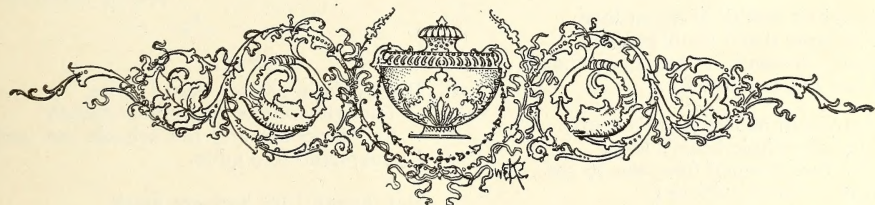
It was as a pledge and herald of this Pilgrim Play of some sure tomorrow that the recent Plymouth festival had such peculiar interest to some who witnessed it. The program brought before us tableaux of a dozen or a score of the well known periods and incidents of Pilgrim life and history. There was a glimpse of the early life at Scrooby and another of the life of the Dutch folk among whom the exiles went; there was the sailing of the *Speedwell* from Delft-haven, as Bradford touchingly describes it and as the painters have painted it; there was the landing on Plymouth Rock, and before it in eloquent contrast a glimpse of the wild Indian life of the forest—a life which we must never forget as always closely surrounding and crowding upon the devoted little band; there were the Pilgrims gathering for their Sunday meeting in the log fort on the

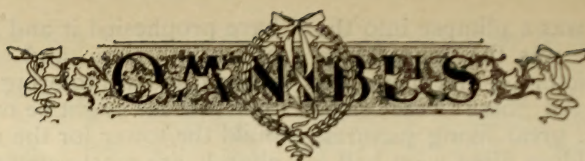
hill, and there was a glimpse into the meeting; there was the John Alden and Priscilla picture,—and there was much more. All these were elaborate tableaux, great living pictures, into whose building often went half a hundred good Plymouth men and women, half of them people whose fathers or mothers came over in the Mayflower and whose names were Alden or Brewster or something else. Indeed there was one Alden episode, with its scene laid in Duxbury, in which there were a dozen or a score of actors, and every one, so we were told, an Alden, genuine very great grandsons and granddaughters of John and Priscilla. It was most impressive, this series of Pilgrim pictures, elaborated with such painstaking, such careful study of history, and such artistic feeling, by the people of Plymouth—bringing the heroic movement before us with wondrous vividness and power. A happy time the actors seemed to have; and Plymouth altogether—whose young people had for weeks been turned into critical and zealous antiquarians—seemed happy in her resurrection of the fathers and mothers; and all the country round about was eager, sending its people to the Pilgrim pictures by hundreds and thousands, so that on all the afternoons and evenings the great armory was thronged and there were not places enough for those who wanted to go.

Best of all—to the minds of those who believe in the Pilgrim Play and

have prophesied it and yet do prophesy—the men and women who worked so hard to bring all this about, that so there might be money made to build the tower for the new memorial church, are most eager to do it again because they have enjoyed it, to do it again and do it better. For the actors are their own best critics; they have learned something from their summer's work, about Scrooby and Leyden and Bradford and Brewster and that seventeenth century's ways; and they know they can do it better the next time. "More historical the next time," we heard the energetic woman say to her neighbor; and the local antiquarian said the same to his friend at luncheon the day after.

More historical the next time—and more a play. Speech will be added by and by and more and more to pantomime and picture. Bradford will be levied on, and Robinson, and Winslow, and Cushman. Old music will be studied. Longfellow will lend his lens, and Boughton will lend his. The open air may be the theatre. This scholar will contribute his suggestion, and that Duxbury farmer his. A weight of feeling and opinion will gradually force Bradford to this form and fashion, and Brewster to that. There will be honor in the parts and a fine emulation among the players; and the stage tradition will shape itself. So the Plymouth Play will grow. And while it grows another play will grow at Lexington and Concord.





DOWN THE LANE.

DOWN the lane, oh! down the lane, in the
days of long ago,
How the lilacs, white and purple, and the
hawthorn used to blow;
And the dandelions, hiding in the matted
velvet grass,
Seemed like little pools of sunshine, fit to
splash in as you pass!

Oh, the summer morns and evenings, when
the lazy lowing cows
Let you dream your boyish daydreams,
while they idly stopped to browse!
What a low, mysterious music in the elm
trees overhead—
Till the oriole translated, and you knew just
what they said!

Underneath the arch of verdure you could
see the distant hills,
And the lake that lapped their bases, and
the smoking iron-mills;
And your dream perhaps changed swiftly
from the bird-song and the sky
To the money-making city and the boy of
by and by.

But I know, the whole world over, whereso-
e'er a heart beats true,
That the man you dreamed of being always
dreams of being you.
Oh! how glad he'd be to empty all his gold-
bags in the lane,
If they'd bring the dandelions and the boy-
heart back again!

James Buckham.

OUTBID.

WHEN Cupid held an auction sale,
I hastened to his mart,
For I had heard that he would sell
The blue-eyed Dora's heart.

I brought a wealth of truest love,
The most that I could proffer,
Because, forsooth, of stocks or bonds
I had not one to offer.

When Cupid offered Dora's heart,
I bid my whole heart's love,
A love that reached from sea to sea
And to the sky above;

And when Sir Cupid called for more,
I bid my hands and life,
That should be hers for servitude
If she became my wife.

Then "Going! going!" Cupid cried;
The silence was intense
Until old Goldbags said, "I bid
My stocks and four per cents!"

Then Cupid cried, "Fair Dora's heart,
That ne'er was sold before!
Does anybody raise the bid?
Will any offer more?"

"If not—," but Count Decrepit rose,
Infirm, decayed and slim;
"I bid my title!" and her heart
Was there knocked down to him.

Well! titles may be more than love!
I shall not rant nor rail;
For after all I much prefer
Some heart that's not for sale!

Ellis Parker Butler.

LILITH.

'Tis said that Adam had a fair, first flame,
Ere he espoused the pure and gentle
Eve;—

A damsel such as Swinburne might con-
ceive,
Or she who to the young Anchises came:
Gold-haired, round-limbed—Lilith they call
her name—

Well-skilled in arts of love, and to deceive:
But her charms faded and she took her
leave,

Upon the advent of his gracious dame.
This is the Talmud's tale, by which we
know,

All wild, rash loves are fleeting fugitives;
Unholy fires and baleful lights that glow
Across the path of every man that lives,
Until with bitter heart he turns,—and lo!
There stands the matchless maiden whom
God gives.

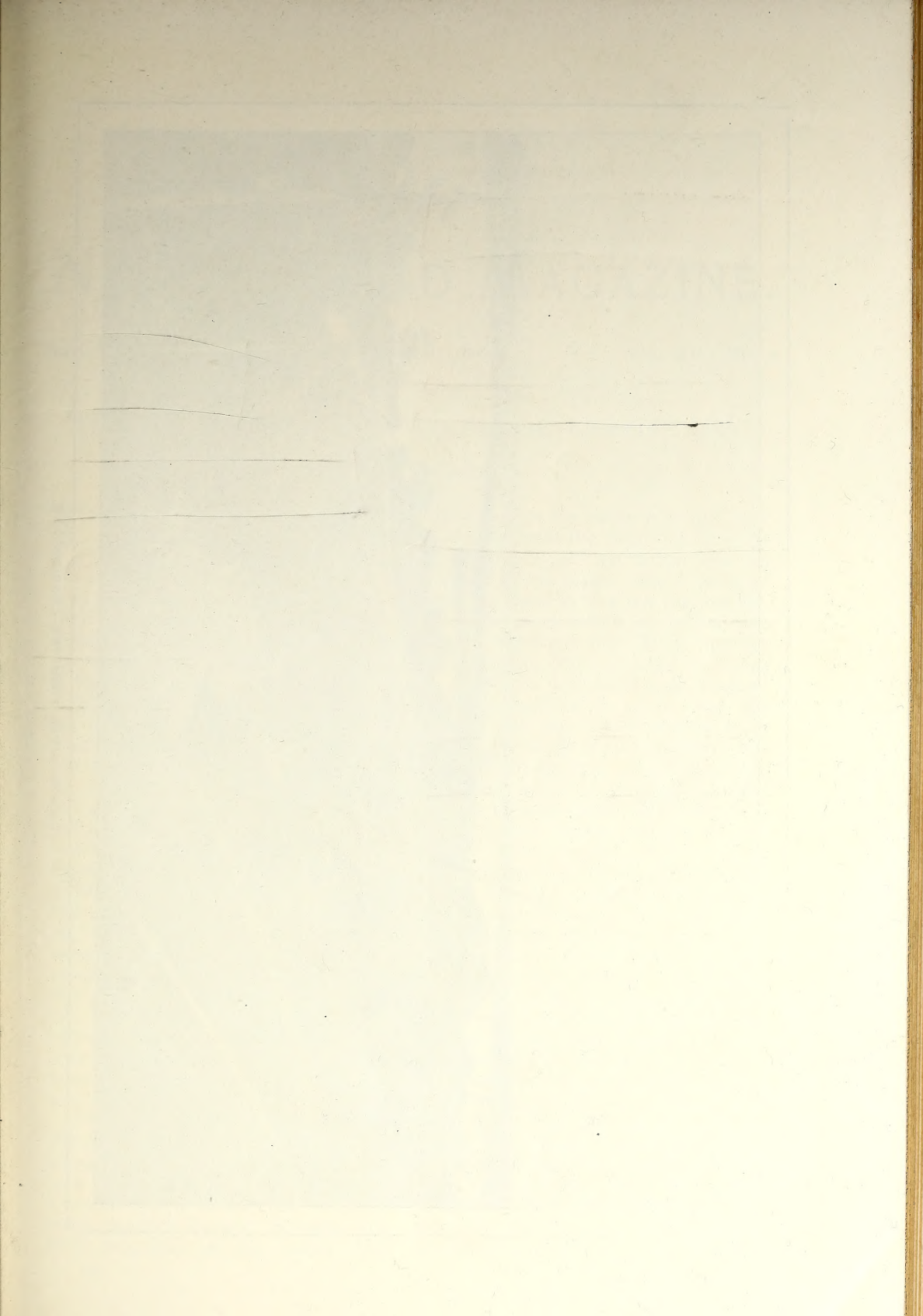
Harry Romaine.

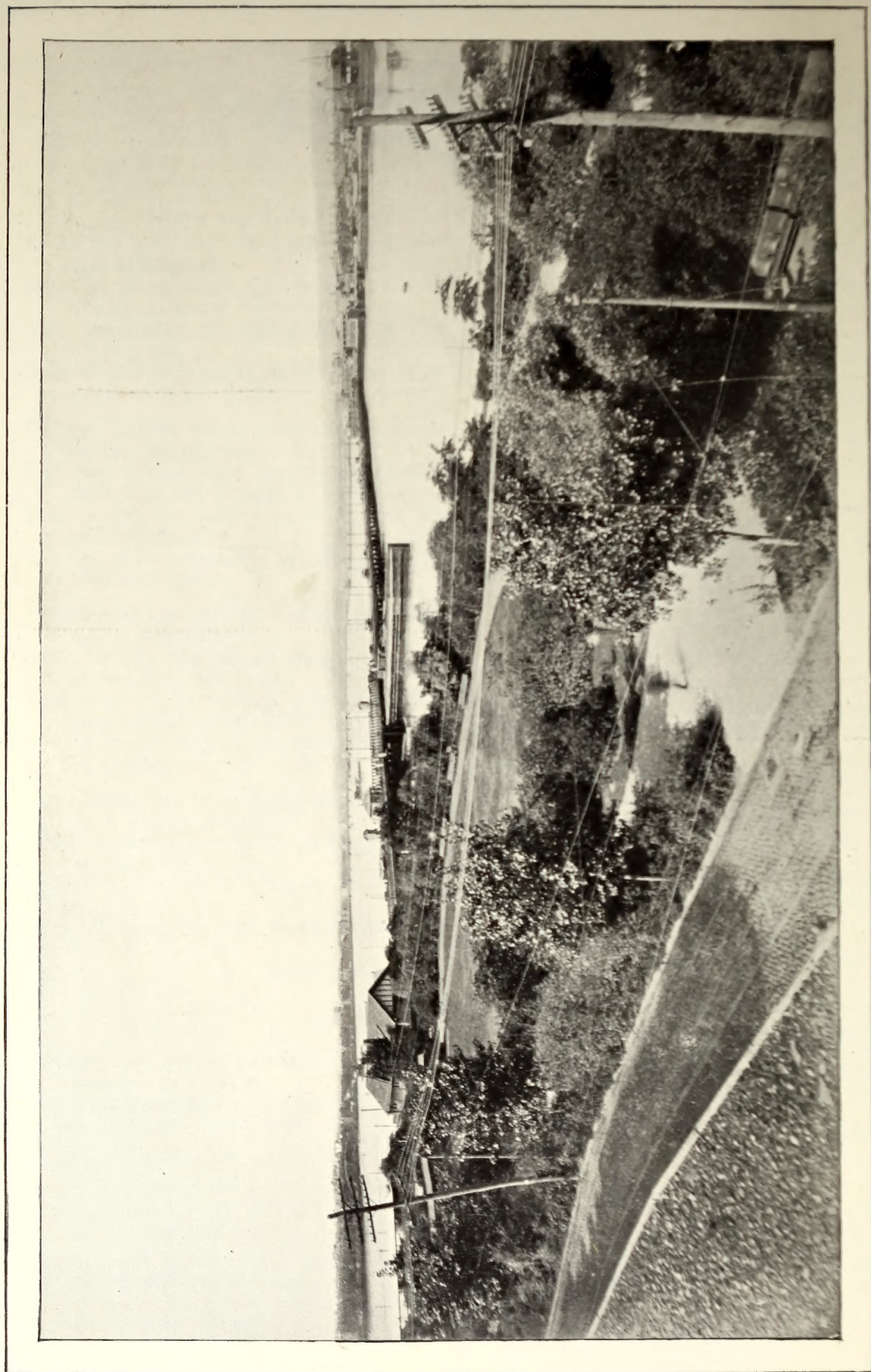
SYMPATHY.

WHEN Colin praises what I write,
Though Colin is but rude of speech
And lacks the arts the schools can teach,
I understand him quite.

But though I try however much
To comprehend dull Colin's blame,
The fellow's not at all the same;—
He might as well talk Dutch.

George Herbert Stockbridge.





CHARLES RIVER FROM THE CHARLESBANK.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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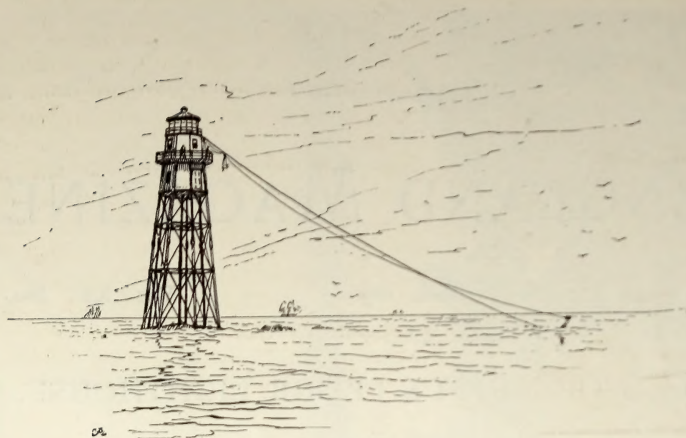
THE BUILDING OF MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

By Charles A. Lawrence.

THE erection of the lighthouse upon the formidable reef of Minot's Ledge stands as one of the most stupendous tasks of its kind. It is the finest example of a true sea-rock lighthouse in existence, its only imitation being the tower upon Spectacle Reef, Lake Huron, which is very like it in appearance and for which it served as a model. Probably few of those who scan the noble pillar from the decks of passing steamers ever give a thought to the method of its construction, still less to the disheartening obstacles presented to its builder. Similar in location and outward appearance are several famous lighthouses in British waters, as the great Eddystone, the Wolf Rock, the Skerryvore and the Bell Rock. But the foundation rock in each of these cases is above low water level for a considerable space of time, and in at least one instance is above mean high tide level, while at Minot's reef the bed rock upon which the circle of the base of the tower was struck is for most of the year below the level of low tide.

The Cohasset Rocks, of which the Minots are a part, are a series of submerged reefs lining the Massachusetts coast from a point just above Cohasset town down the coast to some distance beyond Scituate, the next neighbor on the south. Not

above four or five miles in length, they creep out from the shore for an average distance of two miles; and no captain in his senses would think of crossing them by any but the one tortuous channel which leads between White Head and the Glades into the snug cove of old Cohasset. A cruise among them in a small boat is sometimes calculated to give one the shivers, for they lie anywhere from twelve inches to a fathom below the surface and seem to rise of a sudden with the intent of grazing the keel of the unwary boat. It is doubtful whether the oldest skipper of the South Shore would care to tack across them in moderately rough sailing, save in the smallest and snugest craft known to "the cove," and then it would be with deep misgivings. An old mariner of North Scituate, called one of the best "natural" navigators sailing out of the harbor, who has followed the sea for the best part of his ninety years and over, recently grounded his passenger sloop on one of these hidden spines in the middle of a sunny August day, and no one thought of discounting his seaman-ship. In a stormy sea this hideous gridiron seethes and sizzles, a boiling sheet of foam, from its seaward limit to the wild fury of surf that lashes the beaches into furrows. Well might Boston-bound mariners hold the place



THE FIRST TOWER ON MINOT'S LEDGE.*

in abhorrence, and the cunning of the skilled engineer be early called upon to lessen its terrors for those who do business in the great waters.

The story of the first tower, its short period of usefulness and its tragic end, is a household tale throughout New England; yet comparatively little that has been written about it has dealt at all with the details of its construction. As a result there has sprung up the error and injustice of the belief that it was a structure culpably inadequate to the purpose for which it was designed. As a matter of fact, engineers of eminence believe that it might be standing to-day but for the lack of foresight displayed by the keeper.

Capt. W. H. Swift of the United States Engineering Corps, strongly impressed by the successful application of Mitchell's mooring screws to the forcing of iron posts into sand as a framework for iron skeleton lighthouses, built the first lighthouse in the United States upon this plan, a beacon at the entrance of Black Rock Harbor, Connecticut. Following this successful overture he designed and erected the first tower upon Minot's Ledge. In his official report of November, 1848, he sets forth the

difficulties of the undertaking and describes the various steps of the interesting task. Doubtless the eyes of the eastern seaboard were upon him, but he seems nothing daunted by this or any other incident of his heroic undertaking.

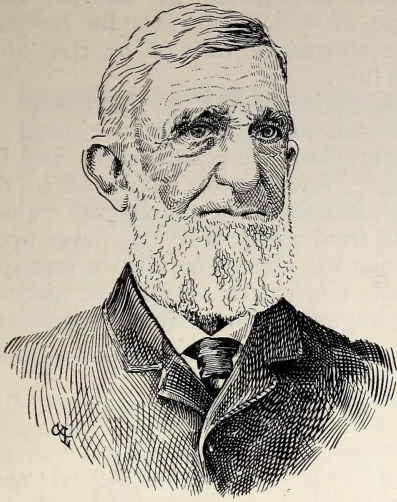
The Minots are bare only at three-quarters ebb-tide,—their

highest point was $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet above extreme low water,—and upon the outer Minot, the one upon which both towers have been built, there is seldom a space exceeding twenty-five feet in diameter exposed at one time, and never a space above thirty. The rock was found to be granite with vertical seams of trap rising through it. Accurate observations made from Boston Lighthouse from June 7 to October 27, 1847, gave results concerning the tides as follows:

Rise of Highest Tide . . .	14 feet 7 inches.
Mean Rise and Fall of Tides .	9 " 4 "
" " " " Spring Tides	10 " 8 "
" " " " Neap Tides	8 " 3 "

Eight holes were driven into the rock, to the depth of five feet, at the points of a regular octagon, with a ninth in the centre; and in these were fixed the nine iron piles that were to form the skeleton of the tower, the central one being eight inches in diameter at the base and six at the top. The outer ones were but four and one-half inches at the top, but all were of the same diameter below the surface of the rock, a uniform size of ten inches. As the rock was uneven, while the piles must all rise to a uniform height, their length varied from $35\frac{1}{4}$ to $38\frac{3}{4}$ feet. Sockets or couplings of gun metal were keyed to the tops, and from these sprang smaller piles

*This and other pen and ink drawings are from photographs by J. W. Black.



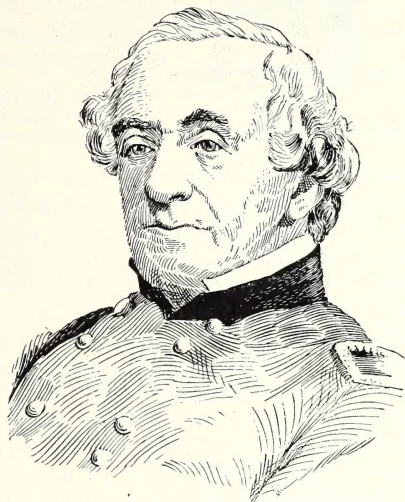
ZACCHEUS RICH.
One of the Model Builders.

extending clear to the lantern. From the rock at the base, and indeed from the very bottom of the holes, the piles slanted inward towards a common centre, so that at 60 feet above the base of the middle pile they came within the periphery of a circle 14 feet in diameter; and here a castiron cap was bolted and keyed. The outer piles were tied to the central one and to each other by braces like eight spokes of a wheel, and later on were braced by cross rods, two between each pile, like a huge letter X. The first series of horizontal ties were placed 19 feet above the rock, the second $19\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the first, and the third $8\frac{1}{4}$ feet below the cap. They were of $3\frac{1}{2}$, 3, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inch iron, respectively. The keepers' house and the lantern were fairly above the reach of the average storm seas; but this was not the case with a lower platform which the overconfident keeper had built upon the second series of rods and tie braces, nor with that fatal $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch hawser which he led from the lantern deck out to an anchorage 50 fathoms inshore.

As this structure left the hands of the builders it was thought to be adequate to its mission of warning and fit

to survive as severe storms as that which early wrought its ruin, with no more than the usual damage done by a great storm to even the strongest of buildings; and there are engineers who still maintain that a similar structure upon a larger scale, if built upon these rocks, would defy the storms of years. The real defect of the first tower was insufficient magnitude. It was built at a time when appropriations from Congress were all too small for such gigantic undertakings. Captain Swift says of the structure: "The outer piles being inclined toward the centre and the piles and braces being inflexible, it is clear that so long as the braces remain in place the piles cannot be withdrawn from the rock, for the whole structure acts as an immense lewis; either the braces must be ruptured or the rock itself must yield before a pile can be displaced."

Well might he feel confident of a structure of whose minutest detail he was the parent and projector. The bare drilling of the holes in the bed rock occupied the best of two seasons, and three years were occupied in preparing the rock for the masonry. The tower was begun in 1847 and



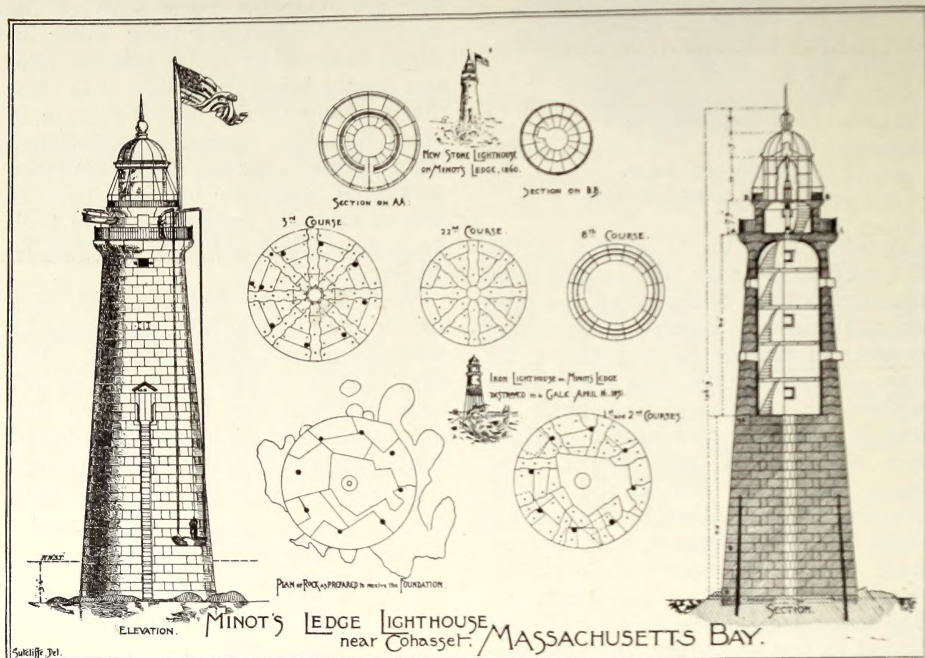
GENERAL JOSEPH G. TOTTEN.
Late Chief Engineer of the United States.

finished in November, 1848. In 1849 was begun the process of still further strengthening the tower against vibration by the multiplication of braces and rods,—a work, alas, which was never finished. The end came, in storm and fury and darkness; and the seas in a gale still whoop an echo of their wild laugh of triumph from that awful daybreak of April 17, 1851.

Congress recognized the necessity of immediately rebuilding, and the

model constructed, the monster anti-type of which has proudly buffeted the storms of over a quarter of a century.

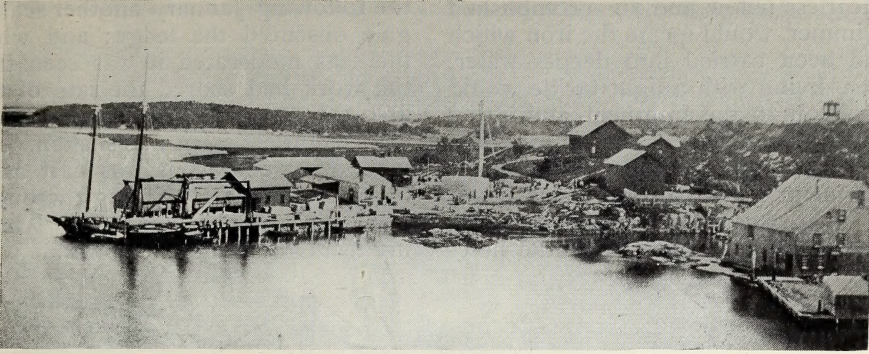
Captain Barton S. Alexander of the engineer corps was chosen to superintend the construction, and for the various trades employed in the task old Cohasset gave of her trained and tried sons. The very table upon which the plans were drawn was specially constructed, a massive piece of mahogany with a top leveled and



appropriation made at this time seems to have been sufficient—a lesson in economy learned at bitter cost. The work was intrusted to the Topographical Bureau, who upon advertising received sixteen proposals, but before further progress was made, the new Lighthouse Board was created and the work was referred to the late chief engineer of the United States, General J. G. Totten, who brought to it a mind and heart equal to the apparently disheartening obstacles. He determined to build it of stone. From his design plans were drawn and a

squared to a nicety. The building of the model itself occupied the best of two winters, and the old shop still stands near the head of Cohasset Cove where Richard Bourne and Zaccheus Rich toiled upon this important toy. The scale employed was one inch to the foot, and the model, which was to be seen in the United States Government Building at the Chicago exposition, is stone for stone a counterpart of the granite tower out in the Atlantic.

A lightship had in the meantime done duty as a beacon, and anecdotes



THE BUILDING OF THE LIGHTHOUSE ON GOVERNMENT ISLAND.

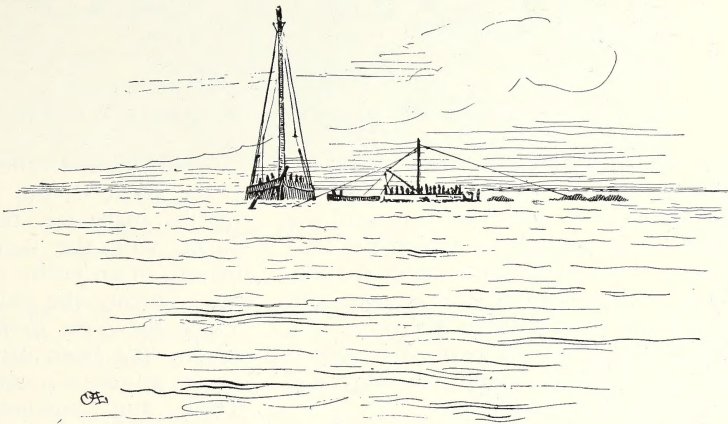
are told of the superb Newfoundland dog who lived aboard and acted as carrier for the news bundles thrown out from passing vessels. Crowds would gather at steamer rails to witness his fearless plunge into the sea, where he would dart here and there until he had his mouth so full of news that barking was no longer possible, when he would swim for his floating home.

The actual labor of building the present tower upon the ledge might be likened to holding at bay a wild beast robbed of its prey. The action of sea waves upon and about hidden or partly sunken ledges will at times defy the judgment and skill of the oldest sea dog afloat. Ever varying, always erratic, a swell pouring over a reef seems animated by a distinctly malignant power; and woe to the dory caught disabled in its grasp! From Cape Ann to Boston, from the Graves to Cape Cod, at Thatcher's, Straitsmouth, Egg Rock or Minot's, the records of the sea rock

lighthouses are dotted with overturns of small craft of all classes in the simple attempt at landing.

In the face of this malevolent spirit of unrest, the Cohasset men sailed forth under Captain Alexander to conquest and achievement. The first step was to remove the stumps of piling which still adhered to the rock. "Three things," said Captain Alexander, "were necessary, a perfectly smooth sea, a dead calm, and low spring tides. This could only occur six times during any one lunation, three at full moon and three at the change."

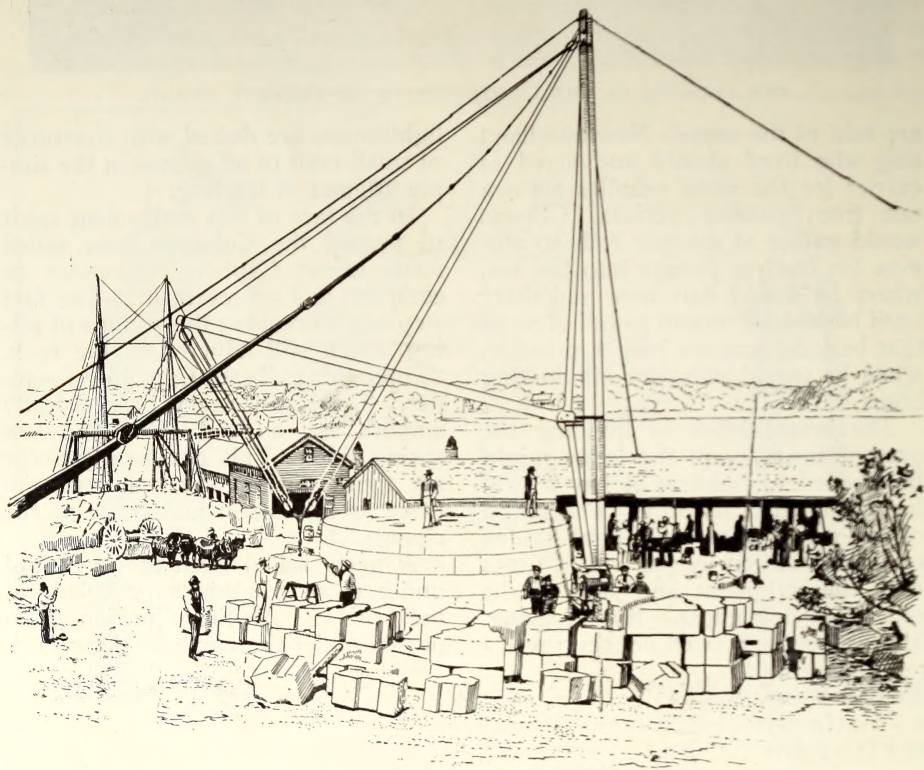
A party sailed from the cove and under these conditions grappled for the ruins. A Scandinavian who passed under the name of Peter Fox,



MINOT'S LEDGE, JULY 11, 1858, WHEN THE LOWEST STONE WAS LAID.

a fearless fellow and an accomplished swimmer, would locate the iron which had been carried into deeper water, then diving with a light tackle would hook on to the fragment and strike out for the surface. In this way, and by wrenching from the rock-bed those fragments which still remained fixed, the ledge was cleared; and a new iron framework was inserted in the holes

the following January another fearful gale obscured the ledge; and when the seas moderated it was seen that the work had shared the fate of the first tower. Even Captain Alexander's dauntless spirit was shaken. The labor of two seasons was cast aside like a toy house. "If tough wrought iron won't stand it," said he, "I have my fears about a stone tower."

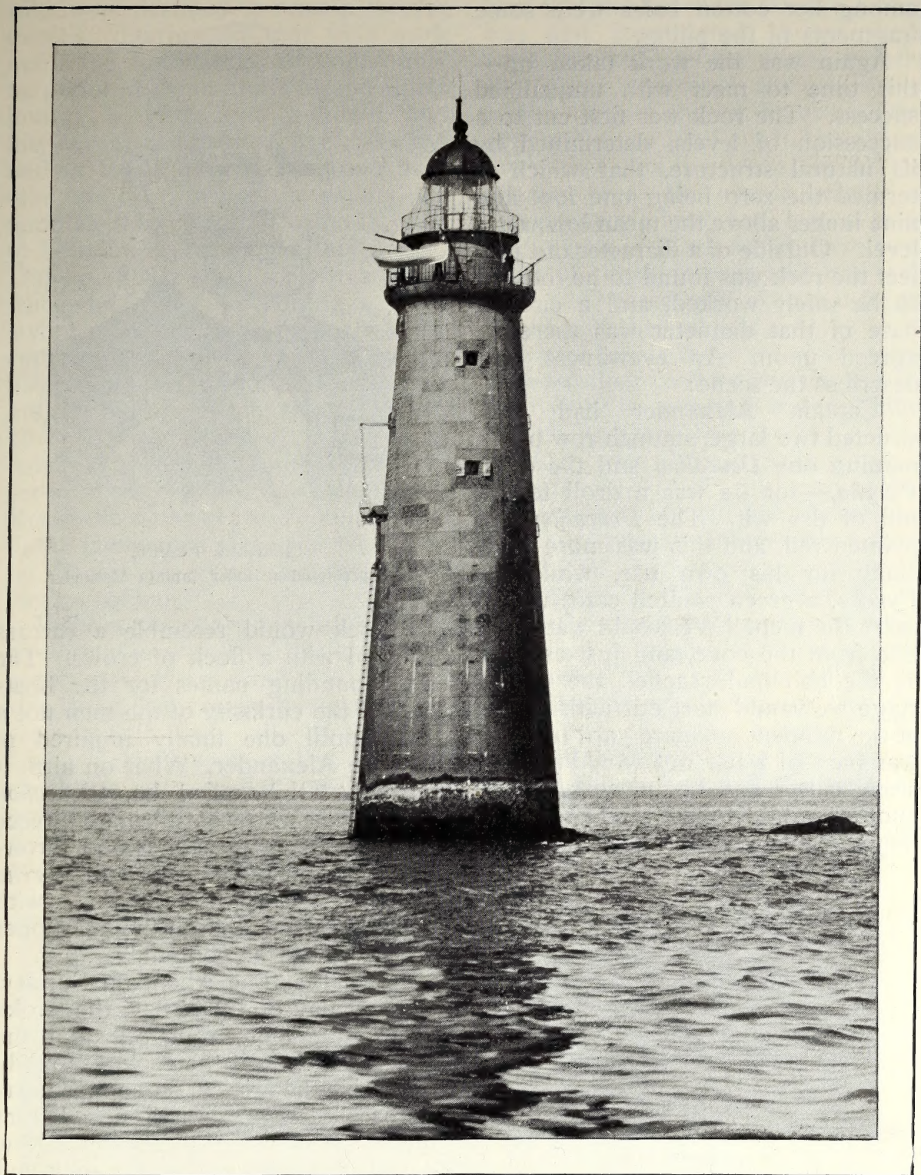


FITTING THE MASONRY ON GOVERNMENT ISLAND.

left by the wrecked tower, pile for pile, all save the central shaft, the cavity for which formed the centre of the base circle, and above which the well for fresh water was afterwards shaped. This skeleton frame was of wrought iron, and was painted a bright red. The "spider" which capped it served as a landing stage during the subsequent proceedings.

The working season was from April 1 to September 15. During

A boat load of sober men rowed out to the scene of the wreck and thoroughly inspected the work of the storm, with the happy result, as it proved, of an entire revulsion of feeling. During the gale, a bark-rigged vessel, the *New Empire*, loaded with cotton, had been driven ashore, and lay in an easy position near White Head, the northern buttress of Cohasset Cove. At the suggestion of Captain John Cook, a famous Co-



MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHTHOUSE.

From a photograph by Milton H. Reamy, the keeper of the light.

hasset rigger, the party visited the disabled craft and inquired whether during the storm any unusual shock had been felt. No one had noticed any, but as the visitors turned to go home, a sailor came to the side and claimed the contrary,—and at the

same moment a pair of sharp eyes discovered several faint traces of red upon the dark side of the hull. The evidence was weak, but undeniable; and when the *Empire* was dry-docked at Boston her hull was found pierced in several places, and embedded

among her cotton bales were some fragments of the piling.

Again was the work taken up—this time to meet with unqualified success. The rock was first cut to a succession of levels, determined by its natural structure, that which is termed the zero being one foot and nine inches above the mean low water level. Outside of a diameter of thirty feet the rock was found to be too soft to be safely worked, and a circular base of that diameter was therefore agreed upon. An eyewitness thus describes the scene:

"Captain Alexander had constructed two large, staunch row boats, naming one *Deucalion* and the other *Pyrrha*,—for he was a droll fellow, full of dry wit. The *Deucalion* was painted red, and this was more especially for his own use, while the *Pyrrha*, a green painted craft, was to carry the men. We would watch the tide from the cove, and just as soon as the ebb had reached the proper stage we would start out with it, and at the moment a square yard of ledge was bare of water out would jump a stone cutter and begin work. Soon another would follow, and as fast as they had elbow room others still, until

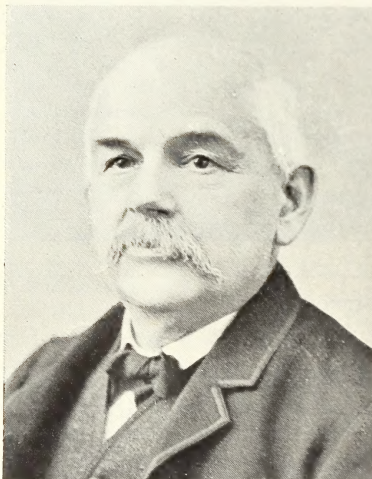


CHARLES PRATT.

Superintendent under Captain Alexander.

the rock would resemble a carcass covered with a flock of crows. The high-sounding names for the boats piqued the curiosity of the men not a little, until one finally inquired of Captain Alexander, 'What on airth it meant.' 'Oh,' replied he, '*Deucalion* was a giant who went through Greece of old, picking up stones and throwing them out of the way, and *Pyrrha* was his wife who ate them,'—with which mixed definition the questioner was forced to be content."

From the time when, on Sunday, the first day of July, 1855, the stroke of a hammer first rang out upon the summer air, until the rock was ready to receive the first cut stone, was nearly three years—years wrenched from the sullen power of old ocean. New dowels were inserted in the rock and successfully carried to a height of nearly twenty-five feet, or to where the twelfth course of masonry was afterwards laid. And now began the real work,—the laying of the courses; and this, executed in a comparatively short period of time, proved, as has many another noble superstructure, the value of the long, tedious preparation, a task whose re-



RICHARD BOURNE.

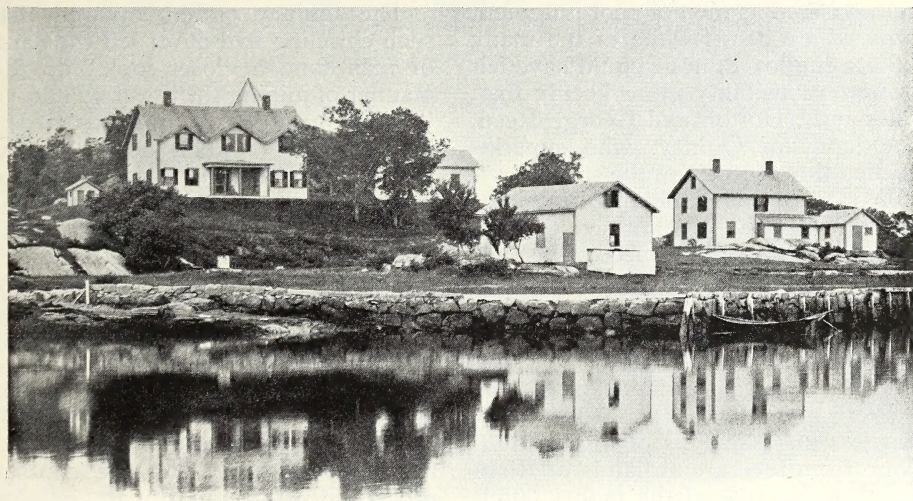
One of the Surviving Builders.

sults were destined to remain forever unseen. During the year 1855 work upon the foundation pit could only be performed one hundred and thirty hours; in 1856, one hundred and fifty-seven; and in 1857, in excavating and in laying four stones, one hundred and thirty hours and twenty-one minutes, the remainder of these years to be relinquished to the savage sea! During 1858 a small gain was made, when the last of the cutting and the laying of six courses of stone was accomplished in two hundred and eight hours. It was important that none but the best of granite should be employed, and samples from many localities were submitted to the severest tests. Of stone taken from Rockport, Cohasset and Quincy, that of the last-named place was proven to be "finest of grain, toughest, and clearest of sap."

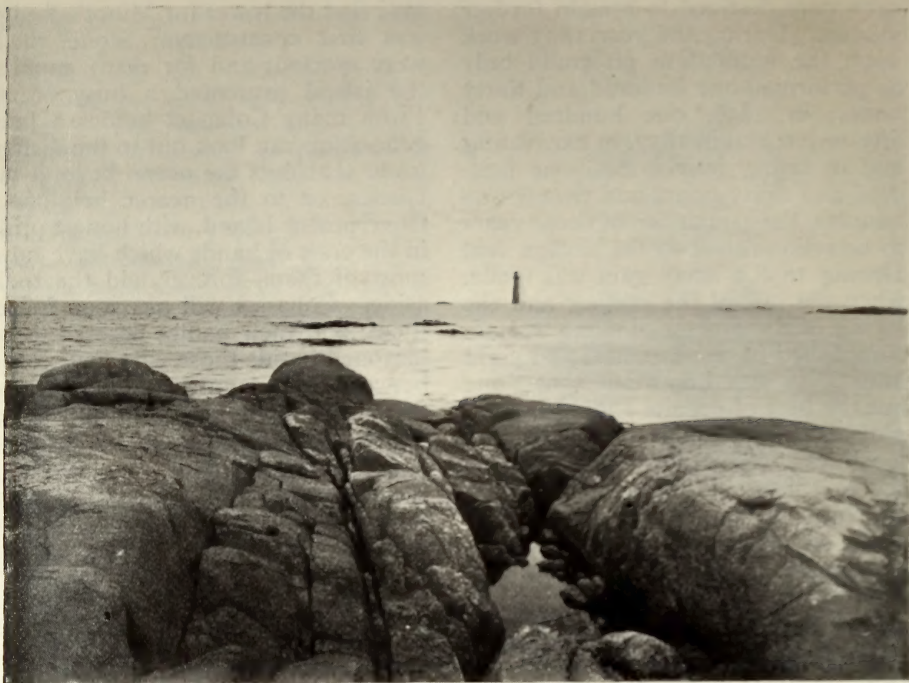
Visitors to Cohasset invariably wish to visit Government Island, which seems scarcely an island at all, so narrow is the deep, rocky tide-way which separates it from the main land. Upon a level spot at the northern shore are two circular pavements of granite, as level as a ball room floor, grass-grown and soil-covered at the edges, but exquisitely laid. It was

here that the tower for Minot's Ledge was first constructed. Stone sheds were erected; and for many months the island presented a busy scene. From many Cohasset homes a later generation can look out to the distant tower that dots the ocean beyond the Glades, or to the nearer heights of Government Island, with honest pride in the craft of hands which have now, most of them, forever laid the tools aside. Cohasset will not soon forget them; and their names deserve to be blazoned beside those who have stood between their country and her foe, for their work is enduring and multiplies in blessing as the years go by.

There was Captain John Cook, a famous rigger of the days when seventy sail went out of Cohasset and Scituate, whose ability with a rope and block was something marvelous. He died only this last summer. He made the model for the derrick which was used in raising the stones in the lighthouse. A prize was offered for the most practical plan for this derrick, and his was accepted. The massive granite blocks were teamed to the cutters by Clark Cutting, unassisted save by his sturdy oxen. It is said he never had occasion to shift a stone twice.



THE LIGHT KEEPERS' HOMES.



MINOT'S FROM THE ROCKS OFF COHASSET.

Captain Nicholas Tower,—a proud old Cohasset name, that of Tower!—one of a family of noted skippers, captained the first vessels used to carry the finished stones out to the ledge. Howland Studley and Elijah Pratt are remembered as men of cool judgment and skilled hand; while of the many others employed, none could have felt their responsibility more keenly than Wesley P. Dutton and George Reed, the latter of Quincy, who superintended the selection of the stone.

Not the smallest detail of preparation escaped the watchful eye of Captain Alexander; and down to the very pulley-blocks of the derricks, with their specially forged straps, everything was constructed with a view to prevent the slightest mishap. These derricks were the pride of the sparmaker's art; and the perfect-running, flawless pulley-blocks of *lignum vitæ* were from the careful hands of Richard Bourne, one of the model builders, who first laid out the circumfer-

ence of the ground-plot at the ledge. Mr. Bourne, now a resident of Clinton, Mass., is still hale and hearty, and enjoys with a keen relish the recollection of this splendid undertaking of his native town.

The Quincy cutters avowed that such chiseling had never left the hand of man; and a closer look into the manner of joining the tower will prove that the need was of the first order. The first few courses bear no semblance to regular masonry. The lines of junction formed by the juxtaposition of the various rock-levels trace out the most erratic curvings, and suggest a snarl of wire loosely confined within a circle. As the courses grew, however, clearing first one and then another of the points of rock, they began to take shape and to admit of a radial arrangement, until, reaching the third, the last of the bed rock was covered, and the courses proceeded with regularity and greater speed. When it is considered that

each stone must be cut to fit its neighbors above, below and at either side, and exactly conform to the next inner row upon the same level; that eight iron piles, tapering as they ascended, must be allowed for in certain of the stones; and that those of the innermost row, the ends of the eight great "headers," must be finished each as a fragment of the bore of the well that drills its way from the first floor nearly to the bed rock, it will be seen that nothing short of perfect cutting and flawless joining could be tolerated. Each stone was secured to the course under it by two or more bolts or dowels of three-inch gun-metal, that material having been selected from a variety of metals which had received an under-water test of more than a year. The hole in the undermost stone was drilled flaring at the bottom, and the bolt, its end split into two tiny clefts, was spread and clinched when driven home. Strap-iron inserted between the courses kept the stones apart sufficiently for the flowing in of Portland cement, which becomes almost literally a part of the solid stone. Each stone is dovetailed to those upon either side. This process holds good up to the twenty-third course, which, forty-four feet above the rock, serves as the first course of the "shell" or hollow portion containing the keepers' rooms. Here each course is "joggled" by a middle annulus to the course which it rests on. At the top the interior is arched over, and upon the outside the top course flares outward in a severely plain but shapely cornice.



CAPTAIN COOK, THE FAMOUS COHASSET RIGGER.

As the hammers clinked ashore, the busy chisels were slowly reducing the ledge to a condition to receive the fitted stones; but the progress out at sea was of necessity tedious and protracted. "Frequently," says Captain Alexander, "one or the other of the conditions would fail, and there were at times months, even in summer, when we could not land there at all." But once well above the hungry water, the difficulties of the task were lessened, and the last 26 courses were laid in 377 hours during the year 1859.

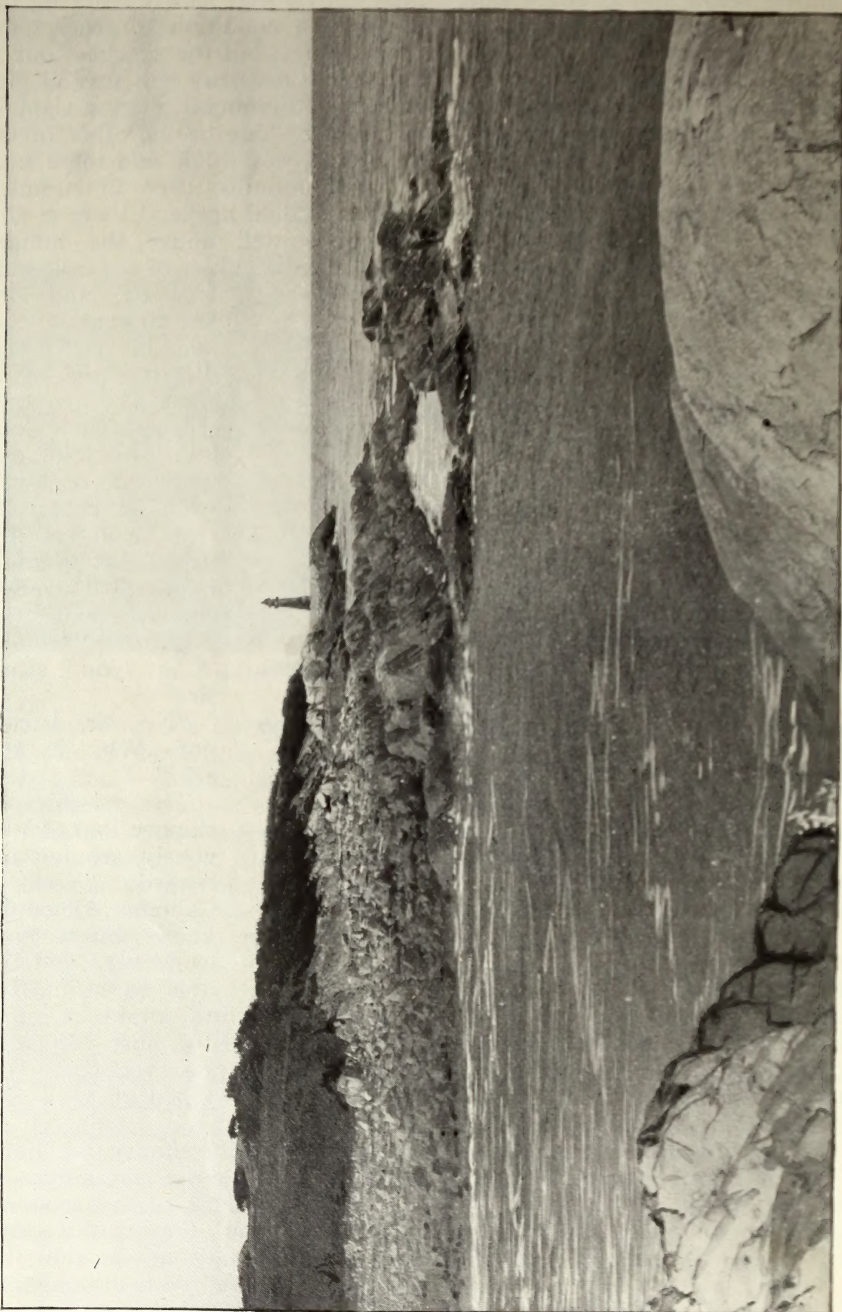
Captain Cook loved his joke, and upon one occasion, while in charge of the men at the ledge, he solemnly inquired of a recent comer, a lank strippling from Vermont, "Can you swim, sir?"

"No, sir, I cannot. Why do you ask?"

The mischievous skipper looked nervously around and replied: "Well, if Captain Alexander knew you were at work here and unable to swim, I—

I should be a little afraid he might discharge ye. Now, just you strap one of these life preservers on to you, and if you get washed off we'll pick you up."

A number of the clumsy old "hour-glass" style of life preservers were lying upon the deck of the schooner which attended the cutters, and throughout part of one day the luckless youth labored with his ungainly incubus strapped, bustle-fashion, to his back. Presently some one announced, "Red boat coming"; and what excuse the master joker ad-



MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT, FROM THE SHORE.

vanced for the removal of the bustle, or how the young man settled with him ashore, is not stated.

The work was photographed in various stages by James Wallace Black, of Boston, then of the firm of Whipple and Black, who till a very recent time was still busy with his cameras, a veteran of his art, at 333 Washington Street. He has just passed on to join the silent majority. He wrote:

"The photographs were made at the instance of Captain Alexander, who, let me say, was an agreeable gentleman of the old school. It was one of the great works of his life, and he was absorbed in it. It was but a short time that the men could work even at the lowest tides, and the difficulty of making the photographs was very great, it being done in the early history of the art, long before the present quick dry process came about, and when we had to take our materials to prepare plates upon the spot, as well as to fix, wash and preserve them from injury when done. This was no easy task in a tossing boat; but we had plenty of help,—though even this did not make it inviting to stand on slippery rocks trying to steady the camera while making the exposures. We had to work lively, as our time was measured by *minutes*, and the uncertainty of the work in those days can only be realized by the older men of the profession. But for the time they were quite good pictures, and as I did all the work I may be pardoned for feeling a pride in them."

Each stone having been approved, and the courses actually laid upon the island, the work at the ledge was simply a repetition, although the conditions out upon the bosom of the heaving Atlantic must have given a rare zest to the undertaking, not to be found ashore. The shaft is purely a frustum of a cone, the useless tree shape at the base being discarded.

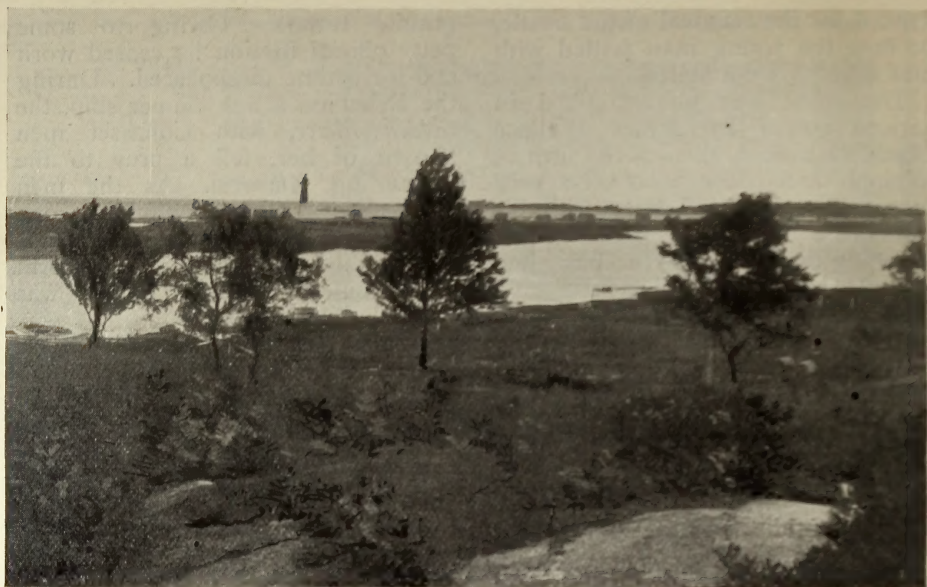
Like a page of fiction runs the anecdote of one Noyes, who was employed upon both the iron and

granite towers. Owing to some petty official friction he ceased work and for a time disappeared. During the Rebellion a fine clipper ship, the *Golden Fleece*, with Cohasset men aboard of her, fell a prey to the marauding *Alabama*. As the men filed aboard their conqueror, one glanced up the side, and there, leaning over the poop rail, in the uniform of a Confederate naval officer, was the renegade Noyes.

The tower was finished September 15, 1860, just in time for the autumnal fury of the Atlantic to accord a full test to its right of existence. The total cost was about \$300,000. Of rough stone there was used 3,514 tons, of hammered stone 2,367 tons, and from this amount were produced 1,079 separate blocks. The first cut stone was laid July 9, 1857, and the lowest block July 11, 1858. The entire time consumed was 1,102 hours, 21 minutes.

The dimensions are not realized from a distant view of the tower. From the lowest stone to the top of the pinnacle is 114 feet, 1 inch. The height of the focal plane above the lowest point is 96 feet, 1 inch, and above mean high water mark, 84 feet, 7 inches. The diameter of the first full course, the third from the bottom, is 30 feet, and that forming the granite floor, or the top of the twenty-second, is 23 feet, 6 inches. Its completion must have seemed to the builders like the finishing touch to a pedestal, for such it was, to the lighter yet no less important work which grew, course by course, above it. The lantern parapet rises four courses above the cornice of the tower proper, and is crowned by the lantern itself, strapped and bolted to the unyielding stone. High guards of iron railing encircle both the cornice and the parapet, and from this dizzy height the curving outlines of the awful reefs can be traced for many a fathom.

What an ocean graveyard is guarded by the gray old tower, its foot streaked slimy and green with the



MINOT'S FROM THE LIGHT KEEPERS' HOMES.

washings of the tides! The stanch pilot boat *Lawlor* has within the past twelvemonth added her bones to the bleaching skeletons of oak which strew the bottom between the Minot's and the dreaded Harding's,—“somewhere within two or three miles,” says her survivor; and about the same “somewhere” from the light, perhaps nearer, the *Allentown* went down in the blizzard of 1888, a fine iron steamer sinking with all on board. It is said that in one spot the ledge runs evenly but a few feet below the surface for several fathoms, parallel with the shore, with its outer wall a sheer drop of nine fathoms!

The keepers and their monotonous life have been thoroughly introduced to a public which has only of late begun to remember the pride with which this noble triumph of peace was at the time received.

The day of the cornerstone oration, with no less a personage than Edward Everett for orator of the day, still lives, a vivid memory in the minds of the people of the South Shore.

The powerful light of the second order has for more than thirty years

sent its aggressive rays out upon the ugly expanse of black ocean which nightly encircles the tower with its vast cold plain. But of late a change has come over the staid old sentinel. Weary with his quarter-century vigil, has he given up the struggle and tossed his superb torch hissing into the restless waters that chafe his foot? There is black darkness upon the ledge, although the stars fleck the very horizon and the shore lights twinkle in radiant perspective from Cohasset to Strawberry Hill, and the unquenchable fire of Boston Light sears a pathway of shriveled silver as its powerful beam wheels slowly around in its faithful circle. But, ah!—from the blackness above the dread Minot's there leaps, bursts, a mighty outpouring of light! It quivers, throbs, and is gone. A space of darkness—and again the unbearable flash,—once, twice, four times,—and again darkness, and a tremendous relay of power. Then—one, two, three—and the number of the Minot's station has been spelled out in splendid telegraphy upon the ebon scroll of night.

THE REDEMPTIONERS.

By Lewis R. Harley, Ph. D.

LABOR in early Pennsylvania was not performed as it is now, by paid wage earners, but for the most part by persons in bondage. These included two classes, slaves and indentured servants or redemptioners. At the beginning of the American Revolution, slavery existed in some form in nearly every one of the colonies. The economic conditions of the North prevented the growth of the slave system; it therefore became unpopular and was abolished. Many of the white inhabitants of Pennsylvania were also in a condition much like that of slavery, except in the length of its duration. Many laborers, artisans and tradesmen belonged to this class of indentured servants or redemptioners. These laborers were recruited from two principal sources,—first, those who fell into the condition on account of poverty and misfortune, and, secondly, those immigrants who paid for their passage from Europe by agreeing to allow themselves to be sold by the shipmaster for a number of years after their arrival in this country.

As in olden times the debtor without means was sold for a certain time to cancel his debt, so the criminal who could not pay his fine was sold for as long a time as was necessary to obtain its amount; and often the paupers from the workhouses were sold to pay their expenses. The Directors of the Poor in Philadelphia were empowered by law to bind out men and women from the poorhouse for a term not exceeding three years, to pay for their expense, and such persons were offered to purchasers through the columns of the newspapers. The custom of selling for a period of service criminals who had been confined and were unable to pay their fines

arose from the poor jail facilities of the country and the reluctance of the early settlers to pay jail expenses. A man in Lancaster County stole £14 7s.; he was whipped with twenty-one lashes, and was then sold to a farmer for a term of six years for £16. The early records of Chester and Montgomery counties are full of instances of freemen being sold into servitude as punishment for offenses. A man was sold for a period of eight years for stealing fourteen deerskins. Another man was sold for three years for his jail fees. Prisoners often begged to be sold as servants rather than continue in jail. A law passed in Pennsylvania in 1705 provided that if no sufficient estate be found, the debtor shall make satisfaction by servitude not exceeding seven years, if a single person and under the age of fifty-three; or five years, if a married man and under forty-six.

The largest number of indentured servants were those called redemptioners, because they redeemed the payment of their passage to America by service to the person to whom they were sold. The usual price paid for redemptioners for three years' service was twenty-one pounds, one shilling and six pence. When his time had expired, a man was entitled to receive two suits of clothes, a grubbing hoe, a weeding hoe and a new axe. Children sold for from eight to ten pounds, and their masters were required to see that they were taught to read and write and had at least one quarter's schooling. Free labor at that time ranged from ten to twenty pounds a year. The discrepancy in the value of the service of the redemptioners arose from the fact that they had to be fed and clothed, and their labor was less efficient than that of free persons.

The colonial papers were filled with advertisements containing rewards for the capture and return of runaway servants. The law empowered the master to chastise the runaway servant, and the unpleasant position held by the redemptioners induced many of them to enter the army. Necessity for soldiers led the government to pass a law releasing all from further bondage who would enlist in the service of their country. Many availed themselves of this privilege and became distinguished for bravery in the colonial wars. The laws affecting indentured servants differed entirely from the rude slave code. The slave code held the negroes in subjection by dread and terror; but as the redemptioners lived in the hope of an early emancipation, the laws had no such terrors over them. It required the presence of a justice of the peace to assign a redemptioner from one master to another, and they were under full protection of the civil code.

The largest element of white bondage, as of negro slavery, came to Pennsylvania from abroad. Emigrant vessels were constantly arriving with redemptioners. Immigration to Pennsylvania during colonial times was of much larger proportions than that to any other colony. Eight vessels filled with immigrants arrived from Ireland in one week, and twenty-five vessels arrived from Germany in three months. Although Pennsylvania was one of the last colonies to be founded, its rapid growth in population was a matter of astonishment. Most of the bound servants from British ports were Irish, although Scotch, Welsh and English were also represented. Vessels with redemptioners also came from Dublin, Belfast and other seaports of Ireland. The vessels from Rotterdam and other Dutch ports generally brought no Hollanders, but Germans from the south of Germany. Many of the Philadelphia papers contained advertisements like the following:

"Just arrived in the ship *Sally* from

Amsterdam, a number of German men, women and children redemptioners. Their times will be disposed of on reasonable terms by the Captain on board, lying near Race Street wharf."

One in the *Pennsylvania Messenger*, April 4, 1776, offers for sale: "A young girl and maid servant, strong and healthy; no fault. She is not qualified for the service now demanded. Five years to serve." The same paper, on January 18, 1777, contains the following notice:

"Germans—we are now offering fifty Germans just arrived—to be seen at the Golden Swan, kept by the widow Kreider. The lot includes schoolmasters, artisans, peasants, boys and girls of various ages, all to serve for payment of passage."

As late as September, 1786, the following advertisement appeared in the *Pittsburg Gazette*: "To be sold. (For ready money only.) A German woman servant. She has near three years to serve, is well qualified for all household work; would recommend her to her own country people, particularly, as her present master has found great inconvenience from his not being acquainted with their manners, customs and language. For further particulars inquire at Mr. Ormsby's in Pittsburg."

The indentured servants were not always mere laborers. The advertised lists included men of almost all trades—millers, butchers, weavers, blacksmiths, brickmakers, carpenters, joiners, hatters, tailors, shoemakers, saddlers, tanners and even barber surgeons. Governor Thomas, in 1741, reported to the English government that it was from this fact that Pennsylvania was enabled to conduct many species of manufactures at a cheap rate; and the mother country feared that it would interfere with English trade. It seems rather strange that schoolmasters should be offered for sale in the market. One would think that they would have been eagerly sought for; on the contrary, they ap-

This Indenture

WITNESSETH, That

John Moser an of his own free will and with the consent of *Johannes Schwerdt* hath bound himself, Servant to *John Beaver* of Chester County Penna. Farmer — for the Consideration of *Fifty Dollars* paid to *Capt Dyl* for the passage from *Constarcom* as also for other good causes *he* the said *John Moser* hath bound and put *him* self by these Presents doth bind and put *him* self Servant to the said *John Beaver* to serve *him* his Executors and Assigns from the day of the date hereof, for and during the full term of *Three years* from thence next ensuing. During all which term the said Servant *his* said *Master* his Executors and Assigns faithfully shall serve, and that honestly and obediently in all things, as a good and faithful Servant ought to do. AND the said *John Beaver* his Executors and Assigns, during the said term shall find and provide for the said Servant sufficient Meat, Drink, Apparel, Washing and Lodging.

And to have Six Weeks Clothing during the term of his servitude and at the Expiration of his term to have Two Complete Suits of Clothes, one thereof to be mended

And for the true performance hereof, both the said parties bind themselves firmly unto each other by these Presents. IN WITNESS whereof they have interchangedly set their Hands and Seals. Dated the *Twenty ninth* day of *August* Annoque Domini one thousand eight hundred and *Seventeen*

Bound before

Andrew Leiman
Register

John Beaver

To all to whom it may Concern that the within named *John Beaver* has Complied according to the within Indentures And to my mind and Satisfaction, and am now willing of my own accord and free will to be set free &c. In witness whereof I set my hand and Seal this 29th of *August* 1817

— *Charles W. Mullin* —

Johannes Moser

pear to have been a drug, as is shown by D. von Bülow in a book published in Berlin, in 1797. He says:

"It is easy to sell the farmers, but there are often men whom it is not so easy to dispose of, namely, officers and scholars. I have seen a Russian captain offered for sale eight days, and not a bid made. He had absolutely no market value. The captain of the ship then had him walked about the town to show, but in vain. After waiting several weeks, he was finally sold at a ridiculously low price as a village schoolmaster."

Pastor Kunz of Philadelphia mentions the fact, in 1773, that he was beginning to economize in order to get together twenty pounds, as he wanted to buy a German student for a teacher.

There were several reasons why Germany and Ireland should be the two chief sources from which these servants were drawn. In Ireland the economic and religious conditions in the eighteenth century were the saddest in all the history of that country. In Germany a long series of religious wars had left the population in a distressed condition. Even to this day the effects of the Thirty Years' War upon Germany are not effaced. Carlyle writes: "The whole land had been tortured, torn to pieces, wrecked and brayed as in a mortar." These conditions were the cause of a great amount of emigration; but the stream was increased by the policy of our government to obtain colonists. William Penn was widely known in Holland and Germany. His mother was of Dutch ancestry, and Penn had visited these countries on missionary tours. A great many of his tracts were printed in the Dutch and German languages and scattered through Holland and Germany. A knowledge of Penn's colony was soon spread through Germany and produced a great impression. The English government also invited sufferers from the Palatinate to take up lands in America.

In 1738, General Waldo wanted settlers for his grant in Maine, and he visited Germany and spread circulars through the country filled with glowing descriptions of the new country. He appointed an agent named Speyer in the Palatinate, who flooded the region with information concerning America. Massachusetts also made attempts to induce German Protestants to settle in Maine as a means of defense against the Canadians in time of war. A central office was established at Frankfort, and the usual system of issuing pamphlets was followed. John Dick of Rotterdam also had an agency to induce settlers to take up lands in Nova Scotia. A jealousy sprang up between Maine and Nova Scotia; and the tide of German immigration was thus diverted south to Pennsylvania.

The steady stream of immigration led sea captains to abuse their privileges, and for the love of gain they inflicted some of the severest cruelties upon their passengers. It was soon found that the business of carrying passengers was more profitable than the freight traffic, and the inmates of the vessels were lodged together like herring. The ships were so crowded that many were kept on deck; and as they often sailed southward into a hotter climate, thousands became sick and died. It is recorded that in one year alone no less than two thousand were buried in the seas and at Philadelphia. The most barbarous of these sea captains was John Steadman, who had bought a license from the magistrates of Rotterdam providing that no captain or merchant could load any passengers so long as he had not two thousand loaded on his vessels. By the terms of this license, Steadman enjoyed a monopoly of the traffic for a number of years. The immigrants suffered untold hardships, not only on the seas, but by the grievances and burdens which the avaricious Steadman heaped upon them after they landed at our ports. Many had paid their passage before leaving

Rotterdam; but Steadman would not credit it, and a sum of money was again exacted from them on reaching this country. The thousands who died on the way made it all the more profitable for Steadman, for they had been bound together by a contract that the living should pay for the passage of the dead. The baggage of the redemptioners was all left behind to be brought over in freight vessels; but when their effects reached here, it was a frequent occurrence to find chests and trunks broken open and the contents stolen.

The greatest influence on the stream of redemptioners was the system of agents, importers and brokers, who made their living out of the trade in bound servants. These agencies existed both in Philadelphia and in European cities. Other dealers called "Newlanders" or "soul drivers" went to Germany and Ireland and pictured America as a land flowing with milk and honey, thus inducing many to emigrate. The redemptioners were sold in Philadelphia, and often were peddled through the surrounding country. In Rotterdam some of the wealthiest citizens were engaged in this Pennsylvania trade; and so lucrative was the traffic that multitudes of vessels were engaged in it. A great rivalry in this trade grew up between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, and runners were engaged to watch the arrival of emigrants. The runners received a fee for each redemptioner whom they secured. The rivalry became so great that they watched all the routes to the sea coast, and dealers carried on a house-to-house solicitation through Germany. Great evils resulted from this, as many people were overpersuaded to leave their homes.

Dr. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, pastor of the Trappe Lutheran church, wrote that during the autumn of 1749 twenty-five ships brought 7,049 redemptioners to Philadelphia, besides

several thousand who perished on the way from want of air and nourishment. The following numbers indicate a partial list of redemptioners landed at Philadelphia during the autumn of 1749:

August 24 . . .	240
August 30 . . .	500
September 2 . . .	340
September 9 . . .	400
September 11 . . .	299
September 14 . . .	333
September 15 . . .	930
September 19 . . .	372
September 25 . . .	240
September 26 . . .	840
September 27 . . .	206
September 28 . . .	242
October 2 . . .	249
October 7 . . .	450
October 10 . . .	250
October 17 . . .	480

Total	6,371
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The extreme sufferings of the redemptioners led Christopher Sauer, the Germantown printer, to address a letter to the governor of Pennsylvania, March 15, 1755, describing their pitiable condition, as well as the cruelties of Steadman. Sauer felt responsible in a certain degree for the sufferings of the redemptioners, as it was through his influence that many of them came to America. He petitioned the legislature, and a law was passed for their relief; but it was never executed. Sauer also wrote a letter to the magistrates of Rotterdam, and the monopoly was taken from Steadman. The people of Philadelphia and Germantown sent numerous petitions to the legislature, but all in vain; and the redemptioners obtained no relief until 1764, when the German Society of Philadelphia was organized to alleviate their sufferings. The redemption system was demoralizing to Germany and America alike, and the best men of both countries vigorously opposed it. After intense opposition for many years, the stream of redemptioners into Pennsylvania ceased in 1831.

LETTERS OF A LOYALIST FAMILY.

Edited by Edmund J. Carpenter.

THE intensity of the American spirit is appreciated only by those who have witnessed for themselves some great popular uprising. The enthusiasm with which response was made to President Lincoln's call to arms is the most vigorous example of this spirit which the present century has witnessed. It can only be compared to the revolutionary uprising of the last century; and the intensity of that popular demonstration is adequately appreciated only by the student of history. The deep bitterness with which the loyalist or "Tory" element in the colonies was regarded is little understood to-day.

The patriotic uprising of 1774 was by no means universal among Americans. This has already been well shown in this magazine.* Loyalty to the crown caused many thousands of American citizens to flee from their home and country. The loyalist refugees, so far as popular knowledge of their subsequent life is concerned, were a lost people, after the vessels which bore them to Nova Scotia sank out of sight beyond the horizon. They went forth, driven from their homes by their own kindred, to form new ties in an almost unbroken wilderness. Their offense was an intense loyalty to a government and to a king, to whom they imagined that they owed allegiance despite his many oppressive acts. Stripped of their possessions, they went forth in poverty, and built up new homes for themselves in a new country. Among them were some historic family names, names which we find carved upon the great Faith monument at Plymouth. One

is not a little startled, in reading a time-stained "List of the refugees from the County of Plimouth," to find such names as Carver, Winslow, White and Cushman and others equally identified with Pilgrim history. Many of these refugees, at the evacuation of Boston, fled to New York, which place was still occupied by the British forces, whence, after the peace of 1783, they again emigrated, this time to Nova Scotia. A packet of faded yellow letters, found not long ago in an ancient chest, gives an excellent idea of the flight of these people and of their life in exile.

Edward Winslow, to whose descendants these letters belong, was a great-grandson of Gov. Edward Winslow of Plymouth. His wife was Hannah Howland, a great-granddaughter of John Howland, another of the Mayflower pilgrims. One son, Col. Edward Winslow, and two daughters, Sarah and Penelope, with his wife, comprised his household. A document addressed to the "Right Honorable the Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury," by Edward Winslow, the younger, under date of December 2, 1788, a copy of which paper is found in this packet, gives us much of his history. Before the beginning of the late troubles in America, Colonel Winslow records, he held the offices of clerk of the pleas and sessions and register of wills for Plymouth County, jointly with his father. His father was also his majesty's collector for the port, while he held the position of naval officer. As soon as the political troubles began, Colonel Winslow offered his services to the royal governor of Massachusetts; and thus becoming obnoxious to the majority of the people of Plymouth, he was obliged to seek the

* "The Loyalists," by James Hannay. *New England Magazine* for May, 1891.

protection of the British troops, then quartered in Boston. He accompanied the troops in their memorable march through Middlesex County, April 19, 1775, and was with Lord Percy at the battle of Lexington. As a measure of compensation for the loss of his offices at Plymouth, Colonel Winslow was appointed by General Gage collector of customs for the port of Boston, and register of wills for the county of Suffolk.

In 1776, as history tells us, the British troops were forced to evacuate the city of Boston. To remain after this event, in the excited condition of public feeling, was impossible for the Winslows and other loyalists. Edward Winslow, the elder, with his wife and two daughters, had already taken up his residence in New York, in "a delightfull retreat at the Bowery . . . sweetly situated about two miles out of the city." Thither Colonel Winslow followed, and there was appointed muster-master general of the provincial forces; for, it must be remembered, many of the troops of his majesty who fought in the War of the Revolution were not imported from Great Britain, but were recruited from among the loyalist element in America. With this thought in mind, the idea may be the more readily grasped that, from the British point of view, the American colonies struggling for independence were but dependencies in rebellion against properly constituted authority.

Colonel Winslow continued in this office throughout the war, and also saw some active service in the field, in the cause of the king. In 1779 he was elected by a body of loyalists in Rhode Island to command them, and served in that capacity through two campaigns. Before the final evacuation of New York by the British troops, in November, 1783, he was ordered by Sir Guy Carleton to Halifax, in conjunction with three other officers, for the purpose of exploring and locating a tract of land for his majesty's British-American regiments about to be

disbanded. After the completion of that service he was appointed military secretary to a board of general officers, of which Lord Percy, his old commander at Lexington, was president.

Having thus hastily sketched the career of this man, whose thorough conscientiousness none who read his correspondence can for a moment doubt, let us unfold and read one of these ancient missives. It is from Sarah Winslow, written at New York, April 10, 1783. Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown six months before, and peace, with the independence of the American colonies, was impending. She describes her home as comfortable, and the family as "surrounded by a pleasing circle of cheerful friends." But a cloud of disappointment has settled about them. Driven from their home at Plymouth, and again from their new home at Boston, it now seems probable that they are again to be disturbed in their domestic felicity.

"All were entertaining agreeable expectations," she writes, "that spring would open with smiling prospects. Alas, they are now at an end. Sad is the reverse; our fate seems now decreed, and we left to mourn out our days in wretchedness. No other recourse for millions, but to submit to the tyranny of exulting enemies, or settle a new country. I am one of the number that would embark for Nova Scotia, was it either prudent or proper; but I am told it will not do for me at present. What is to become of us God only can tell. In all our former sufferings we had hope to support us; being deprived of that is too much. My mind and strength are unequal to my present unexpected trials. Was there ever an instance, my dear Cousin, can history produce one, where such a number of the best of human beings were deserted by the government they have sacrificed their all for? The open enemies of Great Britain have gained their point and more than ever they could have had

impudence to have asked for, while their brave, persevering, noble friends, who have suffered and toiled for years, and whom they were bound by every tie of honour and gratitude to assist, are left without friends, without fortunes, without prospect of support, but from that Being who has hitherto supported us, and upon whom we ought to rely for further protection, without repining. I hope I do not repine; to feel in such affliction as this is surely allowable. I cannot help it. We are greatly distressed. Their peace brings none to my heart."

Touching as is this wail over lost hopes, doubly touching in its sincerity, it is difficult for us of to-day to realize the regret and dismay with which the loyal subjects of King George in America received the intelligence of the failure of the royal cause. The feelings of these Plymouth loyalists may be more readily comprehended, however, by the perusal of a passage from a later letter, of Sarah Winslow, to her cousin, Benjamin Marston. This bears the date of November 29, 1783, four days before the final evacuation of New York by the British forces. The letter is written at Halifax, whither the family had sailed on the first of September previous. When forced to leave Plymouth, as history records, the refugee loyalists were stripped of their possessions. How complete was this confiscation is shown in this letter now before us.

"One late account of your precious relation," writes Sarah Winslow to her cousin, Benjamin Marston, "is so finishing a stroke, I must inform you. Some time before our furniture was disposed of, I wrote my mother, requesting that the picture in our hall, with the coat of arms that my sister and myself worked, might be given to the care of a young lady for me. They being very elegant I greatly wished for them for a particular purpose. When my mother came to New York, it was not in her power to

bring even them, which was everything we had remaining, or rather that villains had left us. I have concluded that they were perfectly secreted, until, this week, a letter from the lady informs me that, about two months ago, Colonel W—— sent a sheriff to her, with orders that she must give her oath that she had nothing in her possession belonging to this family. Not daring to take the oath she gave up the article. He had impudence enough to tell her that he took them for a debt which he did not recollect when he took the other things. I do believe he is the completest devil that ever was suffered to live."

Foreseeing the early evacuation of New York after the defeat of the royal cause, the elder Winslow determined to seek still another home. He was for a long time greatly disquieted and at a loss to decide upon his future movements. A letter written by Sarah Winslow to her cousin, Ward Chipman, judge of the supreme court of New Brunswick, dated October 18, 1783, tells of his final determination to remove to Nova Scotia, and describes the journey thither. They were not wholly deserted by the government, as the writer, in a previous letter, had supposed, but transportation was furnished by his majesty's government, in one of the best ships in the garrison of New York, with "the kindest and most obliging man for a commander." The voyage is described as having been very tempestuous, with contrary winds, prolonging the time of arrival at Halifax to the fifteenth day from New York.

"Greatly are we indebted to the commissary-general," writes Sarah Winslow, "for giving of us thousand advantages that no other family has had; his friendly attention was continued to the last. He hurried us away thinking it was the season to avoid storms, gave us an excellent vessel, without one passenger but those we chose ourselves. We embarked in a most beautiful morning,"

she continues, "but instead of having no storms we had a sort of one all the passage. The ladies had anticipated every horror; but I confess my heart was so deeply wounded at parting with a number of tenderly beloved friends, that I thought not of the distress of a voyage. . . . We were a little disconcerted at not finding Edward here, but his friends came immediately on board, and upon being informed he had hired a small house for an office, we immediately took possession of it. . . . Greatly, my good cousin, could I enlarge upon the subject that has brought us all to this uncultivated country, but as it can answer no good purpose I endeavor to be silent."

After the lapse of a month the Winslow family had become settled comfortably in their new home. In the letter written by Sarah Winslow to Benjamin Marston under date of November 29, 1783, already quoted, we gain some idea of the social life in Halifax among the loyalist refugees.

"When I wrote you last," she writes, "we were then in the house my brother has for an office, and thankful were we, when we first arrived, to have so good a place to go to. We immediately took possession of it, and remained there until he very fortunately got this for us, which is as comfortable a one as we at present have any desire for, very warm, pleasantly situated in the most lively, clean part of the town. Leave you to judge whether the rooms are not very good when I tell you that this day week, General Fox, with sixteen of our friends, dined with us with great convenience. . . . Balls and assemblies have begun, but I have not attended the two first. Brother went, but joined our card party at home before the evening was out. I believe we were full as well amused by his description as we could have been had we joined the crowd."

That the family did not long remain in retirement is shown in a later epistle written by Miss Penelope

Winslow, under date of November 28, 1784.

"The dancing parties are kept up with great spirit," she writes. "Miss Duncan gives a ball on Monday evening, Miss Brenton on Friday, both of which I shall give you an account of. The last assembly was amazingly brilliant; the ladies' dresses superb beyond what the New Englanders had seen before. Mrs. Wentworth stood first in fashion and magnificence—new gown and petticoat of silver tissue trimmed with Italian flowers and the finest blond lace, a train of four yards long, her hair and wrist ornamented with real diamonds. Miss Duncan was elegant in a fawn-coloured satin, covered with crape, black velvet waist, pearl sprigs in her hair, no feathers or flowers. She was much admired, as was Kitty Taylor in unadorned white. Miss Pau looked vastly well in cream-coloured satin with sable fur. Lady D. and Miss Bayley figured in a profusion of waving plumes and flowers. The latter exhibited in a minuet, a little in the waping style, to use the language of the brigade major. Capt. Dalrymple had the honor of her hand. The evening was altogether approved of. The room is new-papered and new-lamped. Mr. Taylor distinguished himself as an excellent manager. There is a town assembly—begun last Thursday. No navy or army admitted; Mr. Eunial and Dight managers. It is said to be in opposition to the other party."

A few months later the lively Penelope again writes to the same correspondent. She alludes, at the outset, to the trials and tribulations through which the family had been called to pass. The loss of their home at Plymouth, their enforced removal from New York, their final "banishment to this under world," and, to crown all, the death of her father, which had occurred in June, 1784, are pathetically recalled. Then, after soliciting some advice in matters of business, the writer's mood changes, and she again

enters upon a description of the social life at Halifax.

"Don't think I have secluded myself from visiting and seeing my friends on the Parade," she writes. "I assure you I sometimes give dinners to a charming circle of ladies, and my suppers are not more humble than those you shared with me in Brewer Lane. Sarah, indeed, might despise them, but I declare our cheese is excellent and our porter as good as can be procured. . . . Your other friends are all well, pursuing pleasure with ardour. Feasting, card playing and dancing is the great business of life at Halifax, one eternal round. The votaries of pleasure complain of being fatigued and want variety of amusements. The new imported ladies continue to be the belles. The Princes, Taylors and Haliburtons are totally eclipsed by the Millers. Betsy and Matty Matthews are the admiration of all the beaux. . . . The high sheriff gives dinners two or three times a week, and to-morrow evening all the Noblesse are to be entertained at his house—a ball and supper superb. Charming doings is it not? Don't you envy the gay circle? Everybody here has independent fortunes—at least of this I am sure, that there is not a family in this place, that figures at all, can spend less than five or six hundred a year."

These letters show that, despite the troubles which had assailed this devoted family, there were at least some rifts in the storm-cloud. In the letter just quoted Penelope Winslow informs her correspondent that the *St. Lawrence* is expected daily, but ventures the prediction that her sister Sarah will hardly venture the voyage at that season of the year. From this line the reader infers that Sarah Winslow is paying a visit to England. The next letter—one written by Sarah herself—confirms this idea. It is written to Ward Chipman, and is undated. But the faded file mark upon the back, in the handwriting, no doubt, of the solicitor general, shows

that it was written in the same month and year as the missive last quoted. It contains a glowing account of Miss Sarah's visit to England.

"Confused as my head and this house is," she writes, "I cannot longer omit writing a line, but it must only be to tell you, that I have so much to say to you upon what I have seen and heard, and my heart so crowded with every grateful sentiment, that I must leave all until I have the pleasure of a month's conversation with you, which I hope and pray will not be long first, for even all the amusements of the great world, which I more largely partook of than perhaps any other being ever did in so short a time, does not alter my determination of becoming an inhabitant of your woody country. We are told the probability is we shall remove soon, which I am perfectly ready and willing to do, provided we can have a house to put our heads in and live for less money than we do here. . . . I have ten million things to say to you and a thousand others I cannot now even mention. Mrs. Siddons was at the plays every night in the week and the opera at the end of it. My friend Murray is this moment unexpectedly called upon to go on board. I can write no more. Remember me affectionately to all my friends."

Sarah Winslow's intimation, in this letter, that the family might again change their abode, was not, it appears, without foundation. In the packet is found a letter dated only three months later than the last quoted, which tells of the removal of the family from Halifax to St. John. This letter is written by Edward Winslow, the younger, now become the head of the family by the death of his father. Its tone betrays the cheerful disposition of the writer, despite the vicissitudes through which he had been forced to pass.

"Neither St. Paul nor any other old-fashioned buck," he writes, "ever experienced half so great a variety of difficulties and embarrassments in one

month as I have in the last. The transportation of a lusty wife, three little brats and a large collection of lumber across the Bay of Fundy was no inconsiderable job. I was saluted with a very severe fit of the gout. That over, I found here no preparation for my reception, and I was obliged to huddle mamma and the little ones into the crowd that filled the house at Portland point; and before I could swear three long oaths the ship *Parr* made her appearance and disembarked the other family, who, of course, made a considerable addition to the party. In this dilemma I hunted Wanton out of Tyng's house and placed my mother's family there. I collected all the carpenters, masons and laborers that could be found, and I have ever since been up to the eyes in mud, mortar, etc. I am now emerging from this state, and in a few days I expect to see both families comfortable. . . . Whenever the public business will admit I shall beat my march to St. Ann's, where I intend to provide some kind of a habitation for my family. The enormous rents and other expenses here render it impossible for me to halt long."

The family did not, indeed, "halt long" at St. John, but again removed, to Fredericton, which place became their home for many years. Time at length softened the feelings of animosity, bordering upon hatred, which the War of the Revolution had engendered. The day came when Edward Winslow was not only permitted to revisit the scenes of his early years, but when such a visit was to him a source of the greatest happiness. Here is an old yellow letter bearing the date of August 17, 1797—twenty-one years after the Plymouth loyalists had been forced to abandon their homes and possessions and flee to the protection of the British troops at Boston. It is written by Edward Winslow to a friend at Plymouth, and is dated at Boston, where he was

doubtless paying a visit of business or pleasure.

"I boast that I can bear disappointments as well as any man on earth," he writes, "but I should be ashamed if all the vicissitudes I have experienced could have hardened my heart. At the present moment I feel a distress bordering upon weakness at the consideration that I cannot pay you a visit at Plymouth. For months past I have been continually anticipating the pleasure of again taking by the hand my venerable friend Col. Watson, my friend Lothrop, and a great number of others, and your letter of the 7th increased my anxiety to see you and them. Be assured that I feel very grateful for the expressions of friendship which it contains. Nay, sir, I feel more. I am soothed and flattered in the highest possible degree, by the considerations that when party animosities have subsided, and the affections have returned to their proper channels, those who were the companions of my early life remember me with esteem. I consider it as a testimony that, altho' eccentricities might have marked my youth, my general conduct among you is recollected with approbation. If there remains an individual in your society who (now the cause of contentions is at an end) retains any rancour against me, I wish him no greater curse than to indulge it.

"Public business obliges me to return to New Brunswick immediately. The Board with which I am connected have adjourned to meet in the State of Rhode Island in June next. If I am not prevented by any untoward accident I will be here a month before my time, for the purpose of visiting my friends. Remember me with the most cordial affection to Mrs. Spooner and family and to the whole circle of my friends, and believe me to be with unabated friendship and esteem,

"Yours most sincerely,
E. W."

THE PORTRAIT AND THE MAN.

By Annie Eliza Brand.



THESE callers had gone; only the open fire and this bit of baby innocence masquerading as a matron remained to keep Gertrude Beekman company. She looked down on Nellie from a mental and physical height, with the toleration which superior wealth and success have for less favored humanity. Mrs. Seaton in no wise resented this patronage. Her admiration for her husband's handsome cousin was unbounded. Gertrude, her house, her dress, her ready mind and tact, expressed Nellie's aspirations to the bounds of mortal attainment. Who got so much out of life as Gertrude Beekman? Neither ties nor burdens of affection to hobble her efforts, free to come and go in an endless succession of "good times"—good times that were really good—the best of music, art, travel, enough of science and literature, and enough, too, of the lighter functions society finds pleasure in!

The desultory talk died out. Lost in the comfort of an ancient chair, Nellie let her eyes wander about the spacious room, almost cramped into narrowness by the profusion of old furniture and bric-à-brac displayed within its walls. Gertrude rose and crossed the room with her stately step. The homely little process of lighting a befrilled and much-shaded lamp became dignified in her hands. The rose-colored light threw out in relief the graceful lines of her tall figure. Not for the first time Nellie wondered how, when insignificant atoms like herself got happily married all the days of the year, such a superb creature should find no fit mate. It

must be choice. With every desire satisfied, why should she wish to change? And yet—Nellie's instinct, her loyalty to the cult of matrimony, found the conclusion hard to accept.

"It's not often you're possessed by the rage for silence," said Gertrude, returning to the hearth. She put her foot on the marble fender and looked inquiringly at the girlish face. It made a quaint contrast to the handsome, grim brocade of the great winged chair behind it.

Nellie jumped up. "Am I condemned to eternal frivolity?" She flitted across to a side table. "Why, I never saw that before. What an omission! I supposed I had investigated all your photographs."

A shade of annoyance stirred Miss Beekman's expression. "That? You may look if you like; but it's not a show book."

Nellie sat down near the light and opened the album, as her cousin walked towards her.

"As you see, it's a monument of egotism. I don't exhibit it to the general public. One doesn't want to advertise the ravages of time."

"Nonsense! You know you can defy comparison, even with your earlier self."

"I do not like my earlier self." Gertrude's accent was decided. "And still one can be a victim to the photograph habit. My mother was the first sinner. You will see how soon and how often my infantile charms were perpetuated."

Nellie turned from page to page;—first the baby pictures, glaring expanses of starched embroideries with an infinitesimal proportion of personality attached, the chubby child in prim curls and white socks, and on through the changing gradations of

growth and fashion to womanhood.

Gertrude Beekman's was a face which photography never libelled; on occasion it was even kind to her. These fixed impressions of the progressive development of her beauty were both intrinsically charming and psychologically suggestive, though Mrs. Seaton, to tell the truth, was more occupied with the evolution of costume than of character. Suddenly she was conscious of a break in the continuity. One portrait claimed more individual attention, and she studied it critically. In dress and accessories it showed little variation from the general succession. It was the same face—with a difference. Beside it, those that went before were incomplete; this alone bloomed into perfect harmony of expression and showed a rounded completeness. In all the later ones this inner light had failed. Gertrude had dropped back to the more familiar level on which Nellie knew her. She turned again to the portrait, which seemed to be the realization of Gertrude's ideal nature. Now she knew whence crept the little chill sometimes felt through all her love and admiration. There was a little rift within the lover's lute. That was it—the lover's lute. She would not lift her eyes, for she feared to betray her thought.

"I never saw you look like that, Gertrude."

"Which? Oh, that!" She spoke with an accent of cold disapproval. "I had been ill and was thinner than usual. How funny that gown looks! A dozen years makes a burlesque of our inspirations in dress."

"And other things, sometimes."

"Possibly. I'm not one of the inspired. Nobody is romantic nowadays except blue-eyed angels. It suits their style."

Nellie flushed. She did not mind a joke at her own expense; but the tone jarred. She looked once more at the despised photograph, and her eyes filled with tears—tears of sympathy for Gertrude, who had seen the prom-

ised land and been forbidden to enter.

Quickly as Nellie Seaton picked up the tricks of society and adopted little assumptions of a butterfly worldliness, she had not forgotten the piety and other simple virtues brought from her wild woodland to city life. Her prayer to-night oscillated between thankful recognition of her own happy fate and an impassioned plea that the flower crown of love which Gertrude had felt only by its thorns might yet be hers to wear in all its rosy beauty.

She questioned her husband as to his cousin's history, but he had no suggestions at command. "Marry! Why on earth should she?" he asked. "Always had her own way, and a good time. Where'd you find the man, anyway? A cross between an archangel and a philosopher might do. But she's had her head too long, now."

"I didn't mean now."

"Gertrude's charming, delightful, the best company in the world; but as a wife—Oh, she'd be *too* stimulating."

Dick might talk as he liked; Nellie knew better. That portrait told the true story. The thought of this thwarted romance rebuked the occasional spasms of envy she had indulged. What did all Gertrude's wealth and brilliancy weigh against the injury of love turned back to rankle in the heart from which it sprang? How had she ever dared regret the petty hindrances of her own comparative poverty? Over her work she spun webs of romance which brought the parted lovers together and dowered Gertrude with an impossible happiness which was to restore the lost aureole of a loving sympathy, the one dumb note, whose suppression spoiled the concord of her nature. Proteus-like, the unknown hero changed his vague and shifting outline. He would not "compose" well, but always eluded her. Yet nothing could shake Nellie's belief in the faith

that, somewhere in the universe, each soul has its complement.

Nellie followed Gertrude Beekman up the carpeted steps into a wide hall fragrant with flowers and gay with light and moving figures. The coquettish strains of some operatic novelty came softly from behind a screen of palms. Nellie's cheeks were pink with excitement; she had not enough of such gaieties to be indifferent to them. Gertrude, queenly and calm, smiled at her fluttering exaltation.

"My chaperon!" she whispered, pointing to a long mirror. Nellie laughed too. She was fairly out-classed by the nobler type beside her. Dress carried the contrast farther, far beyond rivalry. Gertrude's jet-framed shoulders rising above the unrelieved blackness of the heavy silk she wore had a striking effect of simplicity.

"What an unconsidered trifle I look!" said Nellie. "Please keep a respectful distance. I don't want to be picked up and put in the rag-bag by mistake."

They had run the gauntlet of the receiving line and now mixed with the crowd to indulge in the snatchy intercourse. The house was full, especially here in the dining-room. The music from the corridor sounded faint and distant. Softened by a divided interest, the conversational tone was less shrill.

Nellie, facing Gertrude, could see through the archway into the adjoining room. She looked up as a voice, strident, odd, detached itself from the general stream of talk flowing by the doorway. For a brief instant, Gertrude's whole figure had a curious tenseness of attention and her very breath seemed arrested, as if she were petrified by a sudden shock. Then the ghost of a flush crept over her white shoulders, and the plate she held shook faintly. Again the loud voice started out from the surrounding babel of tongues. This time Gertrude neither turned nor seemed

to hear. She went on talking to the young lawyer at her side. There was no hint of a break in her ease of manner; yet Nellie knew she had been moved, and felt that her calm covered something unsuspected. Over Gertrude's shoulder she could see the owner of the unsympathetic voice. He was a stranger in the town, yet he seemed to know people. He was handsome in a way—an unwholesome way. One could see how fine the mold had been, before self-indulgence had coarsened the lines and blurred the expression.

Without apparent connection Gertrude's old portrait flashed into Nellie's mind. A dozen years ago. The portrait, the man and the date instantly fused themselves into a story. An impossible hero!—but the idea tyrannized over her. The young man who was trying his best to amuse her wondered at her abstraction. Gertrude turned.

"You're tired. Hadn't we better go, Nellie?"

Go! It was a new thing for Gertrude to be in a hurry. The wish ranged into line with the rest. Nellie accepted the suggestion with nervous haste, and looked round for her husband. There he was, speaking to that dreadful man. What should she do if Dick brought him over here? Happily he didn't.

"Had a good time, Gertrude?" asked Dick breezily, as they drove homewards.

"Don't I always have a good time? Rather a nice affair, I thought."

"Never expected to see Stetson there. Good Lord! If I fulfilled the promise of my youth that way, I wouldn't come back and advertise the fact."

"I didn't see him."

"Didn't see him? Then you lost the most prominent feature in the landscape. I suppose you haven't forgotten him?"

Nellie wished she could stop Dick; but she had learned the disastrous effect of any such attempt.

The next day Nellie overheard a passing conversation between Dick's mother and the woman who gave the reception.

"I should never have known Lawrence Stetson. What a change! How did he happen to be at your house?"

"Mr. Stevens met him by accident, —and you know what men are. Of course he must ask him right up to the house."

"What's he doing now?"

"No good, I'm sure. Last summer I came across his wife and children near Ethel's place, out in Minnesota. He wasn't there; business is apt to keep that sort of man where life's a little less bare. They're poor as poverty. And to see him in my rooms last night, just overflowing with importance!"

"How things change!" mused Mrs. Seaton. "Why, everyone was perfectly charmed with him when he was here. Can it be twelve years ago?"

"Don't speak of it! Suppose he had taken a fancy to one of our girls, or—"

"I used to think—"

The door opened. Gertrude Beekman came in. Mrs. Seaton's confidences were never concluded, at least in Nellie's hearing.

Gertrude and Lawrence Stetson met face to face. Nellie divined by sympathy the stress of feeling; there was no visible sign of it. His fervid references to earlier acquaintance left Gertrude's calm unstirred. Her glittering politeness threw aside his inclination to renew the ignored friendship. Coldness to interests which had no personal appeal for her was no new thing in Gertrude; but it seemed to Nellie as if this reasoned selfishness had daily gained a stronger hold on her since the night of the Stevens reception. Why had she wished the hero's return? He had come and gone. To what purpose? His vulgar deterioration was enough

to sour the most chastened regret. The rift widened.

Again it was Mrs. Stevens and Dick's mother who interpreted the ghostly play of dead emotions. That they recognized neither the actors nor the action of the scene mattered little.

"Whom do you suppose I had a letter from, this morning?—Lawrence Stetson's wife!"

"Anxious to know what he was doing here?" asked Mrs. Seaton.

"No—that's the funny part. It's an outburst of hysterical gratitude. Some unknown philanthropist has sent her a large sum of money without a word, except that it is given in recognition of a great benefit for which the giver has to thank the noble Lawrence. Fancy! It must have been an accident. From all I hear, and Mr. Stevens has heard a good deal lately, he'd never do a good action of malice aforethought."

"But if the giver is unknown, why thank *you*?"

"Naturally she tried to find out. The New York bank that the check was on absolutely refused information, but the paper of the accompanying note had Brigham's watermark. That made her believe it was sent from here—though it doesn't follow; and she pitched on me as the only person in the city who knew of her or her need. She's too well acquainted with her husband to suppose he'd been enlarging on his family's existence or necessities."

"It is odd. There's a flavor of satire in the reason for the gift."

"If one isn't sure of bread and fuel, worse things than satire go down, especially when sweetened that way. But as I didn't send it, I shall tell her. I am afraid she won't believe it; and I shall be left to masquerade in a virtue not my own."

Of course it was Gertrude's gift, Nellie said to herself. But the feeling that prompted it—what was that? If any one were content with life, one would say it was Gertrude;

yet Nellie knew there was a dark spot in her cousin's heart, a centre of insensibility eating its way beneath the surface of a full, successful life.

A miniature domestic crisis sent Nellie to Gertrude for help. The kitchen way best served her haste. She entered the library unannounced. The early dusk left the room deep in shadow, except for the faint brightness of a dying wood fire. Nellie paused on the threshold, curdled mayonnaise driven out of mind by the sight of someone crouched over the hearth. It was Gertrude. She turned, as Nellie made some slight noise, and sat up erect. A spurt of flame revealed a face that carried out the crouching figure's suggestion of sadness; but before the flicker failed, before Nellie was half across the room, the face regained its ordinary composure.

"Is it you, Nellie? I must have been half asleep."

"I came—." Nellie stopped, her kitchen politics dwarfed beyond notice. She knelt and put her arms about the older woman with half intelligible words of sympathy and love. For an instant she thought the caress returned and understood; then Gertrude released herself and looked down, with no deeper feeling in her face than amused and indulgent curiosity.

"Has something very terrible happened—to Dick?"

The cool tone killed Nellie's impulse, and her answer reflected the light mockery of the question.

"I'll come over and make the may-

onnaise, my dear," said Gertrude a few minutes later. "Why didn't you send for me before?"

"I thought you'd be busy. Isn't Miss Brooks sewing for you?"

"No."

"You'll never be ready to sail on the fifteenth."

"I'm not going."

"Not going to Europe?" Nellie stared in amazement. A journey so eagerly anticipated, the charming party—everything!

"It's a woman's privilege to change her mind. The truth is, I haven't the money to spare."

"But you had."

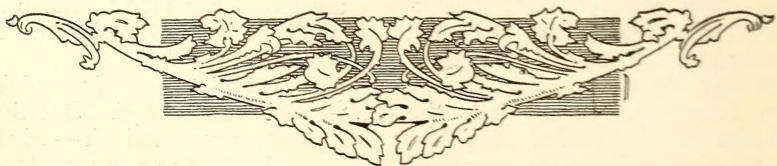
"Until I had also a passing aberration of intellect, and offered my trip on the altar of altruism. It seemed too mean to have so much, when some poor wretches had worse than nothing. No—don't applaud. It wasn't self-denial, only the desire to thank God I'm not as other men—and women—are."

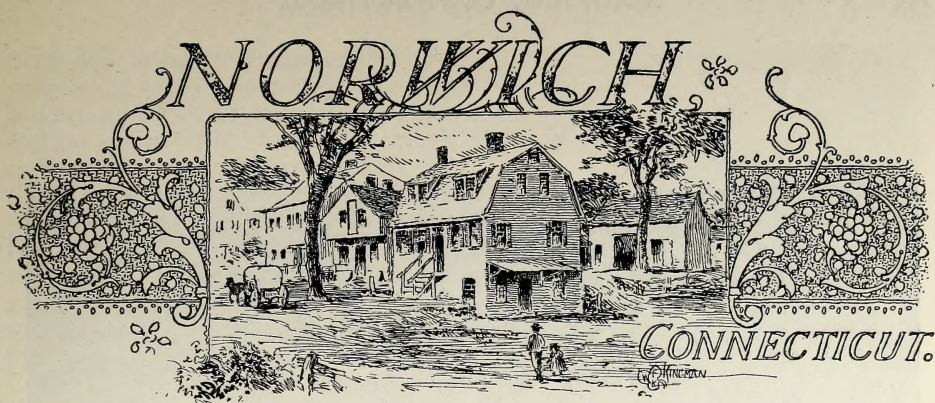
"Don't pretend to be cynical."

"No, my dear girl. Charity is often nothing better than indirect self-indulgence, and has to be paid for like other excesses. My repentance is on edge with envy now. But mind,—my weaknesses are not to be published to any of our friends. They're already hardened to my whims. This is the latest,—to give up Italy and Spain. I don't know why I told you."

"Because I deserve to be trusted?"

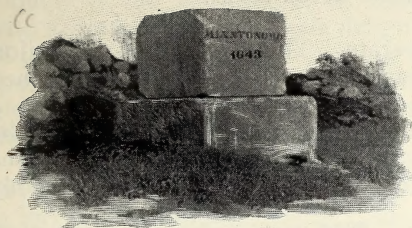
Gertrude looked at her. "I believe you can forget when you choose." They were at Nellie's gate by this time. "So clear your mind for the serious business of salad making."





By Leonard Woolsey Bacon.

Illustrated from photographs by Nathan A. Gibbs and others.

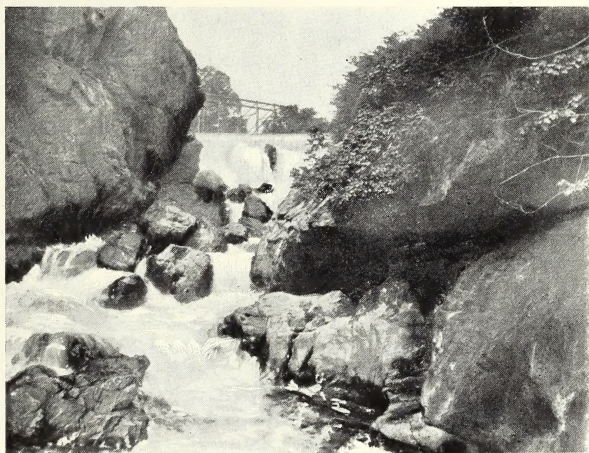


THE MIANTONOMOH MONUMENT.

IT is easy to write about Norwich—unique among cities. Other towns have boasted of being “built as a city that is compact together,” or of the charms of the *rus in urbe*—country within town. Norwich alone, so far as I can learn, among “cities of old or modern fame,” brings the wilderness into the city. Rough, wild woods and rugged bluffs of rock thrust themselves into the midst of well-built streets; and one may stand on cliffs that seem to belong to the native wilderness and look almost plumb down on houses and gardens, and (if inclined to yawping) “sound his barbaric yawp over the roofs of mankind.” Doctor Holmes was justified in character-

izing Norwich as “a town of supreme, audacious, Alpine loveliness.”

This scenery of river, forest, meadow and cliff has furnished the stage-setting of a singularly varied and eventful history. No region is more saturated with Indian legend than this; and following upon the legendary period comes the heroic age,—and that is a long one, reaching down to within the memory of men now living. Norwich, withal, has been happy in its historians. It has not “lacked the sacred bard.” Miss Caulkins’s “History of Norwich” is one of the fullest and best of those volumes of local lore that afflict American historical writers with an excess of authentic material. In a “Centennial Discourse” in 1859, Mr.



NORWICH FALLS.



VIEW SOUTHWARD FROM MEETING HOUSE ROCKS.

Daniel Coit Gilman gave one of the earliest proofs of that aptitude for geographico-historical studies which is now rendering the country such distinguished service in the Venezuela Commission. Donald G. Mitchell and Edmund Clarence Stedman and Mrs. Sigourney, all natives of the soil, have done a filial duty by their old home. And at the end of the list (which might easily be lengthened) comes Miss Mary E. Perkins with the first volume of her "Old Houses of the Antient Town of Norwich"—the most minutely elaborate and most sumptuous volume that we remember to have seen devoted to so narrow a field of history.

The date of the planting of Norwich, 1659, sufficiently declares to experts in New England history that it is not of the first generation of plantations, settled directly from England. Already, nearly twenty years before, it had come to be distinctly understood in the old country that if there was to be any oppressing and persecuting done, the Puritans were not going thereafter to be the victims of it. The expulsive force that had driven so many of the best of the English people across the ocean ceased to

operate. The current of migration ceased about 1640, and in fact turned in the opposite direction. For a hundred and eighty years from the year 1640, the splendid increase of the New England population was mainly



THE JEDEDIAH HUNTINGTON HOUSE.

the natural increase of the vigorous stock planted within twenty years from the settlement at Plymouth.*

Not being myself an historical expert, I cannot say whether there has

*In a "Sermon on the Fortieth Anniversary of his Settlement" Dr. Leonard Bacon says of the New Haven of 1825: "The population was of purely English descent, and I think I may say that with the exception of a few colored people there were not twenty families here whose ancestors did not come over with the first settlers of New England."

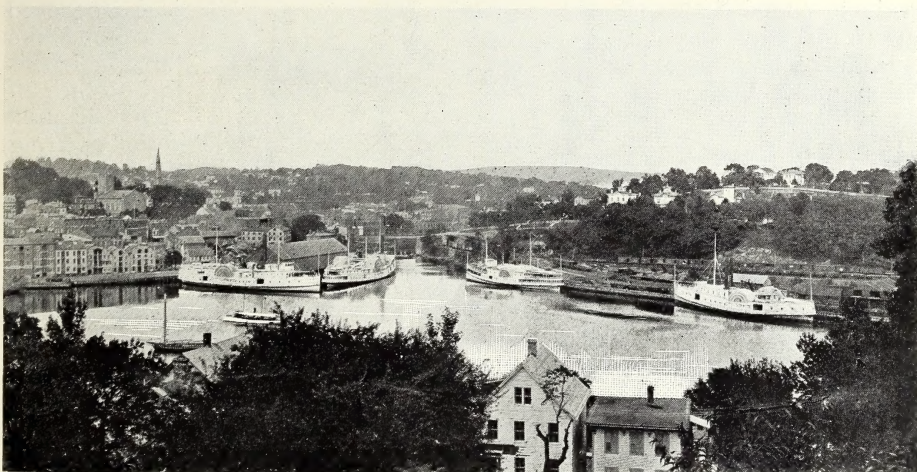
been any adequate treatment of the subject of that secondary tide of migration which in the second generation from the first settlement moved many of the first settlers or their children to "fresh woods and pastures new." It seems to have been merely business enterprise that started up the Brewster boys, son and grandsons of Elder William Brewster, to quit the honors and growing comforts of their surroundings in the Old Colony, and come on in advance of all other settlers to take up wild land on the sands of Brewster's Neck. But so they did; and their sepulchres are with us to this day, almost within hearing of the Norwich church bells. Doubtless the restlessness of those who had once tasted the rude delights of pioneering, and also something of speculation and land-booming, mingled with higher motives in impelling the movements of population.

What set the famous Major John Mason to thinking of the attractions of this region admits of easier conjecture. His campaign with an army of ninety men against the fierce Pequot nation that was believed to be plotting the extermination of the infant towns on the Connecticut brought him into acquaintance with this corner of the state and into rela-

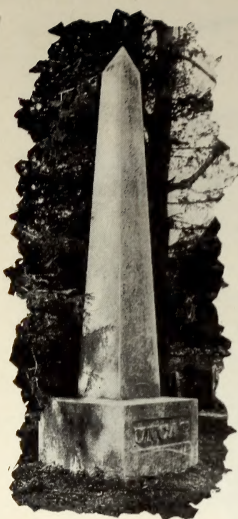


GOVERNOR SAMUEL HUNTINGTON,
Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

tions of offensive and defensive alliance with that wily savage, Uncas, chief of the Mohegans. The date of that tremendous little campaign, in which almost the whole tribe which had planned the extinction of the white settlements in Connecticut was itself wiped off from the earth, was 1637, the year before the settlement of New Haven. Uncas was not slack in manifesting that political gratitude which is defined as "a lively sense of



NORWICH HARBOR.



THE UNCAS MONUMENT.

hegans along the plain where were "the green graves of their sires," but which was presently turned against the enemy with such fury that these were driven over the cliff at the falls of the Yantic, and perished in the torrent. Then there is the story of the fight on Sachem's plain, two miles away to the eastward, in the Shetucket valley, which began with Uncas's challenge to his foe to settle their dispute by a single combat and, this being declined, ended with the capture of Miantonomoh and ultimately in his execution under the law of the wilderness. The

favors to come." Relieved by the prowess of his white allies of his rival Sassacus and the Pequots, he finds himself confronted with a still more formidable rival in Miantonomoh, king of the Narragansetts. The chronology of their savage fights is not clear, but legends tell of a great battle which raged against the Mo-

legend here touches on recorded history; for the case of his prisoner having been referred by Uncas to the magistrates at Hartford, they declined to exercise jurisdiction, but gave their consent to the execution. A massive plinth of rough granite marks the traditional place of the battle and the capture.

It is easy to believe that these energetic measures on the part of Uncas



LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

failed to produce harmony between his people and the Narragansetts.

Not long after —about 1645, it is believed —we find him "treed" in his fort on the cliff at Shantok, overlooking the Thames, and in a fair way to be starved into surrender by his enemies.

Here again his friendly relations with the white men stood him in good stead. By this time, Major John Mason with a company of colonists from his old home at Hartford was settled at the fort at Saybrook; whence enterprising Thomas Leffing-



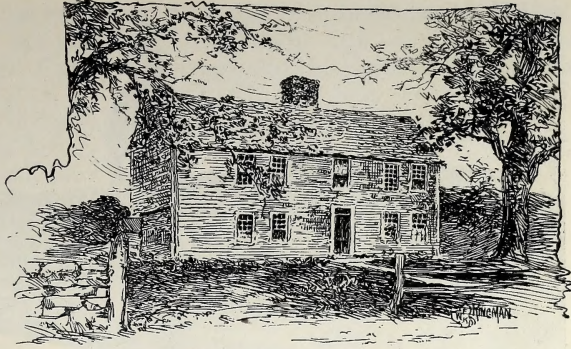
THE OLD COURT HOUSE.



SCHOOL HOUSE ON THE SITE OF THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

well set out on a relief expedition in behalf of the beleaguered warrior. He loaded a canoe with provisions and, paddling up the river under cover of the night, managed to get his whole cargo into the fort. The display of a quarter of beef elevated on a pole so effectually discouraged the enemy that they raised the siege without further delay. Uncas's gratitude for the rescue was manifested by a grant of land to Ensign Leffingwell.

Evidently the influences were multiplying which drew John Mason and his company, now settled at Saybrook, towards the Mohegan country on the banks of the Thames. Perhaps, as tradition reports, there may have been a plague of crows and blackbirds at Saybrook to drive them from the rear; at all events, with characteristic New England deliberateness, the major part of the Saybrook colony, already three times a



THE CHRISTOPHER HUNTINGTON HOUSE.

pioneer, decided to remove to Norwich for a fourth experiment of colonization. In the spring of 1659, an act of the General Court gave consent to the project of a new settlement, and soon after, the adventurers, headed by the Moses and Aaron, the Haynes and Hooker, the Eaton and Davenport, of the little community, —to wit, John Mason and James Fitch,—lifted the ark of the covenant by the staves, and transported themselves with their organization of church and civil state to a new outpost in the wilderness.

But the actual settlement was not effected until one antecedent condition had been scrupulously fulfilled. The settlers would occupy no ground



WASHINGTON STREET AND BROADWAY.



THE PONEMAH MILLS.

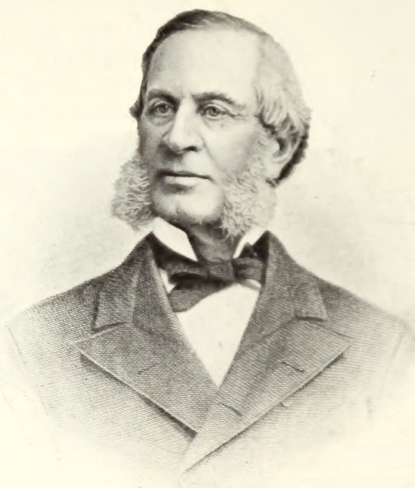
which was not honestly and righteously theirs by purchase. The deed by which "Unkos, Owaneco, Attawanhood, sachems of Mohegan," did in June, 1659, for good and valuable consideration, sell to the settlers the nine miles square which constituted the original township of Norwich may be read by all gainsayers in the colonial records at the Hartford State House.*

It is a bold thing to say, in writing of that heroic age, but it may be said with truth, that no town in all the

*The New Englanders have good reason for feeling a little tired of hearing William Penn called *The Just*, as if exclusive credit for righteous dealing toward the Indians was due to him. "There is no hazard in asserting that the general course of the policy adopted by our fathers in respect to the Indians was characterized by justice and by kindness. The right of the Indians to the soil was admitted and respected. Patents and charters from the king were never considered good against the rights of the natives. Let any man demonstrate, if he can, that in Connecticut a single rood of land was ever acquired of the Indians otherwise than by fair purchase, except what was conquered from the Pequots in a war as righteous as was ever waged." Bacon's *Historical Discourses* (1839), Appendix viii, "Treatment of the Indians."

country was stocked at its first planting with a higher strain of manhood than Norwich. The stately figure of Major John Mason stands foremost, lacking nothing but a larger stage of action to be recognized as the great man he was. His old comrade in arms, General Sir Thomas Fairfax,

had taken the measure of him in their youthful campaigns in the Low Countries, and doubtless had followed his later career, and read in letters from New England of his winning one of "the decisive battles of the world" at the Pequot fort, with his army of ninety men. When, in 1645, "Fairfax, whose name in arms through Europe rang," wrote, as commander-in-chief of the Parlia-



JOHN F. SLATER.

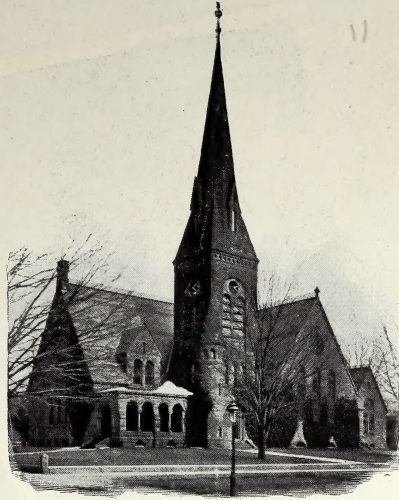
mentary forces, offering to Major Mason the position of Major-General in his army, he offered to this mighty

soldier the opportunity of more conspicuous but not of nobler service than he was rendering in New England.

Beside him, not unworthy of such association, was the first pastor, James Fitch. Both love and duty held him fast to his flock when they set forth from Saybrook for their new home, and again when Hartford sent for him to fill a position of greater eminence and ease. "With whom then," he answered, "should I leave these few poor sheep in the wilderness?" Probably it was the first wedding in the town, when the pastor, a widower, took to wife Priscilla, eldest daughter of Major John Mason. This good Christian had been taught who was his neighbor. Like some other pastors of his time, he devoted himself to the study of the Indian language, and taught the gospel not in vain to many of the Mohegans.

Of course, not all of the thirty-five first-comers and of those who soon joined them were of equal quality; but they do seem to have been all of good stock. American history would have been different if the part borne

in it by the Huntingtons, the Hydes, the Backuses, the Bushnells, the Lathrops and the Coits—all Norwich family names—had been omitted.

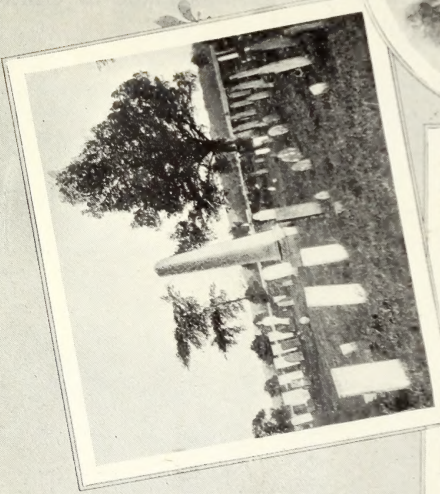
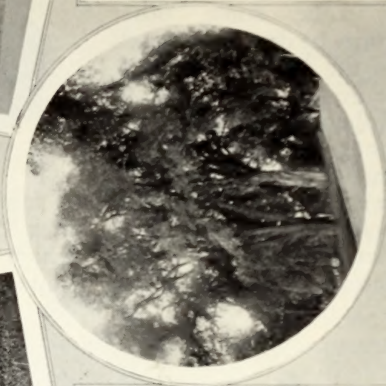
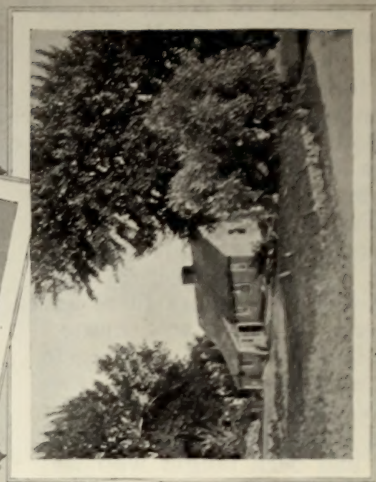


THE PARK CHURCH.

A few bits of pedigree will give an idea of some of the contributions which Norwich has made to United States history.



RAILROAD TUNNEL AND RAPIDS IN THE SHETUCKET.



THE REYNOLDS HOUSE. THE COIT ELMS, THE GRAVES OF THE BREWSTERS, OLD STORE AND SCHOOL HOUSE, NORWICH TOWN GREEN,



LOOKING DOWN THE THAMES.

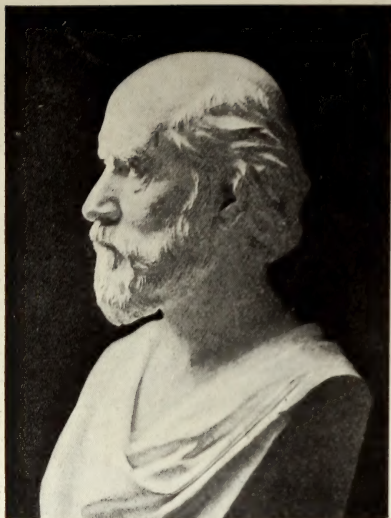
Young John Fillmore of Ipswich, following the seas, was with other sailors captured by a pirate and impressed into his service. After some months of this servitude, he and his fellows mutinied against their captors, pitched the pirate captain and several of his crew overboard, put the rest into irons, then steered the vessel into Boston harbor, May 3, 1724, and delivered over their prisoners to justice. Six months afterwards he was married and came to Norwich with his bride. One of his fourteen children, Nathaniel, removed to Bennington, and was a soldier in the French war and in the war for independence. His son Nathaniel, inheriting the pioneer instinct, married Phebe Millard and moved, and some of his brothers with him, to the wilderness

of Western New York; and there was born to him Millard Fillmore, thirteenth president of the United States.

Two of the most notable names among the original proprietors are those of the brothers Christopher and Simon Huntington. Of this stock already thirty years ago were enumerated, besides a less distinguished multitude, "five or six judges of the common courts, five members of



THE NORWICH SAVINGS SOCIETY BUILDING.



SENATOR L. F. S. FOSTER.

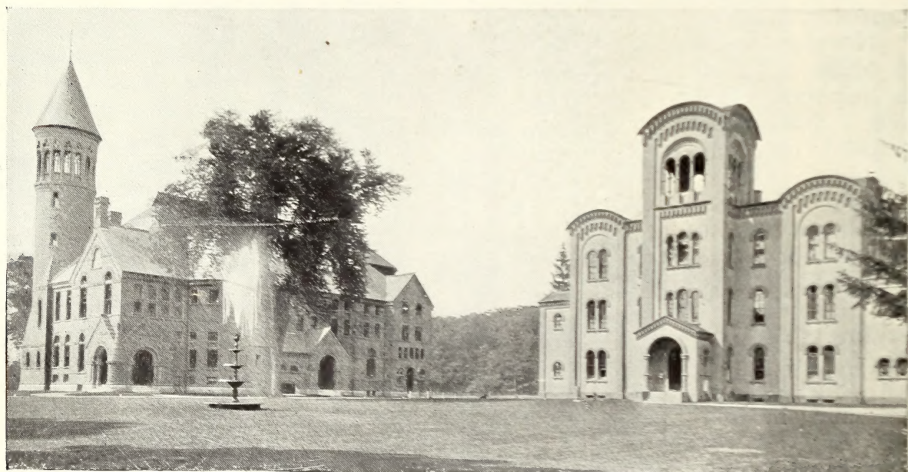
Congress, one of them President of the Continental Congress and Governor of the State, and six or seven who acquired the military rank of colonels and generals, one of them a brigadier-general in the army of the Revolution."* How illustrated the name is at the present day, in business, in literature, and in the Christian ministry, need not be told. The first Christopher bequeathed to his

*Miss Caulkins's History of Norwich (1866), p. 185.

youngest son, John, the homestead—spacious old mansion in a commanding position, said to have been fortified against the Indians in King Philip's War. It has only just now disappeared from the sight of men. In 1717 there was a wedding in the old mansion, and Martha, John Huntington's young daughter, became the bride of Noah Grant of Tolland. From this marriage descended Ulysses S. Grant, eighteenth President of the United States.

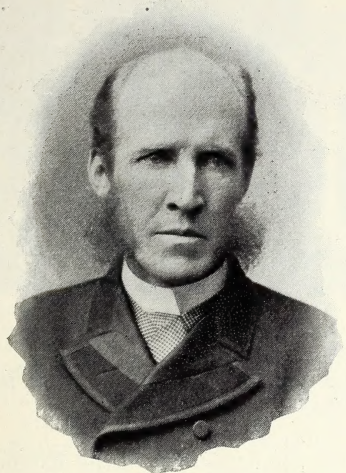
One of the most valued and trusted of the first proprietors was John Birchard, town clerk, county clerk, schoolmaster. From him was descended Rutherford Birchard Hayes, nineteenth President of the United States.

A greater man, in respect to not a few qualities, than the most eminent of his posterity was Aaron Cleveland. His father, of the same name, had been pastor of the church in Haddam, and afterwards of an Episcopal church in Delaware. But being left fatherless at the age of thirteen, the boy was sent back to the family home at Norwich, in 1757, and grew up to be a leader of opinion in the struggle for liberty. He earned his living as a hatter; but as the contest for freedom waxed warm, he took part in it with



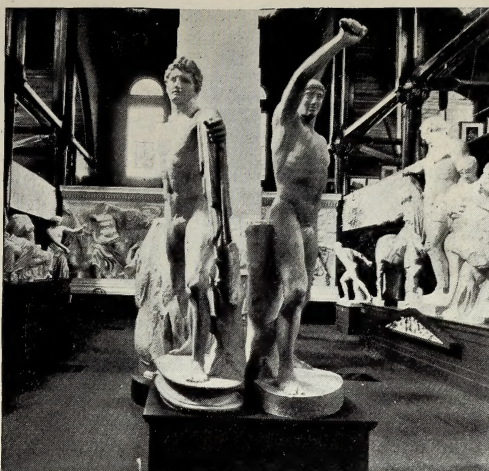
THE SLATER MEMORIAL AND NORWICH FREE ACADEMY.

tongue and pen, in prose and verse, not shunning the logical consequences of his arguments. With sarcasm and invective he pointed out the inconsistency of those who claimed liberty as an inalienable right for themselves while holding other men in slavery. The argument *ad hominem* made itself felt. Deeds of manumission of slaves multiply on the town records about those days. His principal publication was a poem against slavery. In 1779, being a member of the State General Assembly, he brought in a bill for the abolition of slavery. Quitting the hat-shop for more congenial work, he spent a few years as pastor in the frontier home mission field of Vermont, and then, returning to Connecticut, died and was buried at New Haven, in 1815. Aaron's son, Deacon William Cleveland, who had learned the business of silversmith as apprentice to famous Thomas Har-



DR. ROBERT PORTER KEEP.
Principal of the Norwich Free Academy.

land, in 1830 bought the house alongside of the old court-house which stood on John Mason's home lot, and built a shop there, where he carried on his business until his death in 1837. A daughter, the youngest



A CORNER OF THE SLATER MEMORIAL ART
GALLERY.

of his thirteen children, became the wife of the brilliant preacher, Samuel Hanson Cox, and the mother of Aaron Cleveland Cox, who by and by, in the interest of euphony, suffered a change into the Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, and has just departed from us, universally beloved and lamented, as the Right Rev. Bishop Cleveland-Coxe. Another grandson of the same William Cleveland the silversmith is Grover Cleveland, twenty-second President of the United States. It is a very curious fact that these two eminent citizens of the same town of Buffalo were not aware that they were first cousins until an outsider to the family happened to make it known to them in the way of business.

The fact that the pedigrees of no less than four Presidents converge thus upon the nine miles square of old Norwich is given here merely as illustrative of the quality and influence of the Norwich stock. But this, after all, is better shown by the course of Norwich history. The early foundations were laid "in troublous times." The oldest of the settlers' houses had hardly turned gray from the weather, when the mutterings of the terrible storm began to be heard which was



WILLIAM A. SLATER.

soon to burst upon New England in the bloody and almost fatal King Philip's War. Perhaps it was a premonitory sign of the coming disturbance, that the town, in 1673, pulled down its first meeting-house and rebuilt, not on the plain, but on the summit of the

"Meeting-house Rocks," overlooking the village, from which coming danger might be discovered. In June, 1675, the evidence of a general conspiracy among the Indians for the extermination of the whites was disclosed in

murderous forays on the villages of the Old Colony and by hostile movements among various tribes. One bloody story followed another. As elsewhere, so in Norwich, every man stood in arms. The old leaders of the first age, John Mason and Jonathan Brewster, were gone, but their places were worthily filled by their sons. But no figure stands out fairer against the storm-cloud than that of gentle James Fitch, the old pastor, adventuring himself

into the camps of Mohegans and Pequots, to make sure of their fidelity to their white neighbors, and attending the little New London County army as chaplain, in their hard campaigns in the wilderness. Those were the darkest days that ever lowered over New England. Connecticut bore its full share of the burden; but it is wonderful how little her villages suffered from attack. Almost the sole instance is thus told in a soldier's letter from New London, Jan. 29, 1676:

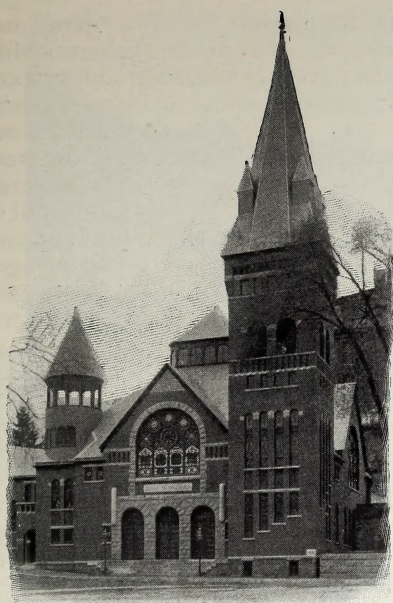
"This morning early came post from Norwich with the sad intelligence of two men and a boy being taken and killed, who went over Showtucket River to spread flax, viz., Jos. Rockwell and his boy of 15 or 16 years old, and John Renolls, Jun. of Norwich. The said Jos. Rockwell and Renolls were found dead and thrown downe ye River banke, their



RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM A. SLATER.

scalps cutt off: the boy is not yett found, supposed to be caried away alive."

Thus the first-born of the Reynolds house was cut off. But happily among many daughters was one more son, through whom the venerable homestead has descended in the same name to the present day. Happily, too, the captive Rockwell boy was soon brought back by a friendly Indian,—for which the country, through successive generations until



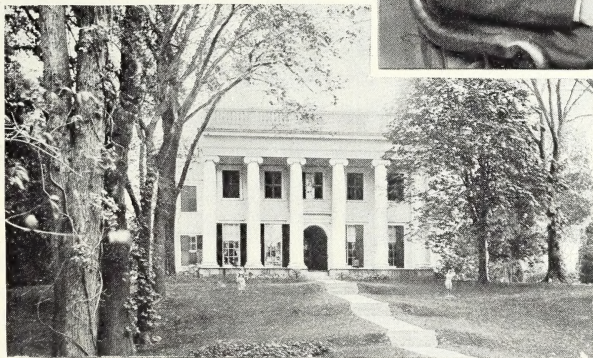
THE CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

hardly out of men's ears, they should have built so freely and fearlessly, each house on its farm or its garden, "every man sitting under his vine and under his fig-tree, with none to make him afraid"?

We must hurry over the century which follows King Philip's War,—not because there is little to say of it, but because there is too much. In the growth of the town in trade as well as in numbers, it had become obvious to far-sighted people (what we wonder that any could have missed) that the bold bluff and the banks of the two streams where the Yantic and the Shetucket unite and make the Thames might be good for something besides a sheepwalk. In 1700 the town appointed commissioners to lay out "the east sheep walk," which presently became "The Landing," and then "Chelsea," and is now Norwich, while the ancient village, wonderfully preserving to this

now, has had many successive reasons to be grateful.

The war was ended after about fifteen months of terror and desolation; and with astonishing vigor the village started on a new growth. Once more the farmhouses scattered wide among woods and hills, and the village stretched in beautiful open order along the broad town street. Can any one explain how it has come to pass that in the old countries, where settled governments have offered more or less of security for centuries, the peasant houses huddle together and crowd close into the street as if in terror and for mutual protection; whereas in this land, just reclaimed from savagery, while yet the midnight massacre was a recent memory and the sound of the war-whoop was



DAVID A. WELLS AND HIS RESIDENCE.



THE WILLIAM W. BACKUS HOSPITAL.

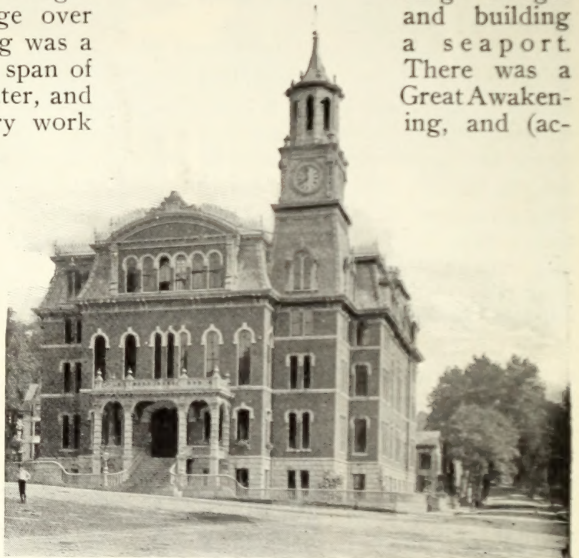
day its antique characteristics, is known as Norwich Town. The elder serves the younger.

But the old town grew apace and long continued to be the social and business centre. In 1735 it became a "half-shire town" and set up its court house and jail. Roads and bridges came into place. The bridge over the Shetucket at The Landing was a wonder in its day. It had a span of 124 feet, 28 feet above the water, and was "supported by Geometry work above, and calculated to bear a weight of 500 tons." It was the masterpiece of that *pontifex maximus*, "Mr. John Bliss, one of the most curious mechanics of the age." The "Geometry Bridge" afforded a fine occasion for the inventive genius of the Rev. Samuel Peters in his famous "History of Connecticut." According to Truthful Samuel, it is "60 yards long, butted on two rocks, and geometrically supported; under which pass ships with all their sails standing."

The reader who looks up the foaming Shetucket from the Laurel Hill Bridge (successor to "the Geometry Bridge") may estimate the probable tonnage of the merchant navies

sailing up that mill-stream, and find therein a convenient gauge of the veracity of the reverend historian.

There were greater things done in those ante-bellum days than constructing bridges and building a seaport. There was a Great Awakening, and (ac-



CITY HALL.

cording to a law of church history) a consequent schism, happily soon healed. There were stirrings of missionary enterprise, such as have since become nobly characteristic of

the town.* Withal, beneficent in a different way, there was the drug business of Dr. Daniel Lathrop, which made medical practice according to the best science of that day possible in Connecticut. But one of Dr. Lathrop's smart young apprentices was the terror of the village. One cannot but suspect that the

longs no longer to Norwich, but, in the bravery of his fighting and the shame of his treason, to the country at large. The counsel



EAST MAIN STREET AND BROADWAY AT LITTLE PLAIN.

myth-making faculty has been busy devising appropriate "traditions" of the young scapgrace. But the whittlings, brandings and hatchet-cuts on the house in which he was born are said to have borne testimony to a preternatural power of mischief in the boy. The incident of his engaging the village boys on a wager to jump from the back door of the shop, landing them unexpectedly barefoot on a pile of broken bottles, is not so well attested. But it was a relief to Norwich when the young gentleman removed to New Haven to start a drug business there on his own account. From that point, the history of Benedict Arnold be-

were wasted on the little wretch. Later, the same influences wrought a worthy result, when Lydia Huntley grew up as a ward in the same house,

and lovely example of Dr. Daniel Lathrop and "Madam Lathrop," in whose house he is said to have lived as an apprentice,

*The story of Samson Occum, of all Indians the worthiest of a biography, is about to be told by the Rev. DeLoss Love, Jr., of Hartford, with a thoroughness and exactness characteristic of that author. But the beginnings of a missionary zeal in Norwich are coeval with the foundation of the town. The first pastor was the first missionary to the heathen.



THE MASONIC TEMPLE.

the delightful atmosphere of which she never ceased to acknowledge with gratitude, in prose and verse, when as Mrs. Sigourney she had won an honorable fame on both sides of the ocean.

The part taken by Connecticut and her towns in the Revolutionary War cannot be understood unless it is kept in mind that in Connecticut the war was not revolutionary, but conservative. Alone of the thirteen colonies, Connecticut entered into the war with

and in the Court House, and on one memorable occasion in the meeting-house, were held the popular meetings, addressed by Aaron Cleveland, and the Huntingtons, and Joseph Trumbull, and Nathaniel Niles* and like spirits, which prompted the enlistments and the combinations and the splendidly liberal contributions for the maintenance of the laws and liberties of the little republic. The part taken by Norwich in the war which so soon ripened into a war for



SHETUCKET STREET.

her governor and council at her head, under the constitution of her royal charter. The proceedings which elsewhere were taken by irregular popular assemblies or "Committees of Safety" were here taken by the constituted authorities or by legally called town meetings. But Governor Jonathan Trumbull at Lebanon, just north of Norwich, found himself sustained in his most energetic measures by the high tide of public excitement. The "Liberty Tree," a lofty pole crowned with the Phrygian cap, was planted in the village green, and there

independence was an honorably distinguished one. During the sufferings of Boston before the distinct outbreak of hostilities, Norwich sent on for the relief of the city a drove of 291 sheep, and afterwards a drove of 100 sheep together with a contribution in wheat, in corn and in cash. Samuel Adams wrote back to the Committee: "The part which the town of Norwich takes in this struggle for American liberty is truly noble." The town was equally lavish of personal service,

*Author of "The American Hero," a famous war-song of the Revolution, in fifteen Sapphic-Adonic stanzas.

in field and forum. But the service of her soldiers was almost entirely in distant fields.

It was just because of its entering so strenuously and solidly into the war, that Connecticut is so poor in trophies and battlefields. Our soil has always been intolerant of hostile feet. Only once in the whole course of the war did British soldiers spend a night in Connecticut except as prisoners. The Thames became a refuge for ships from the enemy's cruisers and privateers, and a sally-port for reprisals. Norwich itself was a quiet resort for several distinguished families from regions disturbed by actual hostilities. The genius of her people for the arts of peace made them invaluable serviceable to the country in war time. It was one of the first formal resolutions of the town, as the war was seen to be impending, "to encourage manufactures"; and the first important factories were developed under this necessity. The iron works of Elijah Backus at Yantic turned out the great anchors for the Connecticut warships, and cannon for sea and land; and William Lax established a factory for gun-carriages. And all the while the spinning-wheels and looms and needles of the people were contributing the clothing of the soldiers, and the fields and barns were furnishing their subsistence, through a Norwich citizen, Joseph Trumbull, Commissary-general of the Continental army.

But if Norwich heard the actual collisions of war only from a safe distance, she saw her share of its pomp and circumstance. The great mansion of General Jedediah Huntington, by far the grandest in the town, gave splendid hospitality to famous men—Washington and Governor Trumbull, Lafayette, the Count de Lauzun, the Marquis de Chastellux, and other gay officers of the French troops cantoned at one time at Lebanon, Steuben, Pulaski and other distinguished foreigners in

the American service. The occasional festivities at the Jed Huntington house were as much like court life as anything in America at that period.

With the close of the war began the period of the commercial prosperity of Norwich. Even ocean commerce, in those days, was carried on by craft of small tonnage; so that the wharves at "The Landing" gave accommodation to vessels plying not only to West Indian but also to transatlantic ports. The town was growing rich and prosperous by this foreign trade, when suddenly it was arrested, first by the embargo of 1807, and afterward and finally by the war of 1812. "The commerce of the Thames [we quote Miss Caulkins] ceased at once. Sails were taken down, hulls packed together like logs, keels fell to decay. It was a period of anxiety, depression and gloom." Is it strange that the embargo and the war, extinguishing the sources of the prosperity of New England, were not popular measures in this region?

If I were to make a protectionist speech at this season (which I am not—there are more serious topics to talk about just now), I should point to the fact that the industrial system of New England was created at once out of nothing by the most stringently protective measures in our history. Up to the time of the war of 1812 the streams of New England ran from the hills to the sea, doing little by the way but to turn here and there a gristmill or a sawmill. In the three years from 1813 to 1816, there sprang up on the Yantic and the Shetucket four cotton mills, two woolen mills and a nail factory. This was the beginning of the new era in the life of New England. The impulse thus suddenly and violently given was not transient in its effects. The consequent movement has continued to this day, until factory villages and cities hang upon every millstream of New England like beads on a string

—and not one of them which dates earlier than 1812. The change has been attended with a modification of some people's politico-economical theories. While New England was in the business of common carrier, New England was for free trade. The embargo was cruelly forced upon her by other sections; her commerce was annihilated; with brilliant versatility she changed her methods of activity to meet the new conditions,—and it was not until her energy and genius had created a vast system of productive industries, that the people who had been so fierce for an embargo discovered that it was a wiser policy to keep our workshops in Europe and buy from them in free trade. By this time, however, New England had become deeply convinced that home manufactures and a home market were objects to be promoted by a so-called "American policy." This double change of opinion, illustrated (for instance) in the career of Daniel Webster and his antagonists, is one of the curiosities of our political history.

Happily for the beauty of Norwich, the diverse and numerous factories have for the most part disposed themselves along the streams in suburban villages or on side streets, without interfering with the sumptuous residence streets of the city or with the quaint and archaic beauty of the old town. This is not to be taken as implying that there is no beauty in the factory. The magnificent proportions of the Ponemah Mill at Taftville have a grace and dignity equal in their way to those of a cathedral. Its vast acreage of floor room is devoted to producing the most exquisite fabrics that can be woven from cotton by the Jacquard loom. It was the conviction of the late John F. Slater that the coarser cotton fabrics must come, under the new organization of industry at the South, to be produced in factories which should grow up alongside of the cotton field; and he made double

preparation for the future, first by bringing up the production of the "Taftville goods" to the highest point of perfection, and secondly by the gift of a million of dollars to promote the education of the colored working people of the south.

Perhaps it is owing to the large diversity of its industries that Norwich has escaped the utter prostration which for several years has overtaken so many industrial centres. Besides the many and extensive factories of textiles, in the valleys of the Yantic and the Shetucket, two important establishments for dyeing and bleaching are in operation. One of the earliest industries of the town was paper-making; and the great paper mills at Greenville and the new Uncas mill at Thamesville stand in historical relation with the factory of Christopher Leffingwell at The Falls in 1766, which, to the wonder of the lookers-on, was capable of "moulding and making ready for the press about ten sheets per minute by the watch." What there was besides the enterprise and ingenuity of Norwich artisans to make the place a seat of iron-work, it might be difficult to say; but such, from the days of Elijah Backus and his cannon foundry, it has never ceased to be. Here the American device for making cut nails gave food for astonishment to the curious who watched the machinery biting off the end of a bar and spitting out the nails. At the present day, not less than three competing concerns are engaged in the making of steam-heaters; and one of these—the Richmond Stove Works, whose foundries stretch along the left bank of the Thames for "many a rood"—has made its wares familiar in the kitchens and the parlors of more than one nation. The making of firearms is still practiced; but the most considerable of the pistol factories—that of Hopkins and Allen—seized the opportune moment when it appeared that pretty much everybody had got

a pistol,* and turned its great resources to the production, in large numbers, of "The Majestic" bicycle.

This off-hand sketch, which is far from complete, of some of the varied industries of Norwich, gives an idea of the sources of the wealth of the town, which is larger in proportion to its population than that of any other town in the state. This fact conspired with other circumstances to give the little city almost a *hegemony* among Connecticut towns at the beginning of the Civil War. The Governor of the State, William A. Buckingham, of Norwich, united a fervid patriotism and a trained executive ability with noble personal qualities such as enforce popular respect and admiration. The senior Senator of Connecticut, La Fayette S. Foster, preëminently wise and influential in counsel, was President of the Senate, and upon the death of Lincoln became Acting Vice-President of the United States. Few towns in the country can have surpassed this in its gifts of life and treasure for the maintenance of the government.

The most widely distinguished of the living citizens of Norwich, David A. Wells, in his most interesting and valuable work on "Recent Economic Changes," illustrates on the grand scale some principles which are of late years affecting the prosperity and growth of the city of Norwich. That eminent manufacturer whom I have before quoted, Mr. John F. Slater, in forecasting the future of Norwich, remarked that the growth of the great suburban factories, which many years ago had given such a notable set-forward to the wealth and business of the city, could no longer be relied on for a like result. In the earlier days Norwich was an entrepôt of supplies for the mills along both the streams which unite at this point.

Now every considerable factory purchases directly from the prime sources of supply, not only for itself, but to a large extent for its employees; and it neither derives much from its neighbor market town, nor contributes much to it. Consequently the development of Norwich in future has got to come along some other line; and it was Mr. Slater's conviction that it would be as an educational centre that the Norwich of the future was to prosper. The history of the Norwich Free Academy, even up to that date of fifteen years ago, might well have settled this conviction in his mind.

This noble institution owes its foundation, not to the zeal for education of the town or city of Norwich in its corporate capacity, but rather to the scandalously degraded condition of the public schools of the town about 1850, and to the dogged opposition to any improvement which was for a long time successfully maintained by some of the town demagogues in behalf of the dear people. The fight in behalf of civilization was led, with a tact and a masterly eloquence in debate the memory of which has not yet passed away, by the young pastor of the Broadway Church, the Rev. John P. Gulliver; and at last the building of a fine and costly school-house on Broadway, in 1855, "marked the successful termination of one of the most protracted and severe educational struggles ever witnessed in our state." The result at the present day is to be seen in an altogether excellent graded school system. But the lesson which Mr. Gulliver learned from the conflict was that, if the friends of education in Norwich wanted any further advance, their easiest and best way was to make it themselves, rather than by protracted and toilsome controversy to drag the people up to undertaking it by public action. The Academy as it stands to-day, the foremost institution of secondary education in the state, and one of the first in the country, justifies his conclusion. The

*Some of the smaller pistol factories were not so timely in changing the direction of their activity. There was a touching significance in an advertisement which a few months ago was kept standing in the *Norwich Bulletin*. It offered for sale the tools and material of a pistol shop, with a quantity of unfinished pistols; "also, eighteen small gravestones."

circular announcing the project and appealing for aid was responded to by three citizens with subscriptions of \$10,000 each, and the sum of \$100,000 was promptly made up by forty subscribers. The Academy is felt by all to be the glory of the town. Its funds and other property have from time to time been largely increased. Its standard of scholarship, under the late Principal Hutchison, stood equal to that of any like school in America; and under the present Principal, the learned Dr. Robert Porter Keep, it has been still further advanced. The late Professor Thatcher declared to me several years ago that there was only one other school (Phillips Academy, Andover) from which students came so well prepared for the Yale examinations as from the Norwich Free Academy.

It is impossible to speak fitly of the recent splendid advances and expansions of the Academy without referring to its most munificent benefactor, Mr. William A. Slater; and it is difficult for the friends of Mr. Slater, who know what he has done and what he is, to speak of him without some warmth of expression which would be uncongenial to his modesty. His first considerable benefaction to the Academy was the erection of the "Slater Memorial Hall," a great and sumptuous building in commemoration of his father, John Fox Slater. The first floor of this structure is chiefly occupied by a spacious hall for lectures, concerts and other public occasions of the institution. On the second floor the Peck Library is beautifully installed; but the space is mainly filled with the museum of casts of sculpture representing the Greek, the Roman and the Renaissance periods in the history of the art, all arranged with admirable taste and judgment for comparison and study. Elsewhere in the building are other collections of interest and value. Withal, in rooms that have proved not always adequate to the prosperity of the department, the classes of the Art

School have been quartered, pursuing, under instructors always competent and in some cases eminent, the various arts of design, drawing, painting, modeling and especially the arts of decorative design in their practical applications. This department of the Academy, also, is due to the generosity of Mr. Slater; and the department of Pedagogics (what we are accustomed, by a curious freak of language, to call a "Normal School"), which for seven years had been sustained from the same generous purse and heart, accomplishing results of inestimable value, of a sort and quality unattainable, in some respects, in the official institutions of the state, would by this time have been established on a permanent endowment in its own building, but for the failure of coöperation from the "fierce democracy" of the School District. This defeat of a noble purpose is one out of many lessons additional to that which was so well learned in the struggle of 1843-1855, that those who contemplate important enterprises of public utility in Norwich will do wisely to refrain to the utmost possible extent from inviting the local demagogue to take a hand in them.

The latest addition to the resources of the Academy has just been quietly accomplished through private subscription, in accordance with this principle, by the erection and equipment with tools, machinery and power, of a Manual Training Department which has already proved its value and usefulness.

There is not room here to detail the various enterprises of public utility in which the liberality of others has been reënforced and stimulated by the coöperation of one citizen of large means and larger heart. I merely name the public free library, the building, now in progress, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and the Park Church. Of more remote benefactions I say nothing. But Norwich has lately been enriched

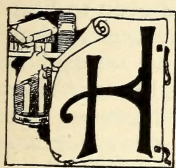
by one institution so fine and noble, and carried into execution in a way so characteristic of our benefactor, that it demands to be described. About half a dozen years ago it came to be understood that an aged and childless citizen, long distinguished for his not giving to things, had decided to bestow \$75,000 on the building of a hospital. This was the opportunity for a man who likes to do a good thing in accordance with the noble maxim of Edward Everett Hale: "Never mind who gets the credit." He sought out the old man, and by the offer at once to double the intended gift and more, changed the intention into a fact, thus procuring for the aged associate, the hitherto unknown delight of giving away a lump of money for a charitable object, and the innocent gratification of writing up his name in large letters as a philanthropist, and furthermore, assuring to the hospital a considerable endowment. The locating, planning and directing of the construction of the noble pile of buildings and

the copious expenditure month after month which was to make the new hospital, in structure and equipment, the equal of any in the world, were the work of the young man, not the old. I have no doubt there must be some among my readers who will be able to appreciate the added enjoyment there was in doing this good work for thousands of future unknown beneficiaries without putting his own name into it at all, but letting it stand inscribed before the world as "The William W. Backus Hospital."

I confess my misgivings, as I write, lest my friend, reading what I have written in his remote absence beyond the sea, should feel annoyance at this publication of facts which in their nature cannot be private, and should "blush to find it fame." But it is simply impossible to describe the Norwich of to-day without speaking of the man who has done so much to make it what it is. The love and gratitude toward him here expressed by one of his fellow-citizens are the common sentiment of all.

THE BUILDING OF A BACHELOR.

By Albert E. Lawrence.



ENRY and Ellen Hammond had been married nearly a year when their first serious disagreement occurred. He left the house in a

passion, and all the way to his office felt a burning desire to sacrifice himself that she might suffer. The opportunity was at hand. President Lincoln had called for seventy-five thousand men, and as Henry reached the Court House he was caught by the excitement which attended the formation of a company. Yielding to the impulse, he signed the register.

Three months later, on the day he fought so bravely and then retreated with blind terror from Bull Run, his son and heir, and the subject of this sketch, was born into the world. Henry returned home to be forgiven by his wife and to look with proud pleasure upon his boy; then he went back to the war, this time in answer to duty, and with a three years' enlistment staring him in the face.

They had decided upon Edgar Henry as a name for the child. But Ellen called him Henry because of her absent husband and lover. After the battle of Antietam a letter from home informed him that "little Henry points

his chubby finger at all the soldier pictures and calls them 'papa, papa.' When he came home after Appomattox the boy, now nearly four, looked upon him with sober awe. Edgar was not afraid of the stranger, but he very soon ran away, preferring to play with Susy Kendall, the little girl across the way.

A change in the affairs of the little girl's people at this time took them away from Columbia. The night after they had moved Ellen stepped to Edgar's bedside; he slept alone now, in a room adjoining theirs. Edgar was not awake, still he was hardly asleep, but was crying softly with an occasional childish sob.

"What is the matter, dear?" Ellen asked, stooping quickly, putting her head close to his.

"I did love Susy Kendall," said the broken, childish voice. "She is just the bestest girl in all the world!"

Edgar did not forget Susy Kendall at once, but she called no more tears to his eyes. At six he was sent to the public school. From the first day the little girl with the blue dress and short blonde hair, sitting at the desk in the farther corner of the room, became the "bestest girl in all the world." He did not tell his mother now, but kept it sacredly to himself. He did not know her name, nor where she lived, but before the week was out he had discovered both. He loved to sit, his eyes, just missing the top of his book, fastened upon her every movement. It was a delicious moment in his life when he stood by her side in the spelling class. But even that moment had its pain; for she missed the word, and his native honesty not permitting him to miss also, he must needs go above her. He flushed painfully in changing positions. He felt that she did not care for him; for that matter, he could not see anything in boys why girls should care for them anyway. Now he knew that she never would care for him. Still he went on worshipping her from afar.

At the end of the year he passed into the next room. The little girl with the blue dress—another blue dress now, for she had worn out the first—did not pass. Edgar had a moment in which he wished that he had not passed, followed by another filled with the wild thought of substituting his standing for hers. When school began again at the end of a long vacation, he was prepared to be consoled by another blonde girl. This time she sat directly across the aisle, and wore a white dress. She put up her nose at him the first time he looked her way, and on the playground kicked at him, using her legs as freely as a boy. Both of these actions he cherished a long time in his memory. Her name was Maud, and he wrote it on his slate and looked at it when no one could see him. He was more faithful to this last passion, for it possessed him with varying intensity for several years. Now and then some other pretty face displaced Maud's for a short time, but he always returned to her in the interims. She passed from room to room with him, little knowing the place she held in his dreams.

When Edgar was ten, his mother died. Two years later his father married again. At this time another girl came into the boy's life. She did not drive Maud out, but the two seemed to possess him jointly. In his dreams he did not always define even to himself which one it was he was waiting upon, saving from some impending danger, or giving up his life for. For an hour on Sundays, however, the new girl had complete sway, for she attended the Sunday school where Edgar was in the habit of going and Maud was not. During the week Maud had the advantage, for the other girl was a grade below them in the public school. It is true she came into their room for the morning exercises, and on one or two occasions sat with Maud. At these times Edgar was particularly pleased. The two occupying one seat helped to concen-

trate his vision. It would have overwhelmed him with shame to have had these passions known. In his speech of girls at this time he was always rough, but never coarse nor vulgar.

Oolumbia had a wealthy, public-spirited citizen, and he had given the town a free library. Edgar became a patron of this institution at an early age. His first literary passion was for Oliver Optic, followed quickly by Mayne Reid. Later he read Abbott's biographies of Captain Kidd, Daniel Boone, Kit Carson and others. He professed a scorn for the line of fiction which he denominated "love stories." In the stories he did read he occasionally came across passages dealing with the tender emotions, and these he pronounced "sickish." History was a favorite with him, particularly that of ancient and mediæval times. When he was fourteen, he made an exception in his reading in favor of "Barriers Burned Away." The book made a great impression upon his mind. He felt a pang when he learned that there were not others by the same author. This led to his taking up Scott and Dickens, and in the next few years a great deal of fiction crept into his reading, much of it by authors not so favorably known; and these lesser writers had a distinctive influence in the formation of his character.

In the meantime his youthful heart-affections were in a chaotic condition. Maud and the Sunday-school girl had been obliged to admit others upon an equal footing. In fact there were at this time a half dozen pretty faces, the sight of any one of which would send the blood through his veins or hold his eyes in boyish admiration, starting long trains of sweet, delicious dreams. This lasted with little change for four or five years. Near the close of this period a political landslide made a change in all the county officers, bringing into Oolumbia a number of new families. John Andrews's was one of these; and Olive was the oldest daughter.

Edgar Hammond was now nineteen years old, handsome and bashful. Olive Andrews was seventeen, very pretty and not very bashful. The Hammonds and the Andrewses attended the same church. Edgar and Olive met at a social gathering. She was bright, talkative and charming; he was masculinely dull, a good listener, and—charmed. After the entertainment he walked home with her; the motion was more of her than of him, though he did ask her, haltingly, in so many words, for the privilege. They met again before the week was out, and her eyes and manner gave him a decided welcome. On Sunday evening he called and accompanied her to church; they sat in the Andrews' pew, and later sat in the Andrews' parlor, alone, until eleven. This became a regular Sunday occurrence. He talked a little of books and recommended Trollope; she read two or three of these and liked them, but preferred Mrs. Holmes. They talked a great deal more of themselves, and the friendship progressed rapidly.

When the first warm evening of spring came, they substituted the streets of Oolumbia for the stuffy little parlor. Where the street lamps permitted it, they walked hand in hand in the darkness, or he slipped his arm about her waist. He was more particular about the street lamps than she. If he kissed her three times of an evening, he thought it a great many. It never occurred to him that she found as much pleasure in his society as he did in hers.

Edgar was as cautious as he was anything else. His movements were always slow. One evening Olive spoke with an apparent carelessness of her future as the life of "an old maid." At first his answer was a low laugh, expressive of the contentment of the moment; then, as she remained silent, he said: "Oh, you'll probably marry some red-headed man and be supremely happy." Now Edgar was very far from being a red-headed man.

His hair was thick and black and clung to his well-shaped head in segmented locks, which, had they had their way, would have hung in curls as massive as any which adorned the wigs of the Stuarts of old. He had no intention of teasing Olive in speaking thus; he did not mean to be taken seriously,—his voice plainly indicated that. He simply wished matters to go on as they were, without any promises on either side. He never thought that this was wronging the girl; in his heart he sincerely wished her happiness. He, too, had thoughts of the future, but for the present he knew that they were both young; besides his novel reading had taught him, if it had taught him anything, that love at his age was but a passing fancy. This was confirmed by his younger experiences. In the last few weeks he had met his boyish flames and searched their faces for the things that had so stirred his heart in days gone by. They were good enough girls, he told himself now, but very commonplace by the side of Olive; and he was sorely put to it to account for the life of those emotions now dead. When he thought of Olive following in their footsteps, his heart rebelled. Still he had great faith in his wisdom born of novel reading.

Edgar had graduated from the Olumbia high school the summer before, and had spent this year in reading law in his father's office. In September he left, going to pursue his law studies at a celebrated university. His parting from Olive was with many signs of affection. Letters were exchanged almost daily thereafter. He was guarded in his expression, as was natural with him, no sinister motive ever entering his head; but she wrote with all the ardor of a young girl's love. It was a revelation to him; some of her statements nearly took his breath away. He could appreciate such feelings; but to put them in cold writing! He hinted something of this to her, and she was hurt. She pleaded her loneliness, and

told how dull it was, and how she missed him and the good times they used to have. He generously advised her to go with the young people more, and hoped that she would not give up any pleasure because he could not share it with her. He said he could trust her.

So the school year passed away. The interval between their letters had widened to a week before its close; but they met and fondly told each other that they had not changed. But another, if another had been permitted to see them, would have said that they took each other too much as a matter of fact. If this were so, Edgar liked it the more. He loved the tantalizing effect when she kept her distance. He began to cherish the idea that he was superior to the ordinary novel hero, and that his youthful passion had come to stay. If this proved so he looked upon himself as settled in life; and he and Olive would be very happy together. But he did not tell her this.

If they heard from each other once a week after his return to the university this seemed often enough; and very soon it came to be once in two weeks. She wrote of the starting of a skating rink in Olumbia, and of the sport she was having there. In her first letters she spoke often of Arthur Scotten, the dashing young fellow who was in authority at the rink; then his name dropped out of her letters almost entirely. Her letters were not so neat now as they had formerly been. She always wrote of some gay time she had had, or of plans that they were making for a gay time. Her writing showed many signs of haste, and indeed she once said that there was so much going on she hardly had time to write at all. Edgar was so absorbed in the closing work of school that he did not notice this change. He was glad that Olive was having a good time, and looked forward soon to enjoying it with her. He came away from the university at last a week earlier than he had ex-

pected. It was three weeks since he had heard from Olive, but there was nothing in this fact that worried him. Indeed he was very happy in anticipating the surprise he would give her.

It was dusk, but lamps had not yet been lighted, when he stepped through the open parlor door at the Andrews's home. Olive was alone; her back was towards him but at the sound of a step she turned.

"Edgar Hammond!" she exclaimed, a little frightened and a little confused. Before she could recover he had taken both her hands and kissed her.

"O, Edgar!" she cried, springing away from him. "You mustn't—I meant to write to you! I'm so sorry—I'm engaged to Arthur Scotten!"

Columbia remained Edgar Hammond's home for eight years after his graduation at the university; then he moved to New York where he became junior partner in a distinguished law firm. Much, however, had happened in these years. For days and weeks after that interview with Olive, he felt his pain and humiliation. Now, when she had passed beyond his reach, he began to realize how much he had made her a part of his life. It gave him a certain satisfaction to think that he could love so deeply, for there had been one or two moments in his life when he feared that his nature might be shallow. But it was a high price which he paid for this satisfaction. In the moments when his suffering was at its height, his wisdom gained of novel reading would tell him that it could not last, that he would recover; but even at these thoughts he felt rebellious. He was never once angry with Olive; he did not blame her for the course she had pursued. He prided himself upon taking a common-sense view of the case. But this did not prevent his growing pale and thin. His father noticed this and his lack of interest in the work at the office. He thought it

due to hard study at the university, and proposed a vacation, finally packing Edgar off for a year in Europe.

The year proved to be three. At first Edgar went about as his fancy led him. He visited the places he had read of in fiction and studied of in history. He made acquaintances for the most part of people older than he. Quiet little out-of-the-way nooks attracted him, and in such places he loved to settle down for days and weeks, making friends with the quaint common people. He read a little of the current fiction, and made an attempt at French in the original, but gave it up for the English translations. The French novels were a startling revelation to him. He felt that he gained much knowledge of the world from reading them; and he always left one with a sense of pity for human frailty. His mind was no doubt broadened and his sympathies enlarged; but if there were not left a scar also, there was something very like it. A new color appeared in his dreams, which still came to him in his idle moments, and out of these he could not wholly keep Olive; he made heroic attempts, however, and would start up, breaking the spell, calling himself a brute.

He felt that this must not go on. The year was nearly up, but he was not ready to return to America. He wrote home for permission to take a two years' course at one of the German universities, telling of the advantage it would be to him in his profession. His father had had a year of unusual success, and readily granted the request. Edgar threw himself with his whole soul into his studies, and fondly cherished the idea that he had forever broken with his past. The German student life he enjoyed to the full. He gave himself but little of women's society, in all of the two years seeing but two or three pretty faces to start the old dreams of a happiness which still hungered for fulfillment. Novel reading he had put away from him entirely for the time.

Toward the close of the two years a growing impatience to return home seized him. He could hardly restrain himself at the last when but a few days remained, and these passed with such provoking slowness. As he stood on the deck of the steamer, it was with a great joy that he watched the coast line of the Old World drop behind. He had traveled through every country of Europe, had visited Paris and the Latin quarter, and Monte Carlo and many other resorts, and through them all preserved his Puritan purity.

He received a glad welcome at home, experiencing a little shock, however, at the signs of age which he discovered in his father. Henry Hammond and his son formed a law partnership at once, and the young man gave himself up wholly to business. Oumbia had changed considerably in his absence. It was really five years since he had had much to do with the place. Scarcely any one recognized him at first sight; and, indeed, it was only by some expression of the face or characteristic movement that he made out the friends of his youth now grown up. Most of them were married. Maud and the Sunday school girl were happy mothers.

Edgar had a strong curiosity to see Olive. He knew that she was married and living somewhere in the city. The craze for roller-skating had died out, but her husband had converted the rink into a livery stable. It was some time before he met her, and then it was on the street. They walked a block together. As he looked once more into her face and eyes, something of an old hunger came to him; yet it was not for her particularly, for at the corner he let her go from him without any pang.

He had that day completed a long and trying task. Alone in his room in the evening he gave himself up to a few foolish romantic thoughts. Then, the next day, business being a little dull, he bought a novel that was

much talked of, and read it through. The old reading passion returned to him, and for a busy man he read a great deal of fiction in the months that followed. An evident change had come into the story as he found it now. The old novel had ended with the marriage ceremony, leaving the reader with the glad intimation that the couple lived happy ever after. But the new novel began where the old one had left off and went on to portray the fact that the married couple lived anything but happy lives as Edgar Hammond understood happiness. He wondered how much of truth there was in these. Current criticism was certainly on their side; many of them were held up as models of realism.

But were they real? He asked himself this question many times, and sought his answer in the lives of his young married friends. On the surface they appeared to be as happy as he had ever hoped to be; but remarks which they made occasionally led him to doubt these appearances. It is true these remarks were always in the form of a joke; but Edgar knew that people often spoke lightly of the most serious things of their lives.

"Take my advice, Ed,—don't ever get married. It's a slave's life," one young fellow had laughingly said in the presence of his wife.

"But the wife is the slave," she had replied, and playfully threw her fan at her husband.

Another friend at another time had said: "Dear! I'd just like to take this outing with you,—but there's my wife! She'd never give me any peace. Think twice, old fellow, before you tie yourself down as I have."

At another time a couple who were shortly to be married were under discussion. "How fond they are of each other!" some one had remarked when Hartly, whose married life had yet to number two years, said with a sigh that might have had the ghost of sincerity in it: "It won't last long, though!"

Edgar could have given a dozen

such instances, besides that which he saw in his father's own married life. His mother had died when he was so young that he remembered but little of the first marriage; but he saw very plainly that there was not the perfect compatibility between his step-mother and his father which his early novel reading had taught him to expect. The climax to this adverse impression, however, Edgar received from a divorce suit which came into his hands at this time. It was, as the local papers phrased it, "a scandal in high life." From all that could be learned—and what was there that was not learned!—the husband and wife were equally to blame. The crimination and recrimination, the shocking detail of all their sins and sinning, were sickening to one with Edgar's high ideals.

Edgar Hammond did not believe that all the world were mismated and unhappy. His judgment was too good not to discover that these were but individual cases; and they lessened not one whit that desire for a home of his own and all that it meant,—which desire after all was but normal in him. Olumbia society was rather circumscribed; there was not the pairing possibility which one who had seen so much of the world as he had demanded. So the years slipped by without any indication that he would lead other than a single life.

Three years after his return from Europe his father died; and a few months later Edgar came into a considerable fortune through the death of an uncle—his mother's brother. He continued his practice of law in Olumbia for two years longer, his fame as an attorney in the meantime spreading abroad in the state. About this time Mrs. Hammond took unto herself a second husband. An amicable settlement of the property had previously been reached between her and Edgar, who now felt himself to be without a home. Then came the invitation from the celebrated New York firm, offering him an oppor-

tunity for a brilliant career in the great metropolis.

Edgar was thirty the summer before his New York advent. His physical development had kept pace with his mental, and he was a fine specimen of manly vigor and beauty. Backed by the fortune from his uncle, he leased a suite of rooms near a fashionable club, and showed good taste in furnishing them. He became a prime favorite at once with the better class of solid young men. Society caught him up, inviting him hither and thither and dining him almost to the lionizing point. Mammamas with marriageable daughters were quite prominent, but Edgar failed to notice this until it was thrown in his face with something very like a sneer; and then he rather sided with the mammamas. He enjoyed his life in the city as he had never enjoyed life before. He gave his business the closest attention, not permitting himself so many pleasures that they were likely to pall upon him; still the brilliant social gatherings were the decided feature at this time. The rich, gay throngs had a peculiar fascination for him. He had always been a lover of beauty, and nowhere else had he ever seen it so lavishly displayed. The hosts of pretty women read sympathy and unfeigned admiration in his face. But so long as they compelled his devotion *en masse*, there was no chance for the one to enslave.

It was during the winter of his second year that he met Constance McCallum. He was first attracted by her clear, oval face and mass of beautiful blonde hair. Afterward he was held by something—he could hardly express what—which seemed to pervade her whole being. She was above the average height, of fine form, and very graceful. The best that education can bestow had been bestowed upon her. She was quiet, sympathetic and unselfish.

Edgar was by this time beginning to tire of the vast gaieties of the social world, giving his preference to the

smaller and selecter gatherings which swung modestly about the noisy whirl of their giant sisters. It was at one of these, a simple little affair, that he met Constance. Her family, that is her father and his sister—her mother was dead,—had but recently returned from a year in Europe. Their conversation turned upon the Old World; and while they agreed in the main regarding phases of life there, there was enough difference on some points to make their discussions interesting. At the close of the evening, they had by no means exhausted the subject; and Miss McCallum—Constance's aunt—expressed a hope that they might soon see Mr. Hammond at their home.

The evening that Edgar called he found Constance alone, her father and aunt having gone to the opera. While Constance was cordial, her manner was marked by a fine dignity. Their quiet conversation, her ease and perfect freedom, the soft light which pervaded the room revealing the good taste in all its belongings, all had their effect upon him. He came away with the feeling that this had really been the one evening of his life in New York thus far. Back in his bachelor quarters the cold, starved air of the place smote him. He knew very well what it was that it lacked, what it was his whole nature cried out for. He found himself standing off and looking across his rooms fancying the difference it would make if a woman were standing there in that place—or coming through that door to meet him. To-night that woman was Constance McCallum, and she was dressed in a pale-blue house-gown.

At parting Constance had expressed the regret which she knew her aunt would feel at not being at home, and hoped that he would call again. Edgar gave the aunt little thought, but this did not prevent his coming again very soon. In fact he came as often as he thought it in good form; he had become more of a

stickler where conventionality was concerned than he would have admitted. He was not always fortunate in having Constance all to himself, but he bore the presence of her aunt with good grace.

All of his invitations were now accepted or declined according as the probability was that Constance would or would not be there. What little summer vacation he permitted himself was spent at Bar Harbor simply because the McCallums had their summer home near by. He knew what all this thought of Constance meant, and he was very happy. Though there were other young men who came and went, Edgar was sure that they were no rivals of his; and he felt no desire to push matters. His old boyish caution, now confirmed, made him wish to be very sure of everything. He had moments of feeling mean and contemptible when he reflected that this hesitation was because he doubted Constance in any way.

So his third New York winter passed without any definite prospect that he would give up his bachelor life. He continued his visits at the McCallums' unabashed. Indeed Mr. McCallum had placed some business in his hands, and when Edgar felt the need of a pretext for calling he made this one. This, however, was hardly necessary, for, if he were not looked upon as Constance's lover, he was at least held to be a very dear friend of the family. There was no room to find fault with Constance's behavior toward him. She was always most cordial. Her old ease of manner was not so apparent, it is true; and she sometimes blushed in a way that would have sent joy to the heart of a more experienced lover. But Edgar Hammond saw none of this. On the contrary, it was with much anxiety that he felt the day was certainly approaching when he should ask her to be his wife. He was not at all sure of her answer; and when it was not for fear of breaking their pleasant rela-

tions that he put off the fateful moment, it was because he was possessed for the time being with a morbid dread of making an unhappy marriage.

The McCallums were to go to Europe late in May, Mr. McCallum having a niece who was to be married in Paris in June. On the evening of the day before they sailed, Edgar came fully determined to seal his fate. It was warm, and the windows of the drawing-room had been thrown open. Constance and he sat there while the darkness stole about them. Once she put up her hand to press the button which would fill the room with a flood of light; but with a gentle effort he caught her wrist and stayed the movement. "I like it better so," he said, and held her hand until she in maidenly modesty withdrew it.

Their conversation was desultory; indeed the silences which fell between them seemed to say more than their words. The hum of the street and the darkness covered any embarrassment. The arc lamp at the corner threw a mellow light into the room, casting soft shadows. Edgar had meant to tell her his heart when he held her hand, but he allowed the moment to slip from him. The longer he hesitated now, the harder it seemed for him to speak. His evil genius seemed to say, Wait; and he waited. To himself he said he would write it to her; to her he said: "You are tired; I mustn't keep you up."

"It isn't late," she replied. "What time is it?" she asked, as he had taken out his watch. There was a soft note in her voice to-night. She spoke with an effort at enunciation. He held his watch toward her, the gold case glittering in the electric light. "I can't see," she said with a constrained laugh.

"Twelve," he answered. He did not go then, and a silence longer than any preceding followed. "Well," he said, rising, "I won't bid you good-bye to-night. I'll see you at the steamer to-morrow."

He was too conscious of his own emotion to notice that her hand was cold. He let it go now of his own will. She stood in the shadow of the window and watched his broad shoulders down the steps and into the street. With a quick movement she brushed her hands across her eyes and stifled a sound in her throat.

When Edgar came to write, the action suddenly seemed cold and unsatisfactory. He pushed the paper from him, determining to follow Constance on the next steamer. But before he had purchased his ticket he again changed his mind. Such haste seemed rather foolish and undignified. The McCallums were to return immediately after the wedding, and he would have all the time in the world then. He felt very sure of himself now; he said he saw how it had all been. He had been satisfied with things as they were when he was with Constance; and if he could be with her always he was sure he should be happy. It appeared very simple, and he wrote her a letter full of fervent friendship.

The letter which he received in reply seemed an endless time in coming. Its tone made his heart glad, until he read that her aunt was ill and that they had decided to spend the summer in the Alps. Again the impulse to take a steamer and hasten to her seized him. But his first case before the Supreme Court was about to come up, and he had set his heart on winning there. He wrote again, couching his letter in terms only less ardent in their friendship, and closed with a hint that "business" might call him to Europe, and if it did he would surely look them up.

Though a considerably longer time elapsed before he received his second answer, it did not seem so long to him; but the tone of the letter when it came was so decidedly different, that he experienced the first really blue moment since his coming to New York. It resulted in his feeling a sense of injury and very foolishly becoming pro-

voked with Constance. He did not reply at once, and when he did write it was almost with business-like brusqueness. He would have employed a different manner had he not expected them home shortly, when, he promised himself, he would have a great deal to tell Constance. But when he heard from Constance again, her aunt's health was no better, and they had gone into southern Italy, where, she wrote, they should spend the winter. By this time his ardor had considerably cooled. He had won his case before the Supreme Court; and thereafter his profession absorbed him more and more. Constance had never been prompt in answering his letters, and he began now to show something of the same spirit. He had by no means given her up. Any immediate prospect of his marriage having disappeared, the fear of making an unhappy alliance hung but lightly upon him. He dreamed of Constance far more than anything he did would indicate. Whenever he was particularly lonely or a little unwell or something had gone wrong in his business, his thoughts turned to her as the one woman in all the world to comfort him.

The winter and a second summer passed. It was nearly three months since Edgar had heard from Constance when he received a letter from Mr. McCallum. The two men had kept up a correspondence made necessary by their business relations, always adding a paragraph or two of a personal nature. This letter was like the others, with the exception of the closing paragraph, which struck Edgar more like a thunderbolt than anything he had ever received before. It said: "You will rejoice with us in our speedy return to America. We have been abroad so long that we are all hungering for a sight of home and native land. Constance was here a moment ago and wished me to remember her to you. By the way, congratulations, or something of the sort, are in order with her. We are

looking forward to her marriage this fall with Walter Broadleigh."

The period immediately following the receipt of this letter was the most bitter in Edgar Hammond's life. There was no sense of humiliation in the eyes of the world, for he was confident that no one knew the plans he had cherished in his heart; but there was an ever-present, hungering pain, an absence of hope for the future, which preyed upon him like a nightmare. He had been content to live for months upon a dream. That contentment had been the ruin of his happiness. Later he felt that there was something even farther back, which was still more to blame; but it was a long time before he decided that it was a lack of childlike trust. Then he felt that he had been wise unto foolishness.

He nerved himself now to meet Constance on her return. Never had she appeared so handsome, so altogether lovely. He was silent through the most of his call; but her talk flowed with an intent, quiet joyousness. Every line of her face and form was photographed upon his mind's eye, and furnished food for days and days for dreams whose only fulfillment he knew was like a jagged cut of despair.

He attended her wedding, and came forward with the others to congratulate the groom and to wish the bride all happiness. His face was a little paler than usual, but by a masterful effort of the will his manner was perfectly composed.

After this he threw himself into his business life and tried manfully to forget his folly. He had lived so long without Constance, merely giving himself the hope of some day possessing her, that he thought this would not be an impossible task. There were times, however, when, try as he would, he could not keep her out of his thoughts. He felt that he was a different man, not what he had always supposed himself to be. He had moments of being

harsh, bitter and cynical. He told himself that he would get over this infatuation as he had all of the others, and at these times he found himself sneering at his other self. When thoughts of Constance would not down, he yielded himself up to the wildest fancies imaginable, often forcing his dreams to impossible or ridiculous conclusions. But gradually a feeling that Constance was too sacred, too holy for such purposes came upon him. Instead of living in an impossible future he began to call up the past, dwelling upon scenes and incidents in which they two had figured. Here was reality; and living with her again in the ideal fellowship which had been theirs, he could not be harsh or bitter even toward himself. As time went on, he continued to soften. Such emotions being better fitted to his nature, they were the ones to survive. He no longer fiercely blamed himself, but rather felt that he was to be pitied. He was glad, however, that the world did not know, for he did not want its pity. But he did want its friendship, and he slowly returned to the gaieties which had at first attracted him on coming to New York.

Thus far he had avoided meeting Constance, for he felt that his peace of mind would return quicker were he not to see her. He had met her husband occasionally at the club, and they were always friendly. "Why don't you come up and see us?" Broadleigh had asked a number of times. "Mrs. Broadleigh speaks of you often and wonders where you are keeping yourself."

Edgar had always pleaded a rush of business, with a promise that he would come, and an inquiry as to their address, as if he did not know that very well. But about six months after their wedding, a strange desire to see them in their home took possession of him. He felt that he could trust himself now; and so it was that one night in March found him on his way thither. A storm characteristic of the

month was raging. Snow and wind beat him furiously in the face on leaving the elevated cars. The lights appeared as blurs of white in the gray blackness. It was a fearful night to be out, but Edgar reasoned with the more assurance that he should find Broadleigh at home also. He had experienced a slight dread of meeting Constance alone.

He was more conscious of himself than he liked to be as he mounted their steps and pushed the bell-button. The Broadleighs were surprised and delighted to see him. Constance showed her pleasure by the warm color which suffused her face. The talk ran on lightly; jests were exchanged, Broadleigh and his wife good-naturedly bantering each other for the amusement of their guest. Edgar thought Constance looked particularly charming. He had moments when he forgot himself completely and other moments when he felt embarrassed with a sense of inability to appreciate their jokes as he ought to be agreeable. They tried to detain him when he rose to go, and when he would not be persuaded they entreated him to come again.

When he had gone, a little silence fell between Constance and her husband. She came and stood a moment between his knees; then dropping upon one she slipped her arm about his shoulder. Her face bore a thoughtful look. Their eyes met, and she felt that she could tell him.

"What would you say," she began, "if I should tell you that if I had never seen you I should always have thought that I loved Edgar Hammond?"

The words startled him at first, but as her face showed no confusion he knew she had nothing to hide.

"What would I say?" he repeated slowly. "Would you have married him if you had never seen me?" he asked suddenly.

"No," she replied quickly, laughing at his seriousness. "I don't believe that he cared particularly for me. I

don't believe he thinks ever of marrying."

Edgar Hammond's emotions were of a varied sort as he walked away through the storm and the night. Young Broadleigh had seemed quite happy, he thought, and he frowned as he seated himself in the car. He was himself far from satisfied that moment with his lonely condition. A new phase of Constance presented itself, and he suddenly felt an old hunger and experienced a pang which he hoped had so nearly died as not to trouble him again. The passengers in the car rather interrupted the current of his thoughts; but when he left to step into his club it was to carry with him a painful sense of a lost happiness, with no one to blame but himself. As he approached a group of young men, friends of his, he knew from the names he caught that they were discussing a late sensational divorce case.

"I tell you," one of them was saying, "a fellow can't use too much caution when he comes to choose a wife."

"I differ with you there," Edgar interposed earnestly. "There are extremes in all things; and extremes are always bad. You fellows ought every one of you to be married. There are ten thousand girls in New York this minute that are too good for you."

"What's the matter with *you*, Hammond?" Wallway cried in derision; and some laughter followed his remark.

"He's on the off side, as usual," said Harvey Stratton. "I believe if the question before the house were, Resolved that Edgar Hammond is an ass, and there were none to take the

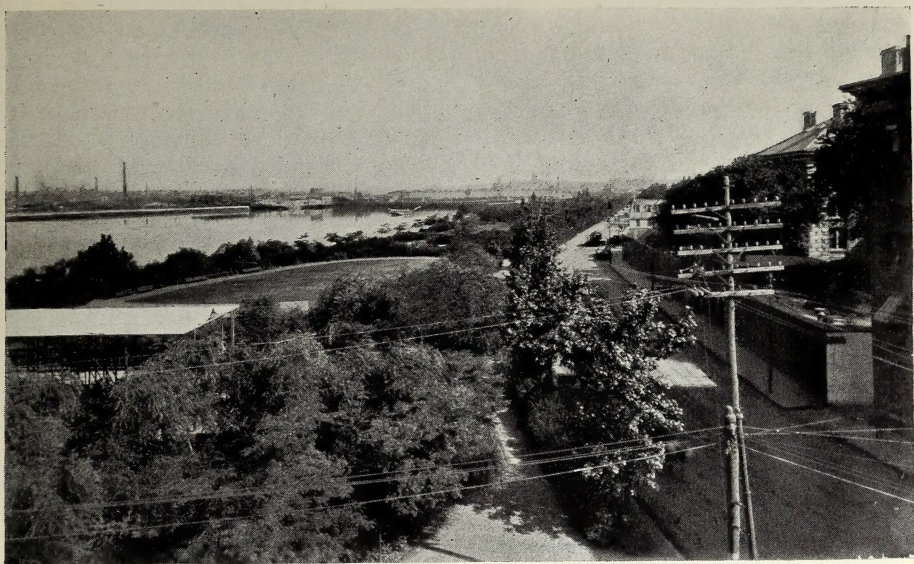
affirmative, he'd do it himself; and prove it too!" he added with a shout.

The explosive merriment which followed seemed to shatter the group, and as they came together again Hammond changed his manner to suit the others' new mood. "Where is Madison?" he asked with an appearance of enjoying their little joke no less than they. No one knew where Madison was, and Edgar left as if it had been his sole purpose in coming in.

He went to his room, and sat before the coals in his grate until long past midnight. In the moments when he felt the worst, he said he had been an ass; and if there was an object in doing so he could easily prove it. At other moments his self-pity returned and made him a suffering hero. He believed what he had told the young men at the club—that there were ten thousand girls in New York too good for them, or for himself.

He repeats this now at times. Still he does not marry. He tells himself that he will not till he can think as much of a woman as he did of Constance McCallum. That such a time may come and bring with it the one woman seems possible at such moments; but he has always experienced shortly after an equal certainty of its impossibility. In this way he lives on, going and coming in New York society. He is not happy, but he is far from being miserably unhappy. He is liked by his many friends, some of whom the last season in qualifying him have used among other phrases the expressive one: Edgar Hammond, the young bachelor.





THE CHARLESBANK.

THE CHARLES RIVER BASIN.

By William Howe Downes.

NATURE determines largely by geographical and geological conditions the site of a metropolis, and gives to certain places the advantages necessary for the growth of great cities. Along the Atlantic seaboard of the United States she has appointed no more obvious sites for commercial capitals than those occupied by New York and Boston. In these spots were all the needful combinations which the foresight and energy of an enterprising race of men could use and improve for the up-building of flourishing and important communities. In like manner it may be said that Nature provides for each city certain distinct elements of urban and suburban beauty, picturesqueness, grandeur, for the inhabitants either to preserve, utilize and enhance to their spiritual and material profit, or to neglect, ignore and mar, to their disadvantage and loss, according as they may be endowed with intelli-

gence, taste and breadth of mind, the faculties to perceive, appreciate and make the most of natural gifts and favors, or the contrary. Boston is peculiarly favored by Nature in respect to her situation and surroundings. There is no other American city which possesses such a wonderful combination of land and sea, hill and valley, river and pond, plain and forest, as that contained in the Boston basin. Man has done much for the suburbs in the south; but that that part of the Metropolitan district was from the first a country of exceptional charm and beauty is still evident.

If the reputation of being the most beautiful city in the United States could be appraised at its true value in dollars and cents, what city would not be ready to bid millions for it? But the fiscal worth of beauty, because it can not be fixed absolutely in reference to a municipality, as it can, for instance, with respect to a picture or



BOSTON AND CHARLES RIVER, FROM CAMBRIDGE.

a statuette, has nevertheless an actual existence and is to be counted with in the competition between cities more and more every year. The park system of Boston, so costly that it has drawn groans from the tax-payers, and will elicit many more before it is all paid for, has already begun to return dividends to the public, dividends which are not the less real because they are not in the form of bank checks. There is no better investment. Every great city in the world has had the same experience. Not one of them would part with its parks for double the sum they have cost.

Now, nothing more than a reasonable degree of foresight and the willingness to accept advice from the most competent expert authorities in the world are necessary to the acquisition by Greater Boston of an attraction in the way of a water park which, while virtually paying for itself, would be worth countless millions as a demonstration of exceptional public spirit, enlightenment, enterprise and good taste, besides being in and of

itself the most original and striking central feature of the whole park system—a grand Court of Honor.

It is of historical pertinence to know that the first public and official suggestion of this great project, which will surely be carried to a successful issue sooner or later, was made by that clear-headed officer, Mayor Nathan Matthews, Jr., in his inaugural address of 1891. "We have in this basin," he said, "the opportunity for making the finest water park in any city in the country,—an opportunity which should be grasped before it is too late. The eventual solution of this whole problem should, I think, be an imitation of the plan adopted by the city of Hamburg under similar circumstances. We should dam up the stream at the narrowest point between Charlestown and Boston, and lay out a series of parks and boulevards along the basin thus created."

It is very doubtful whether Mayor Matthews realized what a tremendous controversy he was precipitating on the Commonwealth when he made

this apparently simple suggestion that "we should dam up the stream." It was not enough for that plan to be backed by the joint boards in 1894; the ball was only just opened then, and, as we shall see, the elements combined in opposition, once the scheme had been formally set forth, comprised the very element which might be expected to support rather than obstruct an immense public improvement. To begin at the beginning, let me remind my readers that in 1893 the Massachusetts legislature directed the Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners and the State Board of Health, sitting as a joint board, to investigate the sanitary condition and prepare plans for the improvement of the beds, shores and waters of the

might be found necessary. The report, made in the spring of 1894, formed a printed book of seventy-four pages, illustrated. It is difficult satisfactorily to condense the report, since it is a notably compact and meaty public document; but a few of the points brought out in it must necessarily be touched upon, in order to make the plan clearly understood. Stated with the utmost brevity, the recommendations of the joint board included the erection of the dam (high enough to keep the highest tides out of the basin), the maintenance of the water in the basin at a constant level of eight feet above the Boston city base (about two feet and a half below ordinary high water mark), the acquisition of the lands along both banks



THE HARVARD BRIDGE, LOOKING TOWARDS BOSTON.

Charles River between Charles River bridge and the Waltham line, and to report with their recommendations to the legislature of 1894. The joint board was authorized in the customary manner to employ engineers and experts and incur such expenses as

of the river as public reservations, to be laid out as a series of parkways, esplanades and pleasure grounds, with sea-walls as far up the river as Cottage Farm and gravel or sand beaches above that point,—the proposed dam to be located about six

hundred feet above Craigie's Bridge, and to contain a lock forty feet wide. Appended to the report of the joint board were thoroughly well considered and well written reports by the experts, namely, the engineer of the board, Frederic P. Stearns, and the landscape architects, Olmsted, Olmsted and Eliot.

Great force and weight should be given to the recommendations of a

solves in the sole interest of the greatest good of the greatest number. Yet the legislature of 1894, evidently unconvinced by the report of the joint board and its experts, in all probability acting under the pressure of influences brought to bear more or less indirectly by private interests likely to be affected by the improvement recommended (for there was never yet a public improvement that did not do



THE CAMBRIDGE MARSHES.

joint board composed of such men as Henry P. Walcott, Hiram F. Mills, Frank W. Draper, Joseph W. Hastings, Gerard C. Tobey, James W. Hull, Charles H. Porter, Philip A. Chase, William B. de las Casas, and Abraham L. Richards, backed by the advice of such preëminent experts as Olmsted, Olmsted and Eliot, the foremost landscape architects in the world, and supported by the admirably systematic and exhaustive investigations of Mr. Stearns. The report itself is intrinsically of an importance commensurate with the very intricate and vital question dealt with, which it states fairly, treats judiciously, and

more or less harm to some private interests), and without doubt anxious for more light on a part of the subject which had not at that time been sufficiently illuminated, directed the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners to inquire into the construction of the proposed dam and lock "with special reference to interference with tide water and its effect upon the harbor of Boston." The investigation of this question and incidentally of others was begun in October, 1894, and, after no less than seventeen hearings, during which two ex-governors (Russell and Long) did everything that human ingenuity and legal adroitness could compass to defeat the project, the struggle came to an end for the time being, on December

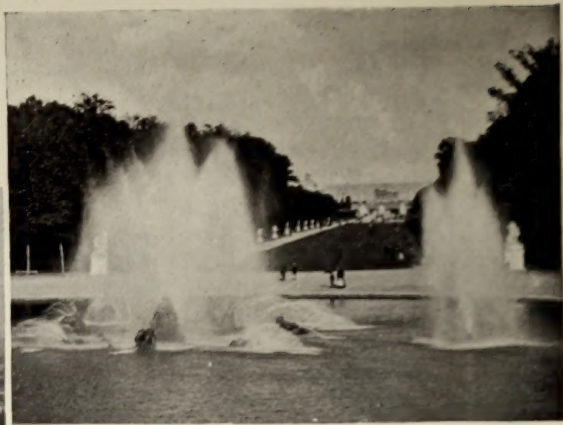
GLIMPSES OF THE CHARLES ABOVE CAMBRIDGE.



7, 1894, in a drawn battle, the commissioners declaring in their report (after much metaphorical scratching of their official heads) that nobody knew any-



THE SEINE IN PARIS.



VERSAILLES.

directing the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners to inquire into and judge the work of two coördinate

thing with certainty about the effect of making such a dam as that proposed, and that as the results of an untried experiment of that nature were problematical, they were unable to report in favor of the recommendations of the joint board. The testimony was indeed conflicting to a degree which can only be described as distracting. Expert after expert piled up flatly contradictory opinions on every phase of the inquiry. Setting out with considerate protestations of respect for the State Board of Health, council and witnesses would call in question every conclusion of that board as to the sanitary side of the problem. President Eliot very justly voiced what must have been the sentiment of every thoughtful citizen who was present at the hearings when he courteously but (by implication) severely criticised the legislature for not only permitting but expressly

state boards,—a proceeding not, assuredly, very complimentary to the joint board. It is said that the Massachusetts Board of Health has a great reputation outside of Massachusetts,—that its views are quoted as authority; but it is evident that it has no great reputation at the State House on Beacon Hill, if its opinions are subject to review by the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners.

However, that part of the question at issue does not especially interest the writer, compared with the æsthetic side. This phase was almost ignored,—and properly enough. There are some things on which the Harbor and Land Commissioners are not experts. They may or may not be competent judges of the conditions tending to produce malaria and typhoid; that they made no attempt to reconcile the views of Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., and of Professor Sedgwick on

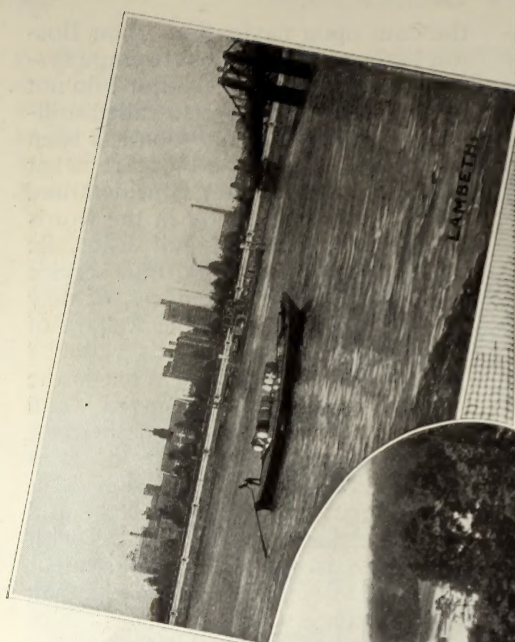
these points does credit to their discretion. But, however violently they may have allowed the opinions of the Board of Health to be attacked and questioned, they certainly were quite right in abstaining from any effort to review the verdict of the Metropolitan Park Commission. It is my purpose here to take up that side of the question, as having as much importance, for example, as the unknown effect of the dam on the "tidal prism." The only authority which has yet been heard on this essential phase of the improvement is the Metropolitan Park Commission and its distinguished advisers. If it should come to a triangular contest between the sanitary experts, the navigation experts and the æsthetic experts, it is my belief that it can be satisfactorily shown that the æsthetic phase of the Charles River improvement is as important as either of the others. At the same time, I recognize fully the complicated nature of the question, and I do not propose to question the consequence of the sanitary condition of the water in the basin, the effect of

the dam upon navigation, upon Boston harbor, or upon the sewerage systems in the made lands. But I do not hesitate to say that the so-called utilitarian aspect of the question has been permitted unjustly to obscure what should be the primary consideration, which, stated succinctly in the words of Olmsted, Olmsted and Eliot, is: "What is the most important service which Charles River renders, or may be made to render, to the welfare of the dense population of its valley?"

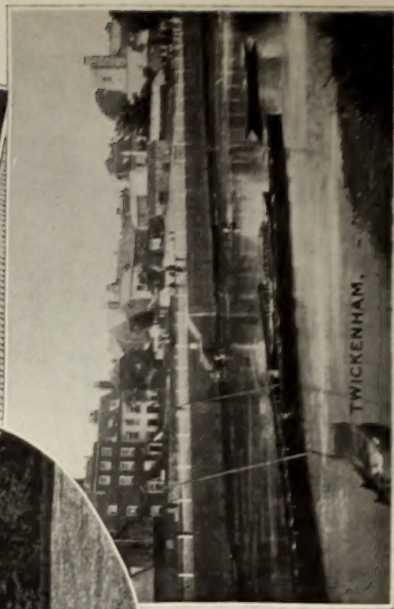
That is the question. What is the answer? Olmsted, Olmsted and Eliot write, in summing up their report, these emphatic words: "Charles River, freed from sewage, from defiling industries, from mud flats and from mud banks, and dedicated with its borders to the use and enjoyment of the public as a drainage channel, an open space, a parkway, a chain of playgrounds and a boating course, will perform its highest service to the metropolitan community, and will return to the community profits both tangible and intangible, which will annually increase."



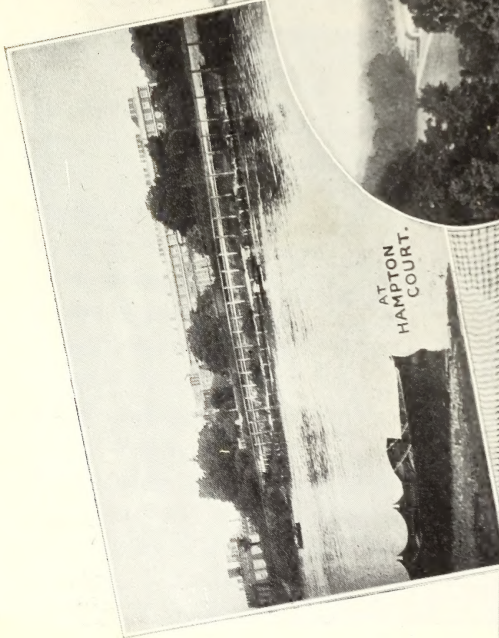
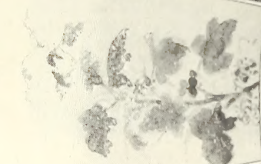
THE VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, LONDON.



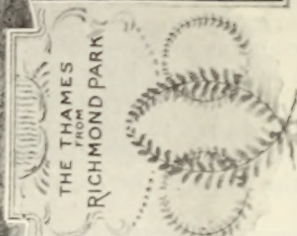
LAMBETH.



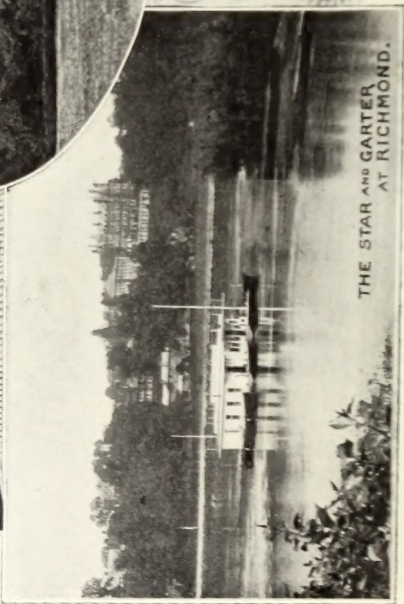
TWICKENHAM.



AT
HAMPTON
COURT.



THE THAMES
FROM
RICHMOND PARK

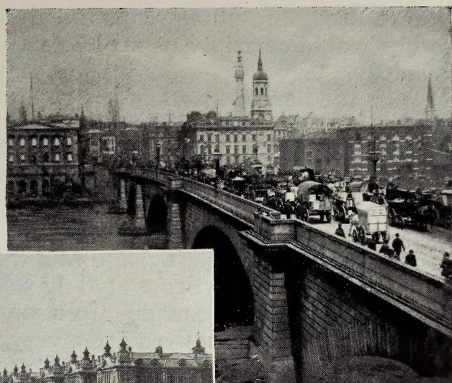


THE STAR AND GARTER
AT RICHMOND.

GLIMPSES OF THE THAMES ABOVE LONDON.

If this statement be accepted as the wisest solution of the problem,—and it must be eventually accepted,—the question arises, Why cannot such service be performed by the river without the dam? In other words, why should the dam be deemed a necessary factor in the scheme of improvement?

The one great natural obstacle now existing to the improvement of Charles River is the tides, rising and falling as far up as the dam at Watertown. Whether we view the problem from the sanitary point of view or the standpoint of æsthetic principles, the longer the matter is studied the more imperative does the need appear of some device to shut out the tides. It is true that to any one who has not made any special investigation of the question it does not at first quite appear why the problem, "To dam or not to dam," should be of such vital importance as the degree of attention given it and the seriousness of the contest made over it conclusively indicate belongs to it. But the more the matter is looked into, the more does



LONDON BRIDGE.



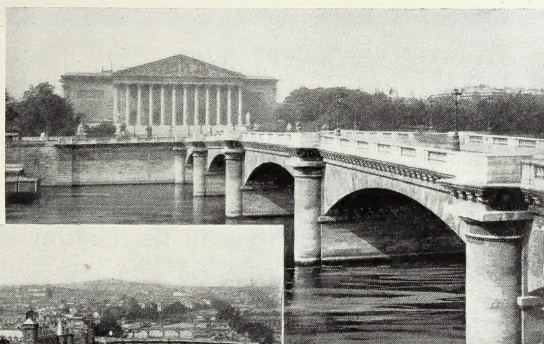
ALBERT EMBANKMENT.

this burning question, "To dam or not to dam," loom up as the key of the situation.

The fact is, the basin and the lower reaches of the river can never be made ornamental unless by some means the tides can be got rid of. Even where sea-walls are built, the slimy and blackened surface left by the ebb tide is offensive alike to sight and smell. Besides, as President Eliot has pointed out, the cost of improving the basin and the lower reaches of the river in any other way

than by the dam will be four or five times—many millions of dollars—more than it would cost to do it with the dam. It is no answer to this argument to declare, as Dr. Joseph E. Bartlett has done, that the sum of money suggested for the

dam (\$657,800) would build good and sufficient sea-walls on both sides of the river from Cottage Farm to Watertown, ten miles in length; for this part of the improvement is but a small part of what would have to be done in rela-

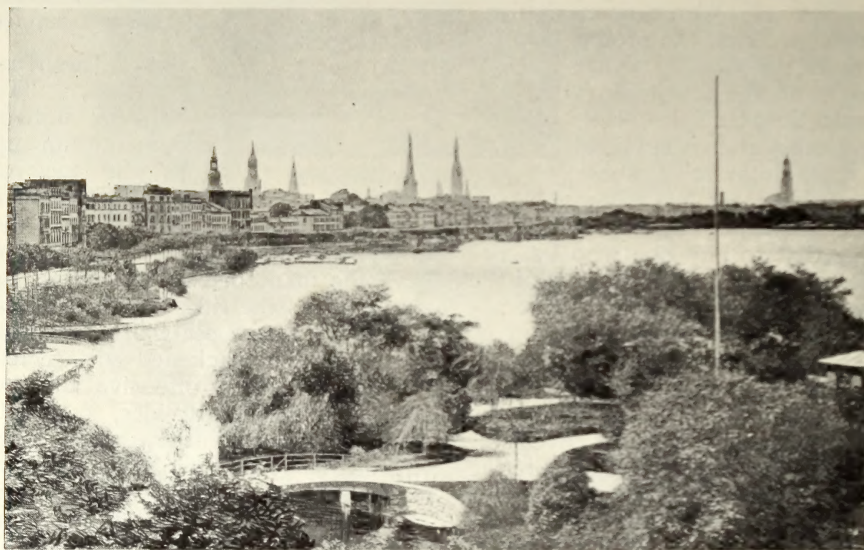


THE PARIS BRIDGES.

tion to dredging, filling, etc., and the results would certainly be far less satisfactory.

Take the narrow parts of the river, along through Watertown and Newton, and wall it on both sides, dredge out the channels, and fill in the banks, and what kind of a parkway can be got? The river would look like a canal, or rather a raceway, and at low tide the boating parties would have to carry bottles of eau de Cologne with them. It will not require a very

these people are, in my opinion, fanciful,—are, at the very least, conjectural. The business of the coal dealers would, I believe, suffer very little, if at all, by the change; for every disadvantage brought about, a compensation can be adduced. The shoaling of the harbor as a result of damming the Charles is entirely in the realm of speculation; it seems quite likely that no evil effect whatever would ensue. And why should the dwellers on Beacon Street oppose an improvement

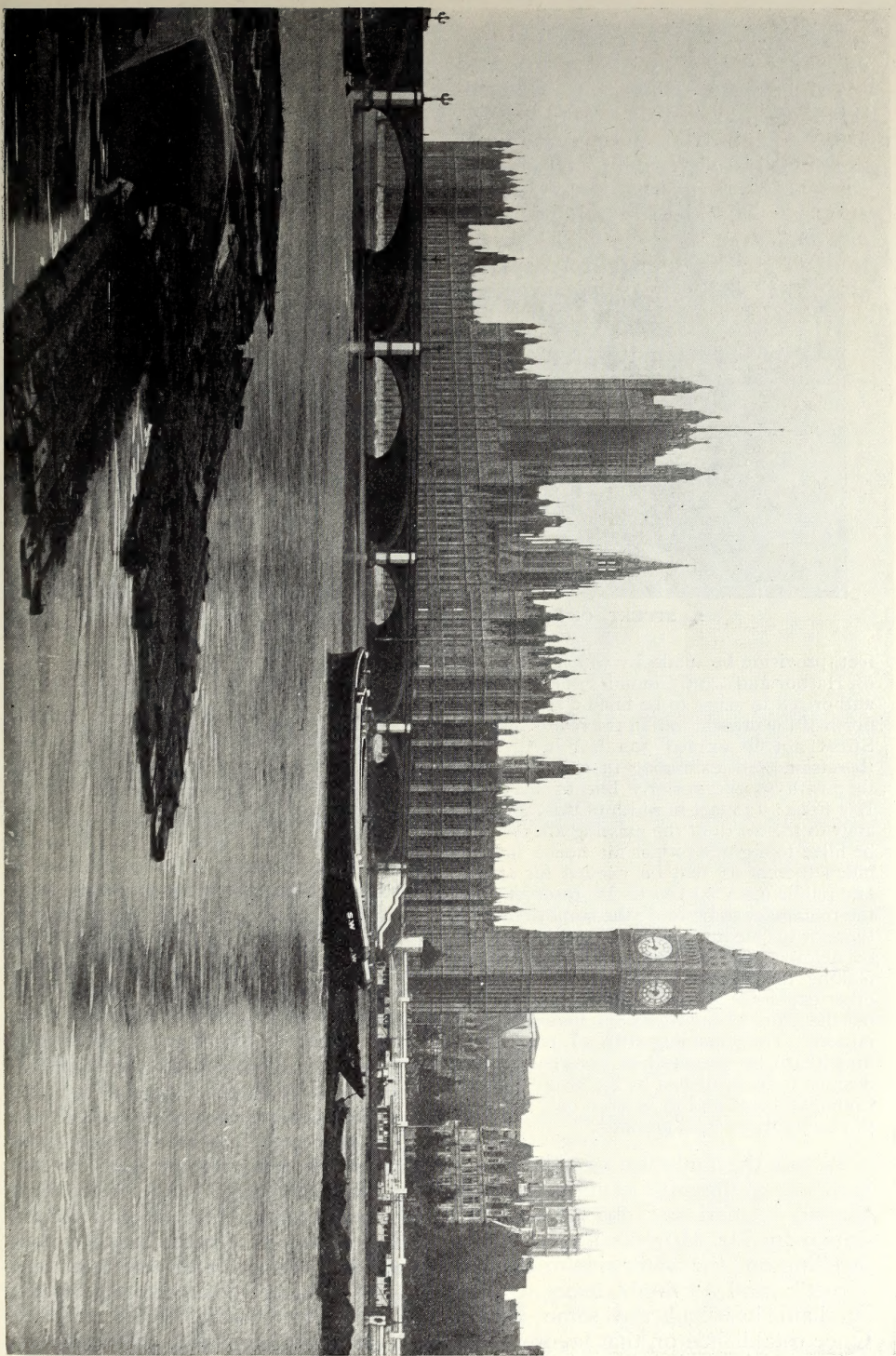


UPPER BASIN, HAMBURG.

prolonged study of the river as it is to-day, to show why the dam is an almost indispensably requisite factor of the improvement. At any rate we have the satisfaction of the knowledge that the men who recommended it in 1894 did so *pro bono publico*, after a thorough and disinterested investigation of the question on its merits. The basis of most of the opposition is selfish. It comes from coal dealers having wharves on the Charles River, from shipowners in Boston who fear the shoaling of the harbor, and from some of the people who live on the water side of Beacon Street. All the evil effects of the dam dreaded by

which is calculated to make life in the summer endurable on the banks of the river? Is it possible that they do not care for others' welfare, while they can be away from the city? The opposition of the Beacon Street property owners to this superbly conceived improvement, so necessary to the health, so desirable for the recreation, so wisely planned for the welfare of the entire community, seems so curious an anomaly that one is driven to the conclusion that it must be motivated by this clause in the joint report:

"We therefore propose that, instead of a strip of ornamental ground in the rear of Beacon Street of a width not to exceed 100



PARLIAMENT HOUSE AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, LONDON.



A STREET ON THE LOWER ALSTER BASIN, HAMBURG.

feet, provision be made by which the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners may be authorized to cause to be filled a space to the north of the present wall in the rear of Beacon Street not to exceed 300 feet in distance therefrom and extending in a line parallel therewith to the westerly line of the Back Bay Fens; 120 feet in width of this, immediately to the north of the existing alleyway, to be filled to a grade proper for house lots, so much thereof as may be needed for streets and public open spaces to be reserved, and the remainder to be sold; the money received therefor to constitute a fund, from which shall be defrayed the cost of building the dam, making the necessary fillings, and of such other expenses as may result from carrying out the plan of improvement herewith submitted. The remaining strip of 180 feet in breadth to be prepared in accordance with designs to be furnished by the Board of Park Commissioners, and to be used only for parkways and ornamental grounds."

It was the ambition of Silas Lapham, one of the most genuine types of shrewd American character ever drawn by Mr. Howells, to possess a dwelling on "the water side of Beacon Street"; and no doubt many a Silas Lapham has had the same desire. Once established on that favored site, with the pretty view across the river,

it is not in human nature to relish the prospect of having the view cut off by another row of houses to the north, built on made land, and fronting upon the river. Although we are told that the owners of dwellings on the north side of Beacon Street have no inherent and inalienable right to the view, if the Commonwealth decides to shut it off from them, yet it seems to me that they certainly should have some rights in equity which ought to be fairly weighed before the proposed change is determined upon. It should be borne in mind that the river view is one of the attractions which may have had some influence in deciding many of them in selecting this location for their homes. And yet when we consider the neglected and shabby condition of the alley in the rear of these houses, and the fact that the actual water-front is encumbered with stables, back-yards, board fences and dust heaps, the conclusion is forced upon us that a class of property owners who manifest such indifference to the appearance of the water-front are not, after all, entitled to very

much more consideration than the letter of the law obliges. It is true that, since the joint report appeared, the Beacon Street people have caused two alternative plans for the improvement of this part of the river front to be designed by reputable architects and laid before the Park Commissioners,—plans which look very well on paper, but which leave out the extra filling recommended in the joint report, and consequently leave the row of houses nearest the river to turn their backs upon it,

uses of the river, so far as they are incompatible with the plans made by the landscape architects to the Metropolitan Park Commission, are virtually to be eliminated from the future water park. The very continuation of the growth of the city along the banks of the river towards Cottage Farm, Allston, Brighton and Newton, and the continuation of the growth of the cities and towns on the north side



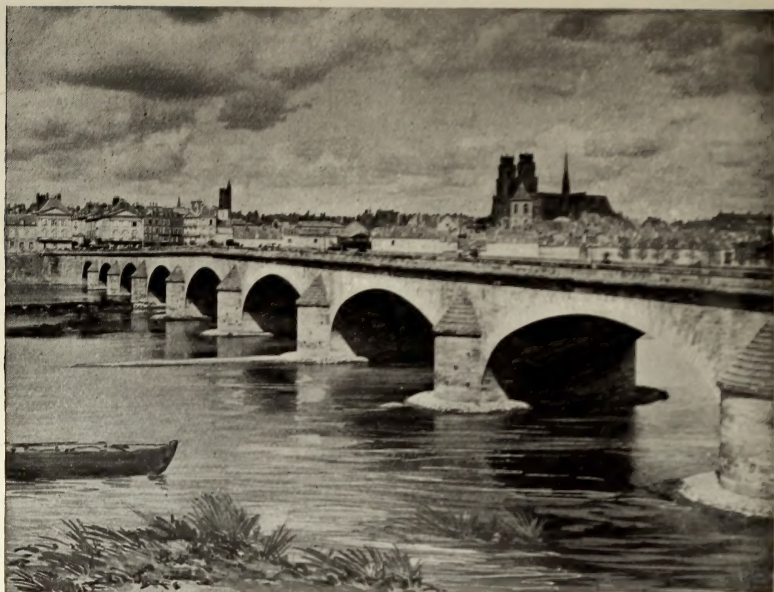
VENICE.

THE TIBER
AT ROME.

as at present. This is not at all as it should be. The row of houses on the river front should face the river. The Charles River is worthy of this much respect, and the monumental effect desirable in this part of the city can never be got satisfactorily without the change advocated by the joint board. What could the original Mill-dam settlers have been thinking of, to turn their backs and their back-yards to the river? The natural destiny of the basin, so far as that part of it which lies between the West Boston Bridge and Cottage Farm is concerned, has been forever determined by the growth of the Back Bay quarter as the most elegant section of the city; and it may as well be understood that manufacturing, commercial and other

of the river as well, depends upon the proper use being made of the river and its shores more than upon any other condition. If a policy of *laissez faire* be

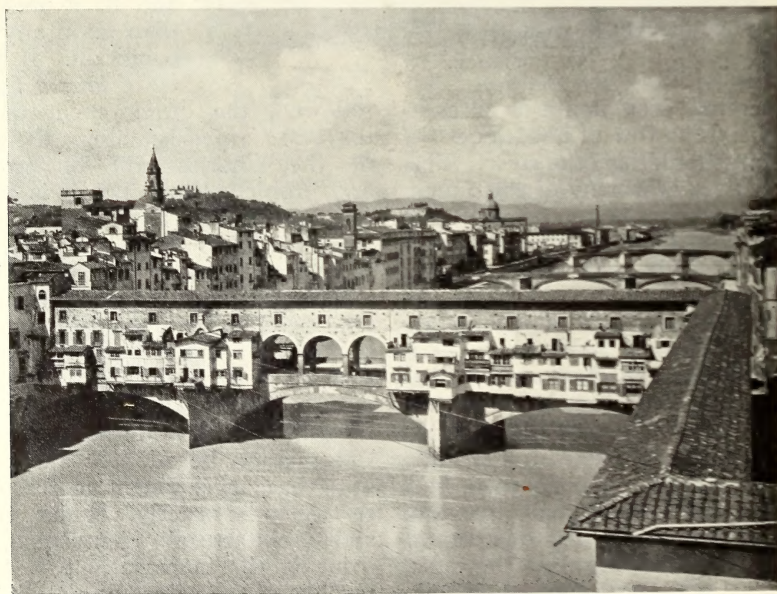
followed, the development of Boston and Cambridge along the shores of the Charles will be irregular and problematical; but it is already too late to allow the character of the river banks to deteriorate, or to let them stand as they now are, without violating a more than merely implied obligation to the immense population of the valley, not to speak of those less directly concerned. But if the recommendations of the State Board of Health and the Metropolitan Park Commission be adopted and carried out, that development is reasonably certain to be orderly, regular, prompt and architecturally handsome, thus insuring the increase and the maintenance of the values of real estate on both sides of the stream.



BRIDGE AT ORLEANS, FRANCE.

In the whole work of developing the park system of Boston, there is no point where energy, wisdom and a large public spirit are more signally demanded than in the transformation

of the Charles River Basin into the magnificent feature of the city which it ought to be. The opportunity is a rare one; but the vision and talent required for its realization are great.

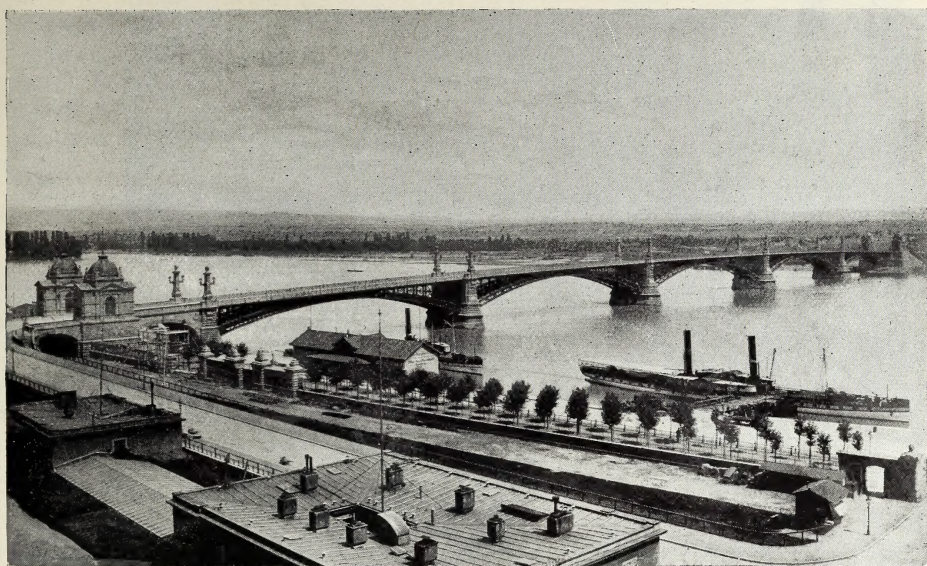


BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO, AT FLORENCE.

But how is the opposition of the Beacon Street people to the dam connected with their opposition to the additional made land and the additional row of houses? Logically there is no connection, for the propositions, as President Eliot has pointed out, are absolutely separable. The dam projected is absolutely separable from the project of building another row of houses north of Beacon Street. "If I lived on Beacon Street," says President Eliot, "or if I had property there, I should say to myself: 'The

to be stronger without the dam than it is with it, by as much as the cost of not having the dam will be greater than the cost of having it.'"

The ordinary tendency of people who are in the opposition, however, is to regard all phases of the question as one; and it has not appeared that President Eliot's canny argument in favor of the construction of the dam made any impression on those most directly concerned. Those of them whose voices have been heard are indiscriminately against the whole proj-



THE RHINE AT MAYENCE.

chance of my not having a block of buildings built between me and the water is much better with the dam than without the dam, and for this reason: The object of the Commonwealth in selling a strip of land behind the present houses on Beacon Street, is to get the money to meet the cost of this great public improvement. Now, inasmuch as any other mode of dealing with the river and its basin, any mode by vertical sea walls, is sure to be vastly more expensive than a dam will be, the argument for selling the piece of land behind Beacon Street by the Commonwealth is going

ect, apparently, and they wish to have the Charles River Basin left virtually as it is to-day. There may be others who take the more liberal, the more progressive view, and who would be willing, at some sacrifice of their own personal preferences, to see the improvement carried through on the broad lines laid down in the joint board's report; but, if so, they have not yet spoken publicly.

Still it must be assumed that the desirability of making the river and the basin and their shores within the Metropolitan district contribute to rather than detract from the beauty of

the city is universally conceded; for to suppose the contrary would be to impeach the intelligence of the community. The example of the German city of Hamburg has been adduced by Mayor Matthews and by the Metropolitan Park Commissioners,—perhaps not altogether happily, since the reputation of Hamburg has suffered so severely from the cholera scourge of a few years ago, that some more fortunate municipality might have

bilities which belong to this scheme of improvement. This is because, in an urban as well as in a rural scene, water in itself is the greatest possible element of advantage, reënforcing, vitalizing, poetizing every effect of landscape, of architecture, and of landscape architecture. Without its miles of water-ways and its acres of basins, the Columbian Exposition of 1893 would have been robbed of its supreme beauty and grandeur.



ZURICH.

been chosen to point the moral. But however this may be, the Alster Basin and its treatment prove what may be done in the way of transforming a small stream flowing through a city into a great ornamental and recreative feature; and, although the cases of Boston and Hamburg are in many respects dissimilar, the difficulties here are no more formidable in comparison with those at Hamburg than the opportunity is grander.

It does not require a miraculous degree of foresight to imagine what the character and aspect of the Charles River Basin will be hereafter if the wise counsels of the joint board prevail in the end. No other city in America possesses the scenic possi-



GENEVA.

Without the Seine, Paris would be deprived of its most magnificent and most monumental aspects. It is not by chance that the banks of the Seine are lined by the Louvre, the Garden of the Tuileries, Notre Dame, the Palais de Justice, the Hotel de Ville, the Institut, the Corps Legislatif, and that it is spanned by a score of massive and elegant stone bridges. Neither is it owing to a happy accident that London has her stately Victoria Embankment and her vast Gothic façade of the Houses of Parlia-

ment on the verge of the Thames. As to Venice, that which chiefly makes her unique for beauty among the cities of the world is the fascinating combination of great architecture with her network of watery streets and her surrounding lagoons. Or, to cite the more modest example of such a little city as Geneva, Switzerland, divided by the lake and the Rhone into two parts, which are connected by six handsome bridges: note how the waterside is given up to the best buildings in the town, how in front of these the broad quays and the dainty English Garden afford delightful walks, and the little island called for Rousseau is a charming promenade; how, in a word, Geneva has had the wisdom to make the most of her natural advantages, instead of turning her back upon them.

The opportunity presented here in the Charles River Basin for the permanent embellishment of the city is of such signal importance that it seems difficult to believe that a community which has been noted for its local pride and public spirit can fail to realize it. From the artistic point of view there are few more desirable things in a city than the aspect of finish, of solidity, of permanence and of elegance which the project under consideration, if well carried out, would confer upon this great, conspicuous, central open space and its surroundings.

An important feature of the improvement is the proposed wall of masonry on the shores of the Basin, to be diversified at frequent intervals by bastions affording views over the water, landings for the use of launches and row-boats, which it is the hope and expectation of the Metropolitan Park Commissioners will be extensively used by the public. On the Boston side of the Basin, as it is at present, excepting only the stretch between Craigie Bridge and West Boston Bridge, we have the disagreeable spectacle of the back-yards of dwellings, stables, and an unpaved

alley extending from the foot of Cambridge Street to the Harvard Bridge, with a prospect of nothing better to the westward of that point all the way to Cottage Farm. Between Craigie Bridge and West Boston Bridge is the Charlesbank, with its neat, handsome, massive sea-wall of granite, surmounted by a decent iron fence of simple design and a long row of electric lamps, the brilliancy of which, reflected in the river at night, makes a gay picture for the passengers crossing the bridge. Imagine this wall, or one substantially like it, extending all the way to Cottage Farm; back of that a well made, well kept, level esplanade, suitably planted with rows of shade trees, provided with seats for the people, drives and walks, grass-plots and shrubbery, and bordered by regular rows of fine dwelling houses overlooking the esplanade and the Basin,—and one will then have in outline a very pleasant sketch of what the improvement is meant to be in so far as the Back Bay shore of the Basin is concerned.

No money intelligently spent in making the river lands attractive to the right kind of builders of dwellings will be wasted; for, as the landscape architects have already pointed out, the greatest value will be obtained for these lands only when this is done. The Charles River Embankment Company has laid out almost a mile of the Cambridge side of the Basin in a style which is calculated to induce the building of fine residences fronting on the Basin; and, in order to establish the character of the neighborhood as a desirable residence quarter, the company has given to the city of Cambridge an esplanade on the river front extending the whole length of its domain and measuring two hundred feet in depth. It seems as if the success of this venture must depend to a great degree on the ultimate decision of the Commonwealth respecting the joint board's project, for it is hardly to be expected that anyone will have the courage to erect costly

dwelling-houses on that front so long as the Charles remains in its present odoriferous condition.

I was agreeably impressed by the remarks made by Henry D. Hyde in his testimony before the Board of Harbor and Land Commissioners. Let any one, he said, go out upon Harvard Bridge at the different stages of the tide, and he can not but be impressed with the wonderful attractiveness of that whole Basin and the surroundings at a favorable tide. Mr. Hyde makes a very moderate statement of the beauty of the place when he says he does not know of anything about Boston so beautiful as that sheet of water at half or two-thirds tide. "Go out there on a mild morning, and take the hills that are to the westward, and altogether it presents an attraction that I think we have nothing equal to." He believes that when the improvement is carried out, this Basin and its shores will overshadow anything that we have now in the whole park system for beauty and attractiveness; and he is right.

The question, it should be borne in mind, is not whether the Charles River from Craigie Bridge to the Waltham line is more valuable for commercial purposes or for recreative purposes; for the use of the river for recreative purposes is not to be allowed to interfere with its commercial uses. The insignificance of its commerce is admitted. Between Waltham and Boston harbor there are already nineteen bridges, with draws which vary from thirty feet to forty feet wide. During the year ending February 1, 1894, 415 cargoes passed through the draw in the West Boston Bridge, 257 cargoes passed through the draw in the Harvard Bridge, 201 passed through the draw in the Cottage Farm Bridge, 151 passed through the draw in the Cambridge Street Bridge, 120 passed through the draw in the Western Avenue Bridge, 38 passed through the draw in the North Harvard Bridge, and only 3 passed through the draw in the Western

Avenue Bridge. Fuel, with a few building materials, such as sand, brick and stone, constitutes virtually the only freight brought up the river; and the only item of consequence is coal, of which a trifle over 100,000 tons per annum has of late years been carried up the Charles. The Commonwealth could not, if it would, disregard vested rights, in taking the steps to execute the proposed improvement; and the United States government, as is well known, guards with jealous solicitude the interests of inland commerce. The use of the Charles River and Basin as a water park need not interfere with any established industry. The presence of a few schooners and tow-boats only adds to the picturesque aspect of the river; and the maintenance of the water at a constant level at Grade No. 8 would, after a little necessary dredging, be much more favorable for river navigation than the present tidal conditions.

Before closing this paper, I wish to say a few words about bridges. All the existing bridges on the Charles are ugly,—the majority of them positively so, and the rest negatively so. They should in due time be replaced by more permanent and more worthy stone bridges. There are no structures made by human hands which more perfectly harmonize with natural scenery than rightly designed and properly constructed stone bridges. They are simple, logical, necessary, and they express their purpose completely by their form, which is good. A stone bridge with round arches is almost inevitably the best type of unison between utility and beauty. No other sort of bridge can ever take its place. Iron and steel rust, wood rots; but the Roman arches of the Pont du Gard are as good to-day as when they were built. Indeed, the longevity of a really well built stone bridge has never been actually made known by experience; but there seems to be no valid reason why a structure of this character should not last for many centuries,

with a minimum of repairs and a minimum of cost for maintenance. It is therefore the most economical kind of bridge to build. There is something particularly fine about a fine bridge, and I think it is because it is the perfect embodiment of adaptation of means to end. It is also a conspicuous illustration of the beauty of simplicity, and of the possibility of combining the utmost solidity with the most gracious and charming lines. The absence of all sham gives it a remarkable nobility. It looks to be precisely what it is, and sets a good example of sincerity for humankind. It neither needs nor permits extraneous ornament, being more satisfactory without embellishment. The addition of any work not structurally called for would be in most cases a grave error. Nothing contributes to the aspect of finish, permanence, solidity and harmony, in a city, more than the right sort of bridges,—as witness Paris, London, Florence, Rome. How would Florence look if the bridges across the Arno were the products of Pennsylvania iron foundries? What would Parisians have to say if they were to wake up some fine morning and find the West Boston

Bridge where the Pont Neuf had been,—the Pont Neuf, with its bastions, so delightful that even Meryon, one of the greatest etchers who ever lived, thought it worthy of the best efforts of his needle?

This bridge question is only one of a number of illustrations of a remarkable fact, to wit,—that although it is admitted that the government of cities is the most difficult problem of the age, Americans as a rule are too conceited and ignorant to take advantage of the centuries of costly experience which Europeans have been obliged to pass through; and, in consequence, we act as if each detail of the problem were new, thus willfully throwing away the advantage of our youthfulness. Why should we hesitate to take the best of everything which time and usage have proved worthy? Why should we consider ourselves wiser than all the rest of mankind? We are the "heirs of all the ages"; but our complacency is such that we throw our inheritance out of the window, for fear that it may be thought we are copying something from effete Europe. For pride and stupidity so combined we have to pay most dearly.

COMPENSATION.

By Mabel A. Carpenter.

SO long she has worn this mask of calm content,
 Through hours and days of never ceasing care,
 Learning with steady hope to lift and bear
 The bitter, weary burden of life's stent,
 She gives no sign of sorrow, nor the pent,
 Choked anguish of an aching heart, — with rare
 Sweet art concealing pain and all the wear
 And fret of disappointment, as one sent
 To show forth lasting patience. And the smile
 That glorifies with constant light her face,
 Though borrowed first to hide the scars of grief,
 Is now indeed her own; — for while
 She gladdened others in the darksome place,
 Her sad soul found, in smiling, self-relief.

IS THE MISSION OF THE LECTURE PLATFORM ENDED?

By Max Bennett Thrasher.



It is a common opinion that the lecture platform in New England has degenerated and that its influence has departed. One who has been closely identified with the work of the platform, both in New England and in the Western States, conspicuous for his successful management as well as for his intimate association with the great speakers of the last half of the century, has recently written: "The lyceum as it exists to-day is a starrng exhibition approaching very nearly to theatricals. I believe we have now not over one dozen lecture courses in those states which at one time carried on from three to four hundred courses. The lyceum, what is left of it, is no longer the New England conscience bound on a voyage to convert the world to political and social righteousness. Efforts are invariably made to book any one who has made a sensation either in political or criminal life. But this does not succeed in establishing even a bad imitation of the original idea." It should not be inferred that this writer thinks this a sign of the degeneration of the people, for he goes on to say: "The change does not mean intellectual decadence or a failing interest in great social or political questions. It does mean that forms of education are constantly changing, and that the American temperament has plasticity to adapt itself to the changes." He proceeds to speak of the University Extension movement as likely to accomplish even more than the lyceum.

But is the mission of the platform wholly ended? It may be that this is true in a measure in the large cities. Each year brings new enterprises there

to attract attention, while in these later years there have been before the people to stimulate debate none of those vital questions which gave birth to the eloquence of a Phillips. In the smaller cities there are springing up year by year the library and reading room. But there is left the great number of country villages and towns, which have as yet little or no means of instruction or entertainment save such as they can provide for themselves. For several years I was identified with the management of a course of lectures and entertainments given in a country village. That course has now been in successful existence for nearly fifteen years; and what I have seen of its work and of the work of other courses which, following it as an example, have been springing up in still smaller towns, convinces me that the lecture platform does have a mission yet,—a work within its power which is worth doing.

I do not exaggerate when I say that we saw the entire general tone of a town changed for the better by the influence of a good lecture course established in it. In nothing did we see the improvement more than in the social intercourse of the people. Where once, in any social gathering, there seemed to be little material for conversation, too often but empty talk or gossip, there were to be found ready subjects for rational conversation in the last lecture, the next, the speakers, and the discussions excited by the opinions they had expressed. Moreover, the people learned to discriminate, so that each year our audiences grew more critical, until now they would not come to hear men whom a few years ago they applauded to the echo.

As to the charge that the material

dealt out from the platform has changed, I presume that this is true in a measure; and it may not be wholly unfortunate that it is so. Without doubt the tendency now is to include in the course much more of what would be called amusement. And so far as the question is one of instruction or amusement, who need diversion so much as the people whose lives are passed in the quiet of country village life or farmhouse homes? Where do the men and women come from who fill our insane asylums? Where is the greater number of the suicides to be found? Not in the cities, crowded as they are, straining with the struggle of man against man for life itself, but in the country, where a step takes one from peace and quiet to an awful monotony which drives men mad.

The question of what can be done for the New England towns is one which is attracting widespread attention. Some of the ablest minds are considering the problem how the intellectual life of the people in the smaller towns can best be stimulated. It is not long ago that a meeting was held for this very purpose, at which one man discussed the relation of the public schools to this question, another that of the pulpit; still another explained how the influence of the country newspaper might be widened for good; the village library and University Extension came in for attention. But at the time no voice was raised in behalf of the lecture course; and it is because such omission was brought to my notice that I have written this account of the development of one course which has proved successful and helpful.

The definite beginning of our lecture course was the result of many consultations as to possible plans by a very few persons who had the best interests of the town at heart. There had been occasional disconnected lectures there before, held in some church or hall, at varying prices of admission, or oftener dependent upon a collection for the pay of the speaker. These had

been arranged for by the lecturers themselves, by some friend of theirs who happened to live in town, by some of the church organizations or local societies, or by any one who was sufficiently interested to take the trouble and financial risk. For a long time, however, it had been felt by a few men and women that a settled course of regular entertainments, including lectures and concerts, furnished at a reasonable price, would be one of the best educational factors for the development of the town. Having decided to try to establish such a course, a committee of five was chosen to take the management of it, which committee of five comprised almost every one who had been sufficiently interested in the matter to attend the preliminary meetings. Experience proved, however, that this was a good working number, and it was never afterwards changed. With us the whole list of officers was newly chosen each year; but it would be better to have only a portion of the committee chosen each year, and the rest hold over.

The first problem with which we had to grapple was that of money. We could not sell tickets until we could promise some kind of an entertainment, and we could not provide for the "talent" for these entertainments until we had some kind of a guarantee to justify us in doing so. Of course we hoped and expected to make the enterprise self-supporting; at the same time we must reckon with the possibility of accidents which might end in loss too great to be easily sustained by the five members of the committee alone, however interested they might be in the project. Fortunately there were a few other men and women in town who were interested in the establishing of a lecture course, but who had not the time or the inclination to take hold of the project personally. They were glad to join us in a guarantee fund. Such a guarantee fund, let me say for the sake of those who may be

prompted to follow our example, need not be large, and I do not think there is any town where an earnest effort is put forth to establish a course of lectures in which a sufficiently large guarantee fund cannot be secured. In our case, we never had to assess our backers; and after the first year we always had a balance in the treasury.

Our first winter's course was really little better than the sporadic lectures of previous years, except that they were all under one management and all given in the same hall. We engaged our speakers when and where we could, and were able to advertise each entertainment only by itself. We proceeded very cautiously, and at the end of the winter found ourselves with a small balance ahead. Encouraged by this, we started out the next year more boldly and, profiting from the little experience we had already had, more systematically. So far as possible, we determined to make our plans for the entire course in advance and advertise all dates and speakers at once. As I remember now, we were not able to do this completely, but approached nearly enough to it to show us the great advantage of such a method. We planned for only five entertainments in the course. For these we sold course tickets, with reserved seats, at \$1.50 for the course. The regular price of admission for the most of the entertainments in the course was made 25 cents, with reserved seats at 35 cents. From the first, however, we planned to have at least one concert of sufficient merit, or one lecture by some person so well known, that we could reasonably put the price of admission for that at 35 cents, with reserved seats at 50 cents. In this way there were two inducements to purchase course tickets, something which we much desired, both because we reckoned a "bird in the hand worth two in the bush," and because we were able to estimate roughly from the sale of course tickets how much money we could depend

on. This year also proved successful, and we increased our amount of cash on hand.

The next year saw a decided advance over anything we had done and the evolution of what was to remain practically our system. We increased the number of entertainments to ten, where it has since remained, and we arranged all of these beforehand, so that when we announced our course to the public we were able to advertise just who would appear in the course and the date of appearance. We made the price of course tickets for the ten entertainments \$2.50, insuring each purchaser a reserved seat. General admission was 25 cents, with 35 for a reserved seat, and we had two or more attractions of sufficient value to enable us to put the price at 35 and 50 cents. Our plans worked excellently; and we ended that year with nearly \$200 in the treasury. Best of all, the town was beginning to wake up to the value of the institution, to take an interest and a certain degree of pride in it. We who had been most devoted to the project had at first carried our tickets about with us and besought our friends and asked our enemies to buy them to help the enterprise along. As the institution began to show that it was to prove a success, this condition of things changed. People began to come to us to buy tickets, and we were very glad to be able to leave off peddling them. This very thing, however, brought with it a new difficulty. The only hall in town which was desirable and large enough was not at all well arranged. There were only a few really good seats, and the others varied greatly in desirability. When something like a hundred reserved seats for the course were to be allotted, it became a serious question as to how this could be done equitably. At first the plan of "first come first served" was tried; but this did not prove wholly satisfactory, and after a year or two some one suggested that selling the seats at auction would not only settle all questions of location

but also prove a means of raising just so much more money. This plan was tried, and proved a great success. After the first year of it the auction sale of lecture seats proved one of the events of the winter, and under a spirit of friendly rivalry favorite seats would be run up to a price where a premium of \$5 or more would be paid, and our capital increased over a hundred dollars from the premiums alone. Nor did this bar out any one, for the hall was large enough so that we could always promise every one who bought a season ticket a decently good seat. When, a few years later, the town was provided with a large, well designed, and well fitted hall, in which all the seats were equally good, the interest in this auction sale and therefore the receipts from it decreased. This, however, did not affect the prosperity of the course, since a greater number of people bought tickets.

After we were fairly started, we sold each year from two to three hundred course tickets, and our income from all sources justified us in planning for a course which cost from \$800 to \$1000 a year. This, for a town of two thousand inhabitants, we felt to be a very creditable record. At the same time, we were not by any means dependent on the town itself for our support. Some of our most regular patrons were farmers and their wives who lived, sometimes, four or five miles out of the village. In addition to these, whenever there was any unusual attraction on the list, a specially good concert or a particularly well-known speaker, people would drive or come by train from neighboring towns, until our hall, into which nearly a thousand persons could be crowded, would be filled.

I have repeatedly used the word *entertainment* instead of *lecture*, and have done this advisedly, for our experience convinced us that a course to be successful must comprise a considerable proportion of *entertainments* pure and simple. I do not think any small country town can furnish a suffi-

ciently large number of persons devoted to study alone to support a course made up only of lectures. People like to be amused, to be made to laugh, to be made to forget themselves; and they will pay their money to be entertained when they will not pay it merely to be instructed. We came to feel that the most desirable arrangement for a course of ten numbers was to have half of them what we called "solid lectures" and the other half "entertainments," the latter usually being three concerts, one illustrated lecture, and one evening filled by some good reader. We learned many things from experience. Some of these I will note for the possible help of others who may be interested in such an undertaking.

At first, as I have said, we could advertise only from one entertainment to another, but we soon learned the advantage of engaging our whole course beforehand and advertising all at once. In order to do this, it is necessary to begin a long way in advance. We usually began our negotiations as early as June for a course the first number of which was not to be given until November. There are several good lyceum bureaus in the country with which business can be done to advantage. It is usually less troublesome and more satisfactory to deal with them than with the speakers themselves. Some years we arranged our whole course through one bureau. This has the advantage of convenience, but sometimes no single bureau controls all the people wanted. There is always a possibility, too, that some desirable speaker who is found to have one engagement near—and this may mean only in the same state—will take a second engagement on the preceding or ensuing night at much less than his regular price. We were always on the lookout for such a chance as this, and also for that of uniting with some other town to bring some person whom we both wanted, and thus dividing the expense of travel. Most lec-

turers and concert companies have a regular price, fixed by the bureau which manages them, and this covers all expenses. Occasionally some one excludes "locals," which means hotel bills while in town. The majority of lecturers have a sliding scale of prices, and come to a country town for a lower price than they ask in the cities. Only a few exceptional men, such as Talmage, Ingersoll and Kennan, ask or expect more than \$100 from a town of the size of the one of which I write. Many admirable lecturers can be had for \$75, \$50 or \$40, these sums covering their expenses. Concerts usually cost more in proportion, because there will be a number of persons in the company, and traveling expenses are just so much more. So with an illustrated lecture, where the speaker must have his assistant to manipulate the lantern, and is subjected to the expense of his apparatus. On the other hand, concerts and illustrated lectures draw out so many more transient patrons, that often, though more expensive, they return the largest profits. We had the Fisk Jubilee Singers three different years, and although we paid them an unusually large sum, I think we made more money on them than on anybody else. It was similar with Kennan, whom we had the first winter after his return, when he was making a tour at \$200 a night; that was the highest price we paid any speaker, but his fame drew out so large an audience that we made money out of it.

The paying of the "talent" is not all the expense of a course, by any means. We paid \$100 each season for the hall in which the course was given, which was quite as low as could have been expected. There would always be some expense for hotel accommodations, a piano when we had a concert, various small incidentals, and a large bill for printing, advertising and postage. The assistants whom we needed, ushers, door tenders, ticket sellers, were selected from young men who were anxious to attend but could

ill afford the expense and were more than glad to do the work for a couple of tickets.

The most profitable method of advertising is a serious problem. We gradually evolved a more and more elaborate circular. It was made neat and attractive, and gave a page to each speaker or entertainment, dates, prices and all particulars. A list of patrons was kept, as full as possible, and added to each year. To each name on this list, and to each possible patron not there, one of these advance circulars was sent. Nearly every lecturer and concert company has a supply of advertising material in the shape of circulars furnished free. These, properly dated, would also be mailed a few days previous to the particular event. Nearly every one also has a supply of lithographs, which must be hung in conspicuous windows and mailed to other towns. As there were on our mailing list a thousand or more names, the postage account was large; but we always felt that this money was returned to us twofold.

Our town is on a line of railroad. If we were to have a specially attractive number, as some speaker of national reputation, we always tried to arrange for a special train, or for a regular train to be run on special time, so as to accommodate out-of-town people, and thus frequently brought in a hundred or more who otherwise could not have been present. In a country town the places of business do not close regularly at six o'clock, as in a city. Everything is open until nine or ten o'clock. This means that one or more persons must be confined to each one of these establishments. Gradually a plan was introduced by which each business man signed an agreement to close his store or shop at eight o'clock on those nights when there was an entertainment in the course, so that every one who wished to attend could do so. Later, when an agreement was entered into by all of the business concerns of the place to close at six on every Tuesday and Fri-

day evening from November to April, we planned to have all of our entertainments fall on one or the other of those evenings, greatly to the advantage of the course as well as to the convenience of those who wished to attend.

We had as lecturers many men and women of whom we had heard and read much. Usually they pleased us. Occasionally a famous man was a disappointment. Often a person of whom we had heard little and known less delighted his audience. A man who proved a great favorite would be a drawing card for the next year's course, and help sell tickets; but two or at the most three years in succession proved to be as many as it was profitable to introduce any one attraction. Through it all was to be seen that educating influence which taught us to distinguish the best and not to be satisfied with less.

I have often wondered whether the men and women who go upon the lecture platform of a country town realize the influence which they are to have. It is not here as in a city, where the next night brings some new sensation to efface that of the night before. In the country village home and in the farmhouses, the last lecture and the man who gave it come up day after day and evening after evening for discussion, until the better part of what has been said is thoroughly digested. If this article should come to the notice of any of those who are in my mind as I write, I want to say to them that I know the memory of them and of what they said lives in the minds and hearts of many who have heard them speak to an extent which I suspect would be a surprise and which I feel sure, if they could know of it, could not be other than a pleasure and a satisfaction.

We always planned to have at least one woman in our list each year, and theirs were always among the evenings most looked forward to. Mrs. Livermore spoke three times for us, and always drew large audiences, to whom her memory will be a pleasure,

as her words at the time were a help. One year we had Belya Lockwood, to see whom a large company came together, for it was the year after she had been a candidate for the presidency. Her topic had to do with her life in Washington, and though she gave much interesting information about the institutions of the capital, I remember her audience was disappointed to have her talk made so much more of general matters than of her own personal experiences and impressions of public life. Lyman Abbott gave us one of the best addresses we had, and a large audience gathered to hear him. Will Carleton gave us his lecture entitled "The Golden Horse." I did not hear the beginning, but the scheme of "The Golden Horse" seemed to serve only as a series of pegs upon which to hang chances to introduce his various poems. Among these he gave "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," "The District Schoolmaster," "The Lightning-rod Dispenser," and many others. Evidently he is a writer of verses who has gone upon the platform, and not an orator by birth. As a lecturer he is popular, but were it not for the widespread fame of his writings I have an idea he would not be. All the same, I am sure none of our audience were sorry they came. I heard one farmer's wife say, "I'd have gone a good deal farther than that to see the man who wrote 'Over the Hill to the Poorhouse.'"

One of the largest audiences we had came out to hear Joseph Cook, and he held their closest attention for fully two hours, half an hour longer than most men could have done. I admired the tact with which he fitted his address that night to his audience, so that his two hours' presentation of some of the most profound truths was made intensely interesting to people who would have been helpless before the polysyllables in which he often delights. After the lecture I met him at his hotel to pay him his \$100. He was to take a midnight train, to hurry on

to some other engagement. He asked me to spend the intervening time with him, and I never passed two more delightful hours. He told me much about his summer home at Ticonderoga, and of his travels. I had a copy of his "Orient," a record of his trip around the world; and in this he wrote, with his name: "The sky is the roof of but one family." For my autograph collection also—for I was then an inveterate autograph collector—he wrote: "There are now no foreign lands. There can be no more hermit nations. Speed of intercommunication has made the antipodes neighbors and all men each others' keeper." I laugh now at one of his remarks concerning his wife, of whom he spoke with great fondness and admiration. "My wife," he said, "goes around making friends as fast as I do enemies;—and that," he added in a moment, "is pretty fast."

One whom I remember with particular pleasure was Robert J. Burdette, then famous as the funny man of the *Burlington Hawkeye*, now known as a writer upon more serious subjects. I always intended to meet the lecturers at the station on their arrival, but I met Mr. Burdette by accident wandering around on the street in a blinding snow storm, trying to find my office. He had arrived unexpectedly at midday on a freight train, a mode of locomotion not wholly pleasant, but which public speakers are sometimes obliged to adopt in order to make their connections. Mr. Burdette had brought with him his only child, a bright boy of nine years, recently left motherless, and the devotion of each to the other all through their stay was delightful. The two spent the whole afternoon in my office, where the boy became absorbed in being allowed to learn just how post-office work was done, while his father, apparently happy to see his son so happy, charmed me with conversation through which bubbled that vein of humor, as spontaneous as it was clean and bright, which has made

his writings so successful. Mr. Burdette is a small man, dark, wiry and nervous. I suppose he realized something of the pleasure he was able to give, for before leaving the office to go to his hotel for supper and to prepare for the lecture he said to me: "After I finish speaking I am always so wrought up and nervous that it is impossible for me to go to sleep for some time, and if you like to come to my room at the hotel to-night after the lecture and bring a few friends with you, I shall be very glad to have you." As a result, six or eight young men spent two hours with him that night, in conversation which he led but never monopolized, and which he made so fascinating that his memory stays with us all to-day as that of an ideal entertainer.

After Burdette came B. K. Bruce, in many ways the foremost colored man in the country. Mr. Bruce was for some years a member of the United States Senate from Mississippi. He was also for four years Registrar of the Treasury, I think under Hayes, and occasionally even yet a United States bill may be seen which bears his fine and even signature. He gave his audience a broad and able presentation of the position of his race in this country and their future prospects; but interesting as his lecture was, I derived more instruction and entertainment from a two hours' visit in my office after the lecture, while he too, like Mr. Cook, was waiting for a midnight train. He did not believe that the present condition of his race could be changed by any forced or sudden revolution, but that the race must change slowly by amalgamation, as did all the foreign people who came here, a process which could be accomplished only in the passing of many generations, much longer in the case of the colored race than any other, as the conditions which confronted them were more widely different. Much of what he told of his early life was intensely interesting. Born a slave in Missouri, he remained there until he

was eighteen. He was fortunate in an unusually good master, who gave him a fair education and treated him with such kindness that his own unusual ability seeking the fuller development which was possible only in freedom, urged him to make his escape for a long time before he could reconcile himself to the thought of leaving his master. I asked him whether, when he decided to escape, he was not afraid of being captured; and he answered with a laugh, "No," going on to explain that his master owned one particular horse, kept for his own saddle horse, which he very well knew to be not only faster than any other horse on the plantation, but faster than any in the entire county. When he was ready to go, he took this horse, and on his back easily rode into freedom. He added that even now his conscience sometimes gave him a twinge for having taken the horse.

We had Frank Beard to give one of his "chalk talks." Beard will be remembered as the man whose cartoons in *Puck* did so much to help start that paper on its successful career. He spoke on a Saturday evening, and stayed over Sunday with us. He was a small man, bald and quite deaf; he was one of the most charming talkers I have ever met, and his wit expressed itself in words as readily as by his nimble pencil. He worked with astonishing rapidity, and I remember he covered a good many sheets of paper with rough pencil sketches of subjects which I suggested, to show how quickly an idea could be worked out. To illustrate the ease with which an exaggeration of one or two prominent points in a likeness changes the likeness into a caricature, he dashed off such a sketch, first of himself, and then of me. The latter, I am obliged to admit, has always been more highly prized as a souvenir of the artist than as a likeness of the sitter. The representation of himself, as a bald-headed angel in a dress suit,—I still have it,—is irresistibly funny.

We had Lew Wallace also, and

Albion W. Tourgée. General Wallace was tired from a long railway journey, and I did not see much of him. His fine face and soldierly bearing however, impressed me. He gave us a scholarly lecture, but I remember that the audience were disappointed that he told them so much about Turkey and so little about "Ben Hur." Tourgée was the only man we had in the whole five years who didn't care whether he pleased his audience or not. The speakers in general "hoped the audience had been pleased," or asked me if I thought they had, or wished to have copies of the local paper sent them. Tourgée delivered a brilliant address, dealing with some of the leading questions of the day. Afterwards, in speaking of it, he said that he had expressed his real opinions as seemed best to him, and he didn't care whether people liked it or not.

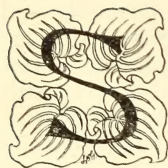
Among all the people I met in this way I count as one of the most fascinating George Kennan, the Siberian traveler. I had devoured his articles in the *Century*, and already come to have a sort of hero worship for him. Kennan is tall and slender, and his worn expression even then showed only too plainly the effects of the terrible experiences which he went through in northern Asia. He suffered much from insomnia, and was so weak that, though he had a special attendant who relieved him of every detail connected with his work, it was difficult for him to fulfill his engagements. I have heard him described as "a greyhound,"—and, tall, slender and delicate, as he was, with a high-bred air, I think the description apt. His enthusiasm for his work was very great; when he began talking of it, even in private, he would begin to glow, until, weak as he was, he would start up and pace up and down the room, gesticulating as he talked. I remember there had been some misunderstanding in advertising the subject of his lecture, and the titles of two different lectures had been confused. When he learned of this, rather than

disappoint any of the people who had come to hear him, he deftly combined the two addresses, and, tired as he was, spoke for over two hours to an audience, exceedingly large for the place, which watched breathlessly for every word he uttered. Towards the close of his address he left the stage for a moment to put on the suit of convict clothes which were donated to him, piece by piece, by the prisoners at Kara, and dressed in these closed his lecture. He wrote in my album: "‘We may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children’s children may die in exile, but something will come of it at last.’ (Last words spoken to me by Madame Breshkofskaya, an exiled Russian lady in Barguzin, Eastern Siberia.)" Madame Breshkofskaya has since died in the exile of which she spoke.

These are a few of many delightful acquaintances which I formed in connection with this work; and the pleasure which I derived from these was quite enough to recompense me for all the time and labor I expended. I tell of these things so delightful and stimulating to me at the time, as showing in some measure how much the coming of such men from the great world into a country town like ours meant to many of us there. It was a great means of education. It made the magazine and the newspaper and everything of which they told more real to us. The lectures set us thinking, they made us vastly better social beings, and they made our town a better town. We worked hard to attain our success; but I am convinced that what we did can be done in almost any town like ours.

ICHABOD.

By Clara E. Laughlin.



SEEMS like it wasn't hardly givin' him a fair chance," said the father, looking down on his new progeny.

"I don't care, Israel. You know if he'd come in season I'd 'a' named him different."

"Tain't likely he would have kept the glory from departing from our house if he *had* come sooner, Alvina—is it?" Israel put his suggestion tentatively, as was due, he thought, to a woman with a new son.

"I don' know as he would or as he wouldn't. 'Tany rate I shall call him Ichabod, an' if the Lord wants him to be a success his name won't hinder any."

The Lathims had lived a score of years unblest by a living child. Three little waxen, doll-like things had been gazed at with awesome

melancholy by Israel and with scarce comprehending regret by Alvina, and laid sedately to rest in the family lot under the shadow of the handsome granite monument. But no childish voice was ever raised in the big, quiet house; no little feet clattered on the stairs; the successive layettes of tiny garments were never worn, except the three used as shrouds; there had been no christenings, no birthdays, no anything, to mark that the months of fevered waiting and the one short look at wee marbled things was not a dream. Only the family lot sometimes proved it was not.

When Alvina Lathim, aged forty-three, "surprised everyone" by giving birth to a living, lusty son of twelve pounds weight, the village opinion was divided. Some regretted that the little stranger had come, and apparently to stay, at so inopportune a time.

Others felt that there were recompenses with Providence's hardest blows, and that it was singularly beautiful for the Lathims to have this long-wished-for gift at this time when other blessings had taken flight.

"Twas hard enough for them two," said Mrs. Blinn. "But three—an' the third a child! I don't see how they're goin' to bring him up."

"He couldn't 'a' come at a nicer time," said Miss Tripp, who had strong mother instincts; "for now they'll be that taken up with him they won't have time to think about reverses."

Four months ago the supreme court had sustained the decree of the trial court by whose terms it had been decided that Israel Lathim held no legal title to the farm coming to him from his grandfather, long dead. Grandfather Lathim's farm, which happened to be located on the spot where a village elected to grow, had been sold him by a man to whom it did not belong; and now, after years of possession had by his ancestors and himself, Israel stood silent, dazed, a crushed, almost a ruined man as to "this world's goods." About two years previous the discovery had been made in an investigation of the great estate of a Denver man, who long ago in the time of the "gold fever" had gone from his native state to the West, that the title of nearly the whole of tiny Lathim's Corner belonged to him at the time of his death and descended to his heirs. This discovery led to the litigation whose end brought crushing disappointment and calamity to Israel and Alvina. Lathim's Corner would have felt the justice of the thing more if the Denver man's heirs had not been rich without count of the Massachusetts farm. But it was another demonstration, some one pointed out, of that text which declares that "to him who hath shall be given, and from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This has never been a satisfactory doctrine, and

Lathim's Corner found it very hard to see the hand of God in this whole affair.

"Tain't as if Israel an' Alvina was ever puffed up or worldly or anything," said Miss Tripp. "They're godly people and contribute liberal to the support of the gospel an' the relief of the poor,—an' I for one can't understand it."

"The fathers have eaten a sour grape, an' the children's teeth are set on edge," quoted Mrs. Blinn solemnly.

"But 'twan't *his* father as et it," Miss Tripp pursued. "An' thet's what I can't understand."

Meanwhile Ichabod grew and waxed strong, and it came to be time that he was christened. Everybody in Lathim's Corner knew what name he was to bear, and everybody who could crowded into the little church on the Sunday set apart for the baptismal ordinance.

Israel looked proud, but uncomfortable, as he carried the son of his old age; Israel was fifty, but one always thought of him as "old." No one knew the agonies he and Alvina suffered for fear any careless touch, any untempered wind, might shatter this reality, which seemed like a dream, and leave them with only another grave in the cemetery to prove that it had really been true.

"Ichabod, I baptize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Several women sniffed audibly,—but not Alvina. She shut her lips tight and carried her head high, as became a woman who suffered for no wrong done. She had never even heard of "the martyr spirit," that peculiar physical development under persecution and opposition, but she felt it. If Alvina had lived a hundred and fifty years before, she would have walked to the stake with unflinching tread if it had pleased her neighbors wrongly to accuse her of witchcraft.

"He's a likely baby," said Mrs. Blinn approvingly.

"If he was mine I'd never say the glory had gone from my house," Miss Tripp made answer wistfully.

Ichabod *was* a winsome thing, flaxen and wondering, with his saucerbog blue eyes staring amiably on all the world. Alvina took a defiant pride in his baby sweetness, and Israel watched him as if he were an unearthly thing of a kind never come before to this planet.

Israel battled feebly against adverse circumstances. It had not been possible in the days of plenty to save much. Everyone who owns land in New England will understand how possible, how inevitable, it was for Israel to own most of Lathim's Corner and still not have much more than enough for taxes and repairs and a decent living. But he expected always to have that much, and did not worry. When the crash came, he was too old to change his habits of life. There was a little in the bank, and there was one of two houses which Alvina's father had owned. Both Israel and his wife were used to working with their hands; so life took on a sober tinge of necessities practically assured and luxuries practically debarred, a gray certainty, duller than anxiousness, which leaves room for hope, and separated from peace by so much as a caged animal is separated from content.

Lathim's Corner looked to Ichabod to retrieve, in some hardly definable way, the fallen fortunes of his house. It seemed so eminently appropriate and biblical that through the child of despair should come God's new providence of returned prosperity. Some had visions of Ichabod become great in a far city and returned to buy back, at any cost, the holdings of his forefathers. Some imagined that he would become famous and give his house a lustre it had never dreamed of in those former days before his sorrowful bearing. What Israel and Alvina hoped no one knew. Adversity had set a seal of bitterness on Alvina's lips and a seal of helplessness

on Israel's. He was struck dumb, and from the day of his misfortune seemed never to be fully himself. Alvina hardened her heart against the dispensation of the Lord and set her teeth against the commiserations of her neighbors.

Little Ichabod had not a cheerful growing up. When he had left babyhood he had ceased to be pretty; when he had reached boyhood he was far from any semblance of beauty. It was hard for Lathim's Corner to imagine that the flaxen-haired boy whose eyes had the same amiable look they had worn the day of his christening would ever become either rich or famous.

"I don't believe Providence 'll ever send good to the Lathims again, with Alvina holding out like she does," said Mrs. Blinn.

"There's Israel," put in Miss Tripp; "I'm sure he's acted as right as a man could. An' there's Ichabod; he ain't done nothing, that he should suffer."

"I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation," said Mrs. Blinn solemnly, with serene consciousness of having irresistibly clinched the argument.

"I wish poor Alvina had more grace," sighed Miss Tripp, heavy with the hopelessness of the case.

One day interest in the Lathim affairs had a sharp revival. There had not been much of late. Alvina continued "set," Ichabod, lanky and more flaxen than ever, was plodding on rather stupidly at school, and Israel spent his days alternating between his garden and the store. At the latter place he sat quiet, for the most part, chewing and evincing a deep interest in all that went on, but seldom venturing an opinion. One day he died. The village looked to Alvina to "show signs of softening," but she didn't. She had little to say and no demonstrations to make, and she sat in the house with her dead and cut down his second best suit, black

and ten years old, for Ichabod to wear to the funeral. The minister felt a call to go and pray with her, but somehow he didn't go—some thought he didn't dare. Instead he talked to Ichabod, and the boy looked at him out of round, wondering eyes, and the minister resolved that soon after the funeral he would talk with the boy about his name and what people expected of him, and ask him to labor with his mother.

After Israel was laid in the old cemetery, by the side of the grave which held the three little waxen babes, Alvina "got queerer and queerer," Lathim's Corner said. The minister duly acted upon his resolve of holding solemn converse with Ichabod, and the boy had looked impressed, although the minister had an uneasy doubt as to whether he had been comprehended at all. One could never tell,—Ichabod was always so smiling and wondering and respectful.

The minister would have been relieved if he could have heard Ichabod's account of the episode to his mother. Carefully, cannily, leaving out all the references to her, he told her what the minister had said about his name and what he ought to do. He wiped his eyes a good many times during the recital, for his grief for his father was poignant. Alvina interrupted him twice to tell him to use his handkerchief for his tears,—and then, when he had finished, "Bosh!" was all she said.

"An' now take off your good clothes and peel them potatoes for me," said Alvina, as if the potatoes had been paramount in her mind all the time—as indeed they were.

"Yes'm," said Ichabod, and he waxed cheerful again and began paring, while Alvina mixed biscuits.

"I should think you was big enough to work the garden if I show you how," Alvina remarked when the biscuits were ready for the oven. "Your pa got it well started for this year, an' it oughtn't to be much

trouble. I'm kind of old for so much bending,—but I s'pose I could do it if you can't."

"How old are you, ma?" He had never asked before.

"Most sixty," was the curt reply. "Fifty-seven, to be exact."

"And pa was sixty-four." He remembered the coffin-plate.

The garden prospered well in his hands. Alvina taught him to build fires and make coffee too, and one morning she called to him from her room off the kitchen and asked him if he thought he could make pancakes if she told him how. "I don't feel as if I could get up just now," she said, "an' you've got to have something for your breakfast." She told him how to make them and he made them and they were a great success. Another morning he made pop-overs, and each time he washed up the dishes according to directions from the bedroom.

Alvina got to staying in bed a good deal. She complained of her head, but declined all offers of help from the neighbors. "Ichabod can do," she said; "he manages real nice."

Meanwhile Ichabod had left school and apprenticed himself informally to the carpenter. Alvina shut her lips hard to stifle her inward moans at this, but the tiny fund in the bank was almost gone and they could not starve. She would not have minded the starving, but the neighbors would know of it. No!—Ichabod should be left alone.

He got to be "real handy," his employer said. He developed a secret passion to go away where there were better masters and learn to be a wood-carver. He said nothing, however, but whittled away when he could. Alvina kept growing worse, and the household duties fell more and more upon him. In the mornings he made the fire and cooked a simple breakfast and "righted things" in his clumsy fashion, and then went off for the day, with a luncheon of his own putting up. In the evenings he was as liable to find the house dark and supperless

as not. Alvina would be in bed, moaning feebly, and Ichabod's first effort was to get her a cup of hot tea and a slice of toast. When by and by Alvina said she couldn't sit up, he sat on the edge of the bed and put his arm around her and held her while she ate.

When Ichabod was twenty, Alvina went to bed for the last time. It became apparent that the trouble with her head was a cloud of darkness which had settled on her reason, to be lifted only at rare intervals until the dawning of the great light of another day. Lathim's Corner told Ichabod of several places where such as she were comfortably kept. He heard them patiently and shook his head.

"You can't keep her here," said Mrs. Blinn; "she's got to be watched and waited on all the time."

Ichabod kept his own counsel until he was sure what he was going to do. Then he quietly told the villagers that he was going to build a little shed off the house, and do job work at carpentering which could be done at home. For the rest—the watching and the care—he could manage. Lathim's Corner held up its hands in holy horror; but Ichabod was not moved. He was his mother's son. Lathim's Corner never knew of those dreams of wood carving, for Ichabod

was not given to confidences. The job work prospered fairly, and Alvina paid unconscious tribute to her nursing, for she clung to life with a tenacity that was marvelous. Once in a while a neighbor ventured in and proffered some little womanly service, which Ichabod accepted with grave thanks.

"I guess a woman's hands feel good to her, even if she doesn't know," he said, looking ruefully on his own horny hands. But Miss Tripp thought differently when she saw him lift the frail old woman with the lightness and sureness with which one might lift a feather, and shake out her pillows with one hand while he held her gently with the other. She thought differently when she watched him smooth back the tumbled white hair, with awkward tenderness; and she went home and buried her sleek head in an unmussed pillow, and cried.

When Alvina died, Ichabod was thirty-four. It was a new minister who preached her funeral sermon; and not all of Lathim's Corner knew what he meant when, after referring touchingly to Ichabod's long and loving ministry, he said: "And so in God's good way it came to pass that one glory gave way to another, so that no longer can it be said, 'The glory is gone from this house.'"

UNWRITTEN TRAGEDIES.

By Clinton Scollard.

PUT by your storied page, its pictured seeming;
Come back to earth, and breathe its actual air;
Aye! watch a mighty human wave go streaming
Adown a broad and bustling thoroughfare!

The commonest—you say—of common places,
This strenuous rush, this feverish daily strife;—
Look! you may read upon the passing faces
The great unwritten tragedies of life!

FIFTY YEARS OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

By Charles F. Ryder.

NO period in the history of the American nation has been more portentous and significant than the years between 1846 and 1860. It was at the beginning of this period that the American Missionary Association was born. The Jubilee Convention of this great missionary and educational organization in Tremont Temple, Boston, during the month of October, will be a most significant meeting. A convention which includes in its list of speakers the governor of the Commonwealth, United States senators and congressmen, bishops of the Episcopal and Methodist churches, presidents and professors from our most important colleges, and leading clergymen and laymen, is of much more than denominational or sectarian importance. Christian patriotism, the elevation of the depressed races in America, the spread of broad and liberal education, the establishment and maintenance

of Christian institutions, are the themes to be discussed at this Jubilee Convention. Such themes attract the attention of all thoughtful citizens.

The present condition of the comprehensive work carried on by this Association is so dependent upon its past, that a sketch of the work would be incomplete without somewhat extended reference to its history. The American Missionary Association was organized in 1846. It was born amidst agitation and storm. Turn back the pages of history for these fifty years, and you find a vastly different sentiment from that which prevails to-day concerning the peoples among whom this Association does its work.

The negroes were slaves apparently in hopeless bondage. The Indians were the wards of the nation, pillaged and robbed and murdered according to the greed and lust of selfish and brutal agents, with little



OPEN AIR KINDERGARTEN—LISTENING TO THE BIRDS.

restraint from the general government. The Chinaman was a curiosity followed by children as he appeared on the streets of a few of our American cities. The American Highlander, brave and loyal to his country and to its flag, detesting slavery and yet not knowing how to oppose its encroachments, was locked

Kendall, who was postmaster-general, was appealed to. After stating that he had no legal authority to exclude any newspapers from the mail, although they might contain anti-slavery sentiments, he added: "By no act or direction of mine official or private could I be induced knowingly to aid in giving circulation to this

description of literature directly or indirectly." Following this declaration of the postmaster-general, the



MANSION AND BALLARD
SCHOOL BUILDING, TOUGALOO
UNIVERSITY, MISS.

away in the fastnesses of the southern mountains and generally despised by the arrogant slave baron in the lowlands. Alaska was a foreign country to us; and the educational and religious responsibility of Christian America was not at all felt for the neglected Eskimo.

The struggle of slavery against freedom was a constant struggle. Institutions as well as men arrayed themselves on either side. Political life was hot and feverish. Even before this period there had been the mutterings of the coming tempest. On July 29, 1835, a mob broke open the postoffice at Charleston, S. C., and destroyed the anti-slavery publications which were in custody of the government in that office. Afterwards a public meeting was held approving the act of the mob. Amos



BALLARD INDUSTRIAL BUILDING.

annual message of President Jackson the following year urged that strict laws with severe penalties be passed against the circulation of anti-slavery publications in southern states. This was the "year of mobs." Not only were men who held to the doctrine of freedmen assaulted, but the "Female Anti-Slavery Society," composed of such women as Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child and others of kindred character and culture, was mobbed in Boston. Between 1800 and 1850, although the importation of slaves was illegal sixty-five thousand blacks were stolen from their native land and brought to America and sold as slaves. In 1850

the slave population in the United States was over three millions.

Just at this period the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society was organized, and the utterance of its constitution was that "slavery was a covenant with death and an agreement with hell." England was also stirred by anti-slavery appeals. In 1843 the Free Church of Scotland separated itself from the Established Church. A church

at Charleston, S. C., sent a considerable gift to this new movement. Strong grounds were taken in Scotland against receiving this money from a Southern church, as it was "blood stained" money. The South was not alone responsible for the complicity of the churches with slavery. In Lynn,

Mass., Thomas B. Beach spoke in favor of "the common fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man," with reference to the situation, in the meeting-house of the Friends. He repeated the same sentiment in the Baptist church at Danvers. This was in 1841. He was forcibly ejected and thrown into jail at Newburyport,

where he lay for three months.

In "The Methodist New Connection Magazine" (English), in 1847, one year after the organization of the American Missionary Association, we find the following pertinent problem suggested by the editor: "A problem for



DINING ROOM, STRAIGHT UNIVERSITY.



LAUNDRY, STRAIGHT UNIVERSITY.



STONE HALL. BOYS' DORMITORY, TALLADEGA COLLEGE.

the American churches: During fifty years of missionary labor four hundred thousand pagans have been gathered into the fold of Christianity under the preaching of Christian missionaries. The average increase of slaves in their own country is about seventy thousand a year. To teach them to read the Bible is a penal offense. Now if eight thousand pagans are annually evangelized abroad and seventy thousand Americans heathenized at home, required the time 'when the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.'"

Events like these, which under the providence of a just God must bring a shock that would make the whole nation tremble for its complicity with slavery, followed hard upon each other. The *Amistad* captives taken from the schooner of that name, the story of whose capture and release has been often told, were pronounced free in March, 1841. In November they returned to their native land accompanied by three missionaries.

These missionaries were sent out by "The *Amistad* Committee." The Union Missionary Society of Hartford, Conn., was organized in 1842 to provide for this infant mission in Africa, which had been so providentially and strangely established. A church was organized and a school planted in Africa. Two other move-

ments of a similar nature in the West were organized; and together these four made the nucleus of the American Missionary Association. In the midst of such times of agitation and fermentation this organization was born.

Although the Association had its birth in the midst of this period of intense political feeling, it was from the first a missionary and not an anti-slavery society. In the second article of its constitution, adopted in 1846, we read the following: "The object of this society shall be to send the gospel to those portions of our land,



GIRLS' DORMITORY, TILLOTSON COLLEGE, AUSTIN, TEXAS.

and other countries, which are destitute of it, and which present open and urgent fields of effort." At the very first the essential factors of race elevation and progress were recognized and incorporated in its work and methods. Caste distinction and prejudice, not only un-Christian but also un-American, were ignored. The work inaugurated was not for classes but for humanity. In these early days its work included many fields. Foreign missions, home mis-

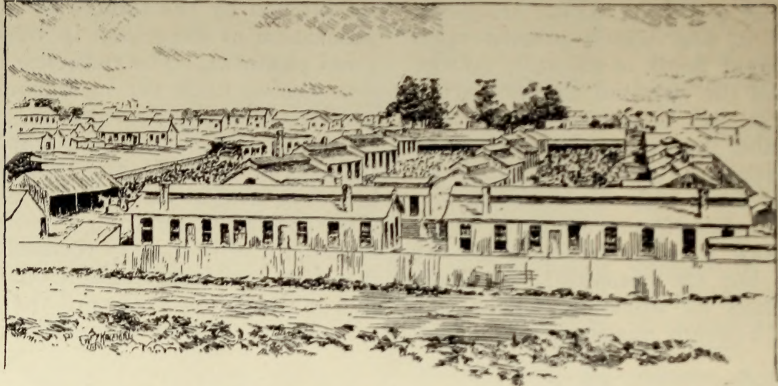
maintained by the fathers of this organization as expressed in their original platform. The influence of the Association upon the increasing sentiment of loyalty to freedom cannot be overestimated. Those who were poorest, most needy and most illiterate were sought out without distinction of race or condition. Those who were least able to help themselves, it was felt, had largest claim on Christian philanthropy. One of the Association's earliest commissions, issued



KING'S MOUNTAIN (ALL HEALING), NORTH CAROLINA.

sions North and South, missions among immigrants, and among negroes, Indians and Chinese were all established and maintained. Although in fact a protest "against slavery, polygamy and their attendant immoralities, and against close corporations in the management of benevolent funds," the Association was not simply destructive; it was constructive. Little by little it gained the confidence and support of an increasing constituency. Public sentiment gradually changed, and the drift of conviction was all toward the position so strenuously

in October, 1848, was to a missionary who should carry the message of the cross among the white people of Kentucky. In the plans of Christian education, including all peoples and races throughout our country, the Association was a pioneer. All this work was included in the conception and purpose of the stalwart old prophets who organized the society. These forms of work are not grafts, but the natural branches of the magnificent tree which the fathers planted. These men were heroic, self-sacrificing patriots. They were



OLD FISK UNIVERSITY, NASHVILLE, WHEN SECURED FROM THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.

God-fearing and man-loving Christians. They were prophets of God, seers, to whom the future was unrolled as a scroll; by God-illuminated intuition they saw the magnificent opportunities and the vast duties which this future would bring. They not only foresaw, but they foreordained, in the very constitution of the Association, the outcome of opportunity and the wonderful development of this great work. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them and greeted them afar off." Christian society is working towards the ideal of these fathers.

The early missionaries who pushed their way into the South were sometimes arrested and imprisoned; but like Paul and Silas in the old jail at Philippi, "at midnight" they offered prayers and sang praises to God, and the black prisoners of the South heard them. "And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken, and immediately all the doors were opened and every

one's bonds were loosed." This was the earthquake which shook the nation in the Civil War, and hundreds of thousands of noble men, both of the North and the South, went down in the awful calamity. But the prison doors were opened and four millions of bondmen walked out into freedom. Those early missionaries

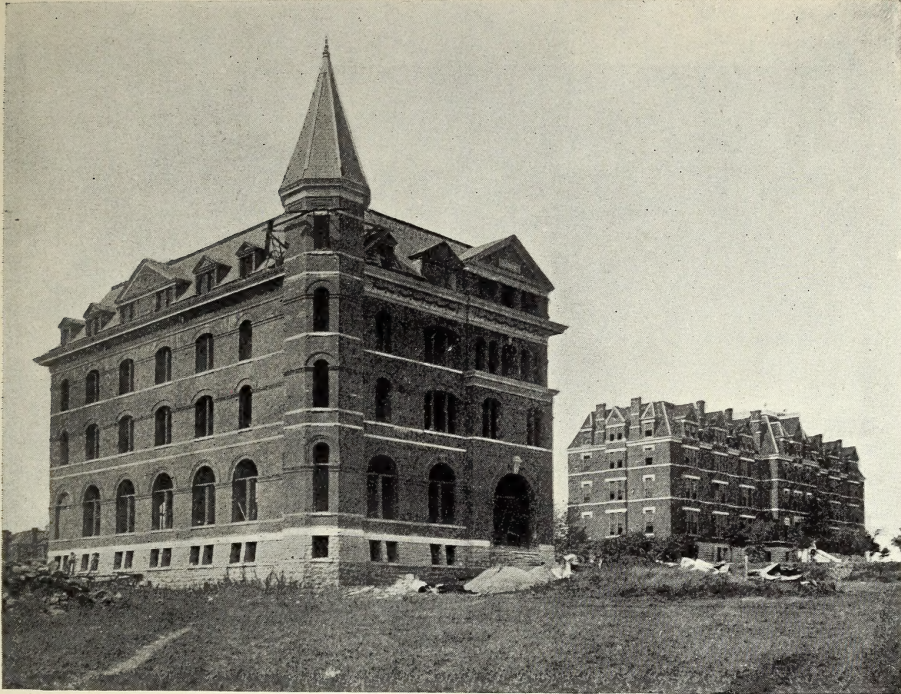


CARPENTERS' SHOP, ORANGE PARK, FLORIDA.

of the American Missionary Association were the martyrs of the old dispensation and the prophets of the new. At this Jubilee Convention in Boston the sacrifice, the heroism and the splendid achievements of these early patriots and Christians deserve to be sung. Both North and South rejoice together to-day in the abolition of slavery and are more and more

among these freedmen of the South.

On September 17, 1861, the first school for freedmen in America was opened, under the auspices of this Association, at Hampton, Va. Mrs. Peake, an intelligent and refined colored woman, received a commission as its first teacher. Thus within seven months after the first gun was fired on Fort Sumter and the slaves



THEOLOGICAL HALL AND LIVINGSTONE HALL, FISK UNIVERSITY.

uniting in the educational and Christian enlightenment of the former bondmen. These are the victories of the fathers.

When the war broke out attention was especially directed toward the negroes of the South, who were flocking into the lines of the Union army. Coptic, Indian and Canadian home missionary enterprises and the work carried on in our great cities were largely discontinued, that the efforts of the Association might be given to the great problem providentially opening

began to emerge from bondage, the American Missionary Association met them with relief and schools. The eagerness of these black people for education is the romance of history. It was peculiarly illustrated in one of the first schools. The day on which it was opened 350 scholars were enrolled, and in the evening of the same day 300 more were added. The numbers continued to increase until the enrollment of the day school was 1,200, and the night sessions gathered 800 more, making a total for this single school of 2,000 pupils daily.

Many of these were adults, who came after the fatigue of a hard day's labor, that they might gather the rudiments of knowledge. Often as this story has been told, it is always full of interest. Was ever a race coming out of bondage so eager for instruction as were the black people of the South? In tracing the history of the next few years, we find that at the close of the war 250 missionaries and

goes rapidly coming out of slavery as freedmen as the great field of Christian education.

It is easy to trace the history of a single institution. It is more difficult to trace the development of the hundreds of institutions which have been planted by the American Missionary Association, each having its individual peculiarities. In some institutions industrial training receives



HOME SCHOOL, BERTHOLD, NORTH DAKOTA.

teachers, occupying stations in fourteen different states, were under commission from this Association.

But in these years work among other peoples than the negro was not entirely neglected. Schools and missions were carried on among the Indians in the West, and among the mountaineers in the South. They were also established among the Chinese, who were coming in larger numbers to the Pacific coast. Still, Providence and public interest alike pointed to the field among the ne-

large attention. There is demand for this, and the Association has always met this demand. In another institution normal instruction, beginning with the kindergarten, is introduced. Such a school trains teachers and in this way furnishes competent instructors for district and city schools. Other institutions furnish a higher grade of instruction—such as Fisk University at Nashville, Tenn., and Talladega College, at Talladega, Ala. Young men and women in these institutions receive instruction in a



MISSION SCHOOL, OAHÉ, SOUTH DAKOTA.

complete college curriculum. Professional schools of law, medicine and theology have also been established and maintained by this far-reaching organization.

In considering the financial condition and growth of the Association, we note the safeguards against any possible mistake, or misappropriation, in the management of the benevolent funds. A Finance Committee inspects the books of the Association four times each year. Then an Auditing Committee examines the books of the treasurer and the results of the work of the Finance Committee. This Auditing Committee,

entirely independent of the Executive Committee or any of the officers, consists of the most careful and expert business men. Not a cent is expended in any field which does not appear in the treasurer's books, and those books with vouchers and bank accounts are under the constant inspection of keen business men. In this way not only is systematic giving

secured, but also systematic spending. The following table shows the yearly receipts of the Association from all sources at intervals of a decade, beginning with the close of the war:

1864-5	\$134,181.18
1874-5	273,533.22
1884-5	419,813.17
1894-5	357,631.90

The hard times, as will be seen, very seriously affected the receipts of the Association during the year 1894-5. With this exception there has been a steady and wholesome increase.

This review of the financial his-



BLACKSMITH SHOP, SANTEE INDIAN SCHOOL, NEBRASKA.



"BIRD'S NEST" GIRLS IN WINTER UNIFORM, SANTEE.

tory and condition of the Association would be incomplete without reference to some special legacies and gifts. Early in its history, Rev. Charles Avery, a Wesleyan minister, left to the Association a large sum of money, the income of which was to be used for work in Africa. The Association having surrendered all its work abroad some years ago, the income now goes to the American Board of Foreign Missions. In October, 1888, Mr. Daniel Hand of Connecticut gave to the Association a million dollars. A deed of trust was executed, and the income of this amount is administered by the Executive Committee and officers of the Association "for the colored people of the Southern states." This is known as the Daniel Hand Educational Fund. It is kept in separate accounts and can be administered only under the condition of the trust for the help of worthy colored people. The principal is not to be expended.

In some cases attractive buildings have been erected through special gifts. A most unique and unusual movement was inaugurated in October, 1871, when the Jubilee Singers started on their marvelous career. So many companies have since gone out, appropriating the name of the Jubilee Singers, that the heroism and foresight of those who inaugurated the first movement can scarcely be appreciated. "It was a day of doubt and misgiving when that little company left us on their uncertain mis-



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AT CARPENTER, KENTUCKY.

sion," writes one of the teachers at Fisk University of that day. "They were not the well-known Jubilee Singers, but an unknown troop, without a name, who were mentioned in a leading paper as 'Negro Minstrels calling themselves Christians.' After procuring provisions sufficient to provide for the Home for a few days, every dollar was taken to get the singers across the Ohio river." Seven years of singing in the United States, Great Britain, Germany and

great African explorer. The honor of completing the work and securing the erection of the building is due to Mrs. Stone of Malden, Mass., who gave sixty thousand dollars toward this building.

The educational and religious work among the negroes has increased constantly as years have passed. Eight chartered institutions have gathered thousands of students. In addition to these many schools of lower grade have been planted and

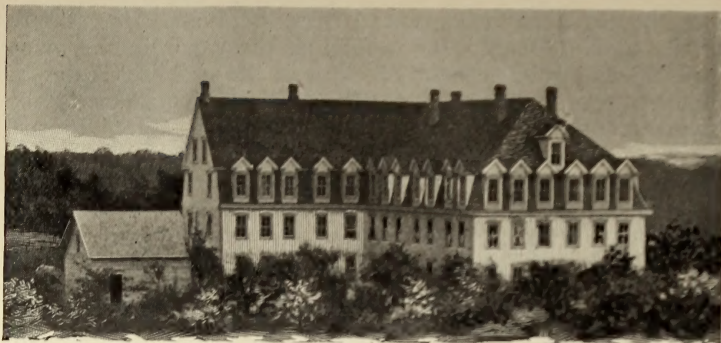


IN THE "BOYS' COTTAGE," SANTEE.

France resulted in an income to the University of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, besides many valuable gifts of apparatus and paintings. The interest of many friends abroad was enlisted through this movement in the education of the negroes in the South, and the results of the campaign were far-reaching and significant.

Livingstone Memorial Hall at Fisk University received its first impulse through the gifts and interest of Mrs. Agnes Livingstone Bruce of Edinburgh, Scotland, daughter of the

sustained. From five to seven hundred missionaries and teachers are maintained yearly in this department of work alone. The enrollment of negro pupils in these schools varies from ten to fifteen hundred yearly. The work carried on in the schools is only one branch of the operations of the Association in this field. Nearly two hundred churches are annually assisted, and missions and Sunday schools and Christian Endeavor Societies are planted and maintained among the rapidly increasing millions of colored people in the South.



GIRLS' HALL, PLEASANT HILL, TENNESSEE.

But the work among the negroes, as has already been said, represents only one of the departments of the large field. Among the Indians educational and religious work is carried on. As early as 1852, twenty-one missionaries were stationed among the Indians of the Northwest, whose work was maintained by this organization. Under General Grant's excellent peace policy four denominational agencies were assigned to this Association. In 1882 the Indian missions which had been supported by the A. B. C. F. M., were transferred to this Association. Since that date the Indian work has been a large and important department of its educational and missionary operations. Three important central institutions are maintained among the Indians. These are situated at Santee Agency, Nebraska, Oahe, South Dakota, and Fort Berthold, North Dakota. In conjunction with these larger schools there are some thirty missions and out-stations, in which white or native missionaries carry on educational and

religious work. They reach some twenty-five tribes. The policy of the work among the Indians has been similar to that of the work carried on among other peoples, namely, to plant the mis-

sion and the school where the Indians are rather than at some remote point. The wisdom of this policy is evident. The advantage of the school is thus not confined to the pupils who gather in it. Teachers are able to reach the Indians in the surrounding tepees. Children can be more easily cared for during



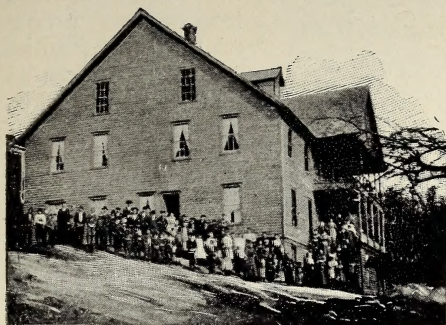
LOG SCHOOL HOUSE IN THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS.

vacation, watched over, and so kept in the ways of Christian civilization. This policy greatly multiplies the value of the local school or mission.

Among the Chinese in America missions were planted at an early day. The work here began in 1852. All along the Pacific Coast and inland as far as Salt Lake City missions have been established and maintained

by the Association among emigrants from the Celestial Empire. A skillful and devoted superintendent gives efficiency and permanency to this work.

Early in the history of the Association, ministers were ordained for work among the white people of the South, especially in the mountains or Highland regions. This work has developed during the last twelve years very



SALUDA SEMINARY, NORTH CAROLINA.

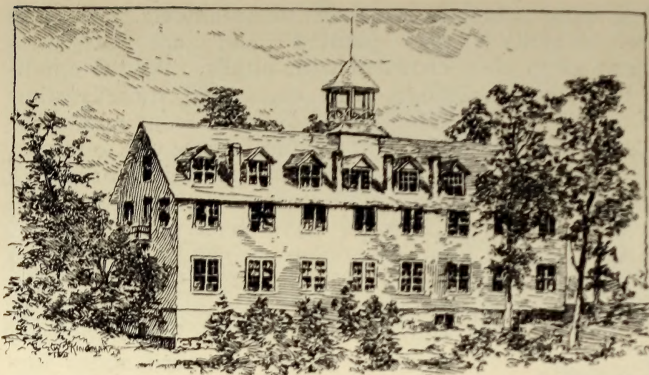
largely and hopefully. These American Highlanders, little known to the country at large, are a stalwart and heroic people. Shut away by the dead sea of slavery, which washed the feet of their knobs and mountains, they maintained a love for freedom, loyalty to the government and devotion to the old flag, which manifested themselves in courageous endurance and suffering in the defense of their patriotic conviction. In sketching the development of the work among these mountaineers, or American Highlanders, history reads almost like a fable. Eagerness for educational and Christian privileges characterizes

these mountaineers. Schools are planted and are at once crowded with pupils. As the conditions have demanded, these institutions have advanced from one grade to another, until there are eighteen excellent normal institutions under the care and direction of the Association. Churches have been organized and large numbers have been gathered into their fellowship. These Highlanders stand in a peculiar relationship to the Union. The mountain counties of the southern states furnished one hundred and forty thousand loyal soldiers during the war, who fought side by side with the blue-coated heroes who went out from northern homes. Their loyalty was deep and abiding, springing from their native desire for freedom and hatred of slavery. The American Missionary Association has planted its work among these mountaineers in five southern states.

Alaska is the last field entered by the Association; but here is presented one of the most interesting features of its work. At Cape Prince of Wales a mission school was established in 1890. Already a Christian martyr has been sacrificed to this work. Still the blood of the martyrs proves



CHAPEL, SANTEE NORMAL SCHOOL, SANTEE, NEBRASKA.



MEMORIAL HALL, GRAND VIEW, TENNESSEE.

the seed of the church in these latter days, and the work goes bravely forward under the care and direction of other faithful missionaries. The most westerly point of land over which the stars and stripes float is occupied by this mission school. The Eskimos, eager for instruction, crowd the building night and day, or rather during the twenty-four hours, as the days are scarcely divided by light and darkness. It was found necessary to turn away the pupils who insisted on coming so continuously that the teachers found no opportunity for rest.

Such in general are the fields of the American Missionary Association. From Florida to Alaska, among the neediest millions on the continent, it has been the pioneer in planting Christian institutions for the education and elevation of the people. When we consider the forms of work introduced and maintained by the Association, its importance and significance are still further evident. The Association was the first benevolent society to introduce industrial training among the negroes of the South. The government had already

taken initial steps in this direction and had granted large bodies of public lands for the establishment of agricultural and mechanical schools. Talladega College, Alabama, has, I think, the honor of first introducing industrial training into its course of study. This was in 1867. The Hampton Institute followed

close after, having begun industrial training in 1868. Both were under the direction of the American Missionary Association.

A glance at a single institution, Tougaloo University, Miss., will illustrate the completeness of the industrial work which the Association is doing. This institution was established in 1869, and is in the centre of the Black Belt. Within a radius of one hundred miles there are about five hundred thousand negroes. No institution in the South is better located to reach this mass of rapidly increasing black people. The yearly enrollment of students is about four hundred. The course includes the



CHURCH AND RECITATION HALL, PLEASANT HILL.



PRIMARY SCHOOL BUILDING, WILLIAMSBURG, KENTUCKY.

departments of primary, intermediate, grammar, normal and college preparatory. In addition to this there is a careful course of biblical study, extending from two to four years, and a special training class for preachers. But industrial training is the great feature of the institution. For the girls a course in cooking extends through four years. Needle work and nurse training are also departments in their instruction. An Industrial Cottage, where practical housekeeping is taught, is a feature of the institution. A bit of interesting history gathers here, well stated in a recent report of the president of the institution: "Back of the mansion is a little and not at all beautiful building, that has been a slave pen, with day nursing for slave children; then, under the American Missionary Association, a dormitory known as Boston Hall; then a carpenters' class room; then a girls' industrial cottage; and is now dignified as Bible Hall." Surely this build-

ing represents the evolutionary processes which have gone on in connection with the work.

Here are six hundred and forty acres of land under cultivation by the boys, who work under the direction of a competent agricultural teacher, a graduate of a Massachusetts college. Shops in which training is given in blacksmithing, carpentering, wagon-making and tinning are conducted here. Stock raising is an important feature of the farming operations. This school is one of the first marketers to get its small fruits into the market in Chicago early in the season. When the northern market is glutted, berries and fruit are canned by the girls as a part of their industrial training. Looking through the shelves of the pantry of the institution, crowded with canned fruit raised, gathered and canned in the industrial departments, it seemed to me that every can was an evidence of the wisdom of this method of training and of the importance of the



CHINESE MISSION, CALIFORNIA.

work the Association is doing for these people in our southland.

The public good demands systematic industrial training. This is especially true in the department of agriculture and practical mining. Take a single item from a recent report of the Secretary of Agriculture. The average value of land in Massachusetts is given at forty-three dollars per acre; in New York, forty-four; in Ohio, forty-five. In the United States it is nineteen dollars, while in Alabama it is only four dollars. It is the lack of systematic and scientific agriculture which has depreciated the land in the southern states. Slave labor was wasteful labor. Unskilled labor is scarcely less so. An old darkey in a cotton field one hot day was heard to soliloquize as follows:

"This yer sun am so hot,
This yer cotton row am so long,
This yer hoe am so heavy,
I reckon this darkey is called to the ministry."

If he had felt a call to an agricultural school, it would have been a divine call. The American Missionary Association has developed its industrial

work where its schools have been planted. The following departments of industrial instruction are in active operation in these schools:

For Boys:—Agriculture, Horticulture, Floriculture, Blacksmithing, Carpentering, Wagon-making, Harness-making, Cabinet-making, Woodcarving, Printing, Typesetting and Press Work, Bookbinding, Painting and Varnishing, Building, Masonry, Tinning, Shoemaking, Tailoring, Stock raising and improving.

For Girls:—Housekeeping, Kitchen-gardening, Cooking, Laundry work, Dressmaking, Millinery, Sewing and Darning, Nursing and Hygiene.

A southern instructor said not long ago: "The negro is coming to have what the white man wants, and this is sure to secure to him his safety and his rights." No one influence has been more potent in bringing about this condition than the work inaugurated by the American Missionary Association for the industrial instruction of the people who are reached by its schools.

Industrial training among the Indians dates back to the time when

the early missionaries introduced improved methods of farming. Both Eliot and Brainerd taught the red men systematic methods of agriculture. The importance of these branches of instruction to-day can not be exaggerated. When we remember that the Indians hold in absolute reservation more than one hundred thousand square miles of territory, which supports less than three hundred thousand people, whereas the same area in the East supports more than twenty-one millions of people, we need no argument to show that industrial development is essential among these red people.

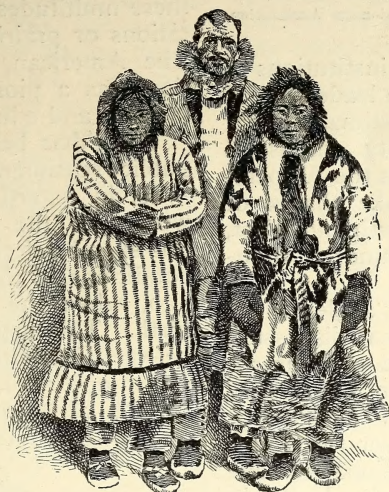
Santee Normal Training School illustrates the development of industrial instruction among the Indians. Here lessons are given to Indian boys in shoe-making, carpentering, blacksmithing, typesetting and agriculture. The printing of a paper in both the English and Dakota languages furnishes

opportunity for careful instruction in the printing department. The printing work by the Indian boys of Santee is very superior. An experienced New York printer, in looking over the "Word Carrier," issued from the press of this school, the work being done by the Indian boys, recently said: "It is as good work as my presses can do." This was emphatic but merited commendation.

The Indian girls are taught all the domestic arts. Careful instruction is given in housekeeping, cooking and kitchen-gardening. Instruction has also been introduced in nurse training. The cooking class is not always confined in its membership to the

girls, as frequently in the prairie life of the Indian the campers-out do their own cooking. This is especially true of the young Indian men who, carrying the work of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. P. S. C. E. to the scattered villages and camps of the Indians, find themselves often alone. At Oahe, S. D., and Ft. Berthold, N. D., the Indian boys and girls are given instruction in various industries.

In higher education the American Missionary Association has also been a pioneer. Eight higher chartered institutions have been planted and largely sustained during the past years. Two of these have become self-supporting. Six are still under the direction and care of the society. Handicraft and industrial training alone can not produce manhood and womanhood if the higher development of the mind is neglected. This has been recognized from the first. Only a small percentage



ALASKAN INDIANS.

of the representatives of the various races which gather in the institutions of this Association desire higher training. Only the few are qualified for such training. On the other hand, it is impossible to induce the many to climb the first rungs of the ladder out of superstition and ignorance unless it is permitted to the few to climb to the very top of learning and intellectual development. The great purpose of the Association during these years has been the teaching of teachers, the training of leaders for these great masses that are counted by the millions. Presidents, professors, industrial instructors, lawyers, doctors and ministers



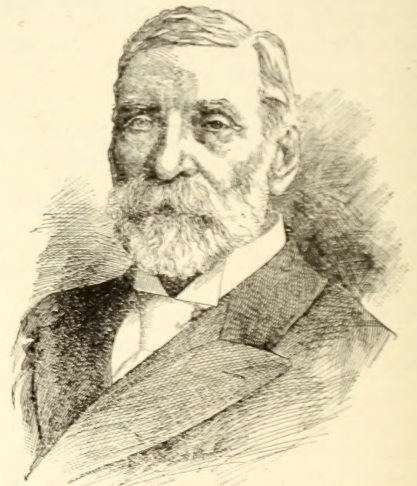
MERRILL E. GATES,
President of the American Missionary Association.

have gone out from the institutions of the Association into the leadership of their people. It is estimated that something like twenty thousand teachers have gone from the Association's institutions to take charge of public schools in the South and West, reaching yearly two hundred thousand pupils.

The college or social "settlements," so popular in sociological discussion and work to-day, were early introduced by the American Missionary Association in its work. It has utilized this method all over the South and West where its missionaries have gone. Before Toynbee Hall in London, or Andover House in Boston, or Hull House in Chicago had been established, the principles upon which these excellent settlements are founded had already been operative many years in the work of this Association. Every school in the South or West planted by the Association was a college settlement. Earnest, consecrated young people, often going out from a single institution, banding themselves together for the prosecution of their work in some city in the South into which the freedmen were flocking in vast numbers, founded a college settlement and maintained the conditions with which we have become familiar in the literature of to-day. This method, indeed, adopted so early in the work of

the Association, is one of the secrets of the far-reaching and permanent results of the work. Each school, incorporated upon the ideas of a social settlement, furnished not only instruction but example, not only precept but life. Each school had its teachers' home. Into this home in many cases the pupils came as boarders. The quiet and orderly and cleanly appointments of kitchen, dining-room and chamber, the intellectual life of the teachers, and the earnest, Christian spirit, altogether furnished a model constantly before these multitudes gathered from plantations or prairies or crowded cities. The American Missionary Association was a pioneer in this form of mission and educational work.

There has been great progress in public sentiment in the South and West in regard to the Association's work. In the early paragraphs of this sketch reference was made to the conditions of the country fifty years ago, when the Association had its birth. This article, however, would be very incomplete and misleading, were no reference made to the growth of public sentiment on the part of the white people of the South



REV. M. E. STRIEBY, D. D.,
Honorary Secretary and Editor.

in behalf of the Christian education and elevation of the classes among whom the work has been carried on. Marvelous progress is evident here. Old things are passing away; all things are becoming new. In not a few cases legislatures of southern states have appropriated public funds toward the maintenance of institutions sustained and directed by this Association for the training of negro pupils. In many cases local school boards have granted the county funds to assist in the support of the schools planted by the Association in their counties. In this way the school year is lengthened for all the pupils. This is an index of the wholesome growth of sentiment in behalf of the work. Of course, it is often true that the larger portion of the funds for the support of these schools comes from the treasury of the Association. Still, the fact of the hearty coöperation in and genuine sympathy for the work of education carried on by the Association among the more illiterate of different regions on the part of their white fellow citizens is a most hopeful sign of progress. Governors of southern states have publicly commended this work.

Now and then the old-time bitterness prevails and retrogressive action is taken by some short-sighted legislature. This has been illustrated in the passage of the Sheats Law in Florida within the past few months. The purpose of this bill was to close one of the institutions of the Association, planted at Orange Park, Florida. This legislation seems an anachronism. That in free America earnest men and women should be under arrest because of their efforts to furnish Christian education to the young people of any section is indeed a shame. The better citizens even of Florida evidently do not approve this bill. When broader views take possession of the Florida legislature, as they surely will, this narrow and prejudiced act will be re-

pealed and the state will blush for the outrage.

The general fact remains true that the great current of public opinion in the South is in behalf of the work carried on by this Association. Small ripples and counter-eddies in this current only make evident the trend of the broad stream. In this every patriotic citizen North and South must rejoice.

In the West, where the Indian problem is an important question, there is also evidence of the same gradual change of sentiment on the part of the white citizens in behalf of the education, civilization and Christianization of the red man. National legislation has been increasingly wise and generous toward the Indians. More than this, the states little by little are recognizing their responsibility toward them. Even the Chinese of the Pacific Coast encounter less hoodlumism than heretofore, and the disgraceful brutality of the "Sandlots" agitators is a thing of the past.

The quiet and earnest work of the noble men and women who have carried forward the work of this Association in these different portions of our land has been a prominent influence in bringing about this changed condition of public sentiment toward the needy and helpless. The schools and missions of the Association have never been centres of political agitation or social ferment. The interests of our common country and the kingdom of God have been the prevailing considerations in all the operations of these missionary teachers. Men and women trained in the best institutions of our country have given themselves with unstinted devotion to this work, and the magnificent results of these fifty years of labor are evidence that this devotion has been fruitful.

In this Jubilee year the magnitude of the work will be better appreciated if we review the statistics say of the last ten years. The total number

of Christian educators and ministers under commission of the Association during these ten years, 1886 to 1896, is 5,442. During these ten years there have been gathered in the institutions of the Association 133,137 pupils. The increase in the number of pupils has been 33 per cent in ten years. The period covered by these statistics represents no exceptional conditions. Although there has been steady growth of interest and the clarification of public sentiment, the general conditions have been normal during this period.

In planting the schools of this Association great care is taken not only to select a needy place, but the most needy place. A great society, with hundreds of missionaries in the field who are in constant correspondence with its central office and Executive Board, with field superintendents and secretaries constantly visiting those portions of the country in which the work lies and reporting in full to this committee, secures the most systematic and careful development of the work. Its principles of management are matured upon most complete information. No one branch of work is developed to the sacrifice or neglect of others. Sys-

tematically and coördinately and healthfully all branches of the work are developed.

No city on the continent could have been more appropriately chosen for the Jubilee Anniversary of this great missionary and educational organization than Boston. Cordial invitations for this convention were received from five different cities. It is most significant, as illustrating the growth of public sentiment and the cordial appreciation of this work in the South, that one of these invitations came from Nashville, Tenn. But the invitation from Boston was accepted, and the grand Jubilee gathering meets in Tremont Temple October 20-23. The roots of this magnificent tree of education and Christian progress run deep into the New England soil. As these fifty years of development come under review, and the vast outcome of the work is presented, no section of our land has greater reason to rejoice than New England, no city more than Boston. For this Jubilee Convention heralds the triumphs of the great principles of human freedom and Christian education for which Boston and New England have contended through all the years.

BUT YESTERDAY.

By Mary Clarke Huntington.

BUT yesterday I saw a bud — upon a wilding bush it grew;
But yesterday I heard a thrush — it sang a tender song
I knew.

I slept, I dreamed, and, drowsing, turned to sleep again
another hour
Before I sought the spot once more to hear the song and pluck
the flower.

When next I came the bird had flown, the bud had bloomed
and dropped away; —
Nor all my life could yield me what I might have had but
yesterday!

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL, LIBRARY AND MUSEUM.

By William Orr, Jr.

THE mind and conscience of the American people are deeply concerned with the problem of the national standard of culture and intelligence. There is a marked interest in the agencies which promote popular education. There is frank and trenchant criticism of the system and methods of the public schools. Particular emphasis is laid in the discussion upon the institutions which touch closely the great mass of citizens. It is the multitude that is to be fed. Prominent among the many agencies on which dependence is placed are the public school, the library and the museum. That the public school is the most potent factor for the elevation of the intellectual life of the people needs no demonstration. There is no danger that any community will provide with undue generosity school buildings, appliances and teaching force. The movement for improvement in methods of instruction, from kindergarten to college, is a most encouraging sign.

The increase in public libraries and museums of art and science is another indication of the trend of public sentiment. With the gain in the number and size of these, it is important that systematic efforts should be made to bring the museum and the library into direct relation with the work of the schools, as under proper management these three institutions may co-operate with the greatest mutual advantage. The radical changes in the aims and methods of instruction are emphasizing this interdependence. The old-fashioned ideas of the formal discipline of the faculties of the mind are no longer dominant in educational circles. No progressive teacher condemns his pupils to the dull drudgery of rote memorizing. The

old mechanical methods required the pupil to grind out daily his grist of language, history or mathematics. Whether the product was palatable or nutritious mental food was too often regarded as of but little importance. The new education takes the soul up into a many-windowed tower, and, through the eye, the ear and every sense, allows the influences of art and nature to arouse it to joyous activity. The wise teacher seeks, through the motive of healthful interest, to quicken the mind and give it a wide outlook on the fields of knowledge in history, science and literature. In securing this comprehensive view of any subject by either teacher or pupil, the treasures of a well-stocked, carefully selected library and museum are invaluable.

In the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, this phase of school work has been extensively developed within the past few years, and present conditions in that community illustrate its possibilities. The example is the more valuable, in that the results obtained are within the reach of many American cities, ranging in size from 25,000 to 100,000 inhabitants. Springfield possesses a population of about 55,000. In the character of her citizens and in the management of municipal affairs the city has an enviable record, while the public school system, under wise supervision, has attained a national reputation for excellence. In the grouping of certain public buildings the city possesses another great advantage in the development of its intellectual life. The High School, the City Library and the Museum of Art and Science are placed in close proximity to each other in the centre of the city. The library and museums, while they are owned and

controlled by a private corporation, are entirely free to the public. These collections of books and specimens, some thirty years ago, occupied two small rooms in the City Hall. Under the fostering care of the librarian, Rev. William Rice, and through the generous gifts of citizens, the enterprise has grown until two large buildings are now occupied, and a third structure destined for an art school is contemplated. The valuation of the land, buildings and books is about \$400,000. This figure does not include the value of the collections of science and of art.

A spirit of coöperation and sympathy has prevailed between the library officials and the school authorities, and as a result the books and objects of art and science are available for the freest use of teachers and pupils. Each teacher in the city is entitled to the privilege of a special card on which six books may be taken for a month for use in school work. It is estimated that in the course of a year 8,000 books are thus consulted. Practically every teacher holds and uses a card. The library provides most generously works bearing on the subjects pursued in the classes and also the standard publications relating to the science and art of education. The influence on the professional spirit and the efficiency of the corps of teachers would be hard to estimate. The boys and girls in the grammar grades are encouraged in every way to a free use of the library. Works on geography, travels, history, biography, industry and the arts make up a large part of the books drawn by the pupils. In fact, the librarian states that in this way the percentage of fiction issued has been reduced.

The High School, by reason of its proximity, depends almost entirely upon the library for its general reading and research in connection with studies. At the opening of the school year, two lists of interesting works on literature and history were published in the *Library Bulletin*. The books

were carefully classified and the library number was given with each title. Copies of the *Bulletin* were placed in the hands of each member of the entering class of the High School. Thus the attention of the pupils was directed toward good wholesome reading. From time to time the school paper, *The Recorder*, publishes similar lists prepared by the teachers in the several departments.

When, some years ago, the instructors began to seek for less formal and mechanical methods of teaching, they applied to the library for assistance in carrying out their new plans. The response was most gratifying; the results were even more so. The entire resources of the Library were placed at the disposal of the school. Special card catalogues were prepared for the various departments. There is now an assistant in the library who takes charge of the school work and whose advice is of great value in guiding both teachers and pupils in their search for information. At the request of the teacher, the works relating to any subject or topic are placed on special shelves or tables for consultation by the students. A visitor to the reference room will find from eight to ten such sets of books with a total of from 300 to 500 volumes. They represent history, both ancient and modern; literature, American, English and foreign; economics, and the natural and physical sciences. Again some particular topic, such as the Crusades, the Napoleonic wars, the electric telegraph, or the art of glass manufacturing, will be thoroughly presented in a line of standard authorities.

The methods of utilizing the library differ with the subject and the teacher. In history, members of the division are assigned special topics which they prepare by exhaustive reading. The results are presented in the recitation, when the entire class take notes of the important points made by the speaker. In addition, all the pupils in the subject carry on a course of general reading. In literature, the English

and American classics, reviews, magazine articles and biography furnish valuable material. In science, the outlook of the student is widened. He sees how the elemental forces of nature are applied for the use of man. Such a series of articles as that on "Electricity in Daily Life," which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* some years ago, makes the study of magnetism and electricity a delight to the youthful reader. The biographies of noted scientists with anecdotes of their peculiarities, methods of work and struggles against defeat and discouragement bring a human element into the study of matter. The classes in zoölogy, after reading Olive Thorne Miller's sketches of bird life, return with fresh zeal and zest to what, otherwise, might prove but dry details of animal anatomy.

The work at Springfield has been done hitherto under many disadvantages. The reference room is also the delivery room of the library. Hence there is much distraction; and it is pleasant to anticipate improved conditions in the near future. Yet no better proof of the value of the library work could be asked than the sight of groups of young people gathered about the tables intent and eager in search of information and entirely oblivious to their surroundings. Such study betokens genuine mental activity, and is far removed from learning by rote, "a sad mechanic exercise" acting often more as an opiate than as a stimulant. The knowledge that is acquired while the mind is in a white heat of interest is fused and welded into the pupil's intellectual make-up and becomes a part of himself. The very thought that knowledge is being gathered from the original sources, and not from the cramped pages of a text book, is in itself an inspiration.

In order to develop the spirit and power of the investigator still further, the scholars are at times thrown entirely on their own resources. They are given topics and required to look

up the proper authorities, select their material and arrange and digest it for presentation in the class. Magazine articles are of great value in this work by reason of their freedom from technicalities and their popular style. Poole's Index has made this material easy of access; and high school pupils read such articles with intelligent interest. The proper preparation of the material for presentation before the class involves a valuable training in arranging and classifying facts in logical order, while the recitation becomes an exercise in expression and the ready use of language. The effect of the research work on the spirit of the recitation is noteworthy. Teachers know full well the times when dullness and inattention threaten to settle down on a class. At such moments, a few pupils charged with facts which they have gained by their own seeking will by their eagerness in presenting them change the entire situation. The wise teacher will have his reserve forces for such emergencies, and the library may be made his most potent ally.

The City Library Association, by the terms of its charter, has also undertaken the conduct of museums of science and art. A scientific collection was begun at an early period. In 1889, Mr. G. W. V. Smith offered to bequeath to the Association his rich and unique collections of objects of art, on condition that suitable quarters should be provided for their exhibition and presentation. An energetic canvass for a building fund was at once begun, and the result has been that within the past two years Springfield has seen the completion of an Art Building, which provides on its upper floor spacious and tasteful apartments for the display of the collections of Mr. Smith, for a gallery of paintings and an art library. The influence of the great international expositions of art and industry has demonstrated the value of object lessons in elevating and developing the artistic sense of the people. The very

presence of this building and its collections, of which Springfield is justly proud, is an educational force in itself. The establishment of the museum is of so recent a date that time has not been given to develop to any great extent its uses in connection with the schools. Certain interesting plans are now being considered. The immediate and special value is in connection with art instruction. The treasures of the museum furnish a standard by which the student measures his success, as they are also an inspiration to his best endeavor. The student of history and literature finds here interesting illustrations of the traits and development of diverse peoples, as shown in their artistic productions. The care and skill exercised in the selection of the masterpieces of the different phases of art make this feature of the museum most valuable. The student of science sees how the processes of physics and chemistry are the handmaids of art in the production of beauty of form and color.

The directors of the City Library Association are now engaged in the study of plans for another building, which is to be devoted to the purposes of an art school and a collection of casts. These casts will supplement in a most practical manner the study of classics and history in the High School. The requirements of the state in the line of elementary art instruction are also kept in mind in the selection of material. When the student desires information on any subject, the works in the art library are easily accessible, while the treasures of the main library are but a step or two distant.

The lower floor of the Art Building is set apart for the uses of the collections in science and for the lecture halls. Until the erection of this new building the museum of science was much restricted in usefulness by the cramped, unsuitable quarters in which it was placed. Yet even under these conditions it was of great value in the

science work of the High School. When the collections were transferred to the new building, the material was completely rearranged, catalogued and classified, with a view to its relation to the system of public instruction. Two main divisions run through all departments, the synoptic and local exhibits. The synoptic collections represent the range of the main divisions of natural history, while the local exhibits present a view of the mineralogy, geology, botany and zoölogy of Springfield and its vicinity. This latter collection consists of minerals, plants and animals, together with maps, models and photographs, and it will in time be a complete microcosm of the natural environments of Springfield. The general plan of the museum is based on the arrangement of the Peabody Academy at Salem. In cataloguing the collections, a system of references to the library is being developed, which will make it easy for the student to gain access to the literature on any particular subject. In the office of the curator there is to be placed a carefully selected list of standard scientific works for immediate use. An assistant is in charge of the room, whose duty it is to aid people in search of information and to direct pupils and classes to the cases which they desire to study. Out of the mass of duplicates, special collections are now being formed. These are to be placed in the different grammar schools for use in connection with nature study.

In the work of the High School, the museum furnishes much material for illustrating the different natural sciences. The collections in the school are adapted for laboratory work and are not intended to be comprehensive or of very high quality, inasmuch as they are destroyed in the using. The classes in zoölogy find in the museum specimens illustrating the entire range of the animal kingdom from sponge and coral to the higher mammalian forms. Through the local collections, the students are

brought into touch with their immediate surroundings. The classes in mineralogy may see representations of the important families and divisions of the mineral kingdom, and may also study specimens of rare beauty, the sulphur crystals of Sicily, the rutile of Madagascar, or the stibnite of Japan. The interest in the work in geology is quickened by the study of great relief maps such as that of the Colorado Cañon, of collections illustrating geological processes, and of the cabinet of historical geology, which shows the procession of life from the faint tracings of the eozoön to the remains which tell of the mighty frame of the mastodon. In the use of the collections, various methods are followed. At times specimens are taken to the class room. The instructor indicates to the assistant curator the material which is desired; this is picked out and sent to the school. When the need for the specimens has passed, they are returned. In this way the teacher is relieved of much care in the preparation and storing of material. Sometimes the students are assigned special work. They are then expected to go to the museum, arrange with the assistant for admission to the cases, examine the specimens and then return them to their places. In connection with reviews it is customary for the classes to visit the collections under the charge of the teacher and thus secure a comprehensive view of the line of study which they have been following. In much of this work an example is set by progressive communities on the other side of the Atlantic. In Berlin the authorities provide every facility for the freest use by the schools of the extensive and rich collections found in the museums of that city.

Not only do the library and museum aid the work of the school; they also conserve it. The young people come to understand the value of these institutions as places for study and research, and realize the delight of hours spent in the rich fields of history, literature and science. It is to be hoped

that in maturer years they will follow the same paths. Thus the library and museum become powerful centres of culture. The schoolhouse soon loses its familiar aspect. A few years pass, and the graduate finds only strange faces even among the teachers. The library remains with doors always open and with scenes and surroundings as of old. It has been found that when young men and women pass into the active work of life, they retain the reading habits thus formed in school. When they become associated with literary clubs, they are trained and ready to enter intelligently upon the work of writing papers and to make the best use of the library. They turn away from the rush and turmoil of business to seek refreshment of spirit in the recesses of the reference room amid the "sweet serenity of books"; in the alcoves of the museum, where the lessons of nature were first read; and in the galleries where the eyes were opened to the wonders which man has wrought with pencil, brush and graver's tool.

American cities and towns have a great opportunity in the foundation and upbuilding of the library and the museum. Metropolitan cities possess institutions more or less independent of each other; but for smaller communities it would seem to be wise policy to emphasize the mutual relation here described. So general is the recognition of the value of the present system in Springfield, that in considering plans for a new High School building it is accepted as a basic proposition that the proximity to the library must be maintained. The success of the movement in Springfield has been assured, in large measure, by the wise policy followed in selecting books adapted to the uses of teachers and pupils.

Museums are by no means so numerous as libraries in the land. Yet this problem is not so difficult as it seems. A few industrious workers can easily secure good collections illustrating local natural history; and in

many respects the local material is most valuable for educational purposes. Then by exchanges and occasional purchases the synoptic collections may be gathered. A system of direction by competent officials from some central point would aid in the

proper development of such undertakings. Public funds and private gifts can, by their support of museum and library, add to the public school two powerful allies in the promotion of the intellectual well-being of the people.

THE ANGEL OF DISCONTENT.

By Sam Walter Foss.

WHEN the world was formed and the morning stars
 Upon their paths were sent,
 The loftiest-browed of the angels was made
 The Angel of Discontent.

And he dwelt with man in the caves of the hills,
 Where the crested serpent stings
 And the tiger tears and the she-wolf howls,—
 And he told of better things.

And he led man forth to the towered town,
 And forth to the fields of corn;
 And told of the ampler work ahead
 For which his race was born.

And he whispers to men of those hills he sees
 In the blush of the misty west;
 And they look to the heights of his lifted eye—
 And they hate the name of rest.

In the light of that eye does the slave behold
 A hope that is high and brave;
 And the madness of war comes into his blood—
 For he knows himself a slave.

The serfs of wrong by the light of that eye
 March with victorious songs;
 For the strength of the right comes into their hearts
 When they behold their wrongs.

'Tis by the light of that lifted eye
 That Error's mists are rent:
 A guide to the table-lands of Truth
 Is the Angel of Discontent.

And still he looks with his lifted eye,
 And his glance is far away
 On a light that shines on the glimmering hills
 Of a diviner day.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE present political situation, which is the source of much anxiety to conservative and timid folk, is one which gives the radical and progressive man who believes in the American people unusual satisfaction and hope. It marks the beginning of a new chapter in our politics. It takes us away from traditionalism and ghost-land and plunges us again into the midst of realities and important issues. There are crassnesses and crudenesses galore; but there is red blood, there is a dealing with the present and the future, there is a sharp and thorough awakening of the republic to the fact that the great social and industrial evils, so long winked at or ignored, cannot longer be kept out of politics, and there is a vigorous self-assertion on the part of the masses of the people, whose results will be feared and dreaded only by those who do not believe in the people and in democracy. For twenty years we have been holding elections largely on traditional and fictitious issues. The two great parties, living on in power by the momentum of inheritance and strong organization, have magnified their antagonisms for campaign purposes, patching their old platforms with this new thing and that, until the party orthodoxy of to-day had become a very different thing from that of twenty years ago. It puzzled the progressive Republican often to tell wherein his creed differed from that of the progressive man voting the other ticket, and the Democrat to tell just why he was a Democrat. Thoughtful and conscientious men wearing both uniforms have felt that their parties were not taking up resolutely and manfully the most important things, and they have gone to the polls "patiently," as the old

Puritan divines would say, and not zealously and enthusiastically. Perfunctoriness and traditionalism always wear themselves out in time, and they are being broken up at present in our politics in a way that most had not foreseen—as is usually the case. Whether we like the way or not, we have got to reckon with it. The courageous and believing man, the man who faces the future and trusts it, does not bother overmuch about the way; but he does seek to understand it and to relate it intelligently and patriotically to the new synthesis.

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The old political situation and the old party alignment, unreal and outgrown, have, we say, been broken up; and we count it a good thing. And the present situation has been created by the *people*; and that, to those who believe in the people and in the education which democratic institutions and conditions give, is a good augury. Whatever else may be said, it must be said first of all that the Republican and Democratic candidates for the presidency were nominated by the *people*. The bosses, the machine, were sharply relegated to the background; never in America have they shown themselves so impotent. The men who had run the Republican machinery, the manipulators, the experts, were all arrayed against Mr. McKinley. Mr. Quay in Pennsylvania fought desperately to prevent his nomination; Mr. Platt in New York waged such war against him that his utterances furnish the opposing party now with extraordinary ammunition; Mr. Chandler and the New England bosses fought him—how bitterly many doubtless even

now forget. Their efforts were all powerless. A great wave of popular enthusiasm among the Republican masses swept McKinley to the front and made him the nominee by an overwhelming vote. The masses may not have made the best choice—most New England Republicans believed they did not; but the masses, not the bosses, made the choice—the people had their way. It was foolish to cry, as some piqued creatures did cry, that Mr. Hanna did it. Mr. Hanna is doubtless a very adroit manager; but no management was needed—and no management could have affected the outcome. Mr. Hanna surely did not carry Vermont in his pocket. In New Hampshire Mr. Chandler could not hold his own convention. The Republican masses, right or wrong, identified McKinley chiefly with a policy whose abandonment they believed had been disastrous and whose restoration they believed of vital consequence; and in the face of their enthusiasm and resolution, Chandler, Platt, Quay and the entire boss species were as chaff in the wind.

As at St. Louis, so at Chicago. Senator Hill, Mr. Whitney and all the old war-horses, hitherto omnipotent, went thither in the old panoply and waged valiant battle. They said their say, they were courteously listened to,—and they were sent to the rear. Machinery was all powerless, and the masses had their way, sweeping to the front the man whom they felt to be the best voice for their dominant conviction. It was not a convention of politicians; it was a convention of simple, earnest men, men of the type, as our two leading independent newspapers in New England united in saying, seen oftener in the prayer-meeting than in the party conclave.

It is the people's campaign, and not the politicians' campaign; and by it the people will be provoked to closer thought and will acquire more education than in any other political campaign for thirty years. And educa-

tion upon the momentous question of money and the currency, which is the dominant and almost sole popular issue, almost all of us, it appears, sadly need. Never, we think, was a question so complex and intricate, a question demanding so broad and varied knowledge of special facts as well as of general principles in order to its intelligent answer, submitted to a democracy. Yet somehow or other the people must study it and answer it for themselves; they cannot refer it to an expert committee. Indeed the experts seem to be divided very much as simpler souls are. Each voter would do well—indeed he is a very inadequate and wretched voter if in such a crisis he does less—to read at least one treatise by some expert of recognized authority, representing each of the various points of view. Let him read Horace White's "Money and Banking," a clear and compact statement of the gold side of the question, the little book, "An Honest Dollar," by President Andrews of Brown University, in which the essential arguments of Mr. Bryan and his followers are cogently put, and General Walker's "International Bimetallism," the best brief plea for the policy indicated by its title.

* * *

The serious and sensible citizen, in a crisis like the present, will in the first place eliminate from the issue everything which has no place there, and as a patriot he will resent and sternly condemn every partisan appeal to prejudice and passion and every exaggeration which tends to confuse the popular mind and is meant to do it. In New England—for it is well for criticism always to begin frankly at home—we have witnessed the bandying of epithets concerning the Chicago platform and its framers, in the columns of leading newspapers and by men of high position in political meetings, of a character at least not creditable to their intellects. It is not creditable to any of

us to dub half of the American people "anarchists" and "pirates"; we know better—or every one of us ought to know better. Whatever the errors of the Chicago platform, there is no "anarchy" in it. The declarations which have been most violently denounced as such touch points upon which there have always been general and fair differences of opinion in the country, quite irrespective of party. There is no "anarchy" in the demand for an income tax. If there is, Gladstone is an anarchist; the income tax has long been established in England—as it is one of the commonest forms of taxation elsewhere—and no Chancellor of the Exchequer, Liberal or Conservative, would dream of recommending its repeal. If it is anarchy, then Mr. Cleveland is an anarchist, for it is he who has most conspicuously urged its adoption in the United States. There is no "anarchy" in the doctrine that the judges of the Supreme Court should hold their positions for a limited term instead of for life. It may not be the best doctrine—most of us believe it not to be; but it is certainly a doctrine for which very much can be said—and one opinion or another about it has nothing to do with a man's patriotism and good citizenship. A proposition in Massachusetts to have judges elected by the people instead of appointed by the governor would cause a very great commotion; but so in Pennsylvania would a proposition to have them appointed instead of elected—there would be portentous shrieks of despotism. There would be no despotism about it, as in the popular election of judges there is no "anarchy." One method or the other may be more wise or less wise; that is all which is to be said—and as to which method is wise, every citizen in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania alike has a right to think as he pleases and to think differently at different times. Neither method has any infallibility or sanctity, and the method best to-day may not be best to-morrow. Cir-

cumstances can easily be imagined under which most good citizens in Massachusetts would vote in favor of electing their judges, and good Pennsylvanians would vote for having theirs appointed. And so conditions may arise in connection with the Supreme Court of the United States which may command reforms in its constitution. That is a matter on which every American citizen has a right to his own opinion and which every American party has a right to submit without attainment to the suffrage of the nation. Even Supreme Courts are not the mathematical custodians of the law of God. The Dred Scott decision is remembered by some men not yet past iron-gray. Good law or bad, it was not celebrated in Faneuil Hall, and Whittier wrote no poem to attest its inspiration. No man was ever a freer critic of the Supreme Court and its decisions than Abraham Lincoln. Momentous verdicts, as we all know well, are constantly reached and rendered by a bare majority; and the long record of reversals shows that judges are fallible and shifting men. He is indeed a poor, bad citizen who encourages disrespect for law and irreverence towards the courts; but his influence is hardly less baneful whose reverence for hoary usage is perfunctory, rigid and unthinking.

There is no "anarchy" in the demand that the free and easy use of injunctions in labor quarrels, which we have been seeing in these late years, should be checked. This use of injunctions, whereby any person against whom the injunction is issued at a single judge's pleasure may if he disregards it be imprisoned by the same judge's judgment, without any other trial and with no opportunity for defense, for "contempt of court," is a use of injunctions which the law never contemplated and which has grown with a rapidity which—we speak with knowledge—has startled the learned and sober lawyers of the whole country who are jealous of the true dignity of the

courts and the high traditions of orderly procedure. Despotism or careless legal procedure is the worst "anarchy." If any man breaks or defies the law, let him be arrested and be tried in open court—and sent to jail if it appears that he belongs there. It would be a strange case of disorder which is not covered by some quite adequate statute; and if we need new laws, let us make them. But let us not, whether we are Republicans or Democrats, look on longer with easy indifference at the reckless exercise of the functions of legislature and jury by judges which has been growing apace in the last dozen years. It is a shame that it was left for the Chicago Convention to say this first in a party platform. It is a credit that so many of the great lawyers of the country, of both parties alike, have said it so solemnly and strongly without waiting for any campaign utterance or exigency.

There is no "anarchy" in the demand that riot and disorder should be suppressed by local and state authority and not by the general government, save when the local authority requests its coöperation. There would be anarchy only in excusing riot and demanding that it should not be suppressed at all. Every one refers the utterance of the Chicago platform directly to the case of the Chicago riot of two years ago. We need to remember always in New England that the denunciation by the workingmen of the West of the sending of federal troops to Chicago at that time was on the ground that the troops were sent not so much to preserve order—a proper function if the state forces could not do it—as to defeat the railway strike—a matter with which neither federal nor state power had anything to do. We do not need here to discuss whether they were right or wrong; we only need to remember that this, and not something else, was the point. We must remember that we have the explicit statement of Mayor Pingree for it,

the Republican candidate for the governorship of Michigan,—a statement made with the claim of inside knowledge,—that the commanding officers of the federal forces sent to Chicago agreed that there was no need whatever of their being sent there, but that the state authorities were anxious and entirely able to do everything that needed to be done, and that, though silently and faithfully obeying orders like good soldiers, they resented the situation, as tending to bring under just suspicion and dislike the military arm of the national government, which should have the trust and love of every class. The grossest misconceptions prevail here in New England as to the facts of the great Chicago railway strike and the means resorted to by the railway managers to defeat it. Do our newspapers and our people forget the conclusions of the report upon it by Col. Carroll D. Wright, the chairman of the investigating committee appointed by the President? Surely no man in the country was so well fitted for this task as the superintendent of our National Bureau of Labor; no other could command so eminently for his genius for getting at facts and his simple courage in stating them the confidence of all impartial men. One of the leading newspapers of Boston, in an indiscriminate tirade against the "anarchy" of the Democratic platform, recently referred to the railway strikers of Chicago as engaging during the strike in general lawlessness and riot and in particular in the burning of railway cars. The Chicago strikers did not engage in rioting. The rioting was done by hoodlums from the slums having no relations with the workingmen. It is the duty of every leading newspaper to know this; to cast this charge at the workingmen at this day is a crime. Colonel Wright would tell our Boston newspaper that not even the hoodlums instigated the burning of the mass of cars, but that it was instigated by the railway managers themselves as the

surest way to bring the federal troops and defeat the strike. No claim for damages for the burning of that mass of cars has ever yet been pressed in the courts or ever will be; the evidence as to the facts, as our newspaper could easily be informed, is on file. Yet these damages, hundreds of thousands of dollars, are subject to simple draft if any case for damages could be made out.

It is the knowledge of things like these, at any rate the belief in them, the deep feeling concerning them, on the part of the masses of workingmen in the West, which lie behind the sharp utterances of the Chicago platform, and in the light of which those utterances are to be read. There is no more "anarchy" among the people of the West than among the people of the East. They are the men who would make our armies in any national danger, who would rally round the flag by millions at the first drum-beat. The faces of Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan alike would be set like flint against any real manifestation of lawlessness in the republic. There is not the slightest danger of any. There is no "anarchy" in the hearts of the Western people. But there is deep indignation at the wrongs which have been done by many great corporations, defiant alike of law and gospel, and from which the West has suffered most; and there is a feeling—we do not care here either to criticize it or justify it, but we discussed some aspects of the matter in these pages last November—that the political and judicial powers have not been impartial. The sharp utterances of the Chicago platform mean that they always must be that—and that is all they mean.

"Anarchy," then, may be eliminated from the discussion in the present campaign. We have said this at greater length than we shall say anything else because we consider the extravagant talk in this direction of which we have heard so much radically unpatriotic and mischievous.

Every good citizen should frown upon it. The country has heard this kind of talk before. It heard it from the old Federalists when Jefferson was elected—and in a much more violent form than the present. Half the good people of New England believed that the incoming of Jefferson meant not only anarchy but atheism and every other dreadful thing in the dictionary. The newspaper and platform utterances of that day, beside which those of our own year of grace are mild indeed, make strange reading now. Let the country not forget the lesson.

* * *

The real issue of the campaign we shall not here discuss at length, because we do not deem this the fittest place for it. But we shall state simply our own position upon it, as we are sure it will appear that we do it in no partisan spirit. We do not believe that the free coinage of silver by the United States and the making legal tender of the same would suffice to move the actual ratio of silver to gold from 30 to 1 toward 16 to 1 to any significant extent. If it would not accomplish this fully or to within a point determined by the appreciation of gold in this late time,—if gold has appreciated, as there is reason to believe it has,—then not only would great disaster be entailed, but great wrong would be done. And if it would not accomplish this, then the whole argument of Mr. Bryan and his followers fails. The amount of money that can be legitimately and advantageously circulated under any circumstances is certainly not unlimited. How many years could we continue adding to our coinage a vastly greater amount than was added under the Bland-Allison act and the Sherman act? There have been times in the last dozen years when we have been coining practically the whole product of our silver mines which was available for coinage; yet with this great market, the value of silver steadily declined. What ground is there for

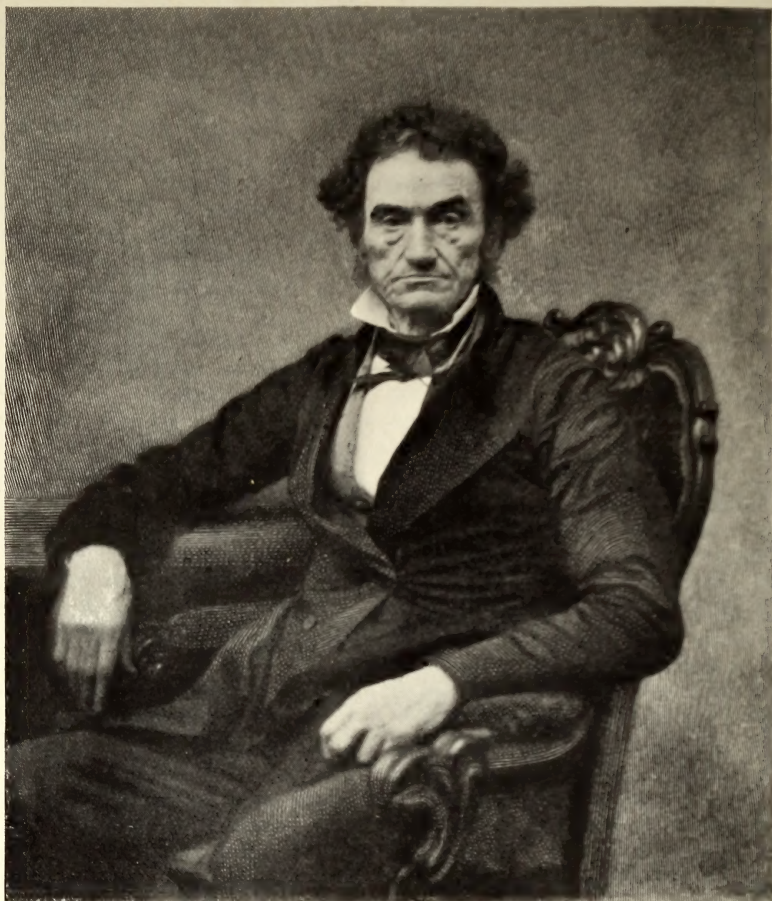
confidence that by a coinage as large as the most reckless theorist would sanction the value would steadily rise and maintain itself at the ratio named? It could do it in any case only if it is true that a vastly increased circulation is actually needed for the legitimate business of the country. Our circulation in these last years has been greater per capita than ever before or than in any other great nation to-day except France. No man would venture to declare dogmatically what a proper per capita circulation is; but general human experience would seem to declare that our own cannot properly at the present time be enormously expanded. Hundreds of millions of dollars were recently offered by the people of the country for government bonds. We may say that it is melancholy that so much money should be offered for bonds bearing such low interest instead of being turned to productive purposes; but it certainly showed that there is plenty of money in the country for some things—money seeking investment,—that the great lack is not so much of money as of security and hope of profit in production.

If free coinage of silver did not result in raising the actual ratio to 16 to 1 and holding it there, then it would simply be a new form of a very old thing, which works inevitable disaster and against which the verdict of history is uniform—an inflated, depreciated currency. Such we believe it would prove; and if it proved so, not only would irreparable injury be done to almost every class in the community,—and this campaign of education is doing nothing more important than showing us who creditors and debtors are and where losses would fall if losses there were,—but the workingmen of the country, whose wages never rise in proportion to the rise of general prices under an inflated currency, would be the quickest, the acutest and the longest sufferers. Remembering this as the re-

peated lesson of history, remembering who it was that really profited from the inflation during and following the Civil War, remembering that it was then that the foundations were laid for that class of fortunes which social reformers to-day hold chiefly responsible for the present bane and mischief, we cannot do otherwise than urge the farmers and workingmen of the country to look elsewhere than where so many of them are now looking for the source of the evils from which they suffer and for their melioration.

* * *

But if the free silver effort is defeated,—as it will be overwhelmingly,—it remains for the statesmen who are opposed to it, almost all of whom, Democrats and Republicans alike, are on record as condemning the system of finance under which we with the nations of western Europe are now living, to show whether they were sincere and earnest in their strictures and whether they are able to submit to a discontented people some positive program for the future. It remains for all progressive men who take part in defeating it to bethink themselves of the tariff history of the last ten years and the watchfulness and courage demanded for the situation which will result. It remains for the people of New England and the East to study more responsibly and searchingly the social conditions of the West and South—and not to cease to study them when the campaign ceases, for that will not greatly change the problem. And it remains for every one of us to take to heart that the issue of the campaign is chiefly significant as the sign and symptom of a discontent which will not be allayed until wealth everywhere is the true servant and not the enemy of the commonwealth and until an industrial equality is achieved in the republic commensurate with that political equality which it is our pride to claim to enjoy.



RUFUS CHOATE
From a photograph by J. J. Hawes.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

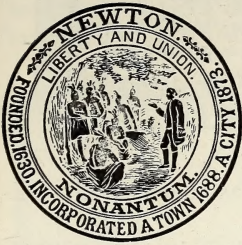
NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1896.

VOL. XV. No. 3.

JOHN ELIOT, THE APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS.

By James De Normandie.

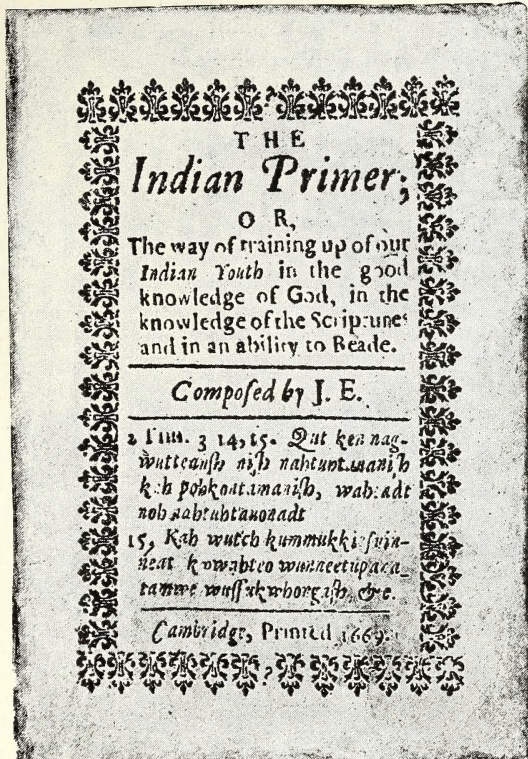


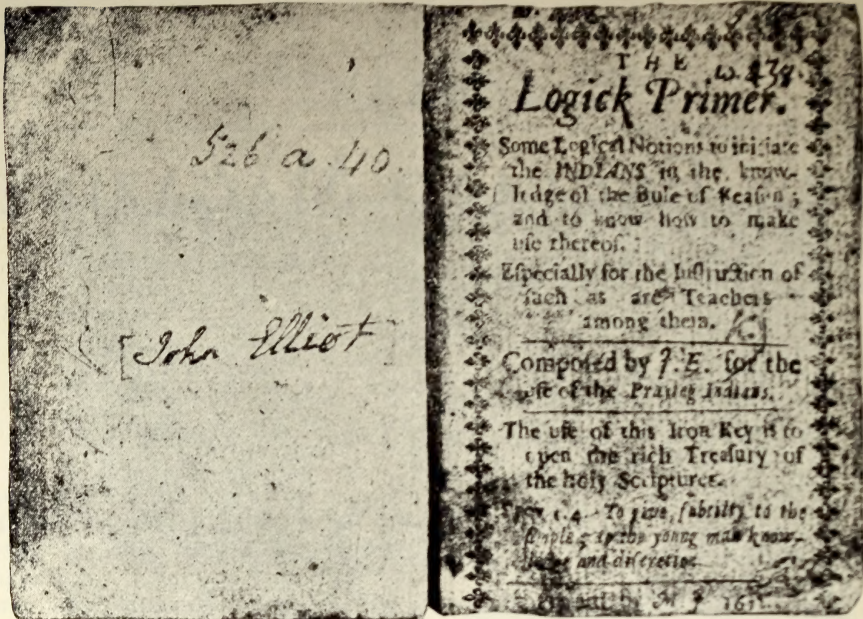
JOHN ELIOT was born at Widdow-ford-upon-Ware in Hertford, England, in 1604. There in the dingy and worn

records of the village church it is written: "Anno dm.: 1604. John Elliott, the sonne of Bennett Eliot was baptized the 5th day of August in the yeare of our Lord God 1604."

When this long sought and definite information was obtained it was determined by the descendants of Eliot in this country to place a window to his memory in that church. The ceremony of dedicating this memorial took place on the twenty-first of May, 1894, the day being the anniversary of the apostle's death. It drew together a much larger company than the little church could accommodate, and among those present were the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, United States ambassador, and Mrs. Bayard, also some of Eliot's American descendants. After the service of the church,

the rector gave some account of Eliot, and the archdeacon, dedicating the window, gave a short address. Later on the rectory grounds, Mr. Bayard spoke in behalf of the donors and read a telegram received that morning from





the pastor of the First Church in Roxbury, at which John Eliot officiated for more than half a century: "First Church at Roxbury, in Massachusetts, to Widford Church, greetings. We honor the memory of our apostle and try to carry on his work." Mr. Bayard closed his address by saying: "I am grateful that to-day I can bow my head in admiration and affection to the memory of John Eliot, an English apostle, to what is now the Government of the United States." A few days afterwards Mr. Bayard wrote to me as follows:

"The occasion was one of singular interest, as was attested by the overcrowded church, and your message touched a responsive chord in the hearts of all. The little church and adjacent rectory are in a quiet nook of that charming rural scenery in which England so excels, and I wished it had been possible, with the aid of a camera, to transfer an idea of its picturesque beauty to the Roxbury congregation. The memorial window is beautiful, and nothing could be more fitting in every way;

a pious duty has been well performed."

It is in the midst of the controversies, animosities and persecutions of the English Reformation that the story of the singularly interesting life of John Eliot begins.

Soon after Eliot's baptism it is supposed his father moved to Nazing, where it has always been stated the apostle was born. Bennett Eliot was evidently a man of some standing and property; and in his will, dated November 5, 1621, just before he died, he makes provision for his executors to pay out of the profits of his lands, "for the space of eight years from his death, quarterly, to his son, John Eliot, the sum of eight pounds a year of lawful money of England for and towards his maintenance in the University of Cambridge." Eliot had already been entered as a pensioner at Jesus College in that university, in 1619, and graduated in 1623. A few years later he was employed as usher in a school at Little Baddow, near Chelmsford in Essex, kept by Rev. Thomas Hooker, afterwards the first

minister of the church in Cambridge,
and later the founder of Connecticut.

Eliot, we may well believe, was brought up in a family where, in the intensity of the religious struggle then dividing and tossing England, the love of doctrine and the spirit of devotion were very marked, for he writes of his home life, "that his first years were seasoned with the fear of God, the Word, and Prayer." But when he became an inmate of the house of Thomas Hooker, whatever pious impulses, whatever religious instructions, whatever parental solitudes had been over him, were only deepened. "When," he says, "I came to this blessed family, I then saw as never before the power of godliness in its lovely vigor and efficacy."

While Eliot was usher in the school it is probable that he took orders in the Church of England, although we yet find no date nor positive authority for asserting it. But just at that time Laud, who was bishop of London, one of the most bitter enemies of the Puritans and one of the most strenuous advocates of imposing uniformity in the observance of the Church ritual upon all the clergy, was making it as uncomfortable as he could for everyone who was a Calvinist in his theology or who deviated in the least from the ceremonials of the Prayer-Book; and Eliot, to escape the persecution which was raging all around him, and to find some liberty of preaching according to simpler forms, made his plans to come to the New

a singular way to make water
the spring line is apt to make it. the principles of a quart
taken a quart of whitewash, water or paint made
4 ounces of galls ~~some~~ quartly, not powdered.
2 ounces of copal. (or 1/2 lb)
and some a half of gum arabic.
put this in a pot with a fire in it, especially at first
allow to simmer & strain it thro' a clean linen cloth.
And the pot must be with water or oil in it or it will burn if you get it too
high, or so close being lower. work on water in mind: the
water or oil here will not.

The Church of Rosebury's
Book 10.

The 1



ROGERS'S STATUE OF ELIOT.

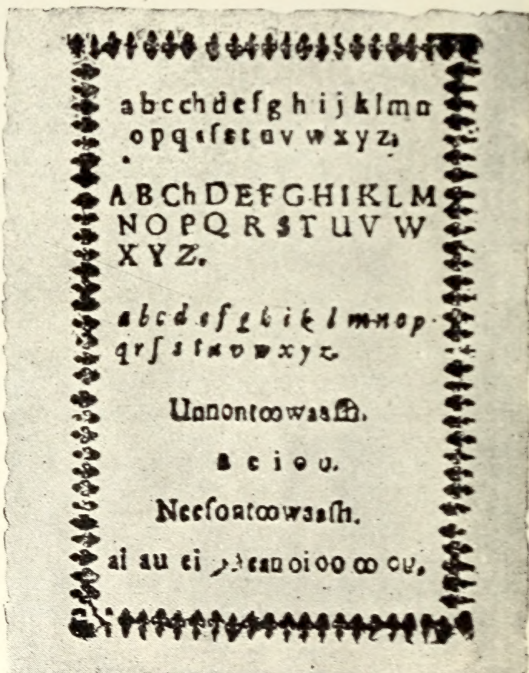
There is no authentic portrait of John Eliot. The portrait published in the first volume of the Memorial History of Boston is of very doubtful value. The history of that portrait is given in connection with it.

World. Before sailing he agreed with a number of friends or acquaintances at Nazing, that after he reached here he would be their minister, if they so desired.

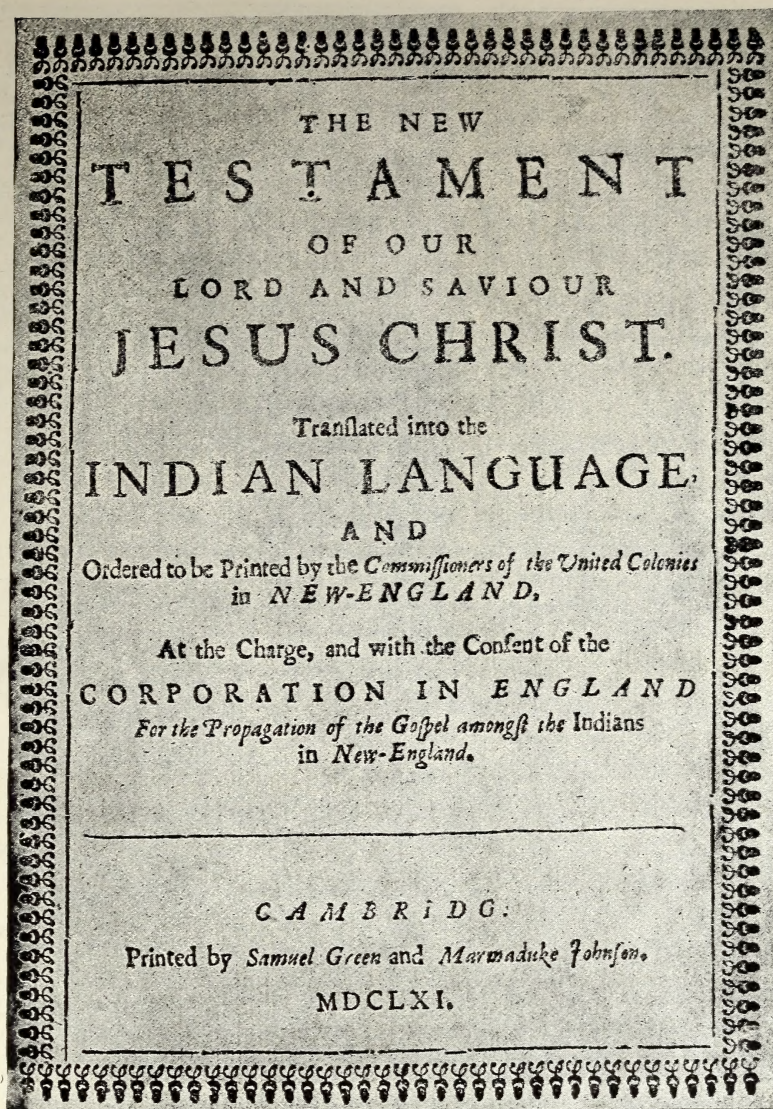
In November, 1631, after a voyage of ten weeks, he arrived at Boston in the ship *Lyon*; and as Wilson, of the First Church of Boston, was absent, Eliot was engaged to preach in his place. The church in Boston was delighted with the young preacher and eager to settle him as teacher with the minister—as was the custom of the day; but as Winthrop says, “though Boston labored all they could, both with the congregation of Roxbury, and with Mr. Eliot himself, alleging their want of him and the

covenant between them, yet he could not be diverted from accepting the call of Roxbury.” Eliot had been married the month before he was settled in Roxbury.

Roxbury, or Rocksborough, had been settled in 1630, and for a time the settlers went over to Dorchester where a church was already gathered, until July, 1632, when the Church of Roxbury was established, with the Rev. Thomas Weld as its first minister and pastor. The church was gathered in 1631 or 1630, but a minister was not settled until 1632. Almost all writers put Eliot as the first minister of this church. Even the last most careful and scholarly account of his life and works by the author of the “Bibliography of the Algonquin Languages” falls into the same error. Weld was the first minister; and in November of the same year, 1632, Eliot was ordained as teacher of the Church in Roxbury. But his ministry was so



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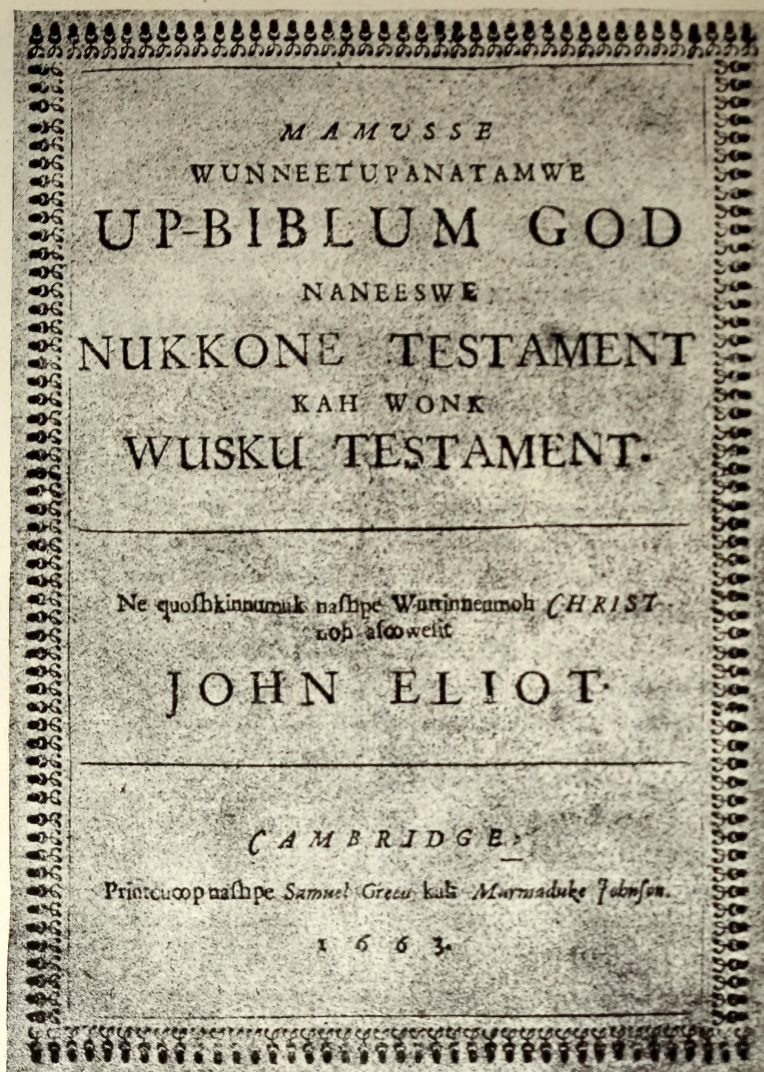


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ELIOT'S TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

long, his work so laborious and great, and his life so distinguished, that it has almost entirely overshadowed the ministry of Weld, who was no inconspicuous figure indeed in the ecclesiastical affairs of New England for several years.

There is a little volume on the early life in New England, printed in 1639,

which says that "Boston is a town of very pleasant situation two miles north-east from Roxborough"; and of Roxborough it says, "It is a fair and handsome country town, the inhabitants of it all being very rich; it is well wooded and watered, having a clear and fresh brook running through the town. The inhabitants have



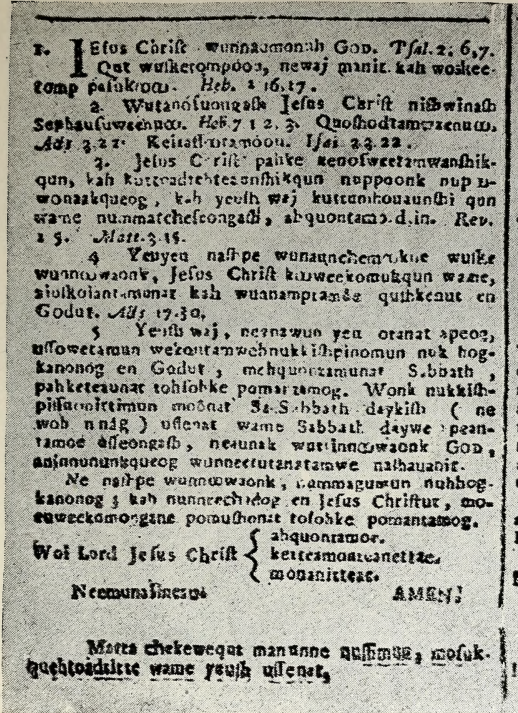
FAC SIMILE OF THE TITLE PAGE OF ELIOT'S TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

fair houses, store of cattle, impaled cornfields, and fruitful gardens."

The earliest residences were doubtless along the street which now bears the name of the old town, and around the hill on which the meeting-house was built—the same site still occupied by all its successors and now by the best specimen of the old Puritan meeting-house standing in New England; and there was a regulation (for safety from the Indians) that every

one must build within half a mile of the meeting-house—and meeting-house everyone called it, for the word church was an offense to the Puritans. Cotton Mather said that "he found no just ground in scripture to apply such a trope as church to a house for public assembly."

Simple and rude it was, perhaps about 20x30, and 12 feet high, built of logs, the interstices filled up with clay, with a thatched roof and an



FAC SIMILE OF A PAGE OF ELIOT'S INDIAN
CATECHISM.

earthen floor. That spot has witnessed many important events in the history of this neighborhood. Whitefield spoke to one of his immense gatherings in front of the church. It was the camping-ground of our forces in the days of the Revolution, and the building before the present one was shattered by the British cannon. Here Washington frequently came; and General Thomas had his headquarters in the house of Mr. Dillaway, long the parsonage, and still in a good state of preservation. But most important of all, it was the scene of the faithful ministrations of Eliot, as to all meetings on Sun-

day or during the week he came for nearly sixty years from his humble and godly home, a two-story house, which stood in the rear of the People's Bank building.

In all that ministry, with its restless missionary zeal, with its busy labors of the scholar, with its profound interest in every social matter touching the welfare of a new community, there is never any charge of a neglect of his parish duties. He watched over his flock, small indeed, but rapidly growing, like a faithful shepherd. Every new settler was carefully looked after, and if his morals were questionable, there was no peace for him but through repentance and reformation or removal. The atmosphere of every house was well known, and any lapsing brother or sister was brought to the open confessional or banished from the settlement. No papal inquisition was ever keener than

the Puritan's watch for heresy and for sin. Close by the meeting-house stood the stocks and the pillory, so that any neglect of the gospel should



THE PEOPLE'S BANK BUILDING, ROXBURY, ON THE SITE
OF ELIOT'S HOME.



THE ELIOT MEMORIAL, NONANTUM HILL, NEWTON.

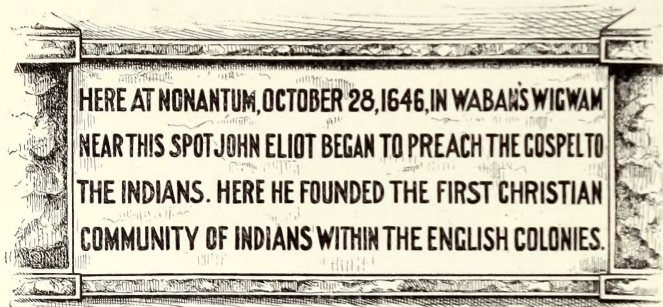
soon witness the terror of the law. You may call it grim and severe; but if you will read between the lines of these records of the apostle, you see

ceasing labor were to make every human being see its beauty, know its truth, breathe its air and find its peace.

You see at a glance, all through these

records, there is no mere formality of piety, only the deep, joyous, unbroken, bubbling life of the spirit.

Whenever any marked event happened he would say, "Brethren, let us turn all this into prayer." In houses where he was a familiar and welcome guest he



what a yearning and tender love, what a profound sympathy breathed in every act and word. Here was a man to whom the unseen things of the Spirit were actually more real than all that could be handled or touched. Here was a man profoundly in earnest for the kingdom of God, and whose daily prayer and un-

would say: "Come, let us not have a visit without prayer; let us pray down the blessing of Heaven on your family before we go." He was not afraid to warn his parishioners of any appearance of worldliness. Finding a merchant in his store with only books of business on his table, and some books of devotion on a shelf, he

THE INDIAN Grammar

BEGUN: OR,
An Essay to bring the Indian Language

INTO RULES,

For the Help of such as desire to Learn the same, for
the furtherance of the Gospel among them.

BY JOHN ELIOT.

Isa. 33. 19. Thou shalt not see a fierce people, a people of a deeper speech than thou canst perceive, of a stammering tongue, that thou canst not understand.

Isa. 66. 18. It shall come that I will gather all Nations and Tongues, and they shall come and see my Glory.

Gen. 1. 26. And there was given him Dominion, and Glory, and a Kingdom; that all People, Nations and Languages should serve him, &c.

Psal. 19. 3. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard.

Mal. 3. 12. From the rising of the Sun, even to the going down of the same, my Name shall be great among the Gentiles, &c.

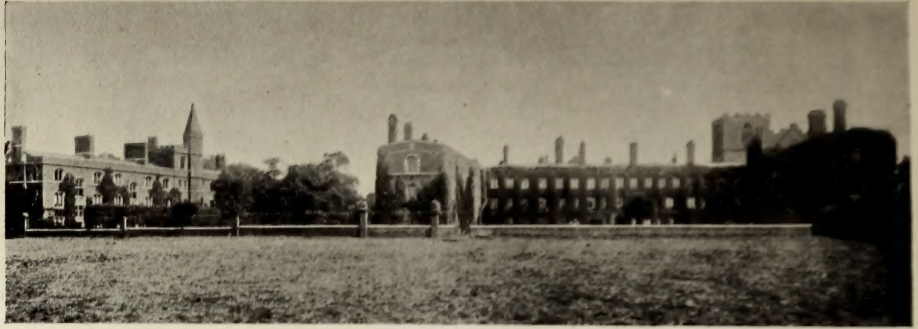
CAMBRIDGE:

Printed by Marmaduke Johnson. 1666.

said, "Sir, here is earth on the table, and heaven on the shelf; pray don't sit so much at the table as altogether to forget the shelf; let not earth by any means thrust heaven out of your mind." Mather says he heard him utter these words from that scripture, "Our conversation is in heaven": "In the morning, if we ask, 'Where am I to be to-day?' our souls must answer,

'In heaven.' In the evening if we ask, 'Where have I been to-day?' our souls may answer, 'In heaven.' If thou art a believer, thou art no stranger to heaven while thou livest; and when thou diest, heaven will be no stranger to thee; no, thou hast been there a thousand times before!"

The records of Eliot during his long ministry reveal to us as no other

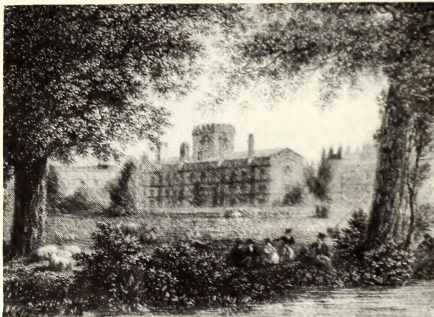


JESUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND—ELIOT'S COLLEGE.

writings could the condition of church life in those days of watchings and labors and struggles, privations innumerable, humble homes, scanty fare, wars and rumors of wars; but through them all a boundless hope, a brotherly sympathy, a growing strength and prosperity, the glory of founding a new nation, the illimitable future and a deep, unbroken faith in the grace of God.

Here is no attempt to hide the lapses from the path of virtue or godliness by man or woman, and never was there a greater, truer courage of repentance than when in the old meeting-house one rose before the whole congregation, acknowledged his sin, asked forgiveness and promised amendment.

A little glimpse of the minister's own home comes out in this record:



JESUS COLLEGE MEADOWS.

"Thomas Hills, a very faithful and prudent servant and a good Christian,

—he dyed in Mr. Eliot's family and left a good savor behind him." There was Mrs. Barker, whom "we found not so well acquainted with her



FIRST COURT, JESUS COLLEGE.

own heart and the ways and workings of God's spirit in converting a sinner unto God, yet full of sweet affection and we feared a little too confident, we received her not without feares and jealousies." Here is the record of old Mother Roote, "who lived not only till past use, but till more tedious than a child." Here appears their keen watchfulness over the affairs of trade: "The wife of William Webb. She followed baking, and through her covetuous mind she made light waight after many admonitions, flatly denying that after she had weighed her dough, she never nimed off bits from each loaf—which yet four witnesses testified to be a comon, if not a practis; for all which grosse sins she was excommunicated. But afterwards



JESUS COLLEGE CHAPEL.

she was reconciled to the church, and lived Christianly and dyed comfortably."

Eliot's feeling against heresy comes out in such notes as these: "Phillip Sherman . . . was of a melancholy temp. he lived honestly and comfortably among us severall years. Upon a just calling went for England and returned againe w^h a blessing; But after his fath^r in Law John Porter was so caryed away w^h these opinions of familisme and sizme he followed

them and removed ^h them to the Iland, he behaved himself sinfully in these matters (as may appear in the story) and was cast out of the church."

“Mrs Mary Dumer . . . she was a godly woman but by the seduction of some of her acquaintances she led away into the new opinions of Mr^{rs} Hutchinson’s time. . . . Mr. Clark (one of the same opinions) unskillfully gave her a vomit . . . y^t she dyed in a most uncomfortable maner; But we believe God tooke her away in mercy,



THE ELIOT OAK AT SOUTH NATICK.

from worse evil, w^h she was falling unto & we doubt not but she is gone to heaven."

The church took notice of every act against the peace and welfare of society. "John Mathews he was convicted of notorious drunkennes and cast out of ye church. . . . But afterw^d restored agn upon his repentance." "The wife of Martin Stebbins. She was so vyolent in her passion, y^t she offered vyolence to her husband, w^h being divulged, was of such infamy, y^t she was cast out of ° church but soone after she humbled her selfe & was received in againe."

The Christian virtues were not overlooked. "Bro. Griggs who lay in a long affliction of sicknesse, and shined like gold in it, greatly glorifying God and magnifying his grace in Christ." "Ezbon an Indian, hopefully godly, haveing lived 10 yeare among the English, could read, desired to serve God &° dyed."

Towards the close of his life and records his fears for the Indians find

expression in this record: "y^e learned so to love strong drink y^t y^e would spend all y^r wages and pawne any they had for rumb or any strong drink. . . . Praying to God was quenched, the younger generation being debauched by it, and the good old generation of the first beginners gathered home by death."

Looking among these ancient records of the early New England churches, and finding these in-

cidents of immorality and dishonesty, it has pleased some modern historians to make large discounts in regard to the piety of the first settlers. But we must bear in mind that every offense



THE ELIOT MONUMENT AT SOUTH NATICK.

was known; every new-comer was watched, his daily life was open to the settlement, the minister knew the secrets of his being, his living and his dying,—and every offense had to be publicly confessed. What would the record of our churches be to-day, if every intemperance or fraud or falsehood were brought to the public ear?

Eliot was always deeply concerned about the young people; and in 1674 we find this note: "6 day of 10 month. This day we restored our primitive practice [showing that it had been his earlier custom] for the training up our youth; first, our male youth, in fitting season, stay every Sabbath after the evening exercise in the Pub-

lic meeting house, where the elders will examine their remembrance that day, and any fit poynt of catechise. Secondly that our female youth should meet in one place where the Elders may examine them of their remembrance yesterday, and about catechise, or what else may be convenient." This was purely the idea of a Sunday school,—and may be regarded as the first in the country.



THE ELIOT SCHOOL, JAMAICA PLAIN.



ROXBURY LATIN SCHOOL, FOUNDED BY JOHN ELIOT.

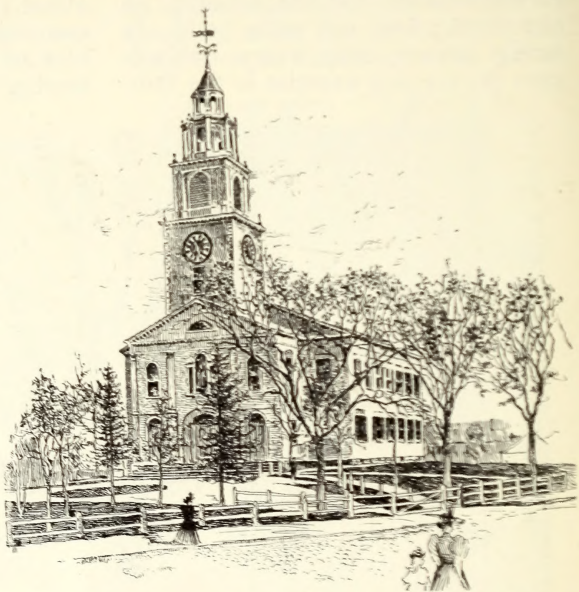


ELIOT'S GRAVE, EUSTIS STREET BURYING GROUND, BOSTON.

His interest for the young appears in everything. "The care of the lambs," he said, "is one third part of the charge over the worke of God." When he went out among the Indians, he filled his great pockets with cakes, apples and goodies for the papooses.

His Sunday school was only one part of his great interest in the training of the young. Himself a scholar of no mean attainments, he believed in education, and he was earnest and restless to offer the best opportunities to those young persons who in the daily calls and tremendous activities of a new settlement were apt to be turned away from every literary pursuit. The Reformation brought with it a great awakening of the human

mind, and the revival of learning meant chiefly a revival of the study of



FIRST CHURCH, ROXBURY, ON THE SITE OF ELIOT'S CHURCH.

the classics. The study of language must always be one of the greatest instruments of power over man. It was about this time that Eton and Harrow and Rugby, three famous grammar schools of England, were founded. They were called grammar schools because grammar was the key of language. It was in keeping with this idea of the revival of learning which was so stirring all Europe, that Eliot established our Roxbury Latin school, to-day unique and distinguished in its course of study and the work it is doing. It was called, like its English prototype, "The grammar school in the easterly part of Rôckesboroug h," and last June it had its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary.* Harvard College had just been founded when this fitting school for it was opened. One day when all the neighboring churches were gathered in Boston to consider "how the miscarriages which were among us might be prevented," Eliot exclaimed with great fervor: "Lord, for schools everywhere among us! That our schools may flourish! That every member of this assembly may go home, and procure a good school to be encouraged in the town where he lives! That before we die, we may be so happy as to see a good school encouraged in every plantation of the country." And Cotton Mather adds: "God so blessed his endeavors, that Roxbury could not live quietly without a free school in the town—and the

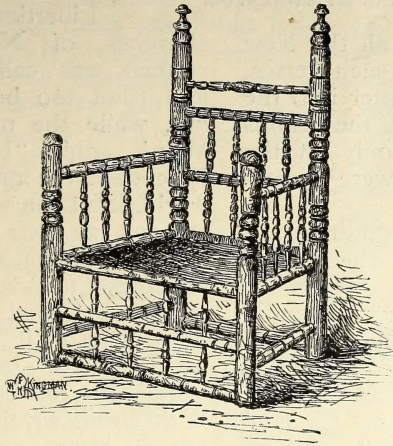
issue of it has been one thing, which has made me almost put the title of *schola illustis* upon that little nursery; that is, that Roxbury has afforded more scholars, first for the college and then for the public, than any town of its bigness, or, if I mistake not, of twice its bigness in all New England." Little did the apostle imagine into what fair and useful proportions his school would grow in two centuries and a half.

Eliot's literary work, without entering into any criticism of its scholarly value at the present day, was enough to have occupied one busy life. In 1639 he with Weld and Richard Mather, who was over the Dorchester church, prepared a new version of the Psalms of David in English metre; and this was the first book printed in the English American colonies. It was widely used and known as the "Bay Psalm Book." It evidently was not regarded as of very

great poetical merit; and Shepard of the Cambridge church wrote some lines about it:

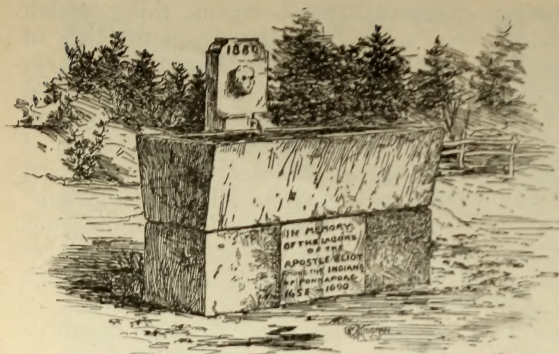
"You Roxb'ry poets keep clear of the crime
Of missing to give us very good rime.
And you of Dorchester your verses lengthen
But with the text's own words you will them
strengthen."

The versifiers seem to think they had an impossible task, or had done it poorly, for they say in the preface, as if appealing to the mercy of their readers, "that if the verses are not always so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect, let them consider that God's altar needs not our polishings. We have attempted conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry." How congregations



JOHN ELIOT'S CHAIR, IN THE FIRST CHURCH, DORCHESTER.

*See article on "The Roxbury Latin School" by the present writer, in the *New England Magazine* for June, 1895. Among the illustrations in that article is a facsimile of the covenant with the first schoolmaster, signed by John Eliot and others.



THE ELIOT MEMORIAL AT PONKAPOG.

Sunday after Sunday in all the New England churches sang such verses, or singing them could enter into the beauty or peaceful trust of the Psalms can be accounted for only on the ground that their hearts were already attuned to devotion.

Such a disturbed condition of religious affairs as we have seen ruled at this time in England made every minister something of a partisan and a theologian. Our settlements here had hardly begun when divisions entered into the churches, and sectarian animosities and councils for the trial of the heretics began. Some of these questions were brought from England, and some were incident to the new conditions. In the very earliest records of the Roxbury church we hear about familisme, and sizme, and the new opinions of Mrs. Hutchinson. Tender and humane as Eliot was, and ready to forgive, he was not inclined to abandon the doctrines of the church he had espoused in a most disturbed era; and if not as ready to persecute as Weld and some others, he was not disposed to think lightly of what he regarded as heresy.

Anne Hutchinson came over in 1636; and the story of the fierce controversy which she occasioned is well known. The colony was divided into two hostile camps. The Boston church was quite on her side—Cotton, the minister, Underhill, a prominent man, and the young and

enthusiastic governor, Harry Vane, also Mr. Wheelwright who was the minister of "The Mount," as Quincy was called; but generally the churches outside of Boston were arrayed against her. Weld was bitter against her, and like the typical religious enthusiast who confounds false doctrines and immoral living wrote a tract about "The Rise, Reign and Ruin of Antinomians, Familists, and Libertines that infest the churches of New England." A council was called at Cambridge; and Eliot too bore witness against her, while the minister of Ipswich, Ward, said, "I will petition to be chosen the universal idiot of the world, if all the wits under the heavens can lay their heads together and find an assertion worse than this, that men ought to have liberty of their conscience, and that it is persecution to deny them of it." Mrs. Hutchinson was banished—but spent the ensuing winter in Roxbury; and although Weld in his wrath may have shunned her, it seems in accord with the nature of Eliot to have had many a pleading conversation with her, to win her back.

As we look at it to-day, there seems nothing very heinous in Anne Hutchinson's heresy; and she was a brilliant, spiritually-minded woman. But the age of religious toleration had not begun. Only a noble soul here and there had arrived at any such breadth or height. It is something of which our age alone has arrived at some faint perceptions.

At the present day Eliot's fame rests chiefly upon his work among the Indians. The Indian problem has been a great problem to this land for now over two centuries, and grievously have we answered for the way we have met it. Just as the race has almost perished, the awakened heart of the nation begins to see what

might have been done. It is true that some of the early charters mention one of the objects of settlement to be the conversion of the savages; it is true that some were from the beginning filled with a desire to treat them friendly and humanely, to deal with them justly. Still the great fact remains plain, that by far the larger part of the settlers in all the colonies never had any confidence that the Indians could be civilized or morally regenerated; believed that all efforts for their conversion or elevation were vain; that they were treacherous and dangerous, and that the best thing was to exterminate them. It is probably true that a large part of the American people, and especially the large part of all those who have had contact with them, still feel so towards that small remnant of the race lingering along the fringe of our Western civilization. The Puritans generally regarded them as the children of the devil. Yet with all the recorded instances of the Indians' cruelty and wrath, as justifiable as in any who would defend their native land when they saw it slipping from their grasp, I find here and there all through our early records the most touching instances of hospitality, generosity, and the tenderest sympathy towards the settlers when in trouble, when lost in the pathless wilderness or beset by dangers.

Eliot had hardly begun his work in the church at Rocksborough, and mingled with the red men whom he saw every day in the village streets or skulking behind the trees as he walked along the paths, when the thought came to him that these were, as well as the English, children of God, and to them also the gospel should be made known. He believed, and it was not an uncommon opinion in his day, that these Indians were the lost tribes of Israel; that in process of time they made their way after the captivity from the extreme parts of the continent of Asia into America. He also believed that in their lan-

guage he would find some traces of the Hebrew, which Eliot firmly believed was the language of heaven, in which by God's own voice the Old Testament had been given to man, and which would be forever the language of all the redeemed. These were the great theological reasons, besides his broad love for humanity, which led Eliot to be a missionary among the Indians. He was a good Hebrew scholar; but as he went on, we do not find that this helped him to understand the Indian language. He saw that the first thing to do was to learn that language. This he began in earnest about the year 1643. He found as he says "a pregnant witted young man, who had been servant in an English house, who pretty well understood our language, better than he could speak it, and well understood his own language, and hath a clear pronunciation. Him I made my interpreter. . . . And thus I came at it. We must not sit still and look for miracles: up and be doing, and the Lord will be with thee. Prayer and Pains through faith in Jesus Christ, will do any thing." Then began a story of missionary zeal and labor, unique in the history of religion, full of interest, even to any one who thinks the apostle's gifts might have been exerted in a nobler service.

In 1646 Eliot began to preach to the Indians in their own tongue. At first he had a service beginning with a prayer which was in English, "being not so farre acquainted with the Indian language as to express our hearts herein, before God or them." Then he preached to them in Indian, and after he had finished asked them if they understood all that was already spoken, and whether all of them in the wigwam did understand, or only some few; and they answered to this question with a multitude of voices, that they all of them did understand all that which was then spoken to them. One asked—how he might come to know Jesus Christ. Another

—whether Englishmen were ever so ignorant of Jesus Christ as themselves? Another—whether Jesus Christ could understand prayers in the Indian language? Another—how could there be an image of God, since it was forbidden in the second commandment? Another—whether if the father be naughty and the child good, God will be offended with that child, because in the second commandment it is said he visits the iniquities of the fathers upon the children?

On the 28th of October, 1646, a large number assembled in the wigwam of a Chief Waban on the south side of the Charles River near Watertown, now in the town of Newton, then called Nonantum (which means rejoicing)—where was the first Indian mission established in New England. The sermon was an hour and a quarter long. Eliot's text was Ezekiel xxxvii, 9, 10. "Son of man, say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God," etc. Wind was the Indian name of Waban, the great chief—and it seemed to his hearers as if Eliot were giving out of the Bible a direct call of the Lord to Waban; but Eliot declared that when he selected the text he never thought of it.

In 1647 Eliot writes: "They have begun to build a stone wall, and want tools faster than I can furnish them, and the women spin pretty well." In the summer of 1650, Natick (a place of hills) was chosen as a fit place for a town where the praying Indians could all be gathered into a town of their own. Eliot writes of the new enterprise: "We are in great want of tooles and many necessities, and when we cannot goe we must be content to creep."

Eliot's heart was full of joy. He had found the better side of the Indian character; they venerated him as a great benefactor and father; he in vision saw the whole race coming into the Christian fold. His zeal and labor knew no rest. By day reaching them wherever he could by walk-

ing or riding, on Sunday whenever he could venture to leave his own church, and on longer journeys whenever he could take the time, down as far as the Cape, up through Concord, as far as the woods of New Hampshire, wherever he could convey the gospel to a gathering of Indians in their wigwams, or under some broad branching tree, there the apostle was to be found. He gave his strength and his money to the cause and faced danger and death with the spirit of the early martyrs. Often shelterless, wet to the skin all day long, halting to rest at night, wringing the water from his stockings, and with no fire, he speaks of it all with joy: "God stepped in and helped—for I considered that word of God, 'Endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ.'" And then when the day's work was done, long into the hours of the night, by his tallow candle, with an endurance and enthusiasm never surpassed, translating the Scriptures and works of piety for his Indian converts.

First came a little catechism in 1654; then the book of Genesis in 1655; also in the same year the Gospel of Matthew; a few of the Psalms in 1658; the whole of the New Testament in 1661; and the whole Bible in 1663; and then other books of devotion—the last of his translations being Shephard's "Sincere Convert" in 1689.

One is appalled, humiliated, as he thinks of the remarkable labors of this wonderful man. Baxter, writing to him not long before his death, says: "The industry of Jesuits and friars, and their successes in Congo, Japan and China, shame us all save you."

The latter part of the seventeenth century witnessed in all the region about our northern lakes a wonderful display of the Jesuit missionary's zeal, his readiness for toil, hardships and death. Self was forgotten in utter devotion to his order; he was ready for any sacrifice, even to martyrdom. Allouez, Dablon and Marquette were

but a few of those missionaries who at the same time with Eliot were making unsurpassed missionary journeys and efforts to bring the Indians to a knowledge of the Christian faith.

Among the Jesuit missionaries of the Northwest, perhaps no one was more active than Father Gabriel Druillettes. On one of his expeditions he came from Quebec to Rogsbray as he called Rocksborough, where he was received by Governor Dudley, and made a visit to Eliot the year after he had established his mission at Natick.

In "The Puritan Age and Rule in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay," Dr. George E. Ellis writes: "And now we have to present to ourselves a notable scene. The priest, a Jesuit on an embassy, named Le R. Père Gabriel Dremillette de la Compagnie de Jesu writes: 'On my way I arrived at Rogsbray where the minister named Eliot who was instructing some savages, received me to lodge with him as the night had overtaken me. He treated me with respect and affection, and prayed me to pass the winter with him.' Here is a scene which might well engage the pencil of an artist whose sympathies responded to the subject. Two men, then in the vigor of life, who were yet to pass their fourscore years in their loved but poorly rewarded labor for the savages, separated as the poles in their religious convictions, principles and methods, trained in antipathies, and zealous hostility to each other, are seen in simple, loving converse as kind host and responsive stranger guest. The humble sitting and working room of the Apostle Eliot in his modest cottage has the essentials of comfort, and there is a guest-chamber. Around the hearthstone are two or three Indian children, whom Eliot had near him as pupils, while he himself was a learner from some docile elders of the race, whose barbarous tongue he was seeking to acquire through grunts and gutturals, that he might set forth

in it the whole oracles of God. His hopeful experiment in the Indian village at Natick had recently been put on trial. The priest was, after his own different fashion, spending himself in his own work. The aims of both were the same; their methods widely unlike."

One can scarcely imagine the difficulties which beset Eliot in the work of translation into the Indian language. The story runs that when he came to translate the verse in Judges v. 28: "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the lattice," he could find no word for lattice. He asked one after another and then described it as framework, netting, wicker. At last they gave him a long, unpronounceable word; some years later when he understood their dialect better, he laughed outright to find he had translated it: "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the eel-pot."

But an end must come even to labors such as Eliot's. All through life he had been an example of the greatest temperance and charity. He lived most frugally. His charity was boundless so that Cotton Mather says: "He that will write of Eliot must write of his charity, or say nothing. . . . He did not put off his charity to be put in his last will as many who therein show that their charity is against their will; but he was his own administrator. He made his own hands his executors, and his own eyes his overseers."

His wife died in 1687; and in the church book is this record: "In y^e yeare my ancient dearly beloved wife dyed, I was sick to death, but the Lord was pleased to delay me, and keep in my service, which was but pure and weak." Mather says: "Before a vast confluence of the good people which were come to her funeral, I heard her aged husband who rarely wept say with tears over the coffin: 'Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife. I

shall go to her, and she not return to me.'"

Still with difficulty but with zeal and love he made his way up to the old meeting house; and once with feebleness and weariness leaning upon the arm of his deacon he said: "This is very like the way to heaven—'tis up hill. The Lord by his grace fetch us up." And spying a bush near by he added: "And truly there are thorns and briars in the way too."

In his later years, a sense of discouragement came over him very often as to the work among the Indians. He found the evils of civilization seemed to more than balance the grace of the gospel; and as more and more their bounds were encroached upon and limited, their anger and cruelty increased. The war with Philip seemed to arouse a determination that nothing but extermination would do. That haughty and powerful sachem would have nothing to do with Christianity. When Eliot offered to come and preach to him, he took hold of a button on his coat and said that he "cared for his gospel just as much as he cared for that button."

There are not many incidents in history more pathetic than when by an order of the General Court the Indians at Natick were removed to Deer Island, and Eliot met them to see them depart quietly and early on their journey. Writes one of his biographers: "That settlement toward which the heart of the good apostle had yearned alike through seasons of discouragement and hope, the foundations of which were laid by his own hands, and hallowed by his own prayers; where the tree of life, as he believed, was firmly rooted in the wilderness; where, by the patient labor of years, he had made the word of God understood, and had reared civil and social institutions; that settlement which, probably next to his own home, he loved better than anything else on earth,—is suddenly broken up, and its inhabitants are hurried away from their fields and homes, into

what is little better than an imprisonment. At the hour of their departure, the venerable man, on whose head more than seventy winters had shed their frosts, stands with them . . . to teach them the lesson, not of resentment against man, but of submission to God."

As the end drew near a friend asked him how he was, and he said: "Alas! I have lost everything; my understanding leaves me; my memory fails me; but I thank God, my charity holds out still; I find that rather grows than fails."

On the 21st of May, 1690, in the eighty-sixth year of his age, he calmly fell asleep. No missionary who ever labored for the gospel had a nobler zeal; no martyr who ever faced the flames had a more heroic spirit; no saint in the long written or unwritten canon had a saintlier soul. His missionary spirit and earnestness were as wise as St. Paul's; his charity and sympathy as sweet as St. Francis d'Assisi's; and as the years go on his becomes one of the most commanding figures among all the English Puritans who entered into the early life of America.

When Dean Stanley came to this country, and was asked what places would be of most interest to him, he said: "I want to see the place where the Pilgrims landed, and where the Apostle Eliot preached."

We sometimes think we must look to the far-off ages for our real saints. The life of Eliot proves to us they are as possible now; and when at Newton or Ponkapog or Natick or the school house at Jamaica Plain or the old grammar school on Kearsarge Avenue, or the old church at Eliot Square in Roxbury, we mark the scenes of his labors, or by the old burying ground at the corner of Eustis and Washington Streets in Boston we stand by his grave, let us take to heart the great lesson of the ages, and know that the call to saintship has not ceased, and its possibilities have not died out.

A LITTLE LEAVEN.

By Annie E. P. Searing.

HE was a small man when at the high tide of life, but death, taking him in the beginning of old age, made him seem tiny and, smoothing out the crow's feet and putting here and there the mysterious touch of youth, that atoning grace the dread visitant sometimes grants, laid him in his coffin with a wrapping of resurrected boyhood about his person. His gray hair curled over his ears, much as it had in its tow colored days, while the fresh color and the pervasive sweetness of his smile assisted the illusion. Old and young filed through the room where he lay, leaned over, and looked and marvelled at the transformation. Sometimes a tear dropped on his folded hands or made a spot on the immaculate broadcloth of his coat. The air was heavy with sorrow, and yet there was no father nor mother, wife nor child, no person with any tie of blood to mourn his loss. There was a hush within the house, crowded to its utmost capacity, and through the long veranda, where men stood closely, and out on the grass plot of the front yard, where an old dog lay in dejected isolation, only moving to paw a fly off his ear now and then. A bee flew booming in and whizzed against a drawn down window shade, and the distant sound of mowing came from across the lowlands to emphasize the suspension of all activity here. A few blocks away the flag drifted at half mast on Academy Green; for the name on the coffin plate was that of the principal who for thirty years had shaped the character and destiny of the town's leading citizens. "David Ostrander, aged sixty years," the silver words said; but the boys had always called him "Little David" behind his back.

To the community at large he had long been simply the Professor, a title synonymous with help and sustaining force and pervasive kindness.

Old, gnarled and work-twisted, Mrs. Sickles, the washerwoman, in the dark corner behind the melodeon sat and pushed down the fingers of her cotton gloves and counted backward the times those stiff folded hands in the coffin had helped her over hard places in life. It was a heterogeneous company which sat ranged along the wall and crowded closely on camp chairs, intense and silent spectators of this last scene in the drama of a life lived out. Each was passing in mental review his own association with the past of the dead. A tall pale woman with a face like a statue of accusing justice was reviewing an episode of her own, when the Professor had by wise counsel helped her to conceal a domestic disaster which publicity would have converted into a tragedy. More than one black-coated figure crowded into the hall, blew his nose with masculine stoicism, recalling the aid which had made his own future of past uncertainty and struggle into a prosperous present of professional success. It had long been the proud boast of Wiltwyck that no boy or girl with courage or brains need go without a higher education. There was always the Professor as the *deus ex machina*. His theory was that there were deposits of power in the form of money in every community sufficient to turn out the most finished products of educated citizenship, and that a needed work was the direction of that force toward the proper material, always at hand in the public schools. So it had come about that for long years a procession of youth had filed

annually out of his high school into the colleges of the land, irrespective of arbitrary conditions of wealth or poverty; and so silent were these accustomed achievements that they had long since ceased to excite comment or commendation. Indeed latterly it was almost forgotten whose agency it was that held together benefactors and benefited.

About the open doorway at the back end of the hall was clustered a little group of human superfluities and shiftless incompetents, whom the contemptuous thrift of the female martinet who ruled this bachelor establishment had placed there. For the last time they had tracked up her clean floors and defiled with their malodorous presence her sacred precinct. They might halt and shuffle and sidle in to look once more on the face whose kindly eyes had many a time penetrated and pardoned their lies and treacheries and humbugging thriftlessness, but then they must huddle outside the open door. The minister waiting to conduct the service pondered deeply what he considered the Professor's lovable but pernicious weakness of character anent this class.

"You deliberately assist the most unworthy," he had protested on one more than usually aggravated occasion. "Here you've been giving money again to those worthless Brennans, when you know they went seven strong last week to the circus on the proceeds of their household effects sold at auction!"

"Yes, I know," the Professor admitted with a deprecatory smile, "I know, Dominie, they're distinctly unworthy; but then so am I in the Lord's sight, and it's only a difference in degree. Besides," he went on whimsically, plucking up some courage of resistance to the rising wrath of his pastor's face, "who will help the unworthy poor if I don't? There are so many of you to look after the worthy!"

"David, you talk like a fool some-

times!"—and the Professor admitted it good-naturedly to the Dominie's irate back as the latter walked off.

It was the same in his school. The stupid, the blunderers and the incompetent were sure of his never failing patient efforts, and to set weak and wavering and halting feet on paths that climb was his especial care. Nobody ever remembered to have seen him treated with rebellion or disrespect. His dignified and punctilious courtesy seemed to demand the best of manners in return; while beneath the mild exterior was a slumbering volcano of contempt which woke only to pour a fierce volume of invective that was worse than blows upon cowardice and meanness and deceit. He always went at it hammer and tongs when he scented untruth in the air, and he had far less mercy on that fault when it was an intellectual than when it was a moral transgression. The boys and girls whom he had guided and toiled over, stimulating some, restraining others, but molding all to higher purposes, were gathered with the rest to see his busy little body laid away.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labors."

All the intense personal feeling clustered there seemed suddenly to run into the groove of formalism. The friend on whom warm human thoughts and memories were centered, in which were elements of love and familiarity and the kindly humor of daily intercourse, seemed at once removed to the distant ranks of the great "dead who have died in the Lord." He had but just now been here in the room, and the air seemed sentient with his spirit. Now he was forever away; and the minister who had loved him like a brother put on the mantle of ritualism and removed himself from those everyday relations.

A man came quietly in and sat down. His face was familiar to many

there as one of Wiltwyck's boys twenty years ago, who had gone out into the world and achieved success that was approaching greatness. He was now a senator from another state and had been a foreign minister through a recent administration. In a cobbler's shop where a daily caucus of local Solons sat upon the affairs of the community his status was fully expressed on the morrow. "Bill Hutchins," said the speaker, with fine American appreciation of an added rank in the dropping of all titles and the giving of a nickname, "Bill Hutchins hes sot down to meals with Queen Victory!" His coming was so unexpected and so quiet that even the solemnity of the occasion could hardly restrain the looks of curiosity. When the Dominie had finished, he rose and spoke.

"I have come a thousand miles," he said, "to be present on this occasion, and I think my old friends and neighbors and his will allow me to say a few words in his honor. I want to do him a tardy justice. More and more as I have lived in the world of effort and achievement I have felt my debt of gratitude to this friend who lies here to-day; for he made me capable of my best and did all that another could do to destroy my worst. As I look about this room, I see only a similar company of his debtors, and I know that each of you could testify to help or comfort or inspiration of his that has pushed you out of your hardest place on the journey. How many of you men owe to him your trade or profession, as I do? More of you even than know it. And how many happy and prosperous homes represented here owe the intelligence and thrift and enlightenment of their mothers and daughters to his training? I doubt not that his goodness and perfect unselfishness have met with constant and abiding gratitude." A richly dressed woman who sat near the window let a tear roll unrestrained from under her closed eyelids, and the

little group crowding in the back hall doorway drew nearer, unmindful of the housekeeper's menacing glances.

"His ministrations were constant and to all classes, and no man could more richly deserve thereward implied in the words, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these my brethren.' But he had in him and exercised in the noblest way, though quite unconscious of it, the highest qualities of citizenship. He loved as a son his mother the city in which he lived, and one of the greatest deprivations he suffered was that his school duties made it impossible for him to take an active part in her service. Within the past year I have been making inquiries, quite unknown to him, by letter and in person, with a view to offering some sort of public acknowledgment of his work during his lifetime. And now it is too late! It was he who really gave to you your hospital, your orphan asylum, your well organized associated charities, your almshouse, and your reformed city government. I have traced minutely the history of the movements which gave those institutions birth, and in each case it was the leaven of his spirit and effort that after untiring work from one individual to another produced the desired result. You awoke one day to find a general demand for some needed benefaction or reform, and you never stopped to ask from whence it came. For years each accomplishment of that kind has had its inception in the one self-effacing soul who least of all recognized his own agency.

"I have sometimes wondered if he ever had moments of realizing how splendid were his mental powers or his capacity for attaining distinction. But I know well that if he had, his highest ambition would still have been to serve with his best abilities the city of his birth and his love. He never failed to remind you that the generous instruction you had thus far enjoyed you owed to the community that so well protects and

trains her youth. To owe without repayment, he said, was a shame to the debtor, and during all the years of your residence within her borders you were bound by the highest obligations to repay to the city your best and most devoted service. This, it seems to me, is the truest loyalty and the highest patriotism in a republic,—to devote your finest powers to the community in which you live. To this principle everywhere applied a representative government owes its character and force and perpetuity; and for this principle the man before us laid down his life!"

Then a wonderful thing took place at the schoolmaster's funeral. One after another rose to testify as grateful recipients of the dead man's benefactions and impulses toward good, and the crowded little house became an informal experience meeting, where even the tatterdemalions with-

out the door bore tearful witness also. It was the world-old miracle revealed of the silent power of the yeast in the loaf. When they laid him in the ground, all were chief mourners in a kinship that is nearer than blood; and when they went away, it was with an unspoken compact between their hearts.

Wiltwyck has added to her avenues of "good diffused" a storehouse of learning, where all may freely partake; and over the entrance is a tablet bearing this inscription: "This library is a memorial to David Ostrander, for thirty years principal of Wiltwyck High School, whose life, spent with entire self-abnegation in the service of this community, was an example of the highest American citizenship, and whose monument is to be found in every achievement for the city's best government, enlightenment and elevation."

HARRIET MARTINEAU IN NEW ENGLAND.

By E. P. Powell.

HARRIET MARTINEAU was, and perhaps is, the foremost name of the nineteenth century among women. Writers for the press were not so numerous in 1830 that the power of one could not be felt throughout civilization. What Miss Martineau would say about America was considered a matter of immense importance. What she did say was, on the whole, so generous, and her criticisms were so lacking in British complacency, that her books had enormous popularity; but like almost all books read in 1840 they are now out of print. I see a few of her delightful tales, such as "Feats on a Fiord," are reappearing; and a new edition of her "History of England" is on the market. But for the most part, unless we are happy enough to come upon second-hand copies of "Retro-

spect of Western Travel and Society in America," we shall have to content ourselves with her "Autobiography."

I shall pass by Miss Martineau's remarkable reception in America and her almost triumphal tour, and confine myself to her experience in New England. This, very fortunately for her, was the close, rather than the beginning, of her tour. For had she landed at Boston, and met Garrison and Channing; and expressed her sympathy with their views, she certainly would never have held open salon at Washington for Webster and Calhoun and Clay, and would assuredly not have been welcomed as she was by the governors of South Carolina and Louisiana. At that very time the students of Lane Theological Seminary were forbidden to discuss slavery, under threat of expulsion. In-

deed, to question the character of American slavery endangered the life of the critic. During all her preliminary travel Miss Martineau complains that she had heard everywhere of the abolitionists, but always as destructives; and she had come to a conviction that they were a restless set of turbulent agitators, who cared only to ventilate their views at the expense of national prosperity. But she had fortunately seen slavery first; and seen it on both sides. She had met the noblest people of the South in their homes, and had observed, as Mrs. Stowe never did, the mollifying circumstances connected with human bondage. She had discussed slavery with Clay and Calhoun, and had heard Madison express his conviction of its inherent vice and the danger it was to the political life of the Union. Last of all, she comes to New England; she meets the abolitionists themselves, and records as her closing sentiment that "the happiest class in America is clearly the small band of the original abolitionists—men and women wholly devoted to a lofty purpose and surrendering for it much that others most prize." Her friendships which endured, and the correspondents of her later years, were wholly of New England: Channing, Sumner, Emerson, Garrison, Phillips.

Still Miss Martineau had no intention of taking any part publicly in our controversy. There was an almost insane antagonism to allowing a foreigner to interfere with our institutions. George Thompson had been mobbed, his life endangered even in New York, and he had been driven out of the country. Miss Martineau had come to see, and to see as far as possible the truth everywhere. It would be time enough to denounce slavery when she had returned to England. But there was an abolitionist convention to be held in Boston, and she had been invited. She went as an observer; but an innocent note was handed her, asking if she had any objection to making a few remarks. "If," she notes in her

"Retrospect," "I had been a mere stranger, I ought to have declined to mix myself with their proceedings. But I had long ago published against slavery and declared my conviction that this was a question of humanity, not of country, a moral, and not a mere political question. The case was clear as daylight to my conscience." She says: "I foresaw . . . that my relations to the country would be completely changed, as I should be suddenly transformed from being a guest and an observer to being considered a missionary and a spy; and results even more serious than this might be reasonably anticipated."

But the consequences in full she could not have foreseen. The hubbub was so great, and the modes of insult were so various, as to justify the conclusion that the whole nation had risen against her; but she had done her duty and was satisfied. The truth is, the years preceding the middle of this century were breeders of a peculiar moral courage—an utter abandonment of selfishness for the sake of principle. It was slow work, but very thorough work, which created Garrison and Miss Martineau, May and Goodell and Gerrit Smith and Channing and Alvan Stewart and Doctor Follen and Lucy Stone—like the Master in this, that they were ready to die for the truth.

Several Southern governors united in a demand on the governor of Massachusetts that the abolitionists should be turned over to the courts of the slave States and tried by Southern laws. Strange as it may seem, the attorney general of the Commonwealth favored this action; and the governor was not loath. He wished the subject left to the states where the peculiar institution existed, "and in the hands of an All-wise Providence, who in His own good time is able to cause it to disappear." The good Providence operated in 1863. But the demand of the Southern governors was laid before the legislature. The abolitionists demanded a hearing before

they were extradited and outlawed. Doctor Channing, Garrison, Goodell, Follen, Loring, were there. Doctor Follen led, and fought the ground inch by inch. The legislature did not even reply to the Southern demands. The next election began the great popular revulsion. If the South believed in state rights, so did the people of Massachusetts. They elected a legislature which stood in no likelihood of outlawing free citizens. It passed the first series of anti-slavery resolutions ever passed by an American legislature—and by a vote of 378 to 16.

Imagine our visitor after this Boston experience riding out about Charleston with the Hayneses and Calhouns, or peacefully visiting slave markets, as she already had. Her pictures of such scenes almost draw me away from my purpose to accompany her only through New England:—

“The sale of a man was just concluding when we entered the market. A woman with two children, one at the breast and another holding by her apron, composed the next lot. The restless zeal of the auctioneer who counted the bids was the most infernal sight I ever beheld. The woman was neatly dressed. The elder child clung to her. She hung her head low, lower and still lower on her breast; yet turning her eyes incessantly from side to side with an intensity of anxiety that showed she had not reached the last stage of despair. I should have thought that her agony of shame and dread would have silenced the tongue of every spectator.”

But a lady turned to her and said: “My theory is that one race must serve the other. I don’t care which. If the blacks ever get the upper hand, I shouldn’t mind standing on that table to be sold with my two children.”

“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” does not bristle more sharply with indignant denunciation than the pages of “The Retrospect.” New England itself had hardly got rid of its last manumitted bond servants; and our guest felt that worse even than slaveholding was the selfish sympathy with it which she found in Boston and New York. But New England was rapidly girding her-

self to lead the fight with injustice to the death.

The homely peculiarities of New England were the first to draw the attention of the visitor, the quaintness of nomenclature, and the funny signs which swung in the streets. Greek, Roman and Hebrew names were mixed up promiscuously in naming towns and in naming babies alike. Cosmopolitan as she was, she did not easily take in the fact that America was rapidly becoming a conglomerate of all races, and her language one of all languages. She disliked the habit which all Americans have of rocking while sitting. English women sit down to rest; American women can never sit still. The reason may be the increasing nervousness of our western stock; it may come from our being overworked. At all events the art of stopping is an art that not one American in a thousand comprehends. I think foreigners invariably feel our restlessness. Proctor once said to me: “I cannot rest in America. I don’t sleep as well as in England. The sensation of absolute rest seems unknown here. Even to talk with your people, or to be in the room with some, rasps me.”

The New England college was a theme particularly attractive to Miss Martineau. She attended Harvard Commencement exercises, and her pictures of the occasion are exceedingly entertaining. The number of students in attendance at that time was about two hundred, and their average expenses were about two hundred dollars a year. Board cost eighty dollars a year, and lodging fifteen. This “expensiveness of living” she set down as the cause of a depression. There was a proposition on foot to create a general fund to cover the expenses of the poorer students. But Miss Martineau’s opinion coincided with her independent instinct, that such a grading of students as “indigent” and “self-reliant” would do more harm than good.

What the commons table was in

1835 does not appear; but the table set by Mrs. Eaton, wife of the first president, was proven before the General Court to be: "For breakfast two sizings of bread and a quart of beer; and the evening commons were a pye." It does not appear whether there was a whole "pye" for each student, nor if so what was the size of it. There evidently was not then the view now prevalent of the close relation of a strong mind and a stout body; for a law was passed for reforming the extravagance of Commencements, and it was declared that thenceforth "no preparation of plumb cake or roasted, boyled or baked meats, or pyes of any kind, shall be made by any Commencer"; nor could any such have "any distilled lyquors in his chamber"; and "if any who stand for degrees evade the law by plain cake they shall forfeit the honors of the college." One more statute prohibited the use of silk night-gowns as tending to discourage people from giving their children a college education. The university at the time of Miss Martineau's visit was a subject of much solicitation. Two professors were laid by by illness; one was away on a long journey; while there were vacancies of eight or ten years' standing. There had been a revolt of the students in 1834. The salaries of the professors were in some cases not above five hundred dollars. The library numbered forty thousand volumes.

The picture of Commencement day is familiar to a few of us, but not to the boys of the present day. A student from Maryland was marshal, and ushered the president in and up the aisle to his seat on the platform. The governor of the state and his aids, with officers and dignitaries, were soon seated on either hand. "Mr. Webster stole in from behind when the proceedings were half over, and retired before they were finished." The exercises consisted of orations, poems, dialogues. But to the commencement dinner, alas, Miss Martineau was not admitted. It would be interesting to

know whether the programme included the college yell, with considerable cigarette smoking, as well as strenuous efforts at witty after-dinner speeches. But the president's levee she could attend,—where she found almost every person eminent in the state.

Mr. Sparks, who was then busy editing Washington's correspondence, breakfasted with Miss Martineau the next morning; bringing with him the pass given by Arnold to André and extracted from his boot when captured. They went to hear the Phi Beta Kappa oration delivered by Everett. She disliked the oration very much, but spent much time at Mr. Everett's as well as Judge Story's and other notables—everywhere an honored guest. This it must be noted was previous to the abolition episode. Mr. Bancroft took her to Amherst, where she met Professor Hitchcock, who was then in all his glory as a brilliant lecturer on geology. It is not to be forgotten that his lectures were attended by a large number of girls. Those girls (as many as forty or fifty) were from the schools and families about.

"The students appeared quite as attentive as if they had had the room to themselves. We found that the admission of girls to lectures was a practice of some years' standing and that no evil had been found to result from it. I doubt whether such a spectacle is to be seen out of New England."

This was an error, for I remember in my boyhood that the lectures in Hamilton College, especially in chemistry and natural philosophy, were attended by a daily concourse of women, not all of them young. By what evolution it came about that outsiders of both sexes were excluded from free access to college lectures I do not know. Amherst is described as a Presbyterian college, and thriving, as orthodox or church colleges all did, with professors working with the students much like companions.

From the top of Mount Holyoke there was to be seen a spectacle that

paid for a visit to America. Riding down in the evening, there was quite a shower of meteors, and one that sailed like a golden balloon and burst in a broad flash and shower of green fire. It was the time of the annual visitation of August meteors. During November of 1835 she also saw the marvelous displays in the heavens, which were only second in brilliancy to those of 1833. At four in the morning was the grandest sight. There were then three kinds of lights in the heavens besides the usual array of stars. There were shooting points of light all directed from one center of the circuit of the horizon, much resembling a thick shower of luminous snow. There were luminous bodies which hung dimly in the air. There were also falling fireballs, some of which burst. One was described as larger than the full moon. Many people betook themselves to prayer, and there was a general impression that an end was about to come to the world. Miss Martineau on the night in question was staying at the house of one of the Harvard professors. The shower of meteors was preceded by a beautiful rose-colored flush across the entire sky and a brightness like day. During her last April in America, she was with Bryant, Miss Sedgwick, and "the author of the Palmyra Letters," and they were making copious comments on the stupidity of people who missed seeing the meteoric showers; yet they afterwards went home so full of talk as not to observe a splendid aurora over their heads.

Miss Martineau discovered that the only way to make the most of America in summer is to rise at four o'clock in the morning. "The cream of the morning" is what my friend Tim calls it. There are then three hours ahead which come as near being beatific as our earth can afford. There begins, I suppose at the Atlantic shore, that marvelous wave of bird music which approaches us always from the east, moves overhead, and then on westward—a tidal wave of song, which

cannot stop short of the Pacific. The robin invariably opens it, but he is followed after a time by the cat-bird and other thrushes, and by such birds as are locally distributed. But it is the marvelous sweet odors also of early morning which entrance the senses. In June it is the clover just opening over square miles of meadows; and in July it is the richness of the basswood blending with new-cut hay. With all the rest there is the sense of cleanliness and purity in the dew-washed air. Miss Martineau, like a true Englishwoman, was a good walker, and she could mount a horse for a long saddle ride. She wanted her dinner if possible served out of doors—because there you have a better chance of a visit from humming birds. I remember, when meeting Charles Kingsley and his daughter, that the latter complained of the inability of American women to walk or to ride on horseback. She was accustomed to a walk of twelve or fifteen miles; "but," said she, "I think your ladies do not consider it genteel to tramp about the country." I told her I believed it was partly constitutional inability. Our women had but recently secured rights to college training; and they had not yet obtained the privilege of athletic training. "Ah, yes," said she, "but they are very free about some things; for in Ohio I came upon a woman's crusade against saloons; and they were on their knees in the streets. I did not like it!"

The New England villages Miss Martineau pronounced to be all of them beautiful; but of all she held Northampton to be most beautiful.

"It lies in the rich meadows which border the Connecticut. The habitations of its gentry crown the green knolls and terraces or are half buried in gay gardens or hidden under clumps of elm. The celebrated Mt. Holyoke and Mt. Tom are just at hand, and the Sugar Loaf is in view; while the brimming Connecticut winds about and about in the meadows as if unwilling like the traveler to leave such a spot."

With this graceful compliment we find

that Bancroft is her host; and we wonder whether the charm of his gallantry did not even add to the charm of Northampton. It was at his house that for the first time she tasted of Indian corn. It was a novel method of taking food, to nibble it from a cob, but to surrender such a vegetable for a question of method was not to be thought of. American mirth, common everywhere, was particularly hearty in this house; and "as for us, we were intoxicated with the beauty of the scene." The enthusiasm with which she described Washington and Cincinnati we are led to recall, and to feel that New England after all best pleases our guest. She found Bancroft a treasury of traditions, and so her notes are more copious for the two days spent here than for any other two days of her travels.

The only time she quarreled with our mirth was on the hottest days of summer. "European strength will not stand more than an hour or two of laughter, in such weather." She recounts a day when, after riding sixteen miles before ten o'clock, the wit flowed on for three hours; but by this time everybody began to beg for mercy—as we could laugh no longer with safety. There was, however, no stopping place; and the company had to scatter out of doors. She found one of the rarest characters among Americans to be a man who could not take a joke. Yankee inquisitiveness she found a curious product, but well balanced by Yankee secretiveness. Calling in a country doctor on occasion to attend a friend, she could get from him no sort of opinion; nor would he even tell what was the matter, or the probable delay—only replying, "Hope your friend will be better"; "must try to improve her health"; "will make her better if we can." Another physician explained to her that doctors were tormented by inquisitiveness, and grew into a habit of needless reticence. I remember a Connecticut schoolmaster who defined the highest art of his profession to be to conceal

his ignorance by skillfully saying nothing.

The fame of Miss Martineau and the glory of her reception were not confined to the cities. In one Massachusetts village a large company was invited to meet her. She was waited on by a young lady who stood before her a long while and was constantly returning. No matter how much tea or biscuit were refused, they were constantly offered. Her pertinacity was afterwards explained. She was a young lady of good family, with a longing to see and hear the noted visitor. Of course she was invited as a guest; but she wished to get near, and to hear informally—in fact, to gratify her curiosity.

The New England village was at its prime from 1830 to 1840. The immigrant had not yet disturbed tradition and custom. Puritanism had softened, but it had not departed. The consequence was a power to charm an intelligent visitor beyond any country life in the world. Only ignorance and vice need hang their heads here, says Miss Martineau.

"Their common schools and high schools, their lyceums and cheap colleges, are exciting and feeding thousands of minds which in England would never get beyond the loom and ploughtail. If few are very learned, few are very ignorant; and all have the power and will to invite the learning of the towns among them."

The Lyceum as known a little later would surely have had Miss Martineau on the platform. I believe, however, that apart from the abolition episode, she made no public addresses.

The harder side of New England life was as evident as the brighter; and she took care to meet the common people as freely as the gentry. The time had not passed for attributing the death of children by scarlet fever, typhoid fever and diphtheria to Providence and the hand of God. One of her acquaintances had lost four out of six; another, five out of seven; another, thirteen out of sixteen. "Never did I see so many wornout mothers as in America."

She found out what an east wind in Boston in winter means. She walked the width of the city to keep an appointment when the mercury marked seven degrees below zero. "My muff seemed made of ice. When I got home, I did not very well know where I was or what I was about. The stupefaction was particularly disagreeable.

" 'To feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more
fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice,
Thence hurried back to fire.' "

Her pictures of coasting and sleighing are pleasant enough; but she never could enter into the latter with any zest. However, her realistic pen is only too true when she describes New York and Boston at the close of a thaw, when refuse vegetables, ashes, sweepings from the poorer houses, and all sorts of filth sink slowly into a composite of half-frozen mud. She saw the first introduction into America of the Christmas tree, and remarks, after enjoying the scene, that she believed it would become one of the most flourishing exotics of New England.

It was in 1832 that Jeremiah Mason argued before a House committee of the Massachusetts legislature in favor of incorporating a construction company to build a railroad from Boston to Salem. The turnpike company fought it sharply as an infringement on their right to control all traffic between the two cities. This was the beginning of the battle between the old conservative and the modern progressive ways. The railroad was chartered. In 1833 there was one railroad in all New England, and only one. The revolution since that has been complete. There is nothing in the "Retrospect" of our tourist to remind us of Boston as it is. On Ann Street stood a Stage House, from which departed daily the only means of locomotion for travelers and mail. The present fashionable part of the city was then a marsh. But the visitor saw one thing which has now vanished. The

glory of Boston was its India Wharf, its Central Wharf and Long Wharf, faced with warehouses, and the slips crowded with vessels engaged in foreign trade. Railroads and factories have taken away all these investments; while foreign commerce has died down to insignificant proportions.

Then Boston was the core of New England, charged with New England spirit and New England ideas. The population was about 70,000. Now it is seven times that; and the increase is not of New Englanders. Europe and Canada make up the bulk of the addition to the population there and throughout the six states which gloried in being a New England. Our visitor felt more at home in Boston than anywhere else in America. Her ideas were here in State and in Church. She was a Unitarian, already advancing to the outposts occupied by Theodore Parker. She was a republican and an abolitionist.

Theology in 1835 was fully as dominant as politics: both were violent. It was the era of Jackson in the State, and of the Unitarian revolt in theology. Doctor Stewart of Andover and Doctor Channing of Boston were leaders of the hosts. Even Lyman Beecher was on trial for heresy, although a Calvinist who would now be held to be an extremist. It is doubtful whether Mr. Beecher would find a hearing to-day, if alive; while Parker, who was ostracized by even the liberals, would now be held to be one of the moderates. Miss Martineau's friendship for Channing was one of the most delightful episodes of her stay. It was a lasting friendship, sustained by a correspondence which would make a charming *brochure* by itself.

Mr. Webster she met more distinctively in Washington; and there are no better pen pictures of the great statesman than those left by her wit. Her parlors in the capital city were his favorite resort all the time of her residence here. She describes him as brim full of mirth and fun. When



HARRIET MARTINEAU.

From the statue by Anne Whitney in the main building, Wellesley College.

he sat in the Senate, he laughed at the shallow or extravagant remarks of his colleagues, and especially found amusement with Benton. But when meditating a speech, he became so lost to outside conditions that the Senate would adjourn without his knowing it.

But John Quincy Adams was her special object of study. He was unadulterated New England—at its best, and at its worst. While no one could match Webster's oratory, no one could stand Adams's onset. Tom Marshall was once challenged to take him in hand. He replied: "Not I! I have been gored once by the d—d old bull and have had enough of him. If there is to be any more work of the

kind, it must be undertaken by someone else. The old devil, as you call him, is a match for a dozen such fellows as you and I."

At last the time came to leave what had almost become to her a second home. Judge Story had made her promise, while in Washington, that she would not visit Mount Auburn until he could take her there. So one of her latest days was spent with the great jurist in a cemetery. It seemed after all a fitting farewell; for the profit of travel is best made out afterward in the solitude of home; and so the meaning of human life is best made out from the place where life has come to its rest.



THE BLACKSTONE MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

By Mrs. Edwara M. Gallaudet.

"I GIVE these books for the founding of a College in this Colony."

Nearly two centuries ago, in the year 1700, eleven ministers, who had agreed to found a college in the colony of Connecticut, met together in the town of Branford. "That they might engage in some formal act by which they would acquire a legal control over the institution as its founders," each man brought a number of books and, laying them on the table, repeated the words quoted above. After this ceremony of presentation, the books—about forty volumes in folio—were entrusted to the care of Rev. Mr. Russell of Branford, who was appointed to be the keeper of the library. This pioneer gift of books—supplied from the scanty libraries of the ministers and naturally of a theo-

logical character—was small in itself, but great in its results, being the first evidence of the foundation of that "school of the churches" which to-day is the dearly cherished *alma mater* of thousands of illustrious sons. For three years these books, increased by other donations, remained in Branford, permanently associating its name with the idea of a library in the minds of students of colonial history, and for all time connecting Yale University and the world of books with this quiet locality. We wish that the titles of those forty books, the nest of Yale College, might be secured, and that duplicates of the books might fill a special shelf in the new Branford library.

But this little town of Branford has another connection with an old

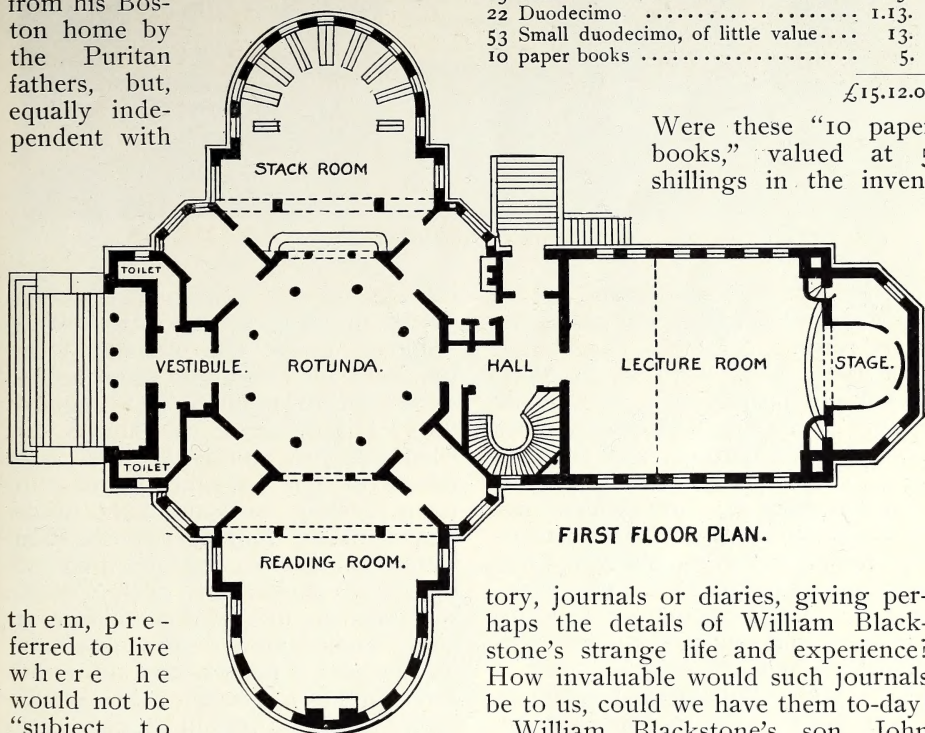
library, less well known and more remote; and it may be to that connection, to that love of books inherited from sire to son, that it owes to-day the most beautiful library building in Connecticut. If one goes back to the early history of Boston town, one finds that William Blackstone—supposed to have been a clergyman of the Church of England and a graduate of Emmanuel College, Cambridge—was the first white dweller in its borders, being found comfortably housed on the banks of the Charles when Winthrop and his people came in 1630. By and by, in 1635, he removed to Rhode Island, to the banks of the river which bears his name, becoming the first white settler of that region also. He was not driven from his Boston home by the Puritan fathers, but, equally independent with

him to have been a man of literary tastes, as he was also something of a recluse. He named his Rhode Island home "Study Hill"; and when he died he left a library of nearly two hundred volumes, which for that time and place was certainly noteworthy. This library was burned by the Indians, who plundered his house—for he died in 1675, just at the outbreak of King Philip's War; but it happens that we have an inventory of the library, which is so interesting that it is worth inserting here:

3 Bibles.....	10.
6 English books in folio.....	£3.
3 Latin books in folio.....	15.
8 " " " large quarto....	2.
15 small quarto.....	1.17.06
14 small ".....	14.
30 large octavo.....	4.
25 small ".....	1.05.
22 Duodecimo.....	1.13.
53 Small duodecimo, of little value....	13.
10 paper books.....	5.

£15.12.06

Were these "10 paper books," valued at 5 shillings in the inven-



them, preferred to live where he would not be "subject to the lord brethren," even as he had left England "not to be subject to the lord bishops." He loved Boston always, frequently visited it, and went back there for a wife. The records prove

tory, journals or diaries, giving perhaps the details of William Blackstone's strange life and experience? How invaluable would such journals be to us, could we have them to-day!

William Blackstone's son, John Blackstone, moved to Branford in 1713; and five generations of the name have lived and died upon the old family farm. Hon. Timothy B. Blackstone, in the seventh generation from this old lover of books, has hon-



INTERIOR OF THE ROTUNDA.

ored his father's memory and all his ancestors by his munificent gift to his native town.

In 1893, a few men in Branford started the project of a free public library. They began at once to raise funds for this purpose, and solicited aid not only from the citizens of Branford, but from the non-resident natives who, in wider fields of usefulness, might cherish the old New England home. To this solicitation, Hon. Timothy B. Blackstone of Chicago responded in a way most agreeable to the committee, offering to erect a suitable library building and to supply it with books as a memorial of his father, Captain James Blackstone.

The parent thus remembered and honored was a worthy descendant of his first ancestor in this country, a man of great kindness, modesty and executive ability. He served as a

captain in the Connecticut militia during the War of 1812. He held at different times the various local offices of the town, and often represented the town in the state legislature. His influence was always for what was just and good; and it is related of him that when he rose in town meeting and said, "Mr. Moderator, in my humble opinion it is better for this town that such a course be taken," the majority of the voters, such was the universal confidence in his judgment, always sided with him. Yet he was a farmer, and tilled the acres of his forefathers. He represented that class who in the past were not ashamed to get close to nature and whose characters were strengthened by their efforts to gain a livelihood from the soil. Such men and such characters, industrious, intelligent and upright, have made the bed-

rock of New England; and not one man, but many, are honored, when Mr. Blackstone of Chicago thus perpetuates his father's name.

Hon. Timothy B. Blackstone, the donor of the library, was the youngest son of James Blackstone. He left the East more than forty years ago, and is now president of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, whose affairs he has for many years conducted most successfully. But during a busy life in a rushing city, the ancestral virtues have not deserted him. His generosity and his ability in a broader field have been as marked as were those of his predecessors in the narrower walks of village life, and his modesty is so great that he refused to be present at the formal opening of the library, on June 17th of the present year.

The Blackstone Memorial Library is the finest building of its kind in

Connecticut and, as many claim, the finest in the country with two exceptions—the Congressional Library at Washington and the Boston Public Library. It was designed by Mr. S. S. Beman of Chicago, one of the architects of the World's Fair buildings, and erected at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars. It stands on a fine site in the centre of the town; and the classical beauty of its noble outlines forms a beautiful contrast to the velvety verdure of its summer surroundings, and transforms the atmosphere of the old colonial town into something akin to the atmosphere which enveloped Parnassus and the temple of the Delphic oracle. The architecture is Grecian, save for a Renaissance dome; the exterior of the building is of white Tennessee marble, while the interior is in pink and gray marble from the same state. A broad and imposing



INTERIOR OF THE DOME.

flight of steps leads to the entrance, where bronze doors of great beauty of design open upon a vestibule, which discloses the noble rotunda.

To the New England mind of an old inhabitant, accustomed to boxlike meeting-houses with whitewashed walls, this rotunda would be a marvelous revelation. It would have been a surprise indeed to the eleven ministers who gathered at Branford in 1700, and to their generation. It is of octagonal shape, extending upward to the full height of the building, and is crowned by the great dome, supported by eight columns of pink marble.

This dome has been most artistically decorated by Mr. O. D. Grover of Chicago, with eight mural designs illustrating the history of bookmaking from the earliest times to the present day. The designs are as follows: 1. Gathering the Papyrus; 2. Records of the Pharaohs; 3. Stories from the Iliad; 4. Mediæval Illumination; 5. Venetian Copperplate Printing; 6. First Proof, Gutenberg Bible; 7. The Franklin Press; 8. A Bookbindery, 1895. Framed in the heavy gold decoration which adorns the dome, the soft and tender coloring of these appropriate illustrations impresses the beholder like the stained glass and dim religious light within cathedral walls; and the whole compares not unfavorably with the larger dome of the Congressional Library.

Opening from the rotunda on the left is the stack and delivery room, with the librarian's office and the cataloguing room on either side respectively; while on the right are the reading-room and two reference rooms. The reading-room is furnished with luxurious chairs and with tables covered with all the important magazines and periodicals. A broad fireplace gives a hospitable appearance; while above the mantel a portrait of Captain Blackstone, said to bear a close resemblance to his distant English cousin, the Sir William Blackstone of legal fame, smiles a

benevolent welcome upon his old friends and their children who enter here. It is a pleasant place for the tired bread-winner to enjoy when his day's work is over; and often the homelikeness of its aspect is increased by vases of flowers—bunches of mignonette, flaming nasturtiums or sweet peas "on tiptoe for a flight"—brought by some grateful soul as a small tribute to the general loveliness.

Opposite the main entrance a hall leads to a lecture-room, sixty-two by forty-four feet in size, seating over three hundred persons. The detail work of this lecture room, like that throughout the entire building, is most rich and beautiful. The walls are paneled in oak to the curve of the roof, the arched ceiling is laid off in squares, and the whole effect is like that produced by some of the college chapels at Oxford, which once seen can never be forgotten.

A staircase with a bronze balustrade of delicate and graceful workmanship leads to the second story. This contains a gallery, finished with marble arches, extending around the rotunda, three art-rooms, the trustees' room, and dressing-rooms. The basement contains a gymnasium or sub-stack-room, storage rooms, the heating apparatus, etc. The building is lighted by electricity and is thoroughly fire-proof.

On June 17, 1896, this splendid edifice was formally presented to the town officials. In the morning there were exercises for the school children, who listened to an appropriate and admirable address by Rev. M. K. Bailey of Grace Church, New York, formerly of Branford and an active participant in the library movement. At the exercises in the afternoon, after the opening address by Hon. E. F. Jones, the President of the Board of Trustees, and prayer by President Dwight of Yale University, a monograph on the Blackstone family was read by Judge Lynde Harrison, and Professor Hadley of Yale delivered an



STACK ROOM.

address ; — and the Blackstone Memorial Library was open to the public.

One might expect and one would surely pardon some confusion in getting such an institution into working order; but there has been none. Six representative men

of Branford, appointed by Mr. Blackstone—Edward F. Jones, F. F. Hamner, Dr. C. W. Gaylord, William Regan, Edmund Zacher and Henry Hubbard—together with Addison Van Name, the librarian of Yale University, form a Board of Trustees or Incorporators, and have had charge of the enterprise, meeting twice a month for the consideration of all questions connected with the library.

The Board was fortunate in secur-



READING ROOM.

ing for a time the services of Mr. A. W. Tyler as librarian. Mr. Tyler was an assistant librarian of the Astor library from 1871 to 1876. The Blackstone library is the seventh which he has either started or organized, beginning with the Johns Hopkins University library in 1876. Miss Susie Hutchinson is the able assistant librarian, and Miss Sarah C. Neilson, a graduate of the Pratt Institute Library School, Brooklyn, is the cata-

loguer. The books which were first selected are the five thousand shown by the American Library Association at the World's Fair and enumerated in the catalogue published by the national Bureau of Education as especially adapted to the needs of small public libraries, together with one thousand more recent works, so that the library opens with a nucleus of six thousand volumes.

Any book can be drawn out for two weeks' use by a citizen of Branford, and a non-resident has the same privilege on the deposit of three dollars. On the inside cover of each book is placed the interesting bookplate of the library, designed by Mr. W. H. Hop-

son of New Haven, commemorating the action of the fathers in 1700 by a table loaded with books and folios in the upper right corner, and the historic legend: "I give these books for the founding of a College in this Colony"; a view of the library building occupies the lower portion of the plate, while heavy foliation on a black ground produces the desired artistic unity.

Mr. Blackstone has provided an income of over six thousand dollars for the yearly expenses of the library. Of this sum the Trustees propose to spend one thousand dollars annually for additions to the treasures which the shelves already hold.



LECTURE ROOM.

There are few rules to hamper the frequenters of the library. It is open from 8.30 A. M. to 9 P. M. in summer, and to 10 P. M. in winter. Though the summer time is the season of the year when the farmers and fisher-folk are busiest in the fields or on the water, yet every evening of the past summer the reading-room has been well filled. About sixty books a day

are taken out; on some days the number has been over one hundred; during the first month that the library was open over sixteen hundred small volumes were given out. This was felt to be a promising beginning for a small town like Branford.

There are those who question whether such an expenditure of money, such magnificence of building, are wisely and well bestowed on a small country place of only 5,000 inhabitants. When it is recalled how many ways the very rich discover, in these indulgent, ostentatious days, to spend for their own pleasure—on palatial dwellings, on yachts, horses, diamonds—it is grateful and inspiring to see a good man spending his substance munificently for his towns-people. It forms a happy contrast to many uses of money by wealthy men which we are now seeing in the re-

public. With precious recollections of boyhood days, of the blue waters of the Sound, sparkling in sunlight and roaring in storm, of the old home by the tall pines, and, more than all else, of the venerable father whose memory makes that ancient roof the Mecca of his heart,—with these thoughts present to his mind, Mr. Blackstone shares his wealth and success with his

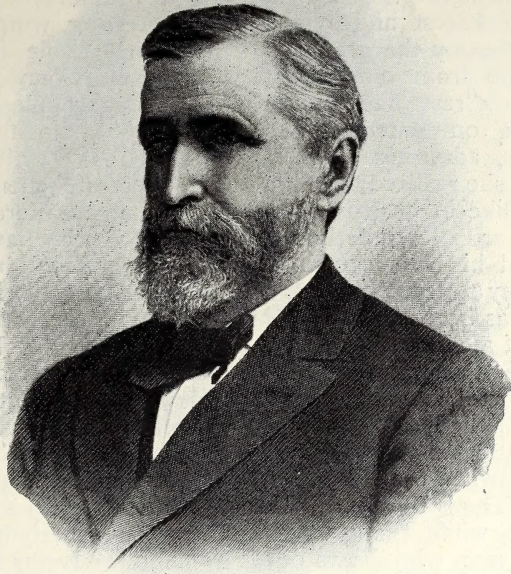
early friends and their children—"and all for love, and nothing for reward."

In the carrying out of his generous and public-spirited purpose he spared no expense.

"Whatever is finest and best for this building, go ahead and get it," were his simple and comprehensive directions to the architect. His directions and his noble desire have been realized fully in this building of snowy marble, this vision of beauty which

will not fade away. And in thus providing this costly temple of truth and knowledge for his old town, he has not only done the most which could be done for the ordinary culture of the people; he has placed before the eyes of all what will forever glorify the town and forever preach the sermon which our New England towns have so sadly needed—the great sermon of beauty.

Each day discloses more and more



TIMOTHY B. BLACKSTONE.

The founder of the Blackstone Library.

how grateful and appreciative are those whom the founder of this library has remembered so royally. There is no New England town where a work has been done like that which Mr. Blackstone has done for Branford which will not give the same testimony. Little incidents constantly show the pleasure which those occupied busily with "a round of barren toil" find in the society of literature whose door has now for the first time been really widely opened to them. One hard-working woman explained as she took out her book: "I iron a while—and then I rest and read." May the founder enjoy the gratitude of that confession from one weary worker who can "rest and read"! Another woman on entering the library gazed in admiring wonder about her, and as she realized that one and all shared alike in its privileges exclaimed: "We are all Vanderbilts!" An old man and his wife came for books, and as they tottered down the steps, the man was heard to say with the joyful tone of a child at an unexpected pleasure: "I've wanted to see this book all my life!" An Irishman drops in to ask for the life of "wan uv the saints"; a little ten-year-old boy returns a story with the emphatic commendation, "That's the best book I ever did see"; while the greatest reader of all, the man who draws out the most books, is an old town pauper! These are but illustrations of the way in which a great benefaction like this touches the lowliest lives. Money is valuable for what it will give, but none can ever compute the refreshment, the education and the unalloyed happiness which each dollar expended on this magnificent Blackstone Library confers and represents. And its great service will be in the future, as more and more it will become the centre

and stimulus of the intellectual life of the town, furnishing opportunity for all its citizens to inform themselves thoroughly on the great questions which successively command public attention, and enabling all who will to familiarize themselves with the world's best literature.

The founding of public libraries in country towns, of which we have seen so many instances on the part of wealthy men in the New England states in the last two decades, is something calculated as hardly anything else to promote in such communities an interesting, worthy, public-spirited life. This noble foundation in the historic old Connecticut town is perhaps the most splendid illustration we have yet seen of this tendency; and as such it is worthy of special note. The successful men, the Samsons of the nation, are more often than otherwise those who have had the advantage of a boyhood in the country, with its varied lessons, its hard discipline and simple pleasures; and the founder of this library is himself a shining illustration of this fact. He doubtless feels his munificent gift to his native town to be the payment of a debt for the free, sturdy, wholesome boyhood which the old town gave him, as well as a memorial to the venerated dead. The town is surely his great and grateful debtor. In the future the children of Branford will have the education of the library added to that received from nature and from schools; and "some village Hampden" will perhaps shiningly justify the founder's munificence. But a reward is already his. To fill a whole town with the benediction of books, to give to five thousand people new perceptions of beauty and the noble pleasures of literature, is to ensure the gratitude and the affection of all; and that is indeed a reward.

A DAY ON BRADDOCK'S ROAD.

By Reuben Gold Thwaites.



GENERAL EDWARD BRADDOCK.

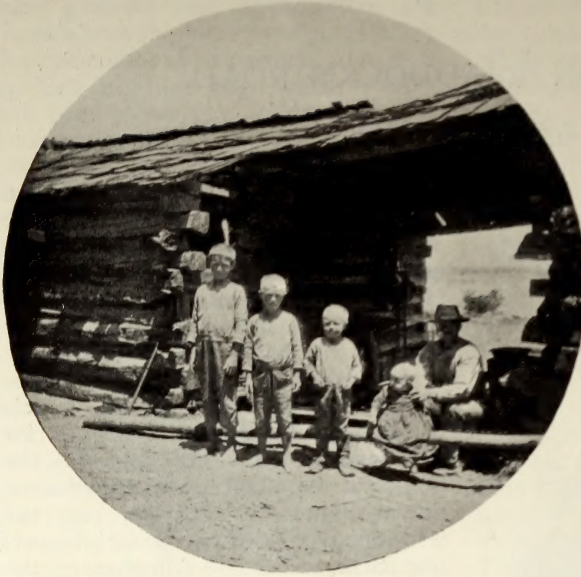
A BUSY little corner of the world is the Pennsylvania town of Brownsville, on the Monongahela. The lover of nature notes its existence, because commencing here the works of man have caused the river to change its character. The beautiful Monongahela, from flowing with broad and placid current between steep, wooded hills, deep dented with ravines,—a sore temptation to adventurous angler and canoeist and botanist—becomes henceforth a commercial stream, lined with noisy, busy, grimy, matter-of-fact manufacturing towns literally abutting one upon the other, all of the sixty miles down to Pittsburg, and fast defiling the once picturesque banks with the grewsome offal of coal mines and iron plants. To the student of West-

ern history, however, Brownsville is a sort of shrine, albeit a smoky, dusty shrine, with the smell of lubricators and the noise of hammers and much talk thereabout of the glories of Mammon. It is the Redstone of the eighteenth century: the centre of the first English settlement west of the Alleghanies, prominent in the annals of the French-English struggle for the mastery of the Ohio, and long the point of departure for expeditions down that river. It was, too, the terminus of one of two great pioneering paths across the Alleghanies, the other being Boone's trail through Cumberland Gap.

Doubtless the comparative ease by which the Alleghanies can be crossed, between the waters of the Potomac at Cumberland, Md. ("Will's Creek," of frontier history) and those of the Monongahela at the junction of Redstone Creek, was appreciated by the aborigines centuries ago: for extensive earthwork fortifications of the mound-building epoch were found by English settlers upon the riverside hill within the present city limits of Brownsville, these giving to the region its historic name, "Redstone Old Fort." It is presumable, also, that



A MOUNTAINEER'S DAUGHTERS.



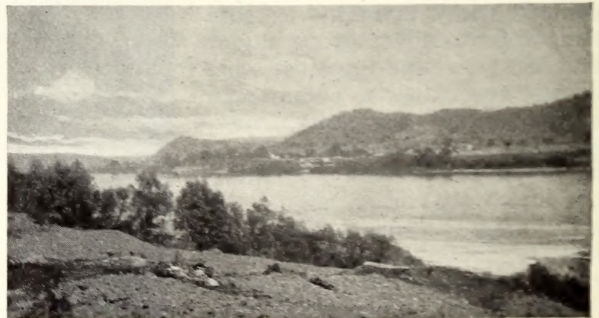
A MOUNTAINEER'S BOYS.

the Indians had had, for a long period, a well-defined trail between Will's Creek and Redstone. In 1749, the Ohio Company was chartered by the English crown, for fur-trading in the Ohio valley, and built a fort and storehouse at Will's Creek. Nemacolin, a Delaware Indian, whose village was at Redstone, was employed to show the company's agent the native route over the mountains; and it was "Nemacolin's Path" that was in great part followed by Washington in 1753 in his visit to the French at Venango, that was improved for wagon traffic by Washington on his Fort Necessity campaign in 1754, and that was followed much of the way by Braddock in 1755. For sixty-five years "Nemacolin's Path," later developed into "Braddock's Road," was traveled as the great northern highway to the West, until in 1818 the present National Road was built between Cumberland and Brownsville. This latter closely follows the now disused, but readily distinguish-

able, Braddock route from Cumberland until near Uniontown, whence it diverges westward to Brownsville, practically along the old Indian trail, leaving the Braddock Road to verge northeastward to Gist's plantation at Mt. Braddock, and thence westward to the mouth of Turtle Creek, where is now the modern iron-making town of Braddock.

It was with the view of visiting the scenes of Washington's service along Nemacolin's Path, a hundred and forty years ago, that we set out from Brownsville, one morning early in May. The rail-

way journey of some eighteen miles to Uniontown abounds in interest. The line makes its ascent to the foot of the Laurel Hills, up the rugged little valley of Redstone Creek, hugging the serpentine banks with a persistence resulting in sharp curves which bounce the traveler about in his seat at a rate more lively than agreeable. There is a strange mixture upon the Redstone: dreary little coal-mine towns, with hillocks of shale sprawling over the landscape, and red-bedaubed, unhomelike homes of operatives; banks of coke ovens, hideously lurid; soft brown fields, pricked with springing grain;



ON THE MONONGAHELA.

stretches of rectangular market gardens; and pretty farmsteads, half hid in apple orchards, closely nestled by hillside shafts. Between jerks, you get charming vistas from the car-windows—of the swift little mountain stream flowing with many a noisy cascade and placid pool between banks in which are outcroppings of the reddish stone which gives name to the locality; of grassy slopes, spangled with trillium, violets and dandelions;

way leads straight over the foothills through the pleasant rustic suburb of Hopwood, and soon begins its zigzag climb over the Laurel Hills. The road is often carved out of the side of a rugged slope, and then we have below us sharp descents, heavily forested with chestnuts, maples, oaks and lindens, already well in leaf. Great grapevines hang in rich festoons from the topmost boughs, masses of ferns and the glossy may-



BRADDOCK'S BATTLE-FIELD.

From an engraving published in 1858.

of forest trees rustling into leaf; of the quaint log cabins of the pioneers, now falling into decay; and, in picturesque ravines, where spring torrents were once harnessed, relics of the crude milling industries of generations gone before.

At Uniontown, a smart, well-built little city of eight thousand inhabitants, dependent chiefly on the coking industry, we took carriage for Fort Necessity, ten miles distant to the southeast, on the National Road—locally styled “the pike.” White, dusty and rather stony, the old high-

apple are luxuriating in the moist depths, flowering dogwoods lift their clusters of white bloom into gay relief on opposite hill slopes, shining masses of the great laurel give an air of luxuriance to the crests of roadside banks, and everywhere are flitting butterflies panoplied in rainbow tints, rejoicing in the scents and splendors of early summer. We have backward views, too, of the rolling country from which we have risen, of the hills scattered about us like haycocks, their sunny sides checkered with rectangular fields of yellow, brown and



DESERTED STAGE TAVERN IN LAUREL HILLS,
BRADDOCK'S ROAD.

gray, and of whitewashed hamlets dotting the green depths.

At the summit of the range, where a byroad, to be followed later in the day, leads off northward to Jumonville's Camp and Washington's Springs, an enterprising farm-wife conducts a summer resort, with cottages for guests who may desire to be up in the air, out of the dust of the coke ovens, during the stifling summer days yet to come. A tall, angular, harsh-visaged woman in a blue sunbonnet and with sockless feet stood leaning over a stile hard by, her eyes more intent on our approach than on the far-stretching mountain view which opened up from her vantage point.

"We fit fire last night, on Ches'nut Ridge, jest over yon," she volunteered, pointing with her thumb to the north, where a thin bank of smoke hung dreamily over the dark forest which here mantles the hills. She had no knowledge of Fort Necessity, by that name, but "lowed as thar was an ol' fort over on Facenbaker's farm, yon way, up the pike." As to how far it was, as expressed in miles, she

"lowed she couldn't tell, but it was a bit furdur—yon way furdur, now"; and the peak of her sunbonnet flapped in the direction of the southeast, where the white line of turnpike strode off down a little valley and up over the next hill, and then appeared to jump off into space.

When we had climbed thither, there was a dreary little frame tavern on the top of the hill, with a lager-beer sign conspicuously posted, a watering trough, and a half-dozen farm hands sousing their heads

at the tavern pump, preparatory to dinner. The aspect was not inviting, and in further search of dinner we descended into the next valley, where an old stone hostelry stood by a shallow run in which hogs wallowed and waddling geese craned their necks and hissed defiance to the new guests. The generous hall and dining-room, with their large open fireplaces and the commodious galleries, are eloquent of the old coaching days of the '20s and '30s, when the National Road from Cumberland to Redstone was the

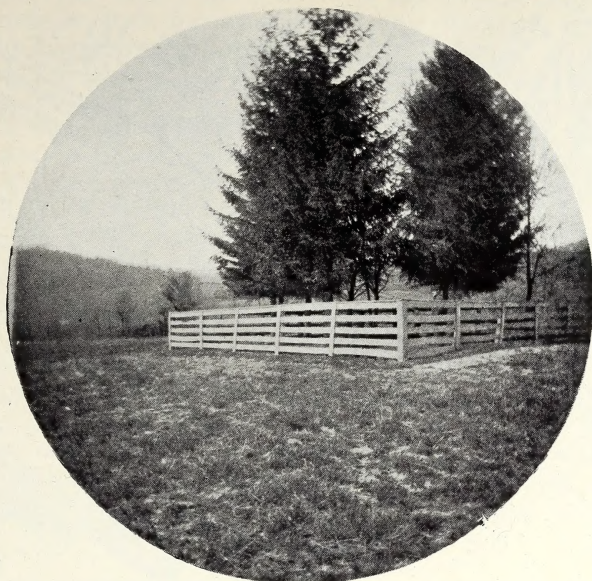


AT THE SUMMIT OF LAUREL HILLS, NATIONAL ROAD.

great trans-mountain highway, over which rolled a motley throng of immigrants, tourists, traders and speculators, on foot, on horseback, and in every imaginable conveyance, bound for the unfolding West. This old stone pile, built in 1820, when the west-setting tide was at its flood, was one of several established along the way, every twenty miles or so apart—veritable coaching taverns, at which man and beast in this restless stream might obtain refreshment, solid and liquid. But few of these coaching houses now remain; there is one six miles east of Brownsville, another in Uniontown, and this one at Braddock's Run. No more are they the scenes of nightly uproar, the crack of drivers' whips, the shouts and imprecations of a rushing throng eager to

out through this district by Bouquet in 1759, to establish a base of supplies for the defense of the frontier, it is said that "two miles from here [Fort Necessity] we found General Braddock's grave, about twenty yards from a little hollow, in which there is a small stream of water, and over it a bridge." This locality answers fully to Burd's description, and just up there on the hillside, now an open pasture, a few yards north of the present National Road, and immediately within the plainly-marked Braddock Road,

which here crosses the former, is a clump of tall evergreens, surrounded by a white-washed board fence, which tradition fixes as the site of Braddock's burial. This is not the place for a detailed consideration of the evidence but I think it morally certain that



BRADDOCK'S GRAVE.

reach the Western goal; to-day they are peaceful spots much affected by summer boarders from Pittsburg and Uniontown, and existing but in the shadow of their old-time glory.

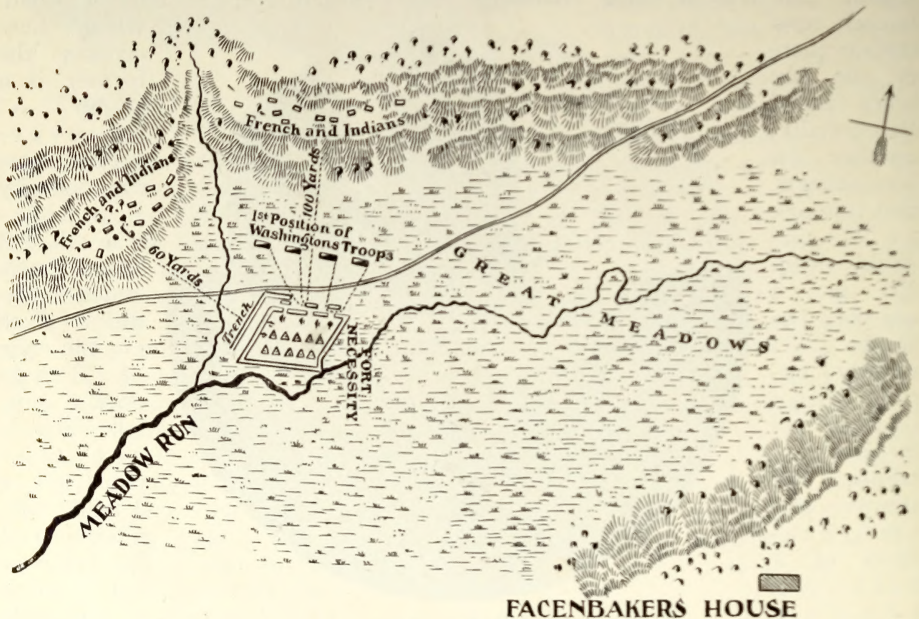
Upon the banks of this little run, now a noisy barnyard rivulet, the famous Braddock is said to have died and been interred. It will be remembered that the general was mortally wounded in the slaughter-pen at the mouth of Turtle Creek, that fateful ninth of July, 1755, but was borne by his soldiers upon the retreat, and on the fourteenth died in camp. In the journal of Col. James Burd, sent

Braddock was buried at about this spot, although the measures taken by his soldiers to obliterate the grave against possible Indian desecration were so thorough that the precise locality can never be known. It quickens one's historical imagination to stand by Braddock's resting-place, able with the eye to trace plainly through the hollow and up over the wooded hill to the west the path which the English engineers hewed out for the intrepid general. Brave and well-meaning he certainly was, and not so bad a man as many have pictured, else Washington would

never have loved him and mourned his loss. Braddock was but the victim of the traditions of his school, and many a greater soldier has since been made a fool by them.

Two miles to the southeast, along the turnpike, which follows the crest of a low-lying spur, dipping towards the Youghiogheny (pronounced *Yock-i-o-ganey*), is Geoffrey Facenbaker's farm, which includes Great Meadows and Fort Necessity. Descending through a fenced cattle-way for three hundred

ing in sweet grasses, and called it Great Meadows, in contradistinction to Little Meadows, a similar basin thirty-one miles to the east, and but twenty from Cumberland. In these meadows, Great and Little, they pastured their horses and cattle, in overmountain trips, and Washington also found both of them serviceable in this regard, in his expedition of 1754. It will be remembered that on his way to support the Virginian occupation of the Forks of the Ohio (Pittsburg), he



PLAN OF BATTLE AT FORT NECESSITY.

yards, one emerges upon the meadow, a low, almost marshy tract of some fifty acres, surrounded by low, gently-sloping hills which once were heavily forested, but are now for the most part open fields. A small creek, flowing southeasterly towards the Youghiogheny, and styled East Meadow Run, is in the center of the valley, and on the northern bank of this Washington built his fort.

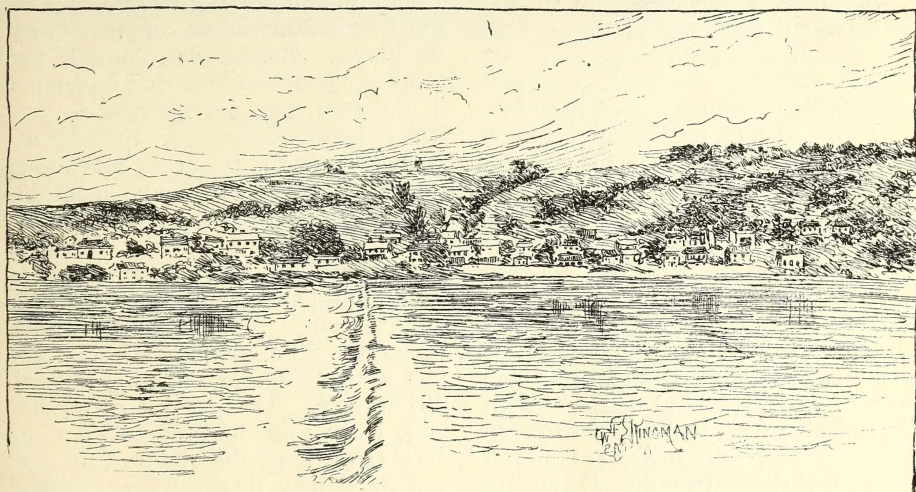
The first English fur-traders, in their journey along Nemacolin's Path, found here a springy, treeless basin much grown to bushes, but abound-

made the Great Meadows a base of operations, although its total unfitness for the purpose was recognized in the name he gave his stockade; that the French drove away the English fort-makers at Pittsburg, before Washington's arrival; that Jumonville, sent out by way of Redstone to watch the Virginians, hid in an obscure ravine a half dozen miles to the northwest, and five hundred yards east of Nemacolin's Path, at the base of a lofty hill from which he had a wide view of the country; that Washington, with his advance party, here came

upon Jumonville, and that the encounter which ensued led to the death of the latter and the opening of the French and Indian War. Washington, too weak to meet the avenging French force from Fort Duquesne, under Jumonville's brother, De Villiers, who had ascended the Monongahela in boats and was rapidly approaching up the valley of the Redstone, fell back to Fort Necessity, strengthened it as best he might, and there stood siege with his half-starved band through that dreary third of July. In a rude stockade surrounded on three sides by hills, one of them so close that the enemy could approach within sixty yards under cover of the woods, and with the besieged crippled for lack of stores, the result was inevitable; the "buckskin general" was obliged to capitulate, and at daybreak of the fourth marched out over Nemacolin's Path toward Will's Creek, a toilsome journey of fifty miles across the mountains, upon a mere apology for a road, the heart-sick officers and men bearing their burdens on their backs, and their wounded on stretchers. They were suffered to carry one swivel with them, for defense against the Indians who hung upon their flanks, and to destroy the

eight left behind them in the fort. The injury inflicted upon these latter was apparently but nominal, for the following year several of the swivels were taken to Fort Cumberland; years after this, emigrants to the West, following the old over-mountain route, found and used others at Great Meadows, and eventually these found their way into Kentucky, where they did service in the defense of savage-harassed settlers on the "dark and bloody ground."

I was surprised to find the remains of Fort Necessity so well preserved. Great Meadow Run, originally a lazy, weed-grown stream some ten feet wide, has been straightened by the present proprietor into a drainage ditch, but its ancient meanderings are readily distinguishable. The change in the course of the run destroyed an outlying work, but the embankment of the fort itself is traceable through the greater part of its length. The line of earthwork is still some eight or ten inches above the surrounding level; while on the inner side, counting the excavation ditch, it has a height of about fifteen inches. The accounts of visitors to the fort differ materially as to its shape. In his Journal of 1759, Colonel Burd says,



BRADDOCK'S FIELD.

Showing hillside where massacre occurred, now occupied by town of Braddock, Pa.



JUMONVILLE'S GRAVE.

under date of September 10: "Saw Colonel Washington's fort, which was called Fort Necessity. It is a small, circular stockade, with a small house in the centre." In 1816 Freeman Lewis made a survey, and says the embankments were then nearly three feet high, and had the shape of an obtuse-angled triangle of 105 degrees, with the base of 272 feet on the stream (then unchanged in its course), and the sides 115 and 99 feet respectively. Sparks visited the place in 1830, and tells us that it occupied "an irregular square, the dimensions of which were about one hundred feet on each side," and his engraving gives it a diamond shape. The author of the "History of Fayette County" (1822) thinks the outlines are those of a right-angled triangle. I cannot agree with any of these, for our measurements with compass and line gave us an equilateral triangle with sides of about a hundred and twenty feet. Of the side nearest the run (from northwest to southeast) seventy feet are now distinguishable; upon the side extending from the still per-

fect northwest corner towards the southern angle there remains the upper portion, a hundred and ten feet in length; the third side is broken at both ends, owing to the utter destruction of the southern and south-eastern angles, but has ninety feet left in the curtain. There are of course no remaining evidences of the palisade, on top of the embankment, for this was at the time destroyed by the French, and all relics have long since been gathered up by curiosity-seekers.

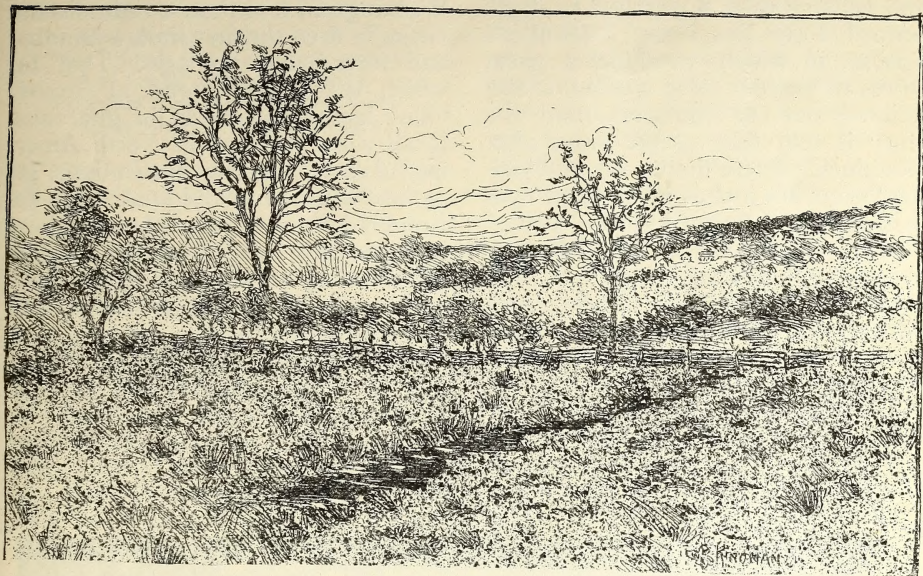
Two hawthorn trees are growing on the western embankment, one of them fifty-four inches in circumference; and Mr. Facenbaker reports that some thirty years ago, on coming into the property, he eradicated a young locust grove then occupying the site of the fort. In the centre of the fort still rests, although upheaved by frost, a hewn block of limestone, two feet square, the only surviving memento of a movement inaugurated in 1854 for the erection of a Washington monument here. This corner stone was laid with much ceremonial by Fayette Lodge, A. Y. M., the Fourth of July of that year; but nothing has since been done about the matter, and the outlines of the fort alone remain as visual evidence of the momentous affair of the Great Meadows. Washington himself had a full sense of the historic importance of the spot, and did his best to protect it from change. In 1767 he acquired claim to 234 acres hereabout, including the meadow, and mentions the tract in his will. Sold by his executors, the site of Fort Necessity passed through several hands, but has been untouched by the plow unto this day; although thousands of crayfish, piling up little mounds of clay, are just now doing their best to disturb the surface. The present proprietor will, I am told, be glad to give the acre containing the site to any person or society that will fence it and set up an appropriate monument. This ought not to be a difficult under-

taking for the State Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Leaving Great Meadows, with its sloping brown sides being ploughed and harrowed for field crops, we ascended once more through the cattle-way up to the turnpike, and an hour later were back at Summit House, turning off to the northeast on the by-road toward Jumonville's Camp. It is the roughest sort of mountain road, the hubs of the carriage one moment

spot, a small summer hotel with an outlying cottage or two. A tall mountaineer and his women folk were busy, as we passed, in whitewashing and repapering the establishment in preparation for the "season," soon to open.

A half mile or so farther on we found the rocky hillside hollow which Jumonville made his camp, and where was fired the first shot in the final struggle between French and Eng-



SITE OF FORT NECESSITY.

The hawthorn tree on the extreme left is within the earth works.

bumping trees and stumps, and the other wallowing in deep ruts which are still filled with the residuum of yesterday's rain. Up and down steep grades, swishing around sharp curves, rattling over stony hillsides, toiling laboriously through alternate beds of sand and clay, we get a fair notion of what Braddock's Road must have been, before the turnpike came. In three miles we pass Washington's Springs, a romantic glen where the Virginia major is supposed to have camped the night before he met Jumonville. There is, in this isolated

lish for the control of the continent. The sides are hung thick with laurel now, and great beds of ferns carpet the ground; while all about, the dark mountain forest is very nearly as tangled and dreary as it was in Washington's day. Towering aloft, a steep climb, is the hill which was Jumonville's outlook over Nemacolin's Path, and from which he could, himself unseen, readily observe the movements of the Virginians. Not far away, on the bank of the outlet of this spring, and at the foot of a huge boulder, is the spot styled Jumonville's

Grave, although there is less evidence that here was the actual grave than there is to establish the identity of Braddock's resting-place. A half mile to the north of here was, the following year, the camp of Colonel Dunbar, in charge of Braddock's heavy reserves. It was to Dunbar's camp that the survivors of the ambushade at Turtle Creek fled in terror; and from here commenced that shameful retreat at a time when the victorious but apprehensive French and Indians were themselves in flight toward Fort Duquesne. Dunbar's Spring, in which Braddock's great stores of powder were spoiled, is still pointed out to strangers, and the story is told that twelve years after Braddock's defeat there were still visible "some six inches of black nitrous matter all over the basin of the spring"—the residuum of the English powder so freely poured into it.

Upon a lofty elevation near Dunbar's camp, with its stirring memo-

ries of border warfare, and a half dozen miles east of Uniontown, is one of the admirable soldiers' orphans' schools, of which there are several in Pennsylvania. Emerging from the rough forest road which passes the eastern gate of the institution, we drove through the grounds as a cut-short to the Uniontown "pike," just as the sun was sinking. The smartly-uniformed school-lads were drawn up in platoons on the parade ground, saluting the flag of the country for which Washington, less than a mile distant, virtually fired the first shot, a hundred and forty-one years ago. That for which Washington stood, at Jumonville's hiding-place, was the guarantee to all white dwellers in North America of free English institutions, as against the mediæval despotism of the French dominion; the fathers of these homeless boys extended the benefits of those institutions to the blacks within our borders, thus completing the task so well begun.



AN AMERICAN LOVE STORY.

By Dorothy Prescott.

I.

O, Brignal banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall,
Beneath the turrets high,
A maiden on the castle wall
Was singing merrily.
"O, Brignal banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen."

THE Grand Trunk railroad from Portland to Montreal skirts for part of its line the very verge of civilization, and marks the boundary between the past and present. To the north of it extends a country destitute of railways, traversed only by the stage-coaches of old times, and backed by mountain ranges which can only be threaded here and there by vehicles still more primitive. The traveler, left at one of the country stations, has the sensation of stepping back a hundred years or so. It must be allowed that the railroad itself has put him back for nearly half the time. It is the slowest and laziest and most antiquated of lines—a very patriarch of railways, to judge by its looks.

About ten years ago the morning trains up and down were fuming and shunting and backing along the single track, trying to manage matters so as to get past each other where stations offered sidings for that purpose, and losing a quantity of time in the process. The employees took it coolly, and so perforce did the passengers. The ordinary cars were crowded with French Canadians, and swarming with their children—an oily, easy-going race, who would as soon be taking a journey as doing anything else. There were only two travelers on the up-train in the old-fashioned

sleeping-car which does duty by day as well for those who desire better air and more space; and the discerning eye of the black porter had already marked them as good for a fee which would compensate for lack of numbers. One was a middle-aged man of medium height and still dark hair, with good features and figure, but with nothing more noticeable about him than the indefinite something in air and manner which marked the gentleman. He was faultless in dress and appointments, and carried himself with the careless ease of one used to command in his world. Opposite him by the window sat a slender, fair-haired girl, whose very striking beauty showed a promise of something yet more lovely to come. Not so the exquisite refinement that spoke in every line of face and form, the high-bred virginal delicacy that might have graced the daughter of some imperial house of old romance, the childlike, dimpling sweetness of her smile; these could not be heightened—nay, it seemed as if they must vanish while you looked at them, like the petals of a wild rose, shed almost as soon as blown. All her dress and belongings were of the costliest and daintiest; and yet she seemed no more out of place against the dingy background of her present surroundings than the young crescent moon, a faint trembling line of light, seems rising over city slums,—for Nature's fairest things carry their own sphere with them.

Her father looked at her and wondered, as he had ever since the first time he held her in his arms, how so fair and perfect a creature could ever have come from him. "Are you tired, my darling?" he asked, taking out his watch. "We are half an hour late."

"Oh, no! It is very comfortable, and I like to see the country along the road, and the funny people at the stations."

"This is the slowest railroad in the world, I do believe. But there is one thing to be said for the Grand Trunk: you are not likely to have an accident—they don't go fast enough to hurt anyone."

His daughter laughed. "I only hope we shall get to my aunt's before dark. I want to see the place at the first glance."

"If it were not so far off, I suppose I should have brought you before; but it is so hard to get the time, and—." He was silent a moment, and then resumed: "I must tell you, Gertrude, before we get there—your uncle, you know—he is a most excellent man, but he was shockingly injured—in a fire—when he was a young man. It was when his father's house took fire and burned down; it used to stand on the road by the big pines, before you come to ours. They all got out, only he would go back for some of his books; just like poor Isaiah—." He was going on more to himself than to Gertrude, but checked himself as he caught the pitying gaze of her soft eyes.

"Oh, yes—I have heard all about it."

"I only did not want you to show any surprise when you first saw him."

"Why, of course I should not!"

"I did not know as you were quite prepared for his looking so very badly. Poor fellow! we were good friends when we were boys. He was very clever and had set his heart upon being a clergyman, which was thought a great thing in the country then; but this unfortunate accident put an end to all that, and when he married your aunt they took the farm and settled down there."

"She must love him very much."

"Yes; she was engaged to him before."

"I am glad they have the farm, though I almost wish you had kept it."

"I couldn't have done anything with it then; and now, I don't know—it's a pretty place, but out of the way, and not near anything in particular, and your mother, of course, wanted to be near her friends. I have had thoughts sometimes of building there, but I don't know how it would work. Here we are at the Pond!" he ended with an accent of relief, as the train slowed again.

Bryant's Pond is a thriving town, through which passes the produce of a rich farming district; but it is so surrounded by hills that a step or two takes the traveler out of sight of it and its station, where the arrival of the train could only muster a crowd of a dozen, half of them small boys.

"What a pretty place!" cried Gertrude when they descended to the platform and the train drew off, giving them a peep of sparkling blue waters and overhanging forest-crowned crags beyond, seen between the trunks of pines so tall that the pointed church spire and the sharply pitched roofs of the cottages nestled in a lower growth of blooming apple trees, seemed to carry on an independent existence at their roots. "It looks like Switzerland. How lovely it must have been before the railroad ran through!"

"Why, child, the railroad made the town! When I was a boy, there wasn't but one house at the Pond. The Point was more of a place then,—and even Andover. Come, we must see about getting away. There's the old stage-coach, just the same as ever."

They crossed to the side of the platform away from the track, where stood one of the old stage-coaches which are patiently wearing themselves out on the back country roads, and where the stage-driver, sturdy, red-faced and gray-haired, was scrutinizing with interest two large trunks and a few smaller boxes of expensive make.

"Is that you, Jehiel? How do you do?" asked the new arrival.

"So, so!" rejoined the man.

"You don't remember me?"

"Can't say as I do, without—you ain't John Mills?" he added in altered tones.

"That is my name," said the traveler, laughing.

"Do tell! Well, John, how be you? You got a pile o' money down to Boston, ain't you?"

"I've done pretty well," said Mr. Mills dryly. "I suppose none of us are satisfied."

"More chance to make it there than here, I guess," said the other.

"If it comes easy anywhere, I don't know the place. I know I've worked hard since I left." Already a subtle difference was perceptible in his tone and manner, as if meeting with his old neighbor had struck an answering chord in him. It did not seem quite easy for him to find the proper standpoint between patronizing and familiarity, and he changed the subject with: "Here is my daughter. Gertrude, this is Mr. Harding, who used to live near us when I was a boy."

"I am very glad to see you," said Gertrude, in so sweet a tone and with so beaming a smile as she held out her hand, that the man exclaimed, "I swan! ef she ain't the prettiest little gal I ever set eyes on!"

Gertrude laughed, and her father laughed too, but less heartily. He was very willing to come back and condescend good-humoredly to the acquaintance of his youth, even to be amused with the mixture of old-time familiarity and newly aroused respect. But the little princess by his side was a being out of their sphere. He had some misgivings as to his own prudence in having yielded to the impulse which had made him bring her up here among the hills to spend the summer. His wife had received the plan very doubtfully when he proposed it. But Gertrude, in spite of that bright carnation bloom on her cheek, was delicate; the family doctor had said that good pure inland air would be better for her this summer

than the salt breezes of Manchester-by-the-Sea, where Mr. Mills had his fine country seat; and where was there purer, sweeter air than at Mills Farm, —still called by that name, though it had passed to the distaff side of the house, in the person of Mrs. Isaiah Brown, once Sarah Mills? What was more natural than that Gertrude should visit her aunt? why shouldn't his children learn to know his own people? John Mills had asked half angrily of himself, half doubtingly of his wife.

"Why, John, you never seemed to wish it," said Mrs. Mills. She had visited at the Farm once or twice, in the early days of her marriage, and had not found her relatives-in-law much to her taste. She was too good a woman and too good a wife to wish that they should be neglected; but when she had repeatedly pressed their claims to attention on her husband, and found him unyielding, she had consoled herself with the thought that she had done all that was required of her and that John always would have his own way when he really wanted it. She had to take the same assurance home to herself now, when he suddenly broke out with this plan for the summer. She offered no opposition, which would be useless in any case, and might even give an impetus to her husband's resolution, which, if unopposed, might falter of its own accord. She could not go herself to survey the land, for her own mother's health was failing and required her constant attention. Mrs. Parker had been a person of consequence in her son-in-law's household when she first took up her abode there, and her modest but well-secured income had been of much assistance to the young couple; and though it had dwindled relatively in the rush of their prosperity, yet its owner, used to deference, was a person of consequence still. John Mills had his own way; yet he did not, as he stood on the platform at Bryant's Pond, feel quite a voluntary agent. For the first time in many years he

had been swayed by an irrational, irresistible impulse—a sort of thing he had never found of any advantage in his business. It was too late now to draw back, even if the sweet familiar air had not been lapping all his senses in a dream of home. He helped Gertrude to her seat on the coach box, and climbed up after her; and they drove off, along a narrow valley road, still and shady, almost oppressively so in the close shut-in greenery of leafy June, which did not seem to indicate any great wealth of soil, for the farms were poor and the villages shabby. Gertrude found plenty to admire; but her father did not respond, and said they never thought much of the road from the Pond to the Point.

"How near the Point does my aunt live?" she asked.

"About a mile and a half, I guess," said the driver, who considered himself entitled to answer the question.

"Shall you drive us there? This is such a pleasant way to travel!"

"I'd like nothin' better than to drive you all day," said Jehiel, gallantly; "only I've got to take this team on to Andover. But they'll meet you at the Point. Harry'll be there for you. You've seen Harry, I s'pose?" he added, jerking up his horses' heads, as he turned to Mr. Mills.

"When he was a boy. I should hardly know him now."

"You'll know him after you see him, that's sure."

"Does he look like his father—I mean, as his father used?"

"No-o-o. Isaiah warn't never anything like him. I tell you, he looks suthin' like you, when you was young, only—he's about twice as tall, and—he's an awful handsome chap, Harry Brown."

As Mr. Mills did not respond to this implied comparison, Jehiel continued: "They expect Harry'll get along in the world, I guess. He's terrible smart"; and as he still met no response: "You'll git him suthin' to do when he's through college, I s'pose?"

"I cannot say till I see what he can

do," replied Mills, wondering if Jehiel had been set on to sound him by the Browns. But the man only voiced the general sentiment of the neighborhood. No one there had ever expected John Mills to do so much in the world; and if he had made such a figure without help, what might not be expected of his nephew with it?

"Oh, there's nothin' he can't do!" went on Jehiel. "Why, he a fust-rate guide to the Lakes already; he's been up there summers these three years back! He knows 'em like a book, from Rangeley down to Errol Dam, and all up to Parmachenee and further."

The road, which they had now followed for about eight miles, here took a turn westward; the hills rose higher and wider apart so suddenly that you seemed to see them rise and draw back, like courtiers greeting the entrance of a king. Wide, rich meadows stretched between them, while far to the west two great gorges led north and south, through which dim higher peaks loomed up, one over another. No lovelier chamber of the air was ever opened to mortals. All the blue above, the green below, were shot through and through with long rays of gold from the sun now sloping to the west. Clover blossoms freshly scented every breeze, and singing bobolinks darted to and fro across the road under the horses' very noses.

A more experienced traveler than Gertrude would have known what all this meant; but she was only lost in wonder and delight. Her father's eyes dwelt fondly on the heightened color on her cheek and the sparkle in her eyes; but still he had some attention to spare for the scene which called them up, whose unchanged aspect struck him afresh with surprise. He was so changed, it seemed as if the place must be. But there were the old landmarks, one by one; and he pointed out to Gertrude the twin spires of the Point beckoning them on so long before, and the clustering roofs of Hanover, nestling so sweetly

on the lower slopes of her sheltering hills, just caught sight of for a moment as they passed up the long straggling village street of what he called the Corner, and then lost again as they took a sharp sudden turn and after a moment's descent came suddenly on the great river Androscoggin, the monarch of the valley, till then unseen, and in another moment were floating upon his broad breast. The waters were like glass, the shores like velvet; the ferry boat glided with the current, without raising a ripple, and hardly straining on the rope. Gertrude had no words; and her father enjoyed her speechless delight while he chatted with the ferryman, who showed a new figure at the old familiar task, but who had the old set phrases about the height of the river and the quantity of lumber that had gone down that spring, on his tongue's end, exactly as his predecessor had. As they neared the opposite shore, "Look up stream, Gertrude," said her father, "and see where the Ellis comes in, round the point with the oak trees. That gives the place its name,—and here it is"; and their horses were straining up the steep bank and skirting the village green, round which stood large old-fashioned square white houses. Before every one were great old elm trees, their drooping branches sweeping the roofs, and little fenced-in "door yards" crowded with shrubby old rose bushes in full bloom, and most of these bore white roses. Just beyond was the graveyard, a village in miniature, with white stones and white roses clustering round them, and overshadowing trees. All was so still that the rattle of the coach was heard on the grass-grown track which hardly broke the turf. But no one seemed to notice its coming; no one was seen about the houses but two or three dim figures inside, scarcely caught as they passed. There was an old-world air of decay about the place, but somehow contented and even cheerful, with the freer, fresher touch

given by Alpine views of distant mountains and nearer craggy hills, on which the ever gladdening pine softened the rough places, while it sprang up in clumps or singly wherever a waste bit of land gave it a chance.

There was a little knot of men around the post office, evidently waiting for the stage, though they hardly stirred as it appeared; and when it had stopped and the passengers had alighted, a tall, dark-haired young fellow advanced and held out his hand with: "I suppose I have the pleasure of speaking to Mr. John Mills." His voice was singularly deep and soft, and lent a courtesy to his words, though they were spoken without a smile.

"Why, yes—you are Harry, I suppose?"

"I am Harry. I have brought the buckboard over for you. It won't hold your baggage, but I can come back for that—so if you will show me if there is anything you wish to take with you?"

"I don't care for anything; do you, Gertrude? Oh—this is Gertrude, my daughter. Gertrude, this is your cousin, Harry Brown."

Gertrude held out her hand at the word, with her usual winning smile; but her cousin, though he bowed low, hardly touched the tips of her fingers. "This way, if you please," he said, indicating one of the long, unwieldy vehicles, known to northern New England. This one was far from being an elegant specimen; but he handed Gertrude in, arranged everything about her, and covered her gown with the carriage rug—a necessary precaution, as the low-hung seats were but little above the ground—with most punctilious care, gave hardly less to his uncle, and as carefully packed in their lesser luggage.

He was very tall, and his figure had the ease and freedom about its movements that comes of being at home in the woods. It was already fully grown, and his voice had the finished ring of manhood; but his face, in

spite of its moustache, had still a boyish look. He was very dark, with the rich red-brown color that tells of a life in the open air, and his eyes were dark too, not black, but of that indefinite shade between gray and hazel, which can change with every moment. There was a sort of family resemblance between him and his uncle, but he was far handsomer than John Mills could ever have been, handsomer than any young man Gertrude had ever seen, and with an air of excessive ceremony which puzzled her not a little. She could have smiled at the formality of his manner, were it not that its gravity almost alarmed her. There was not a particle of defiance about it; rather that most absolute indifference which comes of preoccupation with private, unobtruded sorrows, giving the wearer, as nothing else can, the effect of superiority to his companions. It was impossible to tell why Harry Brown should be sad, if he were so; but it was evident that if any notice were taken of it, his reply was ready. "My troubles are no concern of yours, as long as I do not ask for your sympathy. Have I ever given you any reason to complain that they affect my performance of any duty you have a right to demand?"

Over these perplexing questions Gertrude thought more than she had ever thought in her short life before; and while she pondered they had left the village behind, turning sharp to the right up a long, hot, sandy hill. The distant view seemed to lose its charm as by magic, and the hills to be less picturesquely grouped. Gertrude was disappointed and wished they had stayed under the cool shade and by the bright waters of the Point. A house or two on the way looked poor and squalid, and she was apprehensive that one of them might turn out to be her uncle's home. But they toiled up the ridge, and then there came as sudden a change of scene as when the maiden in Tieck's bewitching romance crosses the bridge to Elfland. Down went the road in a

steep stony pitch into a round valley of most perfect shape, its green level floor surrounded by high hills folding one over another, highest at the north where the bare rocky wall rose far into the air, lowest at the south where it was skirted by the road. The slopes of the hills were richly wooded, and occasional belts and groups of fine trees broke the rich cultivation of the intervalle, watered by numberless brooks too small to be visible as they ran down the hillside, but traced by their thick overhanging border of shrubs and flowers, till they flashed back the sunbeams here and there as they broadened on the levels and wound their slow way to the valley's northern edge, where the wandering Ellis broke through the hills and out again, after a tortuous course under wooded banks so close and steep that even the rays of noon could hardly sparkle on her waves. The farmhouse, a large old square one, unpainted and gray with age, but with all its surroundings in the nicest order, faced the road at the southern end, a little up the slope, the farm buildings straggling down behind it. The turf stretched soft and green to its very doors, and it was shaded by great branching elms, and maples as round and thick as if they were clipped. Animals of various kinds were to be seen about, but not a human being; everything basked in silence under the long beams of a warm westerly sun. From the entrance of the valley not another house was to be seen; but as you moved around it, the landscape, as is the way among mountains, changed at every step, and then up the winding vistas which ran through the hills, or on high far-off slopes, a column of smoke rose from some chimney, or the light flashed from some window, telling the wanderer that some other home as fair as the Mills farm might be waiting there, could he but find the way to it.

As every human countenance has eyes and nose and mouth, and only once in a while are these useful

organs developed with the harmony of apparent design which makes the face beautiful, so nature often has her rocks and trees and water tossed about at haphazard, but every now and then grouped with such happy fitness that they strike the gazer's eye with all the effect of composition. A soul speaks from the scene, as if it were fresh from the loving touch of a creative hand, under whose guidance every detail has been planned to strengthen the dominant idea. There are few places where the beholder feels this more strongly than that on which Gertrude now looked for the first time. It thrilled her through and through, though she could not take in half of it.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she cried, as Harry checked his horse on top of the hill, so earnestly that for the first time his face responded with a smile, if a faint one.

"I suppose it is beautiful," he said, "but I have not seen many other places."

"There can be none like this. Why did you never tell me before how lovely it was?" she asked, turning to her father; but for once she had no answer. His whole attention was absorbed as Harry guided his spirited horse slowly down the steep descent, and then gave the animal its head on the level, and drew up on the green sward before the door—the front door. Rarely in his boyhood had John Mills entered here. It was along the well-worn footpath to the back door that he had been wont to come with his string of trout wet from the brook, or hat full of eggs warm from the barn, and where his mother used to meet him with such a smile on her face as he had never seen on any other but his only daughter's. He was a stranger now, and to be received with all due honor; and as if in a dream he pushed back the gate of the dooryard and parted the straggling sprays of blooming rose and faded lilac which met low down across the seldom used path, with grass in

every crack, which led from the gate to the faded green door under the narrow little porch thickly wreathed with Virginia creeper and matrimony vine, where his sister, summoned by the noise of wheels on the hill, stood with extended hand to welcome him.

Mrs. Isaiah Brown had been very like her brother in their youth,—*"reg'lar Millses, both on 'em, and not a bit of their mother about 'em,"* according to the opinion of the neighborhood; but the likeness had grown less apparent with every year of their lives. Both had worked hard; but the man had waxed stout and easy over the making of money in the stock market, and the woman had grown lean and spare over petty pickings and savings. The toughness of fibre, the faculty for getting and holding, and the unbending will, which raise a man in the world, are apt to show bare and harsh in his female relatives, who lack the opportunity of using those gifts in any but narrow ways. John Mills had long ago risen to those heights where the ideal woman is a gentle protected creature, and had with his usual unerring outlook for his own interests chosen a wife accordingly, and trained his ways to match hers and those of her kinsfolk, till the iron muscles were sheathed in velvet. Sarah Mills' choice in marriage had been limited, and though it suited her well enough to be the ruler in her married life, it had not softened her voice or refined her ways.

"Well, John! how be you?" she called out in a loud, cheerful tone, "and how's 'Lizabuth? Why couldn't she 'a' come, too?"

"She could not leave her mother, just now," said Mr. Mills, looking abstractedly about him. "But here is our oldest child—Gertrude, my dear!"

"Don't look very rugged, does she? but we'll fat her up here. Come into the parlor, and set down, won't you?" she asked, leading the way. "Here's

my girls. This is Angelia, and Ella, and Mamie. I guess Gertrude comes between Ella and Mamie, don't she?"

"She was sixteen in May."

"Mamie's fifteen, and Ella's eighteen, and Harry's twenty, and Angelia's just twenty-two."

"Well, you needn't be always talkin' about it," said Angelia, jerking one shoulder forward.

"Never mind—'tain't 'cause she's had no chances, that she ain't married yet," said the mother.

"How do you do, my dears," said the uncle, gravely taking a hand of each in succession; and Gertrude followed his example. She supposed she ought to kiss her cousins; but they were taller than she and showed no disposition to make it easy for her, so she only kissed Mamie, who was most on a level with her. They were tall, loose-jointed girls, much like their mother, though with more pretensions to good looks and less of the air of having their own way. Angelia, the oldest, had something of a defiant look about her; Ella had less apparent sharpness and more good nature; Mamie, sickly and ailing, looked feeble and fretful.

"Won't you set down?" repeated Mrs. Brown. They accepted the invitation; and then came a pause, such as is apt to ensue when long parted relatives meet and cannot think of anything to say of sufficient consequence to befit the occasion. "Did you have a pleasant ride?" she asked at last.

"Oh, yes, delightful!" responded Gertrude, in silver tones, her pretty lips parting in their ever ready smile. "It is so lovely here," she added, turning to her cousins.

"It's awful lonesome," replied Angelia; "stupidest road I ever seen—no passin' on it."

"Well!" said her mother, "you'd best clear off then, first chance you git!" with an intelligent look which drew giggles from her daughters. "And how does the old place look?" she

asked with somewhat of sentimental intent.

"Very much the same, outside," said her brother, looking round. "You have made some alterations here, I see."

"Yes. I thought I'd take some of that last money you sent me and fix up this room a bit. It seemed to need it, and I wanted the girls to have some place fit to see their company in. I wanted to tear down the old chimney, it takes up so much room; but Harry wouldn't let me, and so I only bricked it up," she went on, looking at the cast iron stove which replaced the open fire of early days, which had given the room a little life on the rare occasions when it was opened for company. John Mills supposed it might be that change which gave it so much more of the chilly air of being solely preserved for that purpose than before. He was not enough of a connoisseur in furniture to gauge the difference of the sombre respectability of heavy mahogany and black haircloth and the meretricious fragility of veneered rosewood and peacock blue brocattelle.

"We didn't spend much; and I thought you'd as soon have us use it for that as anythin'," said Mrs. Brown apologetically, not understanding her brother's look of vague discomfort.

"Oh, certainly."

"Them books on the centre-table was all presents to the girls, and that biggest pictur' was given to Angelia,"—exchanging another conscious glance with her oldest daughter. "They like to set here, evenin's; but Mr. Brown and Harry, they stick to the old room, so I keep the fire up there for them, though it makes no end of dust—'s long as they'll haul the wood. As for me, I don't never have time to set nowhere," she wound up with a hearty laugh.

"There's parpar, now," said Mamie, from her seat by the window.

John Mills had been trying to recall some suggestion of his sister's youth,

either in herself or her daughters. Somehow neither would strengthen his memories of the blooming, black-eyed girl. His brother-in-law's old self came up more vividly, for here the change was so great that there was no suggestion to be looked for, and there was no resemblance between Harry and his father except in voice and now and then a fleeting expression. Isaiah Brown's youth had vanished with a breath, and old age would steal on him unheeded. He walked in a slow, stooping way, and had a gentle, deprecating air, as if asking pardon of newcomers for showing them his face, which he did not drop even with his old friend, and which increased as he turned to his niece. But Gertrude held out her little hand so quickly, and her beautiful eyes met his with such absolute unconsciousness, that he did not turn away, but stood looking at her with the same feeling of refreshment which he drew from the wild flowers or the birds or any other innocent creatures of God, in whose presence he was wont to lay off his burden of self-depreciation. His wife, who had been ready with an apologetic allusion, looked relieved.

"She is a very dear child," said the uncle in gentle tones. "I hope she will be happy here."

"I am sure I shall. I only wish father and mother could be here too, and my brothers—they would like it."

"Of course—of course," said Mr. Brown, still looking at her and holding her hand, as if loath to let it go. Gertrude smiled back, well pleased with his pleasure; but when she caught Harry's eye fixed on her with a look of close attention whose cause she could not penetrate, she blushed and drew her hand away.

The party broke up to meet at tea in the "settin' room," which with its fire and its age had a more home-like air than the best parlor. The house dated from an era of good building, and was a well made one even for that

period; for fine timber was cheap and plenty in Maine in those early days, and the heavy beams and panels gave the room an air of dignity, though the furniture, even that banished from the renovated parlor, had never been valuable, and was now, though carefully preserved, well worn. It held its ground with the persistency which such movables acquire in a farm in a back town, where it is more trouble to throw things away than to keep them, and where new goods and money to buy them are equally scarce.

John Mills, as if in a dream, recognized his mother's old work-basket on her old table, still in use; and it recalled his boyish visions of fitting up the old place and giving mother everything she wanted. Poor woman! she had wanted very little, and she had been laid to rest under the shadow of the pines in the graveyard on the Point before her son's increasing means had given her anything but a few cheap presents. There near his plate lay one of the very butter knives which had made her so proud and pleased when he brought them from Boston. He and his life had changed since then; and as he looked at his brother-in-law quietly passing round the dishes, he remembered that Isaiah had had his aspirations also, which had seemed to John as a boy higher and more daring than his own, though now any clerical ambition looked to him too petty to be seriously cherished. His memory pictured Isaiah, young, eager, with glowing face and voice of music; and how, as they strolled together across the fields on Sunday afternoons, he would say dim, half-comprehended things, which would rouse a long lingering echo in the heart of his hearer. "Isaiah could not have had much stuff in him after all," thought his old friend; "no accident of that kind would have daunted me; if he had anything real to say, why couldn't he have taken to writing, and made it pay?" His reveries were only broken

by the close of the meal, at which he had been but a silent guest.

The farmer shambled round and "finished up the chores," of which the bulk had already been done by Harry, and Mrs. Brown and her daughter Ella cleared off the table and put up the milk. The other young people were left to entertain the company. But Angelia was absent-minded, and Mamie shy; nothing but monosyllables could be extracted from them. The burden of the talk fell on Harry, who discharged his duty punctiliously. He related the farming experiences of the past year, and drew attention to relics of old times about the house and garden; and when the interest in these seemed likely to flag, he changed the subject to public affairs and other general topics. No man of the world could have been more exact on all social points; his grammar and pronunciation, like his father's, were faultless, only replacing the quaint simplicity of Isaiah's old-world style with a precision of later date. And yet, somehow, John Mills did not like his nephew Harry. He did not like the air of absolute ease which seemed to place them on a level any the better because it was tempered by the proper amount of deference to his superior age; nor that of dejection which deprived the offered attention of all spontaneity the more because it was so perfectly unobtrusive and self-controlled. What business had the young man to be so very superior?—and that, too, without any assistance from his uncle? Neither did his manners to Gertrude please her father. He had felt a faint sensation of uneasiness at the first sight of his nephew; for though of course Gertrude was too young and too well brought up and too fastidious to attach any importance to the rustic admiration of a country cousin, let him be as handsome as he might, he did not wish to have her receive it. But then, neither did he like to see his beautiful child as coldly regarded as if she were some sour-faced maiden aunt.

The rest of the family dropped in one by one, and all adjourned to the west porch at the back door, where the elders sat and looked at the sunset, while the younger portion as naturally strolled off—all but Mamie, who said she was too tired and sat huddled up on the steps. Angelia was escorted by a silent, ruddy-faced, vacant-eyed young man, who was evidently regarded as a person of more consequence than his manner would bear out. Ella had no admirer, and walked with her cousin under her brother's guardianship, across the road and up the southern slope to the edge of the pine wood on top.

"That is Perry Cutter," said Mrs. Brown, in tones of some impressiveness, as the party sauntered off.

"Indeed? is he Milo Cutter's son?"

"Yes—only one he's got."

"Do they live on the old place?"

"Yes; they've fixed it up real elegant—painted it all over and built a new barn, biggest in the town. They say Mile's awful rich now"; and as she received no reply: "I guess Perry and Gele'll be married before long."

"Indeed? I hope you are pleased?"

"I s'pose you'll think it queer she warn't married before."

"Not at all. She is young still."

"You see, Perry's been tryin' to get a divorce from his first wife, and that takes time."

"First wife?"

"Yes; he married a girl named Lila Swann, from Byron, who worked in the mills at Lewiston, and come up here on a visit; but they never got along together."

"I should not think you would wish to risk your daughter's happiness with him."

"Well, I don't know as she could do much better. She's past twenty now, and she's liked Perry a good while. I guess Lila never had nothin' against him. Folks thought she couldn't stand the old lady's ways, nor the old lady hers. But Gelia isn't that kind;

she won't let herself be put upon the way Lila did. I guess they'll have to mind their p's and q's with *her*."

John Mills was silent; but his silence spoke to his brother-in-law, who said: "I do feel very much averse to Angelia's entering into this marriage, but I cannot make her understand my reasons."

"Well!" said his wife, "I shouldn't think you'd be so set against your own daughter! A man's got a right to get rid of a wife, if she ain't a good one, I hope—and a woman too. I don't feel no call to interfere with a girl of Gele's age."

"I hope," said Mills, "you will not let *my* daughter hear anything about this affair."

Mrs. Brown was offended at the tone of her brother's speech, but there was something about it which deprived her of all power to reply. She discovered that she must see to something in the house, and bustled off, followed by Mamie. Her husband sighed patiently as the sound of her footsteps died away.

"I am surprised at your allowing such a thing to take place in your family," said Mills.

"I am sorry—very sorry; but I am unable to prevent it. I have spoken to Angelia, but she is very determined. She says she loves the young man, and will not give him up."

"But it ought not to be tolerated. I can't imagine myself allowing a child of mine to do such a thing. Mine are taught obedience early."

"Yours are young yet. But I do not wish to deny that we went to an extreme in our indulgence of our children; only—Angelia was always a little self-willed, and I fear her mother did not know best how to manage her. She was the oldest, you see, and poor Sarah has always had so much to do. It was not easy for her to give careful attention to the children. Yours, of course, have been differently brought up; and then, there's something in the children. There's my Harry, now—he never had a fault, or wished to

do a thing that did not please me."

"A regular young prig, I should imagine," thought the uncle.

"Some are like him, needing no teaching but what they can give themselves; others can be taught. Poor Angelia, I am afraid, is one of those who can only learn from experience."

"But it is criminal weakness to allow it! Would you let a child burn itself to death to teach it by experience?"

"The cases are hardly parallel," said Isaiah mildly. "I have sometimes thought that absolute freedom in forming and breaking the marriage tie would tend to a higher and loftier standard of morality than that which we can at present attain. Virtue then would be spontaneous, not forced. 'Let him that is filthy be filthy still—let him that is holy be holy still,' you know. At the same time I do not deny that the laxity of our laws in this state produces very undesirable results. There is a feeling that if the letter of the law is followed nothing more is necessary; and often no higher standard is perceived or reached. I am deeply grieved—indeed, ashamed—that such should be the case in my own family."

"Well, for heaven's sake, don't let Gertrude hear anything about it!"

"No, there is no danger of that. Harry will not have it mentioned in the house. He has done what he could—he has told Angelia that if she marries Perry he will not be at the wedding, nor ever enter their house."

"Why do you not do the same?"

"It would make no difference, and I should not think it right. Nothing a child can do should alienate a father's love. We are, the very best of us, unthankful and undeserving children; and shall one poor mortal presume to judge another?"

"There goes Isaiah Brown!" thought John Mills, "theorizing about building, while his house is tumbling about his ears!" The tide of time rolled back, and he seemed to be again listening to one of their old

boyish talks on everything in heaven and earth, when Isaiah would hold forth on some alarming paradox, and he would listen, half admiring, half provoked. But it was many years since Isaiah had spoken so many consecutive words, and he now paused abruptly and abashed, as the young people approached, slowly winding down the hill in the evening glow. They were better acquainted, as was natural, than when they set out. Gertrude perceived that her cousin Harry was not happy; but she had been used to see sober faces brighten as they looked at her, and she strove to please him by admiring the view from the pasture.

"This is your cow-pasture? And do you keep your sheep and lambs here too? I wish I could see a little lamb!"

"Our lambs are all pretty well grown now. I can show you one to-morrow. But we don't pasture cows and sheep together," said Harry.

"Why not?"

"Because sheep crop the grass too short for the cows. A cow has no under teeth, and cannot bite as a horse can. We turn in our horses with the sheep sometimes."

"Thank you."

Ella giggled, though, country bred as she was, she knew no more about the matter than Gertrude did. "You don't know much about farming, do you?" she asked.

"No," said Gertrude, simply, "I hardly know anything about it at all. I wish I did!"

For the second time Harry looked at his cousin as though she were something new to his experience, and something in his manner made her girlish chatter flow more freely to him afterward.

"John's changed, ain't he?" asked Mrs. Isaiah Brown of her husband, as they were retiring for the night. She received no reply, but she was not used to waiting for one from Isaiah,

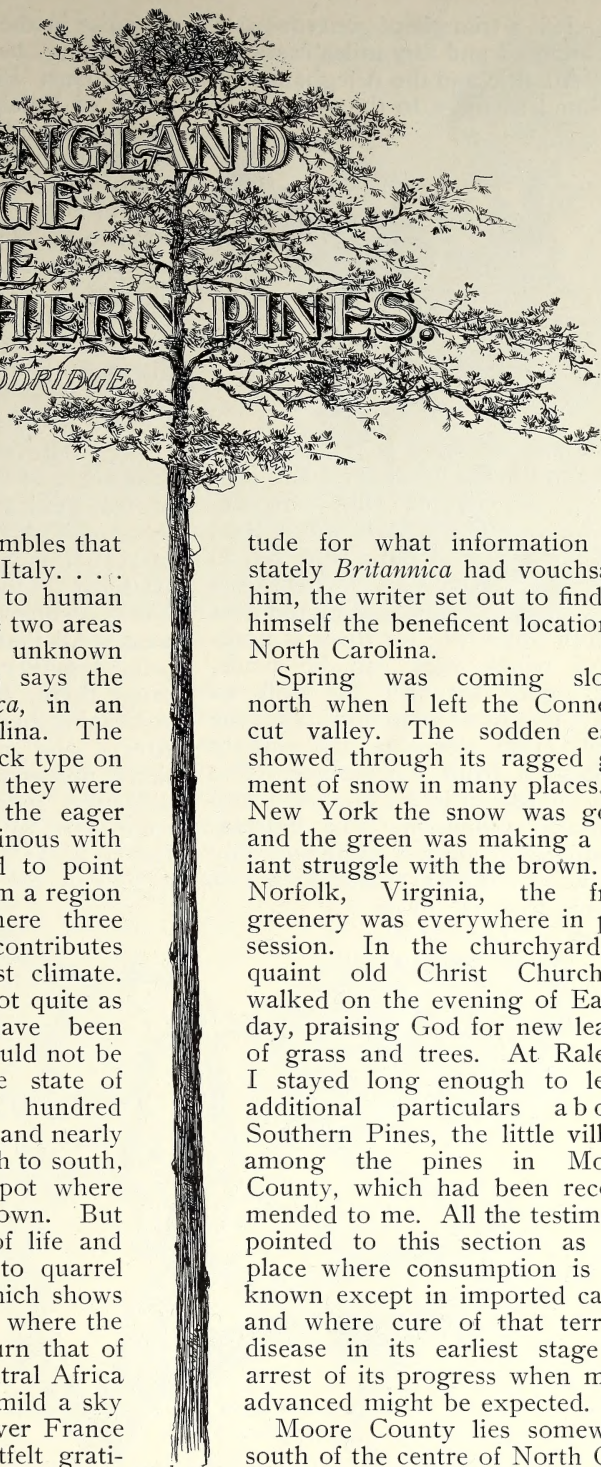
and went on. "Real set up, I call him!"—then, with indignation gathering for want of agreement: "I don't see what right he has to object to our girls' marryin', when he never done the first thing for them himself."

"He has often sent them very handsome presents."

"Well, but I mean in the way of having them to stay, and gettin' young men for them, an' all that. If a girl can't marry one, she'll take another"; and as the well trained Isaiah silently went on folding the clean shirt he had put on that evening aside for future use, she continued: "It's 'Lizabuth, I guess—she was always pleasant enough, but she never took no trouble about us"; then, as she turned out the light, she gave a parting shot: "Don't you think yourself he's altered?"

Isaiah gave a groan that might be affirmative or negative. His wife was too sleepy to continue the discussion; but he lay long awake trying to settle how much truth there was in her words, and pondering whether, if so, John or he had changed the most. Something of the same puzzle was keeping John awake too, on this first night of many years which he had passed under the roof of his birthplace. Isaiah went off to sleep first under the soothing influence of Gertrude's sweet face, which rose before him in the darkness and lingered on to gladden his dreams. She haunted her father's pillow too, but with less of comfort. He had half a mind to take her home with him the day after to-morrow; but his arrangements were made; obstinacy forbade his changing them, and pride held him back from giving his reasons to his wife. She was not the sort of girl, he told himself, to be injured by any coarseness she might casually encounter; from her infancy such influences had glided harmless off her. He repressed his doubts at last, and put himself to sleep by sheer determination.

(To be continued.)



A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE IN THE SOUTHERN PINES.

BY B. A. GOODRIDGE

"THE climate resembles that of France and Italy. . . .

It is favorable to human health. . . . One of the two areas where consumption is unknown is found here." Thus says the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, in an article on North Carolina. The words were in clear black type on good white paper; but they were as letters of gold to the eager reader. They were luminous with hope; for they seemed to point out a way of escape from a region in New England where three states meet and each contributes generously of its worst climate. The information was not quite as specific as might have been wished. Perhaps it would not be easy, in the immense state of North Carolina, five hundred miles from east to west and nearly two hundred from north to south, to find that blessed spot where consumption is unknown. But when it is a matter of life and death one ought not to quarrel with the guide-post which shows the road from a region where the climate resembles in turn that of Siberia and that of Central Africa to one lying under as mild a sky as that which bends over France and Italy. With heartfelt grati-

tude for what information the stately *Britannica* had vouchsafed him, the writer set out to find for himself the beneficent location in North Carolina.

Spring was coming slowly north when I left the Connecticut valley. The sodden earth showed through its ragged garment of snow in many places. In New York the snow was gone, and the green was making a valiant struggle with the brown. In Norfolk, Virginia, the fresh greenery was everywhere in possession. In the churchyard of quaint old Christ Church I walked on the evening of Easter day, praising God for new leaves of grass and trees. At Raleigh I stayed long enough to learn additional particulars about Southern Pines, the little village among the pines in Moore County, which had been recommended to me. All the testimony pointed to this section as the place where consumption is unknown except in imported cases, and where cure of that terrible disease in its earliest stage or arrest of its progress when more advanced might be expected.

Moore County lies somewhat south of the centre of North Car-

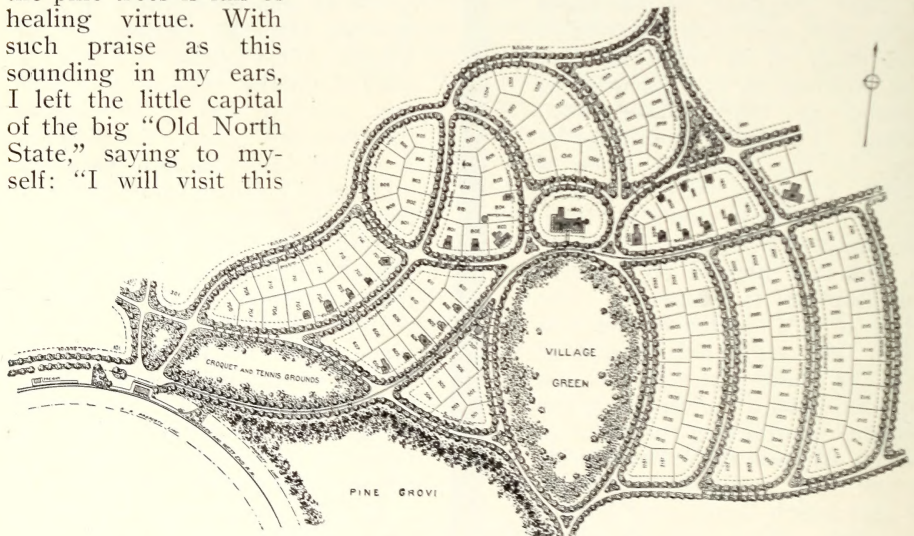
olina. It is a triangle of generous size. One hundred and fifty miles eastward is the Atlantic, and the Alleghanies are two hundred miles to the west. The



middle and southern portions of this county are made up of level and rolling upland covered with long-leaf pine forest. The soil is more than sandy; it is almost pure sand, ten to ninety feet deep—an ancient sea beach, beyond doubt. Mud and dust are both unknown, for there is nothing of which they can be made. Water goes through the soil so quickly that in a few minutes after the heaviest rain storm it has entirely disappeared from the surface. The air of the region is dry and pure, and malaria is unknown. The hillsides abound with springs of remarkably pure water. The aromatic breath of the pine trees is full of healing virtue. With such praise as this sounding in my ears, I left the little capital of the big "Old North State," saying to myself: "I will visit this

paradise in the pine woods and see if these things be true."

Southern Pines is seventy miles south of Raleigh, and the train took five hours and a half for the journey. It was midnight when I arrived at the top of a high sandy ridge, where one side of a deep cut had been shoveled away to make a road from the railway up into the town. The station was a dry-goods box dragged beside the car to serve as a convenience to any one getting off the train. I could not discover the town that night—perhaps because of the darkness, I said. I could not discover it next morning either, there were so many trees. I found out in time that the town had a real existence—houses of real wood, still growing, and inhabitants of real flesh and blood from places scattered through New England, New York, Pennsylvania and the Northwest. All that was necessary was to bring together these elements and arrange them; but when I arrived this combining had not been done. The streets and avenues were already there, properly marked off and magnificently named. The house lots were there, all staked and numbered. But so far as the ordinary purposes of a village are concerned, Southern



PLAN OF PINEHURST.

Pines did not then exist. There was no school, no store, no church; there were no houses, no people; there was

tressed by the difficulty of obtaining proper food, that



BY THE TROLLEY TO PINEHURST.

nothing to do, nothing to eat, nothing to see except sand and pine trees and "razor back" hogs.

Let me be exact. There was one small, neat house, owned and occupied by a lumberman, native to that region; there were three or four huts occupied by colored people; there was a monstrosity called a "hotel," made of a hastily constructed wooden frame, covered in with boards nailed on perpendicularly and battened with narrow strips of wood. This was occupied by a genial Pennsylvanian, who did his best to furnish food and lodging to weary travelers, although often, to use a Hibernicism, he had to take both food and beds out of the mouths of his own children to do so.

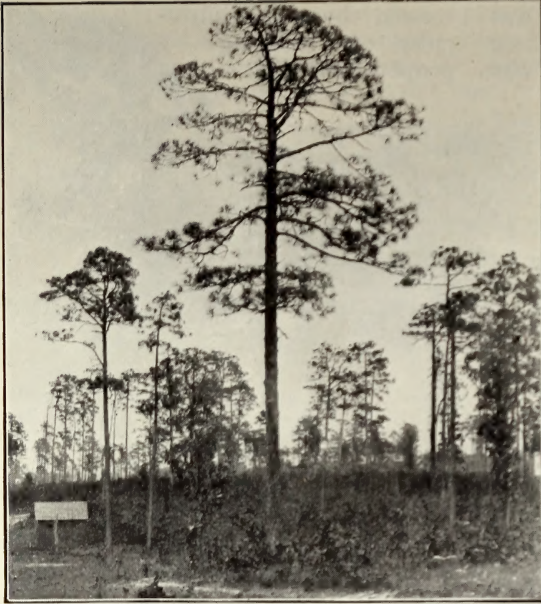
This was my inventory of Southern Pines on the morning of my arrival. It seemed an impossible place to which I should bring my invalid wife and baby. Boarding was out of the question, for even such accommodations as the "hotel" could offer were available for only a few days after I first made its acquaintance, by which time the landlord had become so dis-

he took in his bush and closed his doors. Housekeeping seemed equally out of the question. There was no house to be had of a higher order than a negro cabin of two rooms with a mud chimney and no window glass. Even if my invalid could endure the hardship of such



shelter, what hope was there that I should have better success in procuring food than the man from Pennsylvania? Before I had been in Southern Pines twenty-four hours, I gave up all idea of making it my place of refuge. Within the next twenty-four I had decided to locate there and had written home to that effect.

Looking back to that time, I can hardly account for my sudden conver-



sion. It was probably not the result of any profound reasoning. The charm of the place grew upon me during those two days of delicious spring weather. I knew that I had reached the land where there is real spring, not that "pious fraud of the almanac" which is our portion in New England. I began at once to love the gaunt, homely pines, with their great shock heads of sombre green. The air was pungent with their breath. Wherever the pines had been cut away, an oak growth had sprung up. The new leaves were just coming out, the most delicate, lovely yellow imaginable. Forlorn old fields, forgotten of the ploughman and the harvester, were adorned with the abundant blossoming of wild plum-trees. In every direction against the dark background of pines could be seen the brilliant white of the flowering dogwood. Half-hidden under the long brown needles of the pine which covered the ground were a few late blossoms of the trailing arbutus. In a walk through the woods I came upon bunches of blue violets. Here and there a golden-throated iris stood

stiffly up in his brave blue coat, and there were scattered masses of phlox, both white and pink. How delightful it was to be enjoying spring, without being splashed with mud and pierced by cold winds! But April completed its charm by sending a mocking bird on the second morning of my stay to serenade me from the topmost, feathery spray of a slender oak which grew near my window. For a full hour he tilted and swung there, pouring forth his sweet, mad music.

No doubt it was much more to the point that I found a "living witness" to the curative value of this section in a good physician from Lockport, N. Y., then making his home at Manly, a mile and a half from Southern Pines. He had come from Lockport two or three years before in the hope that it might prolong his life, which was threatened by consumption. He had been advised to go to the highest and driest section of the



long-leaf pine region in the South. He came as far as Raleigh, and there consulted Professor Kerr, the state geologist, who told him that the woods in the neighborhood of Manly was the place for him. He went there, improved rapidly, and in a short time went North for his family. His health was so far restored that he was

able to lead a happy, busy life. He told me that his cure, if reported to him of another man, would have seemed almost incredible, so near was he to death when the pines began to do their healing work.

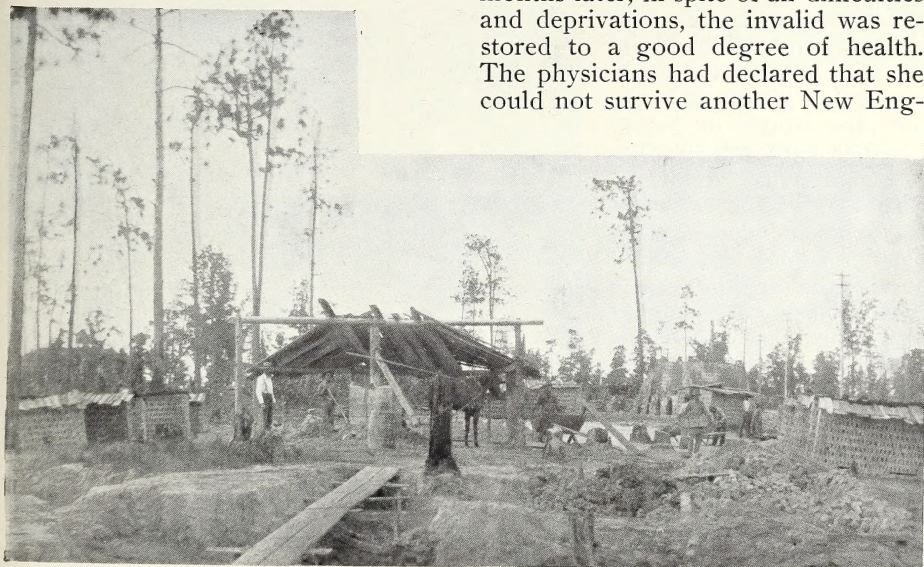
This testimony had great weight with me; but, after all it was from the evidence of things felt rather than seen that I made my final decision. I bought a piece of land and began at once to build a house upon it. For temporary shelter I hired a "tenement" house of two rooms. It had one glass window and looked rather aristocratic; but it was so near the railroad that pieces of the chimney would come rattling down every time a train thundered by. Soon there came a supply of butter from Maine and groceries from Boston,—and what was better, a good friend who had been a "Forty-niner" in California and knew how to cook for an open-air appetite. As long as those supplies lasted we fared sumptuously every day. But marketing at a thousand miles distance is not easy; there is sometimes failure to make close connection between the provisions and the empty larder. Yet on the whole

it was a pleasant summer. My health was never better. There were piping hot spells now and then; but it was dry heat, tempered by a steady breeze, and interrupted by frequent cooling showers. Vegetation kept fresh and green all the summer long.

In five months from the date of my arrival I had my family with me and



we were living in our own house in the very midst of the pine woods. It had a sufficient number of rooms and plenty of glass windows and was as fragrant as only a house built entirely of new yellow pine can be. Six months later, in spite of all difficulties and deprivations, the invalid was restored to a good degree of health. The physicians had declared that she could not survive another New Eng-



THE BRICK-YARD AT PINEHURST.



THE HOLLY INN.

land winter; but since coming back from our five years' residence in North Carolina she has spent four winters in bleak New England with no evidence of any return of pulmonary disease.

In the period which I spent at Southern Pines I saw the paper village grow into a substantial wooden one of pretty dwellings and comfortable hotels, with stores, a school house, a church and a newspaper—the *Pine-Knot*. I came away with regret, having incurred a debt of gratitude to North Carolina which can never grow less.

I have given this brief sketch of the actual experience of a health-seeker in the pine woods of North Carolina ten years ago, because in what follows I wish to give the contrasting picture of what the same pilgrim would find should he visit that region now.

The journey thither may be by one of several routes. A short route is by afternoon train from New York, reaching Southern Pines in seventeen hours. A longer and to many a pleasanter way is by sea to Norfolk, forty hours on one of the steamers of the Norfolk line if you start from

Boston, twenty hours on one of the Old Dominion boats from New York. Or one can break the monotony of an all-rail journey by taking a Bay Line steamer from Baltimore and sailing down Chesapeake Bay. At Norfolk in each case one connects with a through train for Southern Pines.

But Southern Pines is not our final destination. We are going on to the new village of Pinehurst, which lies six miles to the west. As we step from the train—not now on to a dry goods box in the sand, but upon the



A CORNER OF THE DINING ROOM AT THE HOLLY.

platform of an attractive station,—we find an electric car waiting to convey us thither. I smile now as I recall the conveyance which served three weary travelers ten years ago. The car was a heavy express wagon; the electricity was an ancient white mule,—and I acted as motor man, doing what I could to turn on more power with a good stick. Darkness was coming on, and the kindly proprietor of our vehicle went on in front to act as headlight, with his lantern, showing up the stumps and logs which lay in ambush. Imagination did not then

safe arrival to friends at home, or telephone to Southern Pines to inquire if your wife's cousin is stopping there, you can have either facility as readily as if you were in your Boston home. Here is a stenographer and typewriter, if you want one, ready to write your letter. When you go to your room you find it comfortably warmed by a steam radiator; for it is December now and the nights are cool. The room is lighted by electricity, and an electric call-bell connects it with the office. But before you go to bed you will lounge before the open fire in



A GLIMPSE OF PINEHURST.

picture a "broom-stick train" scudding through the stillness of the pine woods.

It is seven o'clock before we reach Pinehurst; too late to begin house-keeping to-night,—so that we get off at the Holly Inn. After a good supper and a good night's rest we shall be in condition to see the town. Our expectation of good food and good sleep is not disappointed. We find ourselves in a well built, tasteful hotel, equipped with every comfort and convenience. In the dining-room we are deftly served by white waitresses from the North. If, after supper, you wish to telegraph your

the cosy parlor. You have already noticed that the faces of the landlord and his wife are familiar, for you spent a part of last summer on Lake Winnebago at the Hotel Weirs, presided over by this same man and woman.

But here is a man whom probably you have not met. Mr. James W. Tufts of Boston is the proprietor of this model town of Pinehurst. A little talk with him concerning the idea which he is here putting into reality will be a good preparation for tomorrow's walk through the village. Mr. Tufts is one of the most genial and kindly of men, and it is a pleasure indeed to talk with him about this



A GROUP OF FINEHURST COTTAGES.



beneficent and noble work which he has so deeply at heart. He is most unassuming in manner; but underneath his quiet look and way you discern the force of character which has made him so successful through a long business career. He is enthusiastic about Pinehurst, and talks clearly and interestingly of it.

His purpose is to make an ideal home for people of small means who need rest and recuperation in a mild climate. After careful search for the spot where nature had done most to provide favorable conditions for such a home, he selected the pine upland of Moore County. Here nature had accumulated this great store of healing virtues. The sanitary qualities of the climate and the soil, and the remarkable healing property of the long-leaf pine had been demonstrated by the experience of hundreds of invalids who had gone to Southern Pines and its vicinity, either for a stay of a few months or to settle permanently. The region had been carefully and repeatedly investigated by medical specialists, always with the same verdict, that this is a natural sanitarium, not excelled, so far as known, by any locality in the world. It was only necessary to take advantage of what nature had so freely bestowed. This Mr. Tufts determined to do. In June, 1895, he bought five

thousand acres of land west of Southern Pines, and set to work to build Pinehurst. A site containing one hundred acres was selected for the village. This was thoroughly cleared up, artistically laid out by Olmsted, Olmsted and Eliot, the famous landscape architects, and surrounded by wire fence for protection against the ravages of wandering cattle and razor-backs. A hotel, a store, a boarding-house, a Casino and some twenty cottages were constructed as a nucleus of the village that is to be. Sewerage, water supply, electric lighting and an electric railway were provided for. For this work the services of the best architects, engineers and electricians were secured, all of course at the expense of a vast deal of time, money and patience. Mr. Tufts is well satisfied with the results thus far. He has established a resort perfectly adapted to meet the wants of a large class of people of refined taste who need the restorative effects of a winter in the south, but cannot afford to pay the usual price of hotels and boarding-houses where good accommodations can be had.

People in robust health can rough it. They can endure the lack of comforts and conveniences; they can eat coarse food, poorly cooked; they can keep up their spirits amid cheerless surroundings and uncongenial



associates. But with those whose health is impaired it is quite otherwise. They must have the best of food and every comfort and convenience; they must have pleasant surroundings, agreeable companions, amusements, occupations. Unless they can have such helpful conditions, it is almost useless for them to leave home in search of health. Yet how few places there are where invalids of

Mr. Tufts by the ruddy light of a pine-knot fire has haunted my dreams.

Before leaving the hotel in the morning we walk through the conservatory full of flowering plants and shrubs to a house of glass connected with the main building by this flowery way. Invalids who want sunshine without exposure to wind can bathe in it here to their hearts' content; and if any time the sun should sulk and refuse to do his duty, here is a big fireplace to supply heat and good cheer.

Directly in front of the hotel is the main street of the village. Its general direction is east and west, but it is in no



THE OLD
"PINE KNOT"
OFFICE.

small means can spend a comfortable winter! Pinehurst is intended to bring comfort, happiness and health within reach of those who must otherwise stay at home until they are beyond cure. It is not a sanitarium for hopeless invalids. It has no hospital features. It is a bright, cheery New England village, attractively laid out and carefully controlled so as to make its sanitary conditions perfect and permanent. It invites those in whom disease has not progressed too far for recovery, to avail themselves of advantages which so far as I know are absolutely unequalled.

A wise and kindly idea! The impression of our talk last night with



AT "SHOE TOE."

haste and therefore does not follow a straight line. Along this way comes the electric road from Southern Pines, with its western terminus at the station of the Aberdeen and West End railroad, which touches this corner of the village. It is the main business of a main street to promote travel and transportation; but the main street of Pinehurst, as well as all its other streets, is made beautiful as well as useful. The car track occupies the centre; on either side is a driveway made



THE VILLAGE GREEN.

hard and smooth by mixing clay with the sand and rolling the surface; next to this on each side is a broad strip planted with evergreen creepers and low-growing shrubs to cover the raw earth from sight. At intervals magnolia grandiflora and other evergreen trees are planted. Beyond the green strips are the sidewalks. The street called Main is the only street. All the rest are roads, and are named generally from native trees, Dogwood, Holly, Magnolia, etc. In these latter the road bed is narrower and the planted spaces are wider. But they are in entire accord with Main Street in refusing to go anywhere by the shortest route. Pinehurst is a village where straight lines and right angles are strictly forbidden. Would there were more such villages!

On the southern side of the main street, opposite the hotel is the village Green. This is planted with evergreen shrubs—box, holly, gallberry, pyracanth thorn and others and single trees irregularly placed along the border so as to afford pretty vistas from the houses which surround

the Green. Where there is shade, English ivy is used as a ground cover and outside of these protected spaces the Japanese evergreen honeysuckle. This latter thrives in the hot sunshine, and can be kept cut down to form a smooth surface. The village Green is one of the important features of the town.

Going along this pleasant curving way as far as Azalea Road, you will see an open space which serves a different purpose, but one quite as important as the village Green. Here are the grounds for tennis and croquet. They are bordered with green-



FORD ON THE PEE DEE ROAD.



ery of shrubs and trees, and prepared with the utmost care for the scientific playing of both these popular games. Scientific croquet on a ground made as smooth and hard as a billiard table and, like it, surrounded by a rubber-cushioned border, where the game is played with hard rubber balls and mallets with hard rubber heads almost as long as the handles, where the wickets are just a quarter of an inch wider than the balls that must go through them! He who has played that old game with wide wickets and mallets whose short heads were always flying off their long handles is solemnly informed by a scientific croquet player that he has never yet played *real* croquet. Marvelous is the fascination which this game exercises upon those who come under its influence. Every day and all day long, with brief stops for meals, they play. At night they dream of shots and in the morning go out early to practice them. During the rest of the year they are bank-presidents, clergymen, members of Congress; but now they are croquet players—only this and nothing more.

On days when these and other

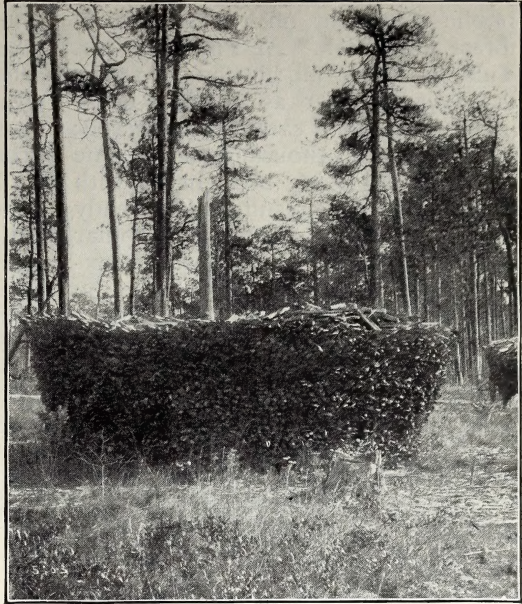
outdoor recreations are not available, the Casino is the attractive resort. Here it is, a little way from the Holly Inn, close to the centre of the village. It has a suggestion of the old colonial style in its architecture, and the effect is light and pleasant. Inside there is a reading-room with a little collection of books, the current mag-

azines, and the leading daily papers. There is a parlor for ladies, a billiard room, a smoking room, and a room for games. A bakery and a restaurant are also to be found under the same roof.

In the pine grove which occupies a considerable space southwest of the village an interesting experiment is being tried which promises to be of great value to the future of the place. This is an attempt to raise long-leaf pines from seed and from transplanted seedlings. At first thought this effort at raising long-leaf pine trees in the heart of an immense forest of them a hundred miles wide ex-



tending along the Atlantic Coast and the Gulf of Mexico, from North Carolina to Louisiana would seem like carrying coals to Newcastle. But when one passes through this region and sees what sad havoc the hand of man has wrought,—first the turpentine gatherer, and then the lumberman, and after them the fire,—he is convinced that any effort towards making pines grow where so many have been ruthlessly swept away is labor directed toward the highest use. In the years past, when this section was considered of no value except for the tar, turpentine, resin and lumber which is produced, a man might do what he pleased with the pine trees, and neither his conscience, the voices of his neighbors, nor the law of the state could say him nay. The turpentine gatherer might obtain his product by methods which yielded the smallest returns for the largest amount of



labor and the greatest injury to the trees; and if the portable saw mill came along behind,—a devouring monster, making a ghastly wilderness of stumps, chips, bleaching pine tops and saw dust,—no one supposed that any harm had been done. That forlorn country, the Pine Barrens, was a little more barren and forlorn; that was all. If fire should sweep over miles of the region, it would do little damage. There were almost no vil-

lages to burn, and the scattered farm-houses were generally well protected by ploughed land. The only buildings in danger were the cabins of the turpentine "hands," and in most cases the loss of both the cabin and its furnishings would be no great matter. It is said that all these people have to do when they want to move is to throw a dipperful of water on the fire and whistle for the dog.

But all the excuses which once existed for these reckless methods have passed away. We know now that the long-leaf pine region has a higher mission than to be merely the chief producer of the world's "naval stores." There are inestimable treasures of health here, which ought to be jealously guarded. Every state fortunate enough to have within its borders an area of long-leaf pine should give it protection by law. This noble birth-right of healing power ought not to be sold for a mess of turpentine and resin. It is a comfort to realize that the extent of this forest is so great that even at the worst it would be many years before its virtues would be seriously impaired. Meanwhile much may be hoped from awakening

public sentiment on the subject of forest protection. At Pinehurst Mr. Tufts is doing all he can to repair damages. So far as possible every living pine tree is carefully preserved; and besides this thousands of the pine seedlings are being brought up with great care. Good results have already been obtained, although popular opinion was entirely against the experiment. The baby pine has the reputation of being a perverse youngster that resents tenderness. He begins, however, to show himself not ungrateful for the kind treatment he receives at the hands of the intelligent German gardener who, under the direction of a Boston landscape architect, Mr. Warren H. Manning, attends to the details of planting, transplanting and caring for the

a first estimate that two hundred and twenty-five thousand plants and trees would be required during the first two years. Many of these were imported from France, others were collected from various parts of this country, and a great many are being propagated in the Pinehurst nursery. The estimate was, however, much too small to accomplish all that is now considered desirable, and many thousand additional plants will be collected and set out.

The houses of the village are most tasteful, convenient and comfortable. There are now about thirty of these, in great variety of size and style, from the cosy little cottage of four rooms to the large house of thirteen rooms, or the boarding-house with twenty-three. These houses are furnished with



A TURPENTINE DISTILLERY.

many thousands of trees, shrubs and vines required for the adornment of the village. Mr. Manning, who has had charge of all the landscape work since the plans for Pinehurst were made by Olmsted, Olmsted and Eliot, made

everything needed for housekeeping except table and bed linen. All the rooms in each house are lighted by electric lamps and provided with stove or fireplace. The purest of water comes into every house from the



WORKMEN'S AND SERVANTS' QUARTERS.

street mains, which are supplied from flowing wells located a considerable distance from the town. These also provide ample supply to the street hydrants for protection against fire. There is a complete system of sanitary drainage carried to a safe point outside the town limits; and garbage is regularly collected and removed by special employees.

In order to meet every possible need of those seeking the privileges of Pinehurst, houses are provided in which rooms are let singly, and others in which suites of two rooms can be had; and then there are the single and double houses of all sizes. Those who prefer to board are accommodated at the hotel or boarding-house at reasonable rates; but the freedom and the privacy of home life are generally much more desirable for the invalid. If he can be accompanied by members of his family, housekeeping in one of these pretty cottages is by far the best method of living at Pinehurst. It is economical, for the rental of an entire house completely furnished is but one hundred and twenty dollars for the smallest to two hundred and fifty for the largest, for the season or for the entire year. There is no thought of money-making

at Pinehurst. Mr. Tufts's only care is to make this splendid experiment of establishing a cheerful village here where it is so greatly needed and can do so much good, self-sustaining.

Wholesome cooked food of all kinds can be had at the bakery by those who wish to make their house-keeping duties light; and the café provides full board or dinners at very low rates. Milk is supplied from a herd of fine cows, and groceries and other supplies can be had at the village store. Pinehurst has its own physician, also, a New Englander of twenty years' experience, whose services are furnished to residents at nominal cost.

Along with all this care for bodily welfare, moral, intellectual and religious interests are not forgotten. The sale of liquor or beer in the town or its vicinity is strictly prohibited. Tenants who bring discredit upon the town are required to leave. No houses or lots are sold, as it is thought best to keep the property under private control, to insure systematic management and the maintenance of the desired social and sanitary conditions at their highest efficiency. For the sake of children whom parents may find it desirable to take to Pinehurst,



THE CASINO.

an efficient teacher from one of the public schools of Providence has been engaged to carry on a private school for pupils of all grades. Union church services and a Sunday School are also maintained.

Such is this New England village among the southern pines. Money and skill have done all that they can do to make here, in the midst of natural conditions of the highest sanitary value, an attractive home for people of small means, not a place where free accommodations are offered or employment provided. The founder does not wish to pose as a philanthropist, and would not pauperize self-respecting men and women who like to pay their own way. His object is simply to make that way so inexpensive that it may be open to many who have hitherto found it barred. Such



an enterprise may not be according to the old-fashioned ways of philanthropy. In some dim and distant future it may begin to pay some small interest on the large investment; and it may not. That is a consideration

with which the founder is not occupied. He saw here, after much observation of the South in winter and with keen sympathy with many sufferers in the North an opportunity to do a really great and helpful work for mankind; and

with quiet energy he goes about it, thankful that he has money and ability to carry it on successfully.

For years men of wisdom in New England and the North have been coming to see the unwisdom of es-



tablishing here retreats or hospitals for people with weak lungs. Why keep them here to die, when they can use the means which God and man have provided and live? In some future will not each New England state own its town in North Carolina or some equally kind region and let its consumptives go there and grow healthy and happy instead of pining here under the hardest conditions? Edward Everett Hale has been asking this question loudly for ten years, and others are asking it. The founder of this bright and beautiful New England village among the southern pines has done more than anybody else to point the way to its intelligent and promising answer.

WORDS COINED IN BOSTON.

By C. W. Ernst.

WHEN the mint of the United States coins dollars, it takes old coins or bars or metal fresh from the mine, gives the right stamp, with a guarantee of weight and fineness, and sends the coin forth to serve the people. When men have need of a new word, to name a new commodity or contrivance or principle, they draw upon the resources of ancient speech, recast and restamp some old word, and send it forth on its mission. These new words or recoinages have a birthday, a native home and a parentage; like persons, they migrate, sometimes over wide areas; occasionally they marry and have offspring; in the struggles of life they wear off; and sooner or later they die. It is this biographical and human element in words and phrases which constitutes their never failing interest, that appeals to plain men and women no less than to great students. The reason is obvious. Words are the mirror of the people who coin them; and the mirror tells the truth. Architecture, institutions, laws and visible monuments, however important, do not reveal the character and mind and inner feelings of a people so faithfully and definitely as do the words and the speech which the people use in common. The buildings and like monuments of early Boston are lost; the early records are extant, and with them great multitudes of private letters and diaries, enabling us to reconstruct, to rethink and relive the early days, with their interesting trials and achievements. Nor can an age which laid the foundation of future greatness ever be void of interest.

The language of the Boston founders has not been equaled in our history, and is not wholly extinct. They

brought with them the language of Queen Elizabeth, Shakespeare and the King-James Bible. With this splendid equipment they met wholly novel problems, and solved them well. Great things might be expected; for had not a great nation been winnowed to establish New England? And new things might be looked for, inasmuch as Winthrop and his glorious company of men and women had turned their backs upon the old country, its government and its church, to do those things better in a new country. Technically and in form of law they came here a trading company; they meant to be a trading plantation. When they arrived, they began forthwith to establish a half-dozen plantations. These settlements had a spontaneous beginning, men choosing their homes as they preferred, without reference to the charter or government authority. They called each neighborhood a *Town*. The word was good English, but the New England Town was a new creation, born of new conditions, and wholly without precedent. Many efforts have been made to trace the New England Town to some cradle or precedent in England, or even Germany and distant India. All such efforts must fail, for the obvious reason that the New England Town is indigenous, native to the soil, without precedent and without parallel. Accordingly the word has a meaning of its own, the full extent of which has never been measured. The Massachusetts Colony Records have the new coinage as early as March 22, 1631.

Modern jurisprudence professes to think that all Massachusetts Towns are created by the General Court. It would be easier to prove that all

States of the American Union were created by Congress. Perhaps the reverse is nearer the facts of history. These facts show beyond a doubt that the early Massachusetts Towns were not created by the General Court, and that they could not be so created for the reason that the Massachusetts of the charter was itself a trading corporation, which could not create other corporations. Indeed, the theory that Boston as a Town was created by the General Court is destroyed by the substantial fact that all original land titles in Boston emanated from the Town, not from the General Court, much less from the crown. The origin of Andover, so late as 1646, illustrates the same point. The General Court consented, but did not create. It was the people that created the Massachusetts Town and gave the term its unique significance; nor can the term be well understood save in the light of our earliest history. And it is safe to affirm that the Town is the first as well as the noblest creation of the founders. The chief business of the early Town was to allot land,—surely a work of far-reaching importance, as it vested in the Town the whole power of admitting applicants to inhabitancy. What we call citizenship depended upon the Town, inasmuch as the General Court did not confer the rights of a freeman unless the Town had previously conferred the right of domicile and ownership in land. The meaning of the word Town will be lost, unless we bear in mind that the original Town of Boston was the owner of its soil and the only power to grant or convey any part of it to private ownership. Neither the crown nor the General Court conveyed any land titles in early Boston.

So novel an institution as the Town, our only institution which has received only praise at home and in foreign nations, naturally occasioned a series of new terms. The Town needed some centre in which to transact Town business. Again novelty

was avoided, and the place was called Meeting-House. The apt term occurs in the Dorchester Town Records of October 8, 1633. At the Boston Meeting-House, our First Church, were held all meetings for Town affairs, the Court of Assistants and the General Court, besides the public assemblies for divine worship. The word Church was avoided, in view of English experience; the character, like the name, of our Meeting-House was secular. From the outset the New England churches were subordinate to secular law, and the Boston churches were always a voluntary union of private persons. The Boston people were never taxed for church purposes; but the first Meeting-House began as the voluntary work of the early planters in general. Accordingly they held all their meetings at the First Church, and a general meeting, whether for civil or spiritual purposes, was called a Town Meeting. The term occurs in the Colony Records of September 9, 1639; in the Boston Town Records of September 28, 1640; in Liberty 12 and 56 of 1641; and in the Dorchester Town Records of March 15, 1642. The Town Meeting was open to all comers, and more democratic than the General Court or the churches themselves. Town suffrage was always more liberal in Boston than Colony, Province or State suffrage, and the Town Meeting distributed house lots, garden land, farm land, besides managing the pastures and forests held in common.

The importance of the Town Meeting is apparent. Nor was it evolved without some struggle, as the leaders, the Court of Assistants and the General Court made many efforts to regulate that which the Town Meeting made its province. Later on the General Court triumphed over the Town Meeting; but in the early days the Town Meeting, meaning a neighborhood meeting of inhabitants, without regard to prerogative, ruled by force of circumstances. The number

of freemen, we know, was small; and great inconvenience would have been unavoidable, had the selection of town sites and the assignment of land to individual owners depended on the General Court. The Town Meeting, like the Town itself, was the work of the people; and that which they created in the early thirties of the seventeenth century has never wholly lost its character. Perhaps it is good law to affirm that all power not vested in the General Court remains with the people acting in Town Meeting. But the glory of the early Town Meeting is fast departing. So is the use of the term Meeting-House.

The first executive officer of the Town was the constable. When the General Court appointed Town constables, the Town Meeting immediately chose its own executives, who received a new name. The Selectman is the typical Town officer. The Boston Town Records of March 4 and 28, 1642, have the term, which may have been given with a touch of warning. For the people knew the select bodies of Queen Elizabeth's time, and took care not to follow so bad a precedent. In fact, the Selectmen were required to attend to the Prudentials of the Town, always under explicit orders from the Town Meeting, while all criminal business, the counterpart of the prudentials, was left to the general government. The term prudential, still in use, was borrowed by Nathaniel Ward from mediæval Latin. It is little used in England. To understand the peculiar origin of the Massachusetts Town, with its native nomenclature, one should bear in mind that at the arrival of Winthrop, in 1630, Plymouth was a plantation of about three hundred souls, struggling for existence; Salem had a few houses; while Winthrop came with a great multitude, fifteen ships, much wealth, and so late in the year that the people had to seek protection from impending winter as best they could and where they pleased, there being no time for the formality

of selecting town sites and assigning house lots. The people acted spontaneously, each for himself, yet in harmony with the rest; and their choice has been amply justified by time. None of the Towns begun in 1630 have ever been abandoned; even the early streets and highways remain, and so do the early institutions, together with the names they received. When the second great immigration began, in 1634, the Massachusetts Town was well established. Then larger problems could be taken in hand.

The Commonwealth is the creation of the Massachusetts people. The charter which they brought with them in 1630 created a trading company, not a colony like Virginia, much less a Commonwealth. Neither the King nor Parliament desired the establishment of a Commonwealth in New England. That was created by the people, against the wishes of England, and in violation of the charter under which they purported to act. The Massachusetts Colony Records of May 14, 1634, tell the story. The oaths of supremacy and allegiance to the King were dropped; representative institutions were introduced; trial by jury was established; Massachusetts was called a Commonwealth; and all people were required to take the oath of allegiance to the new Commonwealth. The change was a revolution; yet the form of the charter was retained.

In calling themselves a Commonwealth, the men of Massachusetts gave a new meaning to a poetical term of long standing. It stood in their English Bible. But hitherto the word had been used figuratively; Massachusetts adopted it for a fully-organized secular government, and still bears it with honor. In 1639, the people of Connecticut, led by Thomas Hooker, who had witnessed the change in Boston, voted to unite in a "Publike State or Comonwelth." Ten years later, in 1649, Cromwell and England followed the precedent of

Massachusetts and Connecticut, and an act of Parliament made England "a Commonwealth and a Free State." The embarrassments of the King made interference with the new Commonwealth of Massachusetts inconvenient; but attempts in that direction were not wanting; neither were they without reason in crown law. And after the Restoration, when the crown objected to Massachusetts calling itself a Commonwealth, our General Court demurely voted to replace the term by "jurisdiction." But the fact remains that, from 1634 to 1684, Massachusetts was a Commonwealth, in name and fact, and that it was the first civil government on earth to call itself by that name.

On the first of October, 1633, the Court of Assistants issued an order against "common coasters, unprofitable fowlers, and tobacco takers." The "coasters" referred to may have been the young men who spent their time at fowling, fishing and smoking along the shore; but coasting soon came to have a special meaning, that of sliding down hill. This particular sense, in full harmony with etymology, used to be confined to New England, where sliding down hill over a smooth track of snow and ice was one of the winter amusements. Recently the word has gone all over the country, and is used everywhere, going down hill on a bicycle, when the rider rests his feet, being known as coasting. What the old Court of Assistants objected to was the amusement; but the boys and girls overruled the magistrates, and coasting is more common than ever.

The founders of Boston drank water, home-made beer, and wine. Brandy was very dear and not in general use. Perhaps it was providential that Plymouth and Salem and Boston were founded without the help of distilled intoxicants. Rum, since so common, did not exist; it came after the first generation had wellnigh passed away. The first distillery in New England was set up at Salem, in

1648, using rye; and Lucie Downing (Winthrop Papers, III, 36) gives an amusing account of the effort. When our men found in the West Indies that a strong drink could be made of molasses, they took up the manufacture without delay. A distillery was set up at Boston, in 1653, and to distinguish the new drink from others, the people called it a *rum* drink, meaning a potent or mighty drink. The term "*rum*," first used as an adjective, is the gypsy word, probably introduced here by some university man; for the word was part of the English university slang. The new coinage, denoting "strong water" distilled from molasses, lived, and has literally gone all over the world. When the first rum distillery was set up at Boston, the town gave a license or permit "to retail strong water." The new drink, being strong and cheap, became immediately popular, and as early as May 6, 1657, the General Court, in regulating the trade with the Indians, prohibited the sale of all strong liquors, "whither knoune by the name of rumme, strong water, wine, strong beere, brandy, cidar, perry, or any other strong liquors, going vnder any other name whatsoever." From that time on, the term is common. Its Boston origin appears to be well established, and diligent search in the Barbados records, as well as the English State Papers, has so far failed to give an earlier instance. The advent of rum marks the rise of the second generation in Boston, with all it implies. The first generation did not know rum.

The word "Lumber," in the sense of boards, planks and wood prepared for the market, is still an Americanism, but has played a great part in the economy of the country. It originated in Boston. It first occurs in the Town Records of April 27, 1663, but may have been in use before that time. The circumstances that gave rise to the word are well known. The secular inducements that led to the founding of Boston and Massachu-

setts were fish and land. The founders knew that in New England they could get all the land they might want, and that in their native country they could not. It was also known that the fisheries of New England were sufficiently rich to supply the markets of the world. The great emigration of 1630, therefore, was a reasonable business enterprise. Indeed, the partners of that enterprise were not apt to embark in work not promising a fair return. When they arrived here, they found more than they had expected,—an abundance of land, a wholesome climate, good water, fisheries that seemed inexhaustible, beaver for which there was always a market, cheap fuel and, in addition, the best materials for tanning, the choicest wood for wine casks (pipe staves), ornamental woods, the strongest bowsprits, the tallest masts, and the very best ship timber. For all these forest products there was a demand in Europe and the West Indies, and the Boston men took full advantage of their opportunity. Their Puritanism gave them credit everywhere, the markets of the world soon coming to know that in Boston, Massachusetts, no merchant was tolerated who did not tell the truth and keep faith to the best of his ability. It was known, also, that in Boston a stranger received justice. In a few years, therefore, Boston became the leading lumber market of the world, and held that place for about a century. Many fortunes were made in the lumber trade, and the harbor front was a vast array of forest products, from mere fuel to the noblest masts and the stoutest ship timber. From the outset the Town Records teem with regulations for keeping the water front clear; and on April 27, 1663, the police called "water baliffs" were instructed to "cleare the ends of all streets and wharfes that butt upon the watter from all Lumber and other goods." When the lumber trade went away from Boston, the town declined.

Yet the Province age abounds in traffic terms. The *schooner* is a Boston word by adoption. It originated at Gloucester, and the historian of Gloucester tells the story for all time. The word *packet*, denoting a sea-going vessel, was adopted from England. But in England a packet means a mail-boat; Boston usage confined the term to a passenger boat making regular trips; and this meaning prevails throughout America. Our earliest packet lines were those of Massachusetts Bay. Inland traffic was equally important, as the history of our roads indicates. Yet the Province age, from 1691 to 1775, almost lacks the word *wagon*. We read of carts, but the four-wheel farm wagons appear to be post-Revolutionary, at least in New England. Pennsylvania had them much earlier, as Braddock found out. But *sleigh* and *sled*, though manifestly of Dutch origin, seem to have been added to our dictionary by Boston men. The Sewall Diary, a gold mine to the historian of Boston, mentions the term on December 14, 1703, when the dead body of Sewall's little grandson was carried from Brookline to Boston in Governor Dudley's sleigh. Whether it was the same sleigh, we are not told; but the honest journalist tells us with Puritan horror how the same governor, in a sleigh drawn by four horses, "two troopers riding before them," essayed to cross Charles River on January 11, 1705, and how the ice between Charlestown and Boston broke under so much pomp and vanity. "'Tis a wonderfull mercy," Sewall adds, "that the Governour, his lady, driver, postilion, troopers, escaped all safe." Then a runaway is reported; "the horses went away with the foundation, and left the superstructure of the slay and the riders behind," with the governor's wig thrown off in the adventure. Sewall was utterly opposed to the observance of Christmas, and on December 25, 1705, he reports with satisfaction that "sleds, slays and horses pass as usually." At so early

a date Boston usage discriminated between the sleigh, for passengers or pleasure, and the sled, for merchandise or freight. The distinction is still in force, though we do not know how these words came to be adopted from the Dutch. It might have been through the Pilgrim fathers, who were familiar with Dutch and partial to Dutch customs. The *Boston Gazette* of February 9, 1767, advertised "a close sley or booby hutch."

During the later years of the Colony, Boston used coaches: Sewall rode to Roxbury "in the hackney-coach" as early as October 17, 1688. The calash was introduced before 1700. But all these terms were imported. Having good leather and good mechanics, as well as good taste, Boston usage anticipated Johnson's dictionary in replacing the homely "geer" and the local "tackling" by the statelier "harness." Yet homeliness had its rights, and in 1717 "the governor went through Charlestown . . . carrying Madam Paul Dudley in his shay." Perhaps it was a one-hoss shay. The *phaeton* was introduced in 1760, with wretched verses happily forgotten, while the phaeton continues the pleasure carriage of all nations. The *curricule* came in the same year, but has gone out of use. The *sulky*, so called because it had but one seat, came at about the same time, and as late as 1770 John Adams called it "désobligeant." The later word *barge*, denoting a picnic wagon, the first of them pretending to be as gorgeous as Cleopatra's barge, remains a local term. *Carryall*, on the other hand, has become widely popular. It came in the early part of the present century, and is a folk-word, suggested by the French-Canadian *carriole*, which meant a sleigh. It was natural that Boston should abound in vehicles and vehicle names; from the foundation of the town its people refused to walk, and were rich enough to command good horse-flesh, all sorts of carriages and a high grade of coach-builders. These had the best ma-

terials to work with; and the demand for their work prior to the Revolution was extraordinary. A coach and four was probably more common before the Revolution than now. The advertisements of the early saddlers and harness-makers and coach-builders in Boston are fairly bewildering, each trying to outdo the other in novelties. Perhaps it is not out of place to name John Lucas, Adino Paddock and William Hawes. Paddock was a Tory, but he had enterprise and great originality.

Teaming and *teamster* may not be Boston coinages, but have a peculiar meaning in Boston and New England. The finest avenue in Boston bears a sign, "No Teaming," meaning that merchandise wagons must not use the avenue, which is reserved for pleasure teams and passenger traffic. When Boston made a tariff for its ferries, in 1870, the official language of the city discriminated between "light vehicles," including the four-horse omnibus, and *teams*, a team denoting a business cart or wagon, however light, whether drawn by one horse or a team of four. In Boston, then, the word *team* has reference to the wagon and its contents, rather than to the span in front; and a carriage or omnibus driver is never called *teamster*.

Probably no city on earth has undergone more financial discussions and experiments than Boston. *Paper money* is a Boston word and a Boston invention. The first paper money was issued at Boston, in 1690, to pay for the disastrous expedition against Quebec. To leave no room for doubt about these paper bills, the law of July 2, 1692, provided that they "shall pass currant . . . in all payments equivalent to money." At that time the Bank of England did not exist, and the idea of legal-tender paper money had not occurred to the potentates of Europe. They knew forced loans and repudiation, but not paper money. In due time the paper money evolved in colonial Boston was

called *currency*, being the only Americanism entered as such in Johnson's dictionary, yet not so reported by our own lexicographers. To keep this currency in circulation, a premium of five per cent was allowed on all payments made to the Province in paper money. In the same year, 1694, a *fund* for supporting the currency was created. Ostensibly it was to redeem the outstanding bills; in truth it was part of an endless chain. By June 25, 1700, a committee was appointed "to find out some suitable *medium* to supply the scarcity of money." The word *depreciate*, applied to paper money, I have not found prior to 1721; but the fact existed much earlier. The history of business and prices in Boston throughout the eighteenth century is hardly understood without a good table of depreciation. The opposite, *appreciation*, does not occur, but stands in the Journals of Congress, November 12, 1779. If not a Boston coinage, it is at least an Americanism, apparently due to Benjamin Franklin. But Boston holds the unique position of having invented "paper money," and the financial literature of Boston, from 1690 to 1750, covers all the isms and all the verbiage, all the problems and all the fancies, of the currency squabbles in 1896, except, perhaps, that the creditor side of 1700 said silver and gold where that of 1896 cries only gold. Our financial terms were born in the early days of the Province, and Boston has some right to treat them with parental concern.

The finance debate of the forties, when the Land Bank tried a hand at the issue of paper money, occasioned the word *caucus*, which has become a part of the English language. To express confidence in the bills of the Land Bank, Sam Adams, the father of the patriot, organized a labor meeting. The mechanics of those days were generally paid in what we call store orders. To get their wages in money, if only in paper bills, seemed attractive. So the calkers formed a

labor union and trust,—the word *trust* is theirs,—binding themselves "under a penalty for the performance of their agreement," which was to the effect that they would take wages in merchandise or money only, money to include the notes of the Land Bank. This novel trust was perfected on Sunday, February 8, 1740, old style, and duly announced in the papers of the time. The effect may be imagined. A labor union was a novelty in Boston; a labor trust occasioned something like consternation, particularly as it undertook to sustain the ominous Land Bank. Under British law, such a trust was a crime. To get rid of the Land Bank, which was at the bottom of all this offending, the Boston merchants appealed to Parliament for relief, and obtained it. Yet the calkers held together, and their cast-iron agreement became a by-word for any agreement from which there was no receding. The phrase "calkers' agreement" was carried into politics, and by 1760 we read of "the old and true Corcas," meaning the mechanics, also of "the new and grand Corcas," meaning a committee of merchants who had adopted the method of the calkers. By 1763 we find the present spelling of *caucus*, the origin of the term falling into oblivion, though it was faintly remembered when William Gordon and John Pickering made the inquiry which they report. Both were competent students; both found that the *caucus* had something to do with the calkers; and the advertisement of the calkers' trust in 1740-41 appears to complete the chain of evidence. The Boston *Gazette* of May 5 and 12, 1760, uses the term in its modern sense. The etymology suggested by J. H. Trumbull is not tenable; in fact, it is not supported by history. To associate the word *caucus* with mediæval Latin seems more daring than to identify the town pump with the matchless pomp of the Ancients and Honorables. Meanwhile the Boston word has passed into the statutes of Massachusetts, and

figures in the politics of our kin beyond sea.

The word *gerrymander* is fully explained in many reference books, except that the date is not always given correctly. The happy coinage was suggested by the Massachusetts act of February 11, 1812, which established two senatorial districts in Essex county, one in the centre, while the outer district resembled a salamander. Governor Gerry signed the act, and had to bear the odium, his name being used for the new slang, which helped to drive him out of office a few weeks later.

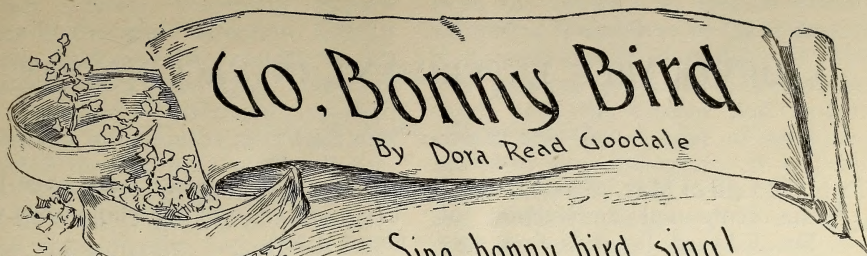
Warden, meaning the chief officer who presides at elections, is a Boston word, coined by Chief-Justice Shaw, and occurs in the city charter of February 23, 1822. The city charter provided for elections in wards, a general election at Faneuil Hall being inconvenient. The officer presiding at these ward elections needed some title, and Mr. Shaw hit upon *warden*. In 1878 elections in wards were displaced by elections in smaller precincts; but the term *warden*, though suggested by ward, was retained, and has since gone all over the Commonwealth. Under the election act of June 21, 1890, the chief election officer at a precinct in any Massachusetts city or town is called *warden*. In this sense the term is a Boston coinage.

A *card*, meaning a personal announcement in the newspapers, is a Boston term. When the treaty of 1763 led the crown to rash proceedings in America, the crown acting on the theory that it was supreme, the people here ascertained to their great delight that they could hold their own in dealing with the servants of royalty and the advocates of parliamentary supremacy. The repeal of the Stamp Act was the first great victory of the plain Americans over king and parlia-

ment. Quite naturally it made our people feel their oats, and the press began to teem with taunting communications, in which the manners and customs of the British *grandeės* were parodied. The British aristocracy wrote cards to itself; so the naughty *Boston Gazette* of March 13, 1769, published "a card." It was dated from "Constitution Hill, North America," addressed to Lord Hillsborough, who had charge of the colonies, and couched in the regular form: "The colonists present their compliments," etc. A card is now used in country papers when thanks are extended to the giver of turkeys or elegant ice cream.

An interesting document in the Boston Town Records of December 27, 1782, has the words *unconstitutional* and *unconstitutionality*. They may be the coinages of Colonel William Tudor. At any rate, they have a new meaning. An English writer might call anything unconstitutional which seemed to him out of harmony with the constitution of his country; yet it might be legal. The Boston words denote something supposed to be illegal and of no force or effect, because contrary to the constitution of the Commonwealth.

The word *immigrant* was coined by Jeremy Belknap, and the preface to the third volume of his *History of New Hampshire*, dated April 23, 1792, tells the story. The word was immediately adopted, and on June 25, 1795, our General Court incorporated the Massachusetts Society for the Aid of Immigrants. Immigration itself began much earlier. The origin and the descendants of the early immigrants have been traced with almost infinite care; perhaps the words *native* to our city and country, especially such as have been adopted by the English-speaking world, are not unworthy of similar treatment.



Go, Bonny Bird

By Dora Read Goodale

Sing, bonny bird, sing!

The world is sparkling with spring
A thousand blossoms tremble and start.
The sun caresses, the snows depart.

And to live is a joyful thing.

Sing, bonny bird, sing!

Nest, bonny bird, nest!

Summer is soft in the west:

Beauty for beauty, mirth for mirth;
Heaven stoops to the prime of earth

And the heart beats warm in the breast.

Nest, bonny bird, nest!

Go, bonny bird, go!

The skies are bending with snow;
The wind is sighing over the wold;
The flame has fallen, the year is old.
And the soul confronts its woe.

Go, bonny bird, go!

A MEMORABLE EXPERIMENT IN VACCINATION.

By Samuel W. Abbott, M. D.

ON the 14th of May, 1896, occurred the centennial anniversary of Dr. Edward Jenner's first successful vaccination of a boy in England. The publication of this discovery and its adoption among civilized nations have undoubtedly proved a blessing to millions of the human race, who would otherwise have fallen victims to small-pox or have suffered disfigurement for life by this terrible pest. The protective power of vaccination was known among dairymaids in England at an earlier period, and a certain Benjamin Jesty, a farmer, had successfully vaccinated his family as early as 1774; but to Doctor Jenner is due the sole credit of taking up the subject experimentally and of making its value known to the world.

A recent publication of the German government, issued in the present year at Berlin, calls attention to the life-saving value of this great discovery and expresses the hope that the number of those who look back upon this day (May 14) with thankful hearts may continually increase.

One of the most remarkable effects wrought by vaccination is the change in the age incidence of small-pox in the present century. As one writer pertinently states it, "the fatality has been turned upside down," since in the last century small-pox was quite as much and as exclusively a children's disease as scarlet fever and whooping cough; whereas now the age incidence has been very largely transferred to adult life. "In proof of this, the records of the Scotch village of Kilmarnock from 1728 to 1764 show that out of a total of 622 deaths from small-pox 586, or over ninety-four per cent, were those of persons five years old and under, and only

seven of the number were over ten. The population of the whole town was about 4,200.

It was given to Englishmen to proclaim to the world the value of vaccination, but the German empire enjoys the credit of carrying it into execution with the greatest thoroughness and efficiency. In proof of this, witness the following figures from the work just mentioned. In the five years 1889-93 the death-rate from small-pox in the German empire was only 2.3 per 100,000 inhabitants, while in the neighboring countries it was as follows: in France, 147.6 per 100,000; in Belgium, 252.9; in Austria, 313.3; and in Russia, 836.4. In other words, had the same rates of mortality from small-pox prevailed in Germany as existed in each of these four countries, there would have been a loss by death respectively of 7,321, 12,584, 15,558 or 41,584, according to the country with which the comparison is made. The actual annual loss by small-pox in Germany was only 115 persons. The difference is due beyond question to the lax performance of vaccination in those neighboring countries and to the thoroughness with which the laws upon the same subject are enforced in the German empire.

Early in May, 1796, Dr. Edward Jenner of Gloucestershire, England, who had for several years been investigating the subject of cow-pox and its relation to human beings, observed a case in the person of Sarah Nelmes, a dairymaid, who had contracted it from a cow in her master's herd. With lymph taken from a vesicle upon her hand he successfully vaccinated James Phipps, a lad of eight years, afterward testing the efficacy of the vaccination by inoculating the boy with small-pox, without effect.

After several successful experiments in the same direction, Doctor Jenner published the results of his observations, in June, 1798. News of this important discovery reached America a few months afterward and attracted the attention of Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse, an intelligent physician of Cambridge. Doctor Waterhouse immediately began a correspondence with English physicians upon this subject, and published an account of the discovery in the *Columbian Centinel* on March 12, 1799. He did not receive his first installment of vaccine lymph until the following year, and made his first vaccination July 8, 1800, the subjects being his own children.

Doctor Waterhouse was the first professor of the theory and practice of medicine in Harvard University. Dr. O. W. Holmes, in one of his last public addresses, says of him:

"I remember him well, and carry the scar of the vaccination he performed on me. His powdered hair and queue, his gold-headed cane, his magisterial air and diction were familiar to me from my boyhood. Dr. Waterhouse had his first degree from Leyden, where he wrote and defended a thesis, '*De Sympathia Partium Corporis humani, ejusque in explicandis et curandis morbis necessaria consideratione.*' He had some learning, which he was disposed to make the most of, as perhaps we all are if we have it, and laid himself open to the playful sallies of the students of his time, one of whom announced a course of lectures on Oudenology, which was supposed to be a travesty of some of his prelections."

No statutes relating to vaccination appear to have been enacted by the legislature of Massachusetts prior to 1810; but the occurrence of severe and continued outbreaks of small-pox in 1776, 1778 and 1792 had resulted in the enactment, in 1793 and 1797, of statutes which were intended to restrict the spread of this disease. The local governments of towns frequently took action upon this question. Inoculation or the artificial introduction of the virus of small-pox was practiced in a greater or less degree in different communities. For this pur-

pose the persons so treated usually submitted themselves to the operation in a pesthouse at some distance from the general population, remaining there until the disease had run its course and the danger of spreading infection was also over. It is probable, however, that with the crude and inefficient means of disinfection then known, these places constituted fruitful sources of continuing the pest. The town of Rowley, in 1778, established a smoke house "in which they required all persons, and baggage from Boston to take a smoking." In Framingham, in 1792, the town voted "not to have the small-pox in town, by inoculation, nor in any other way, if it can be prevented"; and in May, 1793, it was further voted "that the selectmen be a committee to prosecute any person that shall spread the small-pox by inoculation or in any other way." The pest appears to have come to Framingham, however, about that time, since one "David Butler falling sick with small-pox, his nurses to the number of seventeen took the infection and five persons beside Butler died." * In Reading the town voted in 1792 that "no person coming from any place infected with the small-pox shall pass the smoke house without being smoked; that no person, not an inhabitant of this town, shall have the small-pox in the town." In the diary of Rev. Caleb Prentiss of Reading occurs this item: "April 15, 1778. This evening I agreed with Betty [the help] to tarry with us another year. I am to give her 13£, 6s, 8d, and the *small-pox*." † This troublesome pest appears to have given our forefathers no end of trouble, and it is by no means strange that in the opening years of a new century they should have hailed with joy the means which was to bring security from its ravages.

Doctor Waterhouse was very plainly one of the most progressive

* Report of Sanitary Commission of Massachusetts, 1850, p. 70.

† Eaton's History of Reading.

physicians of his day. Soon after he had published the account of Jenner's discovery, he brought the subject to the attention of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. He did not rest here, but was active in spreading information upon the subject throughout the country. He sent several supplies of lymph to President Jefferson, who, with his son-in-law, with their own hands vaccinated in their own families and those of their neighbors two hundred persons.

People were at first slow to believe, —and especially the municipal governments of towns. The number of persons vaccinated in the first ten years of the century constituted but a small fraction of the population, and it was deemed advisable by the more progressive element that the advantages of this practice should be extended to all. A large portion, in many instances one half of the whole population, had already been the victims of small-pox at some time in their lives, and many of those who had escaped death from this cause had become disfigured for life. To these survivors who had thus suffered it was not deemed necessary to apply the practice of vaccination. The other fraction, who were still liable to small-pox, might at any time become the "kindling wood" of a new epidemic, and it was thought best that these persons should submit themselves to be vaccinated.

During this first decade of the century, Boston and some of the neighboring towns appear to have taken systematic and energetic measures toward the introduction of vaccination as an important factor in the preservation of the public health. The public records of the town of Milton serve as a good illustration of the method of procedure then adopted, not only for the protection of the community, but also for convincing the skeptics. These records are published in a pamphlet having the following title: "A Collection of papers

relative to the transactions of the town of Milton in the State of Massachusetts, to promote a general Inoculation of the Cow Pox, etc., etc. Boston, 1809." This document is very properly dedicated "to the People of Massachusetts, as an offering of Peace and Goodwill," by the people of Milton. It consists of two parts,—first, the transactions of the town for the execution of a general vaccination of the inhabitants, and second, the details of a public test or experiment ordered by the town for the purpose of demonstrating the efficiency of vaccination. Such tests were not uncommon in those days, but were mostly confined to the first ten years of the century.

The pamphlet is prefaced by an address to "the Selectmen of each and every town in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," calling their attention to the cruel ravages of small-pox and closing with an appeal to the people to "diffuse among men one of the greatest temporal blessings ever bestowed on our race, a perfect security against that cruel pestilence, the small-pox." This prefatory address is signed by Samuel Gile, minister of the gospel, by the selectmen, and by the committee on vaccination, and is dated November 27, 1809. Then follow two dedicatory letters, one addressed to Benjamin Russell, Esq., of Boston, chairman of the Board of Health, and another to his Excellency, Christopher Gore, Esq., Governor.

On July 5, 1809, a town warrant was issued, the sole purpose of which was to summon the "freeholders and other inhabitants" of Milton to act on the following article: "To see if the town will adopt any measures for inoculating with the Kine pock, such individuals as have never had the small pox." The meeting was held on the following Saturday, July 8. Deacon David Tucker was chosen moderator, and a committee of five was also chosen to consider the measures proposed and to report at an ad-

journeyed meeting one week later. The Committee appears to have set to work with energy, and during the week secured written statements from the following noted physicians of that day: Drs. Isaac Rand, Samuel Danforth, James Lloyd and John Warren of Boston, Dr. Amos Holbrook of Milton, and Benjamin Waterhouse of Cambridge. These men were all honored practitioners of Boston and its vicinity, and enjoyed the confidence of the community. Doctor Warren was a younger brother of Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, and was one of the first three professors of the Harvard Medical School. Doctor Holmes says of him: "Those who remember his teaching have spoken to me with admiration of the eloquence and enthusiasm with which he lectured. He was a man of great energy, spirit and ability." Sargent, in his "Dealings with the Dead," describes the remaining three as follows:

"Dr. James Lloyd was easily discovered by his large bay horse,—take him for all in all, the finest harness gelding of his day in Boston. With the eyes of a Swedenborgian, I see the good old doctor now; and I hear the tramp of those highly polished, white-topped boots, I almost feel the lash of his horsewhip around my boyish legs, rather too harshly administered for mild practice, however; but he was an able physician, and a gentleman—*factus ad unguem*. His remarkable courtliness of manner arose, doubtless, in some degree, from his relation to the nobility. During the siege, General Howe and Lord Percy were his intimate friends; the latter was his tenant in 1775.

"Doctor Danforth, who resided in 1789 near the residence of Doctor Lloyd, on Pemberton's Hill nearly opposite Concert Hall, and subsequently in Green Street, might be recognized by the broad top of his chaise and the unvarying moderation of the pace at which he drove. He was tall and thin. His features were perfectly Brunonian. There seemed to be nothing antiphiogistic about him. When pleased, he was very gentlemanly in his manner and carriage. He ever placed himself with remarkable exactitude in the very centre of his vehicle bolt upright; and, with his stern expression, wrinkled features, remarkably aquiline nose, prominent chin and broad-brimmed hat, appeared,

even some fifty years ago, like a remnant of a bygone age. He had been a royalist. His manners were occasionally rough and overbearing. I remember to have told my mother, when a boy, that I should not like to take Doctor Danforth's physic. The character of his practice is doubtless well remembered by those who have taken his *divers*, as they were called, and lived to tell of it. The late Dr. Benjamin Waterhouse being interrogated by some aged spinsters as to the difference between the practice of Doctor Danforth and that of his opponents, replied that there were two ways of putting a disordered clock in tolerable condition—the first, by taking it apart, cleaning its various members of their dust and dirt, applying a little oil to the pivots, and attaching no other than its former weight; 'and then,' said he, 'it will go very well for a considerable time; and this we call the anti-Brunonian system.' The second method he described as follows: 'You are to take no pains about examining the parts; let the dust and dirt remain, by all means; apply no oil to the pivots; but hitch on three or four times the original weights, and you will be able to drag it along, after a fashion; and this is the Brunonian system.' In this the reader will recognize one of the pleasantries of Dr. Waterhouse, rather than an impartial illustration.

"Dr. Isaac Rand, the son of Dr. Isaac Rand of Charlestown, lived in 1789, in Middle Street, just below Cross; in after years he resided, till his death, in 1822, in Atkinson Street. He was a pupil of Dr. Lloyd. His liberalities to the poor became a proverb. The chaise in which he practiced in his latter days was a notable object. The width of it, though not equal to that of Solomon's temple, was several cubits. It became the property of the late Sheriff Badlam, who filled it to admiration. The mantle of Elijah was not a closer fit upon the shoulders of Elisha. Doctor Rand was an able physician and a truly good man. He made rather a more liberal use of the learned terms of his profession than was the practice among other physicians. With him this rose from habit and a desire to speak with accuracy, and not from affectation." *

The statements which these physicians submitted to the committee were for the most part, brief and to the point. That of Doctor Waterhouse contained the following curious comparative statement:

*Sargent's "Dealings with the Dead," vol. ii, page 448.

VACCINA, OR KINE POCK.

A comparative view of the Natural Small Pox, Inoculated Small Pox, and Kine Pock.

NATURAL SMALL POX.	INOCULATED SMALL POX.	KINE POCK.
A contagious disease. One in six, who take it, dies.	Contagious. One in 300 dies.	Noncontagious. Never fatal.
It is like an attempt to cross a dangerous stream by swimming, where one in six perishes!	It is like crossing the stream in an old leaky boat, where one in 300 perishes!	It is like crossing the stream on a new and safe bridge.

The committee announced, on July 17, that they had made arrangements with Dr. Amos Holbrook to inoculate any of the inhabitants of the town. Times and places were suggested as follows: at the East schoolhouse on Milton Hill at 9 A. M., on Thursday, the 20th; the inhabitants of the Scotch Woods to meet at their schoolhouse at 2 o'clock on Friday, the 21st; and those of the west part of the town to meet at the house of James Foord, Esq., on Brush Hill, on Saturday, the 22d, at 2 P. M. It appears from the record that 337 persons were vaccinated on these three days, and that these persons were of all ages, from two months to seventy years—"being more than one-fourth of the whole population of the town,* and with few exceptions the whole of the individuals who were liable to small-pox." There were only nine cases where the first vaccination failed, and on being tried a second time these also proved successful. "What is more worthy of notice," the report of the committee goes on to say, "is that amongst that large number of both sexes and all ages, no sickness interfered during the course of their vaccination, and in only eight cases were any persons obliged to give up their usual employment even a day or two."

Four weeks later the selectmen issued a circular to the fourteen neighboring towns of Brooklyn (*sic*),

Braintree, Canton, Dorchester, Dedham, Medfield, Needham, Quincy, Roxbury, Foxbury (*sic*), Randolph, Stoughton, Sharon and Weymouth, detailing the events of the preceding month and very earnestly urging these towns to follow the example of Milton. This circular was read to the people from the pulpit in most of these towns "after Divine service on the next Lord's Day after its reception."

On August 26, the committee reported the results of their work to the town and at the same time suggested that they could not "consider the trust they have accepted as fully discharged, till some of the inhabitants who have been vaccinated shall have been tested with the small-pox inoculation." A second town meeting was therefore then called, by a warrant issued August 28, 1809, for a meeting to be held on September 25 at 4 P. M. At this meeting it was

"*Voted*, that the committee appointed to carry into effect the inoculation of the kine pock be directed at the expense of the town to procure a place for an hospital in some remote part, to test with the small pox those individuals who are inclined, that have been inoculated with the kine pock, under the inspection of said committee by Dr. Amos Holbrook, and by him pronounced to have had the real disease, and *them only*."

"*Voted*, that said committee be further directed not to suffer any person inoculated with the small pox to leave said Hospital without a regular certificate from Dr. Amos Holbrook, and that no person be suffered to visit said hospital unless he obtains a permit from said Doctor, or from one of the members of the committee."

Here the first lesson may be said to have ended. On turning the musty leaves of this old pamphlet, we find the second portion dedicated like the first, with due formality, to His Excellency, Governor Christopher Gore, Esq. This portion contains the details of the bold experiment initiated by the town authorities. To be sure, this experiment had been tried before, by Jenner, by Doctor Waterhouse, by physicians in Boston, and possibly by some of the neighboring communi-

* The population of Milton according to the census of 1810 was 1,264.

ties. But the town of Milton appears to have been the first or at least one of the first municipalities to take up the question in a systematic manner as a public necessity, in order to demonstrate to its inhabitants the safety and the usefulness of the practice.

An organization had now been effected with five of the neighboring towns (Dorchester, Dedham, Canton, Stoughton and Sharon) to extend the practice of vaccination; and on the 5th of October a letter was addressed to the committees of these towns, notifying them of the proposed experiment and requesting their attendance on October 10th at the house of Mr. Stephen Horton. Mr. Russell, president of the Boston Board of Health, was also invited at the same time. The meeting was held in accordance with the notice. Some of the principal inhabitants attended it, together with Richard D. Tucker, Esq., of the Boston Board of Health, and Dr. Thomas Welsh, the visiting physician of that board. Mr. Houghton, chairman of the Milton committee, briefly addressed the meeting. He alluded to the desirability of testing the efficiency of the vaccinations which had been made by the committee, and expressed the belief of the committee in such efficiency in the most confident manner. He stated, moreover, that Doctor Welsh had procured the necessary material from a genuine small-pox patient for inoculating any persons who were willing to present themselves for the test, and that this material was accompanied with a proper certificate of its genuineness. In closing his address he said:

"Of the inoculation which you are going to witness, and its circumstances, we shall request you will sign a certificate; fifteen days would give a full opportunity to the variolous matter to act, if the constitution had not been made proof against it; on the 25th instant, or first fair day after, if it should storm, we hope, therefore, you will do us the honor to meet again at the same place and hour and grant us a second certificate, extremely pleasing to all parties concerned;

may it contribute to make of this the *last inoculation of the small pox* in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

The sealed "phial" containing the small-pox virus was then opened in the presence of the committee, and the following twelve persons, all children, were inoculated by Doctor Holbrook:

Samuel Alden, Joshua Briggs, Benjamin Church Briggs, Thomas Street Briggs, Martin Briggs, George Briggs, Charles Briggs, Mary Ann Belcher, Catharine Bent, Susanna Bent, Ruth P. Horton, John Smith.

The certificate properly drawn up was then signed by the witnesses who were present to the number of eighteen, including the delegates from Boston and Canton, the town authorities of Milton and several others. The house of Mr. Stephen Horton having been designated as a hospital, Mr. Horton was himself appointed hospital master, and the children thus inoculated were delivered up to his care, to remain with him under definite restrictions prescribed by the committee. They were "to keep within the boundaries fixed around the house by the committee, and to submit to the regulations which you will think proper to establish for the order of the house." No strangers were to be admitted without a permit, either from the doctor or from one of the committee, and all persons were requested to submit readily and "cheerfully" to these regulations.

A dozen lively, healthy children quarantined for a fortnight in one household under these peculiar circumstances must have kept Mr. Horton pretty busy for the time being. No communication with the village children was allowable under any circumstances; no excursions to the great Blue Hills for chestnuts on the warm October afternoons were permitted; and the days undoubtedly dragged wearily along until October 25, when according to appointment a number of witnesses, chiefly those who were present on the 10th of October, met at the temporary hospital,

and in their presence the twelve children were examined by Doctor Holbrook. First the successful vaccine scar upon one arm following the vaccination made in July was clearly shown; and then the ineffectual small-pox inoculation upon the other arm. The children were then officially discharged from the hospital, each child being first presented with a certificate of which the following is a copy:

JOSHUA BRIGGS.

YOU ARE HEREBY discharged from the Hospital, where you and eleven more appointed to that purpose have offered to all men, by the test of small pox inoculation, a convincing proof of the never failing power of that mild preventive the Cow Pox.

WHILST you remain a living token of mercy, your mouth will delight to testify your gratitude for a blessing great as it is singular in its kind, so that the hearts of men may unite with yours in praise to the Almighty Giver.

OLIVER HOUGHTON,
Chairman of the Committee
for Vaccination.

AMOS HOLBROOK,
Physician.

Milton, 25th Oct., 1809.

On October 30 the adjourned town meeting was held, the committee reported the results of the experiment, and the town voted:

"That said report be accepted.

"That there shall be an annual inoculation of cow pox, to take place henceforth in every year to come, in the month of June.

"That there shall be a permanent committee, whose members shall be elected annually at the same meeting at which other town officers are appointed.

"That the committee cause public notice to be given by posting up notifications at the meeting house doors two Sundays previous to the day fixed for the inoculation; that they warn the inhabitants from house to house at least four days beforehand, and that they use their influence to have all individuals liable to the small pox turn out; to prevail upon mothers to bring forth their offspring ever so young, and to invite occasional strangers and laborers in the town to partake of the benefit.

"That the meeting house be the place where the vaccination be performed, conceiving that the act by which people of all ages and conditions are brought together gratefully to receive the benefit of so singular and admirable a blessing cannot be otherwise than an acceptable offering to the Merciful Being whom they are in the habit of worshipping there."

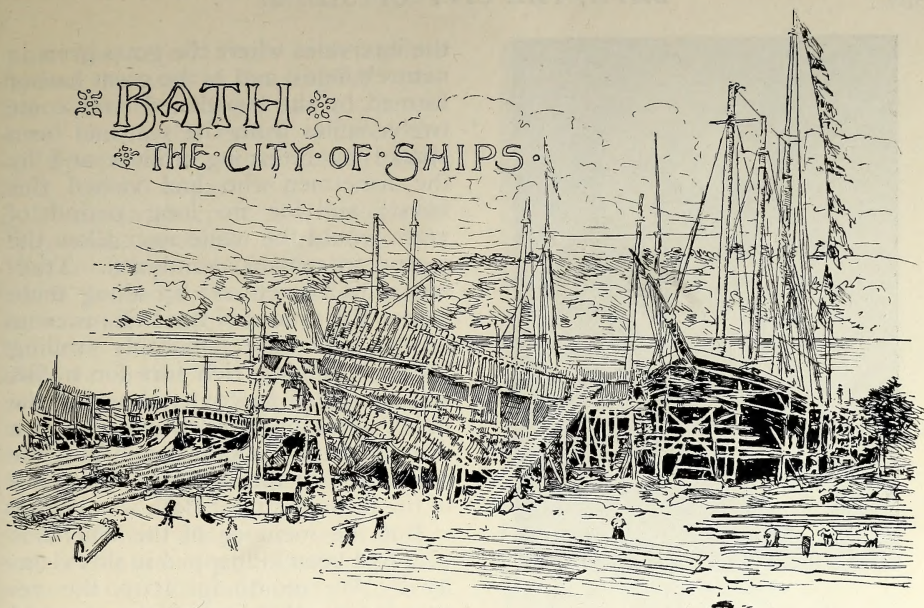
In addition to this action of the town, the committee was continued, and Doctor Holbrook was added thereto.

This meeting was held at four o'clock, and it would appear from the record that the people, in their enthusiasm at the success of the new practice, had forgotten the usual courtesy of expressing their gratitude to the principal movers in the affair, and had therefore held another meeting at five o'clock, at which the thanks of the meeting were voted to Doctor Holbrook, and to other persons, especially to Mr. Robbins who had made a "handsome present of a book" to the town, this book being intended to serve as a vaccination register.

On November 7, the selectmen transmitted a copy of the action of the town to his Excellency, Governor Gore, at the same time suggesting the propriety of legislation upon this subject. Governor Gore replied upon the following day; and the result of this experiment together with others enacted elsewhere in a less public manner was the enactment of a statute, dated March 6, 1810, entitled, "An Act to diffuse the benefits of inoculation for the cow-pox."

The wise and careful enforcement of this law which followed its enactment undoubtedly resulted in the saving during the next twenty-five years of a very large number of human lives and a vast amount of suffering, since the loathsome pest of the eighteenth century did not again obtain a foothold in the state until after the unfortunate repeal of this statute in 1836.

BATH THE CITY OF SHIPS.

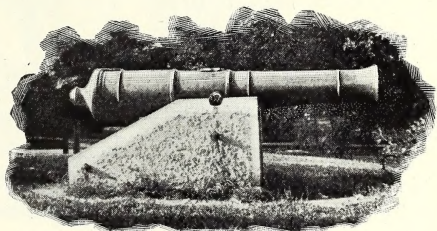


By Edward Clarence Plummer.

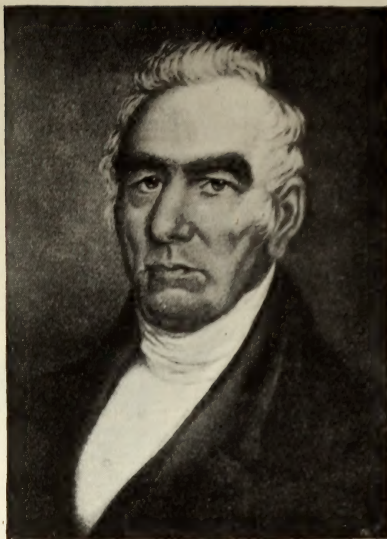
THE first English settlement in New England! Red-roofed cottages, now almost overshadowed by the many-gabled walls of more pretentious seaside homes, broad walks and a pleasant grove, from which one may look out along the broad slope of a three-mile curving beach, which seems to have bent a great protecting arm about this summer village, now mark the spot where, years before the Pilgrim Fathers left their native land or the little *Mayflower* ventured into the western seas, the representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race planted a colony and made the English tongue familiar to the Indian's ear.

For it was here that Captain George Popham, brother of England's chief justice, whose adventurous spirit had been fired with the marvelous stories which explorers had brought back from the new world, landed in 1607 with one hundred and twenty pioneers, established a village of fifty houses, built a strong stockade for defense, and prepared to draw from this great unknown region the wealth which he dreamed there awaited them.

Here was constructed the first ship the new world had produced, the *Virginia*, designed to cruise along the continent and to carry the rich cargoes which the pioneers promised themselves should be secured from the trusting natives, to the markets across the sea. Boats were sent out to explore the bays and rivers, that the best trading points might be known, and preparations for gathering the rich harvests of the sea were being made, when death took from the company its indomitable leader, —and with the life of George Popham went out the life of the colony he had planted. Dissensions broke out in the village, the humane spirit which had previously pervaded the settlement vanished, outrages perpe-



OLD ENGLISH CANNON ON BATH COMMON.



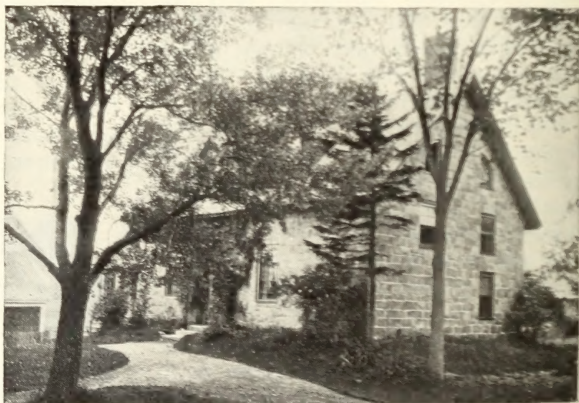
WILLIAM KING.
The First Governor of Maine.

trated upon the natives brought on hostilities, the great storehouse, with all its precious contents, was destroyed during one of these assaults, and in 1608 the disheartened survivors abandoned the place, sailing for their old home in the very ship which had been built to carry on a commerce which Popham had fancied was to spring from his city in the wilderness. When the settlers had gone the Indians, who had suffered grievous wrongs at their hands, destroyed the remnant of the village. Time has obliterated such ruins as the savages left; and to-day nothing but the name, Popham Beach, remains to tell of that hamlet, planted with such high hopes upon these shores almost three centuries ago.

But the fame of the mighty river, of the giant trees which fringed its banks, of the salmon which filled its waters, of the beaver which haunted its thousand tributaries, of

the intervals where the grass grew in nature's fields, and of the great harbor formed by the broadened river some twelve miles from the sea, had been spread by returning traders and by the fishermen who had visited this coast; and for no long period of years would the white men allow the region to remain abandoned. Trading stations were set up along these banks, the canoes of the Indians came down over the smoothly rolling waters, bringing rich furs for traffic, settlers began to come, choosing the richer soil along the river banks at a distance from the ocean, and thus the cultivation of the land in the vicinity of the present city of Bath was begun.

But the memory of the chieftains who had been kidnapped in this vicinity by Weymouth in 1605, the remembrance of those natives who had been lured in front of one of the cannon at Popham's settlement and there blown to pieces by the men whom they had looked upon as friends, and the constant efforts of the white adventurers to overreach the red man by any methods led to frequent outbreaks, and repeatedly were the settlers driven away. Still they returned, and at last the government established upon Arrowsic Island, just below the harbor of Bath, a military station which was able to defy the assaults of the French and In-



THE RESIDENCE OF WILLIAM KING.

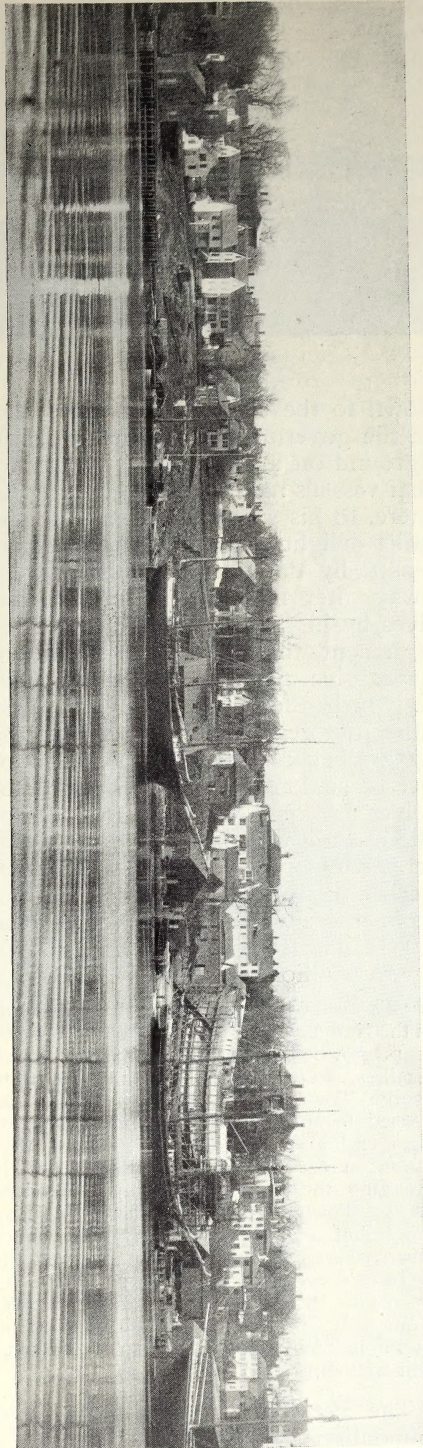
dians who several times came against it; and the hold of the English upon the Kennebec River was made secure. From this centre radiated the widely spread town of which Bath once formed a part.

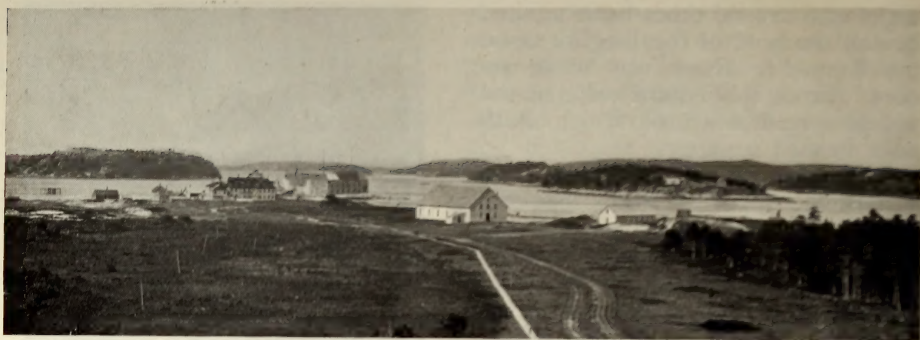
It was in the part now known as Woolwich, opposite Bath, that Sir William Phips in 1675 built a ship which proved to be an ark of safety to many of these settlers; for while the craft was being completed an Indian war broke out, and the terrified people crowded aboard this vessel and sailed for Boston, leaving their farms to be desolated. A romantic history is that of the man who saved them.

Sir William Phips was born at Arrowsic, the son of a gunsmith who had come from England in 1651 and taken up a farm here. Of this family of twenty-five children, William was the tenth. As a youth he learned the shipwright's trade at Arrowsic; he proceeded to Boston, where he built and sailed craft with such success that he attracted the attention of the Duke of Albemarle, who engaged him to take a king's ship and search for the rich treasure which had gone down in a Spanish galleon lost off the Bahamas. Good fortune attended him. He recovered \$1,350,000 of the treasure, received \$80,000 as his own, was knighted by the king and remembered with other promotions; so that this child of almost unknown Arrowsic became Sir William Phips, the capturer of Fort Royal, the commodore who commanded the expedition against Quebec, and the governor of the Massachusetts Bay colony. And he died when but forty-four years of age.

At the close of Queen Anne's War this settlement of Georgetown, as the region all about here was called, increased in importance, until in 1717 Governor Shute of Massachusetts felt called upon to visit the place and to curb the spirits of the Indians who were protesting against the encroachments of the pioneers. So he came

ON THE WATER FRONT.





FORT POPHAM.

down to the chief hamlet, Arrowsic, in the government ship *Squirrel*, ran aground on a point which still bears that vessel's name, remained hung up there, to his great disgust and to the quiet delight of the Indians, until released by the tide, and finally went away after having enraged the natives by his haughty bearing and his statement that the English would never give up an inch of the ground to which they had laid claim. So other outbreaks followed; and it was 1753 when a sufficiently large number of settlers had established themselves at Long Reach, as the present site of Bath was then called, to justify an attempt to establish a separate parish there. The following extract from these settlers' petition to the Massachusetts government tells of their condition:

"That they are inhabitants of those Lands on the Kennebec River which, about Fourteen Years ago, being Inhabited by Six or Seven Families, were annex'd by this Court to George Town, since which they have increased to about Forty Families and made considerable improvements. That they Labour under the Greatest Difficulties in attending the Publick Worship of God at George Town, in that they not only Live remote but are obliged to cross Winnegance River, where the Tide is very rapid and the Ice in cold seasons in very large Quantities by means whereof the Ancient People, Women & Children can scarce ever attend the Publick Worship of God, so necessary to their wellbeing."

The petition was granted. The foundations of the present city were

thus laid; and the fact that Bath, with its 8,000 inhabitants, now has thirteen churches, one of the finest Y. M. C. A. blocks in the state, and a large revival hall at which services are regularly maintained, shows that the descendants of these pious settlers firmly believe that ample facilities for "Publick Worship" are necessary to their wellbeing. Nor has the leading industry of the settlement ever changed. From the time when the little coasters were slipped off the river's bank to the day when the giant ships of oak and steel have gone down the smoking ways of massive timbers which scarce sustained the



ARTHUR SEWALL.

tremendous weight, shipbuilding has been the chief employment of this people; and the record is one in which every citizen takes a pride. From the time when the government record was begun here in 1783, Bath has built a million tons of shipping, and includes in her list every type of craft known to the Atlantic Ocean, from

curves of the mold which shows the shape of the vessel's side. In the adjoining shop the massive jaws of shears are cutting these ribs to an exact length, the great blade clipping the heavy steel as easily as scissors snip a thread; a ponderous knife is planing down the edge of a broad plank of steel, just as a joiner planes

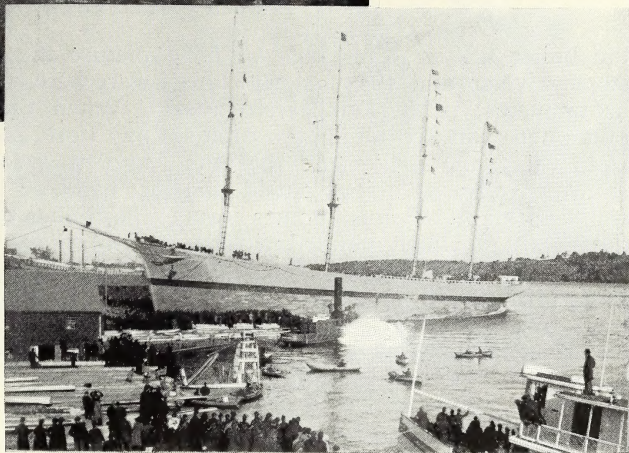
down the edge of a board to shape it perfectly; mighty rolls, which require an engine of their own to operate them, are curving these plates to various lines; while the scrape of a saw, tearing its way through this tough



YARD OF THE NEW ENGLAND COMPANY.

yachts and gunboats to barges and river steamers.

As one walks about the yards of the Bath Iron Works, where the *queen of Long Island Sound*, the steamer *City of Lowell*, and the magnificent yacht *Eleanor*, in which William Slater of Providence recently completed a two years' cruise around the world, were constructed, there is nothing to remind him of those small beginnings from which the fame of the shipping city has grown. Upon the broad iron "bending floor" are the long ribs of steel, made pliable by the intense heat of the deep furnaces from which they have been drawn, rapidly shaping themselves under the sledges of hurrying workmen to the exact



LAUNCH OF THE SEWALL SHIP, "SHENANDOAH."

metal as if it were but wood, causes the novice to stare in wonderment. Iron and steel are the only materials in sight. There is a ponderous propeller shaft slowly turning in its lathe; beyond it a two-yard cylinder being bored to the perfect surface it must have when the great piston head shall begin plunging up and down there; bars, shafts and gears in all stages of incompleteness confuse the eye wherever it turns. From an adjoining building comes the endless din of



THE OLD SEWALL MILLS.

the boiler makers, the crack of the steam riveter and the clang of the heavy plates; in the foundry streams of molten iron are filling the molds from which the sparks and the blue flames of gas are leaping; outside the sound of many hammers comes from the metal hull which, plumed with the smoke from a score of movable forges, from which the redhot bolts that rivet the pieces of the craft together are drawn, seems to be taking shape as the iron takes its shape on the anvil; and all about is such a confusion of sounds that one draws a breath of relief when the comparative quiet of the street is attained again. Yet then the sound of the great steam hammers in the forging room follows for a distance, and it is not easy to

picture the quiet yards which once were here.

When those pioneer builders began work, one hundred and fifty years ago, they found their material right at hand. Upon these banks grew all the timber they could need, from the crooked oak of the frames to the tall, straight pines for spars; and as these

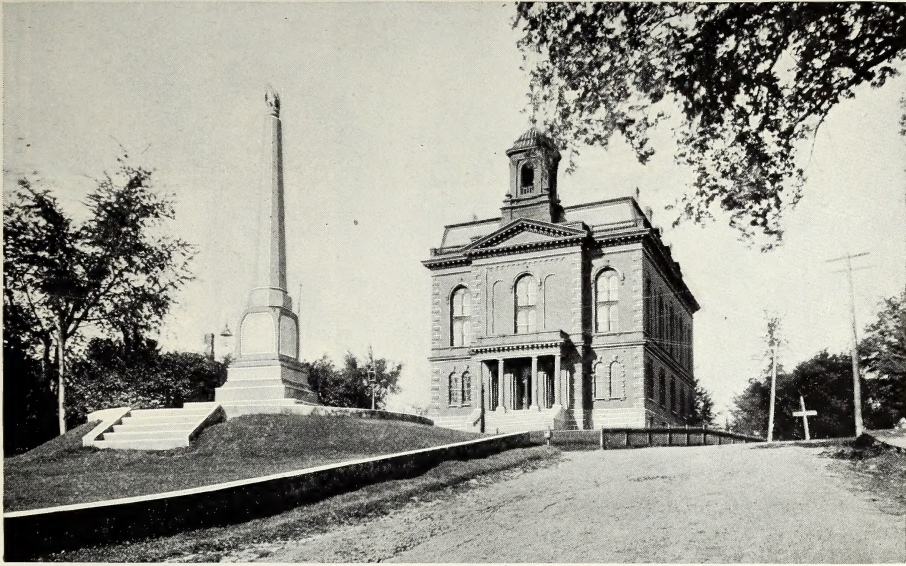


THE OLD COUPLES' HOME.

were gradually consumed, their yards, just below the confluence of the Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers, were admirably located to receive timber which might be floated down from the interior of the state. Then no models were used; the draughtsman's art was unknown; the merchant gave his order for a craft whose general dimensions he could state—and took the craft which resulted. Then the keel would be laid, the stem and stern post be bolted to either end as

been already adjusted. Here is where the "eye" of a master builder was of great value; and many of these men became so skilful at this work that they could shape a craft whose sides would be nearly alike and which would steer nearly as well on one tack as on the other.

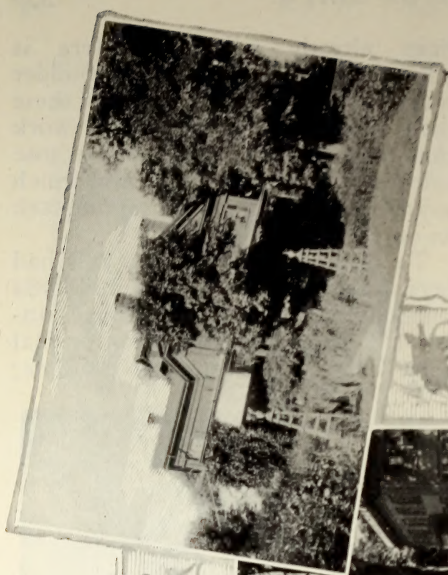
Though many coasting vessels had been built here, it was not until 1762 that contract shipbuilding was inaugurated, Captain William Swanton that year building the ship *Earl of Bute*;



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT AND COURT HOUSE.

they lay flat on the ground, and then they would be "raised" until they seemed to be in a vertical plane. There they were secured by props, and the builder began to fill in between these end pieces with frames, usually working from the middle either way. If he desired to be very accurate he would put up "scattering" frames, spike planks called "ribbands" along these so as to get a faint idea of what the craft's lines would be, cut and move these scattering frames until the outlines seemed about correct, and then fill in between these frames with timbers shaped to fit against the ribbands which had

and from that date the industry can be considered an established one. And Bath was not disposed to permit anything new in the nautical line to escape her attention. In 1818 she secured her first steamboat; and the fact that it had to be towed from Boston by a sailing packet—coming up the river under her own steam, however,—tells how modest was her first venture in this line. This steamer was of about the size of a large fishing boat, had no deck, her machinery being open to view; and as she slowly passed up the harbor, her little sidewheels making a terrible fuss in the water, she was hailed as some-



WASHINGTON
STREET.

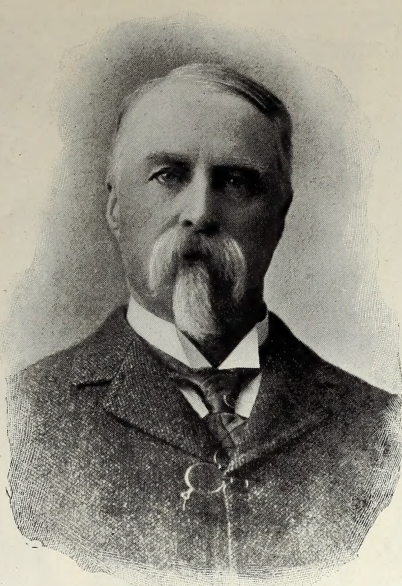


RESIDENCE OF ARTHUR SEWALL.
RESIDENCE OF GALEN C. MOSES.

RESIDENCE OF GENERAL THOMAS W. HYDE.
RESIDENCE OF JOHN O. PATTEN.

thing wonderful.

Seward Porter, however, realized that this little "tub," as the steamer was contemptuously called, meant the death of the old packet service; and, in 1823, he built a boat to run to Augusta, the same year laying the foundations of the present Boston line by securing for this service the New York steamer *Patent*. This craft was considered quite a flyer, and the service which she inaugurated has been continued until to-day. In place of the little *Patent*, however, are the two big side-wheelers, *Kennebec* and *Sagadahoc*, each of about 1,800 tons, while the little "puffy" tug has been succeeded by a fleet of large

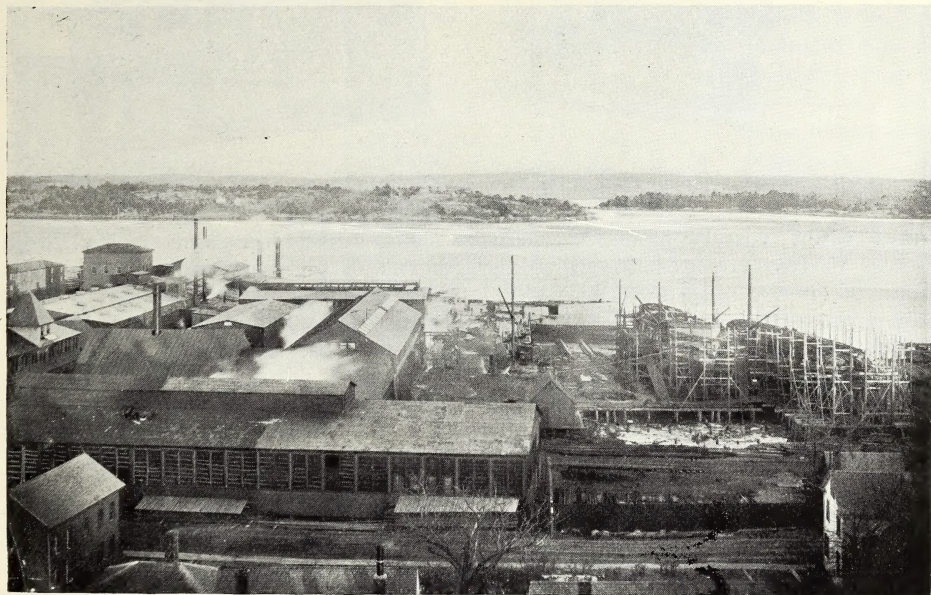


GENERAL THOMAS W. HYDE.

tow-boats, one of which may often be seen making for the sea with three or four big vessels on her lines. Of these the ocean tug *C. W. Morse* was for years, and is said to be to-day, the largest tug for ocean service in existence, a string of barges which, with their long hawsers, extend a mile, being no uncommon load for her.

Nearly all of Bath's wealth has come from shipping, and to shipping nearly all her successful business men have devoted

themselves. As one passes up Washington Street, "the avenue" of the city, he sees the big square houses which were built by the shipmasters and shipbuilders in the



THE BATH IRON WORKS.



OLD AND NEW BATH CHURCHES.

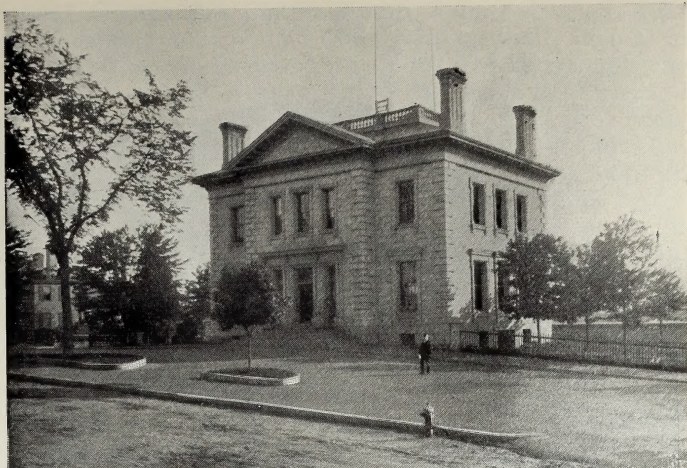
days when vessels paid for themselves in two voyages and a young man of energy only needed to reach the quarter-deck to be able to command fortune at will. There is a certain stateliness about these roomy structures, with their broad front doors flanked by side-lights opening into the spacious hall which divides the house in twain, the heavy finish of the large apartments and the massive balustrade of mahogany which guards the wide front stairs, which leaves its own impression and seems to tell of a life which is not to be met with to-day.

For vessels long since ceased to be horns of plenty. The telegraph has changed the master, who once took entire possession of his ship and searched the world for cargoes, to a mere clerk who takes the craft where he is ordered, and the rugged character which those old responsibilities developed seems to have been modified.

Yet there is one man in Bath who believes in the future of the American ship. That is Arthur Sewall, the Democratic nominee for the vice-presidency. Mr. Sewall is the senior member of the oldest shipbuilding

firm in the city. Early in the century the name of Sewall appears among the owners of vessels; and in 1823 the firm of Clark and Sewall began to build in the yard still used by the Sewall family. Here ninety-five vessels have been built, most of them square-riggers, two of them famous in their day, one the *Rappahannock*,

of 1841, then the largest merchant craft afloat and condemned at her launching by many captains who believed she was too large to be managed at sea, and the *Roanoke*, of 3,500 tons, still the largest wooden sailing ship afloat. But this yard has been changed into one for the building of metal vessels, and three years ago there was built the first steel sailing ship ever set up in this country, the



THE CUSTOM HOUSE AND POST OFFICE.

Dirigo, rightly named, though a few iron craft had been previously constructed on the Delaware. The change was made as the result of a visit to the English shipyards where Mr. Sewall became convinced that with the same priced material the American builder could soon learn to turn out craft as cheaply as any firms in the world.

The home of Mr. Sewall is one of the most beautiful in this part of the state. The site is commanding, looking down upon the harbor, and the spacious grounds, perfected by the landscape gardener's art, make a fitting setting for the mansion. It was here that President Harrison was received when he visited the city in 1891.

A mile away, on the site of one of the earli-



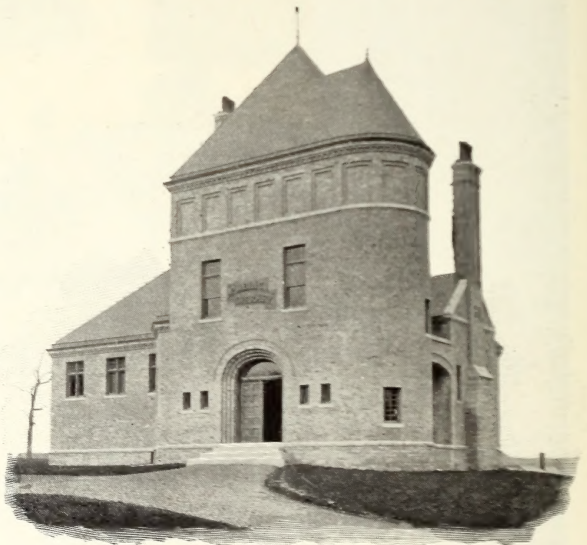
THE ORPHANS' HOME.



THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

est houses built in Bath, is Elmhurst, the home of General Thomas W. Hyde, president of the Bath Iron Works. The grounds of this old-time mansion cover fifty acres, and they have many a time been the scene of memorable festivities, as when the officers of the White Squadron, Secretary Herbert and General Miles were given receptions here. It was to General Hyde that Bath owed the establishment of its great shipbuilding plant here, the plant which is justly called the backbone of the city's prosperity since the business of building wooden craft has fallen so low. In these works was constructed the first triple-expansion engine built in this country, that for the New York yacht *Meteor*, the work of Charles E. Hyde; and the yachts *Eleanor*, *Peregrine* and *Illawarra*, designed by Charles Ridgley Hanscom, naval constructor and superintendent of the works, indicate the kind of pleasure craft turned out here.

Still the builder of wooden craft keeps many crews of carpenters busy here. The firm of Kelley and Spear, with its yard mill where electric energy quickly shapes the timbers and knees that once required prolonged labor with the broad ax and adz, still keeps from one to three craft upon the stocks the greater part of the



THE PATTEN FREE LIBRARY.

time; the New England Company, with its long record of sailing and steam vessels, likewise keeps up the fight; while the firms of Percy and Small, G. G. Deering, N. T. Palmer and W. T. Donnell continue to send out great four-masted schooners which, by virtue of their vast carrying power, compete with the barges which are striving to drive them from the sea. Nothing but schooners and barges are built in these yards to-



FRONT STREET.

day—a remarkable change within the life of all of the older builders. In 1854, when Bath reached “high water mark,” her yards produced thirty-three vessels, and every one of them was a square-rigger, nearly all of them ships.

But those were in the days of the cotton trade, when the Yankee skipper was master of the situation, and the American craft led the fleets of the world. Bath never produced a clipper ship, though she has often been credited with them, her builders and owners preferring to retain great carrying power, even at the sacrifice of some speed; and her bluff-bowed, “kettle-bottomed” vessels made the name of Bath a familiar one in all parts of the globe. Yet bluff as those

old-time craft appeared, their lines under water were generally such as to permit them to plough through the ocean with considerable freedom; and the traditions of the city tell of many a time when the Bath skipper has loaded his spars with canvas and torn his way across the Atlantic in a race with a British ship, coming in ahead, though his yards had been bent into bows by the driving pressure and the chain-plates been started from the frames. For many of those carriers were record-makers too.

But by the fifties, when American shipping reached the zenith of its glory, Bath had settled upon



CENTER STREET.

the half-clipper type of ship, a compromise between the extreme carrier and the extreme racer, the type of craft which the world has generally adopted to-day, and the *Henry B. Hyde*, built by John McDonald of this city, the *John R. Kelley* and the *Susquehanna*, are not only examples of the highest naval beauty, but they have shown a speed which has caused the marine reporters to refer to them as clippers.

But long before the fame of these noble ships had made the name of this Kennebec city a familiar one to Europeans, and years before the men

of Bath from the decks of small but "flying" privateers had proclaimed their determination to stand by "sailors' rights" as long as a deck-plank would support their cannon, the bold spirit of independence which characterized the settlers of "Long Reach" had been made known in England. From the time that the British troops

alongside the old Harward homestead, which is now known as "The Old Couples' Home" (a retreat for those who have passed the age when they can care for themselves but whom their friends would not wish to see neglected), the officers of the King had established a dock where they received such timber as the woodsmen selected from the interior forests and floated down the Androscoggin and Kennebec rivers, to be used for masts or spars. Quite a crew of men were at times employed here. On the date when the Bath patriots determined to echo the



arrived in Boston the citizens of Bath had watched with intense interest the development of events there. They were in a position to be particularly well informed, for Dummer Sewall, a leading citizen here, was a personal friend of Samuel Adams, as well as of many of the men who became leaders in that struggle for liberty; and when things had taken on a threatening look the patriots of Bath proceeded to form a company for fighting purposes. Accordingly, when an express informed them that Lexington had been fought, Bath was ready and responded in a way that showed the old Bay State spirit.

Just north of the city, in an inlet



VIEWS IN THE BATH CEMETERY.

warning given by the patriots of Lexington, there were some forty British carpenters engaged in hewing masts here, while in the stream lay the ship which they were to load. At once fifty men took their rifles and choosing Dummer Sewall as their spokesman, proceeded toward the "King's dock." That there might be no bloodshed, if it could be avoided, it was decided to conceal the men in a position where they could command the

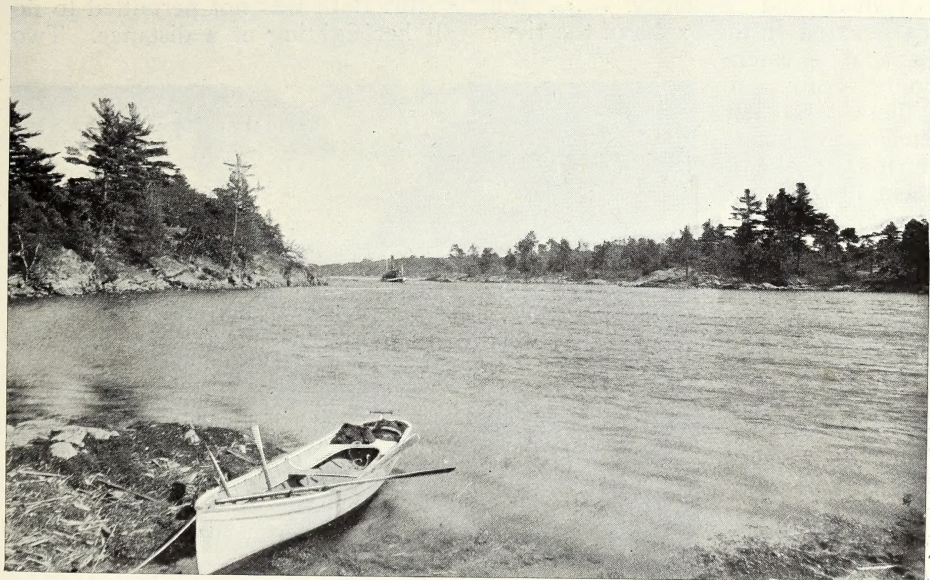
yard and where their exact numbers could not be told, and send Sewall forward to order the Englishmen away. Now the Englishmen had not heard of the conflict at Lexington, and accordingly were much astonished when the military figure of Dummer Sewall, whom they all knew, suddenly appeared, and they heard the startling words: "In the name of the people of America I command you not to strike another blow!" Not another blow was struck. The carpenters looked at their officers, the officers looked at their visitor; whether it was the determined aspect of the continental or the glint of the rifles which may have appeared in the woods by the road which moved them will never be known, but the men took to their boats and sailed from the river. The spars upon which they had been at work were never removed



THE HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING.

by authority, but remained at the dock for many years, until they gradually disappeared by rotting or otherwise.

The spirit which actuated the con-



"ALONG THE WINDING SASSAMORE."



STEAMER LANDING, SQUIRREL ISLAND.

tinentials here was well shown in their reply to the Boston committee, from which a letter regarding the endangered rights of the colonists had been received. Said this reply, in part: "We have considered the rights of the colonists with the list of infringements and violations as exhibited to us by you. We think the rights of the colonies justly stated, and the infringements and violations as boding the most shaking consequences to ourselves and posterity. . . . We are situated on the banks of the river Sagadahoc, where some of our fathers who left their native country for the sake of their liberty first landed, many of whom fell a sacrifice to savage barbarity rather than endure oppression; their graves are with us and we would by no means affront their relics by a tame submission to oppression and slavery."

That these men meant what

they said is shown by the fact that as soon as hostilities opened a company was formed by the citizens of this and adjoining towns, and the sons of Bath were among the men who knelt behind the rail fence at Bunker Hill and, with the rifles which had often proved their accuracy against the deer of the Maine forests, sent death among their assailants until the last bullet and the last charge of powder had been used.

But Bath was not permitted to do all her fighting at a distance. Two

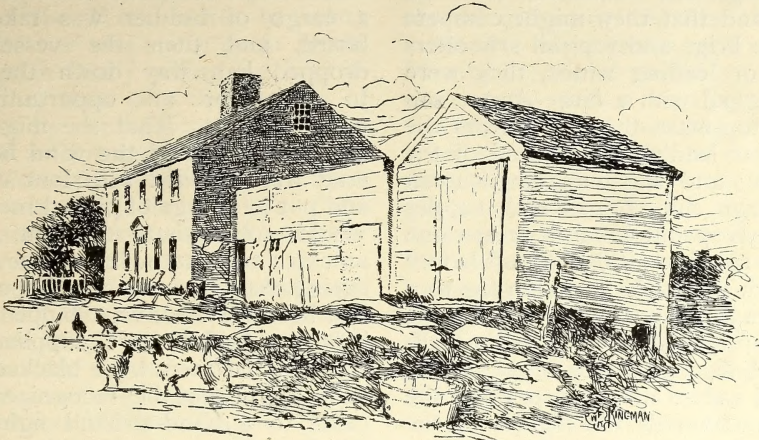


ON SQUIRREL ISLAND.

British vessels chased an American schooner into the river, but were obliged to anchor some four miles below the city as night was coming on, the schooner continuing on to Bath. At once a company proceeded to the high ground above the vessels and with two cannon battered the intruders so severely that they were obliged to slip their cables and escape to sea.

As a reminder of that war there now stands upon the park at Bath an old cannon which once belonged on "the *Somerset*, British man-of-war," which was in Boston harbor at the time of

its, for warships and privateers often came into the river and always announced their presence by raiding the neighboring farms. Particularly were these shores troubled by "shaving mills." All who are familiar with Elijah Kellogg's writing will understand that a "shaving mill" was generally a fishing craft, varying in size from the boat to the "pinkey," in which from three to a dozen men would cruise along the coast,—veritable tramp pirates. In most cases these men were as depraved as they were cowardly—they especially delighted to visit a house where there



THE SEWALL HOMESTEAD.

the battle of Bunker Hill, and which is referred to by Longfellow in "Paul Revere's Ride." The ship was wrecked on Cape Cod in 1777, and later this cannon was raised as a relic. For a time it was used to fire salutes, but long ago was retired from the service and placed upon its stone carriage in the park. Though its surface shows somewhat the effect of the salt water during the time it was lying on the Cape, the English arms and lettering upon the piece stand out as clearly as ever, to certify to the genuineness of the gun.

But the settlers below Bath were not always so fortunate as those who lived within what is now the city lim-

were no guardians and terrorize over the women and children, stealing anything that took their fancy. Almost any inlet was large enough to conceal them when pursued, and they could lurk among the islands until some unsuspecting fisherman came along or they saw the "men folks" of a neighboring farm depart for the fields. Accordingly when a "shaving miller" was caught he was treated with scant courtesy.

But as soon as the Revolution was over, Bath began to find prosperity at her doors. The lumber which came down the rivers was in demand in the West Indies; cargoes of fish and farm produce also brought good

prices; and the year which saw the war close saw the yards of Bath and vicinity begin to turn out a fleet of sloops and schooners—five vessels being the record for 1783, six the record for 1784; and before the national government had been fairly established by the inauguration of Washington, this shipping district had shown its confidence in the country by constructing thirty-nine coasters. Nearly half of these vessels were sloops; for, odd as it seems now, this type of craft was very popular for coasting. Many of these "single-stick craft" were large for those days, measuring one hundred tons or more; and that they might compete with the brigs and top-sail schooners in fair or leading winds, they were often rigged with a large square sail on the top-mast, the braces from the yard-arms leading to the end of the bowsprit; and when an Englishman in his trim ship, bright with copper and nicely painted, came across one of these rough craft driving off before the wind, the cable run from the top-mast head to the traveler to keep the spar from leaving the cap as the half-buried hull was driven through the tumbled water, and, as was often the case, saw himself left behind to the great delight of the two brawny seamen who with a purchase were holding the long tiller and keeping the ugly thing on her course, he generally felt called upon to comment on those "wild Yankees" whom "you couldn't drown if you tried."

It was with such craft as these that Bath began to build up a flourishing commerce. Steadily the size of her fleet grew until in the opening years of this century the Bath district was producing from thirty to forty-three recorded vessels per year. The non-intercourse years saw a falling off in shipbuilding. Ships were tied up at the wharves and prosperity disappeared. Then the old privateer spirit reappeared. There were plenty of men in Bath who not only believed that President Jefferson had no right

to take from them their means of livelihood, but who were prepared to defy him and his power. There was then, as now, a fort at the mouth of the river, a fort which fully commanded the channel; and to give double assurance that the Bath coasters should not escape on any of their West India trips a revenue cutter was added to the guard. But there were plenty of adventurous spirits willing to take any chances.

The exploit of the fast brig *Mary Jane*, of 156 tons, built in Hallowell in 1803, which "ran the gantlet" in 1808, was one long remembered. The vessel was transferred to her captain, a cargo of lumber was taken on board, and then the vessel was dropped half way down the river to wait for an opportunity to run the guns. That she might not be helpless should the wind fail, the craft was supplied with four cannon and put in charge of picked men who would not hesitate to fight. Then an extra crew, to be left on the neighboring coast as soon as the open water had been reached, was shipped, muskets and rifles were supplied, the faces of the men were blacked, that they might not be recognized if it came to a hand-to-hand fight with the boarders, and then the captain waited for a stormy night with a strong wind blowing out of the river. January 2, 1809, brought the weather desired, and at midnight the lines were cast off, the vessel leaving with the best wishes of a large gathering of people; for at that time it was the general feeling that custom-house officers were the natural enemies of American freedom. Soon through the blackness of the night shot out the lights of the cutter, lying squarely in the road, and a minute later came a hail from the government vessel. No reply was given, but on came the black hull which had suddenly appeared on the river, and before action could be taken the flying craft, with her cloud of canvas bending her slender yards like whip-stocks, had

passed with a roar of the water piled under her plunging bow, and a chase was the only thing to be ordered. Under the gunwales lay the bold Kennebeckers, ready to depart in peace, but just a trifle anxious to fight; and the first shot from the cutter brought every man to his feet. The longed-for word was given, and a four-pound ball announced that the *Mary Jane* wasn't out on a yachting trip. As she passed the fort a volley of bullets greeted her, and a reply was promptly given, but no rigging was lost and the brig kept on. For two miles a running fight was kept up, but the brig escaped. She reached the West Indies in safety and sold her cargo at a great profit, the captain finally selling the brig itself rather than take the chances of losing it by confiscation should it be brought into American waters again.

As Maine had turned to Bath for a strong man when the question of the acceptance of the national constitution was to be settled, and it was Dummer Sewall's vote and influence which had much to do with settling the issue then, so when Maine became a state she turned to Bath for her first governor,—and the man thus honored was William King.

William King was one of the striking characters of his time. Starting as a country boy with no capital but himself, he interested himself in shipping and trade, opened the first bank Bath ever had, and became one of the wealthiest and most widely known men in the state. For fifty years he was a resident of this city, his house occupying the ground where the custom house now stands; and did he live to-day and exercise his power as he did half a century ago, he would be called a boss who ruled with an iron hand. But in his death the old hostilities were forgotten, and the state erected a monument to his memory—a monument which the last legislature attempted to secure an appropriation to restore, but failed. The monument is of granite, now

patched with moss; and, as was shown at the hearing in the capitol, comparatively few of Maine's citizens knew that a monument to their first governor existed. A statue of King stands in the capitol at Washington.

For a typical Bath business man of the olden time, however, one would turn to ex-mayor John Patten. Born near the close of the Revolutionary War, he took to the sea, suffered the loss of all his property in the 1812 war, but again made the sea yield him a competence, began building vessels and putting them into the world's trade at times and points where a shrewd judgment told him the most profit was to be made, and closed a life which covered almost a century's span as the richest man in the city. His old-fashioned dwelling, from the broad veranda of which he could look down the harbor and catch the first glimpse of his vessels' topsails, as those treasure-bringers came in from the sea, still stands, and is occupied by his namesake, Hon. John O. Patten, whose legislative efforts to secure the resubmission of Maine's present prohibitory liquor law to the people has caused him to be denominated "Resubmission Patten" by many of his friends. Mr. Patten is the editor of the *Bath Daily Times*.

Bath is the county seat of Sagadahoc county, and the court house is one of its finest buildings. The Patten Library building is also one which merits the praise it invariably receives. It was presented to the city by Galen C. Moses. The library of Governor King, presented by G. F. and J. Patten, formed the nucleus of this collection of books, and the contributions of other citizens have made the library quite complete.

Bath has some very attractive churches; for the old shipmasters seemed to feel that they could well afford, when their business was to "go down to the sea in ships," to contribute for those who should pray for their welfare while upon the deep,

and even as far back as 1756 the "Second Parish," as Bath and its environs was then called, built a large church, for which a special tax was levied by the general court. In 1802 Bath had grown so as to need a church edifice of its own, and then the famous Old North Meeting-house was built. In 1843 members of this church came to the conclusion that a more modern structure was needed, and the present Winter Street church was erected. In 1802 a branch of the original church of Bath formed the Old South, and as a result the Central church came into existence. The demand for the preaching of different creeds led to the creation of other religious societies, until to-day there are the Beacon Street, built by the Methodists in 1853; the Wesley church, which entered the present edifice in 1869; the North Street society, which, having had its building blown down, put up the present structure in the same year; the Baptist church, built in 1853; the New Church, built in 1843; the Universalist church, built in 1839; St. Mary's, built by the Roman Catholics in 1853; Grace Church, built about the same time, and the Corliss Street church,—all within the city limits. Besides these, the "Forward Movement" society has been established here during the past three years and another church edifice is being planned.

In connection with the churches may appropriately come an account of an institution in which Bath and the whole state take pride, and for the success of which the women of Bath have done so much: the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans' Home. In 1866 the ladies of Bath, realizing that there were many children who had been deprived of their fathers by the war and who were thus left in circumstances which would give them no fair opportunity in life, appointed a committee of two women from each church society and began the solicitation of funds for the establishment

of a home for these orphans. Donations from various parts of the state came in as the report of this undertaking went abroad, and the Home was opened November 19, 1866. The association was incorporated by the state, the governor being authorized to draw his order annually in favor of this institution for \$6,000, as soon as the incorporators had secured \$20,000. In 1870 an appropriation of \$15,000 for the Home was secured, and the institution was taken in charge by the state. The same year saw the Home secure its present handsome building. Originally this structure was an old time mansion house, built in 1800. It has been enlarged and remodeled, and will now accommodate one hundred children. Here children from all parts of the state are received, are given the same care that would be theirs in any well regulated home, and educated and trained until they can secure homes in some good family. The state board of managers, of which women form a part, keeps a keen watch upon these charges, and only a thoroughly trusted couple can secure the custody of a child from the Home. With every session of the state legislature a committee, of which the governor is commonly one, visits the Home and recommends such appropriations as may seem to be needful. The local corps of the Grand Army keeps a sharp eye on the children, whom these members consider almost as their own wards; and every Christmas these surviving veterans see to it that the children of their dead companions have a Christmas tree bountifully loaded with gifts. More than one thousand children have been inmates of the Home; and their record is such as to prove the wisdom of those who inaugurated the benevolent movement. From the Home have gone out ministers and teachers, who could otherwise never have fitted themselves for such callings, while bookkeepers, civil engineers and machinists are all on the list. So clean has been the

record made by these children, that the officials of the state realize that Maine has been amply repaid for the outlay which it has made for them in the high class citizens she has thus secured.

Almost opposite the library, which stands on the southern verge of the park, is the Y. M. C. A. block, in which are as complete arrangements for carrying on the work of this organization as are to be found in the state. From gymnasium to social parlors, from bowling alley to music room, nothing has been omitted. This block was likewise largely the result of the efforts of Mr. Moses, the president of the association, the late Charles E. Moody assisting.

From the windows of these buildings one may look down upon the river, where the white side-wheel steamers which give the city daily connection with Boston are making their landings, or where the fleet of trim propellers are darting away to carry the summer visitor to any of the myriad points which the vacation excursionist has discovered to be most attractive among the islands and wooded points which weave such an intricate coast-line between Boothbay and Small Point, fifteen miles away. For Bath, by the Kennebec River, by Merrymeeting Bay and the New Meadows, is almost surrounded by water, and the pretty nooks to be found along the winding Sasanoa, in Sagadahoc Bay and among the islands which seem to have been sprinkled upon this invading area of the sea, draw hundreds of pleasure seekers hither every season and keep the little steamers busy.

Yet no more beautiful spot is to be found anywhere in this region where Nature has so displayed her fairest gifts than that where sleep the citizens whose tasks have been completed. In Oak and Maple Grove cemeteries Bath takes a just pride. For years the skill of the most careful landscape gardener has been exercised here, until now, under the di-

rection of Superintendent Ramsay, the grounds have become such as to challenge any comparison. They are small compared with thousands of other cemeteries; there are no monuments or mausoleums costing tens of thousands of dollars; but the winding walks, the dimpling lakes with tiny islets showing a forest of flowers, the rustic bridges, the vine-hung nooks and the avenues of spreading trees or cone-like firs and cedars, the waving palm leaves and the other varied products of the nursery make the place one to charm the eye of any beholder.

From the nature of the business upon which Bath has depended for its prosperity during the past century, the place may be called a residential city. The social atmosphere is still that of the old New England town where the ship-master is surrounded by people in comfortable circumstances. Yet two of Bath's daughters have won fame for the city in ways that might not have been approved by those old forefathers who considered "Publick Worship" so necessary and the stage such an "evil thing"; for Georgia Cayvan and Emma Eames Storey passed their childhood here. But although the pious fathers held to some severe puritanical notions for many years, there is but one act of intolerance to be recorded against Bath—and in that case, as in all the undertakings of these people, the work was pushed to the limit.

In 1854 the Know-Nothing movement captured the city, and on July 6 of that year a street preacher stirred up the multitude by proclaiming that "Popery had its grip upon the throat of liberty" and warning the people that they must guard their independence. Just as the preacher concluded his remarks a hack was driven through the crowd which had been gathered; a few moments later it returned, and then it was said that a Catholic was attempting to break up the meeting. This cry was as fire to tinder. Some reckless ones raised

the call, "To the Old South,"—the church where the Catholics held their services; and away went the mob. The church was wrecked and then burned down, the blaze seeming to increase the frenzy of the throng. The mayor read the riot act—and the crowd cheered. Then the fanatics visited the dwellings of Catholics, and actually caused some to leave the city. Finally the militia was called out, and peace was restored, after one of the chief leaders of the outbreak had been arrested.

But that old spirit of intolerance long since passed away. That indisputable evidence of advancing modern

thought, the woman's club, is here; the most modern ideas in the matter of schools have been adopted; church-members may dance as well as other folk, and no remark is made; the latest fiction is to be found in the library; electricity drives the cars and lights the streets; the lady bicyclist has become as "legion"; and in all respects Bath, with its new theatre, woman's exchange and petitions for further improvements, has become an up-to-date New England town, with enough of the old life left to give a quaint and pleasing tinge to the social existence which one finds in this old shipping city.

WHEN LOVE IS SHY.

By Ethel Davis.

HE came when my soul was young; I did not understand;
 I gave him no silent look, held him no trembling hand.
 Deep in my heart I loved—love that still has no death;
 Speechless I stood—I could not speak,
 Though on my cheek, my blushing cheek,
 I felt his loving breath.

So now when a youth is shy and dares not woo his choice,
 I think of my silent love, and beg him to give love voice:
 I bid him touch his love,—warmly to touch and cling;
 If lashes drop, if eyes are hid,
 Look 'neath the lid, the drooping lid,—
 Read in her eyes, and sing.

I come to a trembling maid, fighting her love with tears,
 Tell her to let her heart beat down her girlish fears.
 A smile, a fleeting glance, both man and maid may fling;
 If shy words fail, if answer trips,
 Open her lips, her pouting lips,—
 Look on her love, and sing.

The woman or man who loves and wins no sweet returns
 I teach to love the sky where blazing sunset burns;
 To court the perfumed woods where clinging mosses spring.
 If sunshine warms, if flowers start,
 Lift up the heart, the breaking heart,—
 Look on the world, and sing.

RUFUS CHOATE.

By William Everett.

SOME ten years ago a pupil of mine expressed his intention of leaving the school which founded its curriculum on the ancient languages, and pursuing such a course of study as would fit him for the bar, a profession to which he justly thought he was well adapted. I asked him whom he considered the first lawyer that we had ever had in these parts. He answered, without an instant's deliberation, "Rufus Choate." I told him that of which he was ignorant, that Mr. Choate was a classical scholar of a kind very rare in these, or indeed any days, and that he always insisted upon the earnest study of the Latin and Greek authors as the very best mental and oratorical training for the profession of the law.

I have told this trivial anecdote as an illustration of how the recollections of a great man, great in many ways, may fade out, because the public memory has attached itself to one or two points in his career, perhaps the most important ones, and yet very far from making up the whole of a commanding character. If one were to ask even an intelligent company of men of fifty years old what they knew of Rufus Choate, their reply would probably be that he was a great lawyer. Pressed a little further, they would say he was a great advocate, famous for influencing juries. Possibly a few stock stories would be reproduced, tending to maintain the theory that Mr. Choate was not scrupulous as to the cases he took, and rather delighted than otherwise in "making the worse appear the better reason," obtaining verdicts of "not guilty" where truth and justice called for the opposite. There would probably follow some joke on his utterly illegible handwriting; and there the reminis-

cences would end, unless by chance some older man in the company possessed greater knowledge and retained a deeper memory.

Rufus Choate was a great deal more than a "mere" advocate, whatever that depreciatory adjective, the favorite of envious critics, may mean. He was a very exceptional man; a man whom it did good to have in a community in his life, and one who deserved to be remembered for the good of that same community after his death. If the New England of the present day is content to forego all livelier memory of Mr. Choate than that he was a great advocate, with an occasional glimpse at his various printed biographies and speeches, it foregoes such memory to its own serious loss.

In the first place, Mr. Choate's position at the bar was very much higher than that of a merely persuasive advocate, an adroit cross-examiner, an ingenious marshaler and, as some would have it, perverter of evidence. He was recognized by the first jurists of the country as their peer, a man whom they were proud to call "brother" in court, one who had taught them as well as contended with them, whom it was an honor to encounter at the bar.

If anyone will read the remarks made in the State and United States courts, immediately after his death, by the counsel with whom and the judges before whom he practiced, most of whom were very different from him in gifts and in temperament, he will find all these men, while dwelling at length on his skill as an advocate, interweaving such eulogies with testimonies, emphatic and unmistakable, to the depth and breadth of his study of the law, both in its principles and its details, the solidity as well as

brilliancy of his talents. No such testimony could for a moment have been rendered to Erskine, whose reputation as a jury advocate is precisely of the same character as Choate's. The very facts that Choate was sought for as a professor in the Dane Law School at Cambridge, and was actually offered a seat on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts—which, to the shame of our wretched salary system, he could not afford to take—are sufficient proof that his contemporaries believed him to be a jurist, and not merely a brilliant talker—a Sconnett or a Pinkney.

Secondly, Mr. Choate was a statesman; and if his fame in this respect is dying out, it was his own fault, for taking no more share in politics than was actually forced upon him by the sternest sense of public duty, and renounced the moment he felt that duty had been discharged. He was twice the representative from Danvers in the General Court, and for one year a State Senator; he was elected to Congress from the Essex District, proverbially the most fastidious in the state, when only thirty-one years old. He served for three sessions, and retired under the operation of our preposterous local prejudices in consequence of his removal to Boston. After an interval of seven years, he was chosen by the legislature of Massachusetts a senator of the United States to succeed Mr. Webster, who had gone into General Harrison's cabinet. He held this seat for four years—during the whole of the Harrison-Tyler administration—having at the time of his election positively refused to think of it for a longer time.

It is no exaggeration, but the simple truth, to say that as a senator Mr. Choate came up to the highest standard which the people of Massachusetts have ever set for those she has sent to Washington. When he was chosen to succeed Mr. Webster, and throughout the four years of the unexpired term, there was probably but

one man in all the commonwealth who would have said the successor was not entirely worthy of the predecessor,—and that one Mr. Choate himself. His record as a member of either house of Congress is in his speeches—on our relations with England, on the tariff, on the war with Texas, on the Smithsonian Institute. Each speech, from the earliest to the latest, satisfied the fullest expectations of the keenest or the most fastidious hearer. They are, one and all, the productions of a statesman. One may differ, in part or in the whole, from the opinions they contain, but one cannot help seeing that Mr. Choate handles the questions as a statesman ought to handle them, as distinguished from a mere philosopher on the one hand, or a mere politician on the other. There is at once a reality and a loftiness about them, equally removed from the tone of the closet and of the stump, and belonging essentially to the Senate, in the full sense of the word.

The central idea of all Mr. Choate's senatorial speeches was a peculiarly definite and individual conception of American nationality. The last great speech of his life, delivered the year before he died, was on this specific topic; but as often happens, his views, as they arose incidentally in the discussion of other subjects, when his powers were in their prime, come out with greater life and beauty than when after his strength was broken he dedicated an hour to their exclusive development. He brought out in a score of different lights the varied elements of our nationality,—the circumstances of its origin, its federal character, making our patriotism to a great extent the result of effort and will, instead of being the purely spontaneous sentiment of older lands, the duties which it entailed on us in the commonwealth of nations, a dignified friendship, a friendly rivalry; all these points recur and recur again in his great senatorial discourses. He would doubtless himself have said that he

derived them straight from the Declaration and the Constitution and the writings of their authors; still more immediately from the teachings of Mr. Webster, for whom he felt the admiring love that perhaps only a Dartmouth graduate could fully know. But giving these great documents and great men their full share in Mr. Choate's political education, we certainly find in him a thoroughly individual presentation of what he believed our duties as Americans to be.

One of his senatorial speeches deserves special mention on a separate ground. Mr. Choate was a regent of the Smithsonian Institute, and made an elaborate report upon that foundation, in which he contemplated devoting no small portion of its income to the establishment of a great national library. This recommendation, though nominally adopted, was soon practically disregarded, and then, through the interest of the devotees of natural and physical science, was abandoned, with no doubtful exhibition of rudeness towards the librarian and contempt for those who advocated that use of the nation's trust. Since then the Congressional Library has by a violent straining of its original conception assumed somewhat the shape that Mr. Choate proposed. The nation has got an enormous expense something like what he wanted them to have for nothing; but it will be long before the utmost energies of the scientific institution bring so completely to the people what they need to know as that very ideal temple of the Muses, a great collection of books.

Again, Mr. Choate was an orator,—and an orator with a range scarcely paralleled in our country. He stood easily at the head of all forensic speakers against whom he was pitted; he held the breathless attention of a Senate where lingered the echoes of Webster's voice, and where Clay and Calhoun were still to be heard; and he was a first-rate favorite on the platform of the convention and the ly-

ceum at a time when both teemed with fascinating and instructive speakers. To occupy a first-class rank in three such highly specialized lines of oratory is rare indeed; yet no one ever disputed Mr. Choate's right to that position. Before Mr. Webster had been dead nine months, Mr. Choate delivered his eulogy at Dartmouth College; and Mr. Everett, speaking of the oration in the next month, called the orator "our matchless Choate, who has just electrified the land with a burst of eloquence not easily to be paralleled in the line of time." Founding his oratory upon the solid basis of profound learning, whether in law, in government or in literature, he kindled the mass of all these acquisitions by his rhetorical genius into a consuming heat and a dazzling light all his own.

Mr. Choate's oratory was distinguished for an intense richness and exuberance of language, caught in no slight measure from his favorite Cicero. This sometimes makes his speeches difficult to read; the overflowing sentences are too long, the teeming fancy, the bounteous illustration verges on the grotesque. But they were meant for the hour, to be heard, not read; and two things carried off every vestige of tedium or incongruity. First, Mr. Choate's personal appearance on every occasion was so striking that it held the attention of his auditors with an influence that was magical. Of other distinguished orators, William Pinkney was famous, as was Erskine in England, for the extreme, almost foppish, elegance and splendor of his appearance; Henry Clay presented a singular combination of features the most uncouth that could easily be imagined with a gallantry of delivery and magnetism of tone that generally captivated any new hearers, but mingled with a great imperiousness and defiance that made not a few enemies in the Senate. Sergeant S. Prentiss, second to no American speaker in his amazing power of arousing enthusi-

asm, offered at the outset a presence as insignificant as St. Paul's. Mr. Webster's massive stature and deep-set eyes are familiar to all, though the slow manner and ponderous diction of later years hardly belonged to the days of his greatest triumphs. But the power of Mr. Choate's look and manner was something of a different order. His shock of raven hair, his wildly flashing eye, his gaunt frame, his sallow cheek, his restless action, and above all his strangely musical voice and rhythmical delivery, arrested and held attention in an uncanny, a witchlike manner, unearthly in every note, look and movement.

The second point in Mr. Choate's oratory was the intense personal interest he seemed to put into his subject and every part of it. It appeared to be a matter of individual concern to him that the jury should find for his client, that the Senate should vote for his bill, that the audience, political or literary, should take his point. The soundness of the argument, the richness of the rhetoric, the glow of the feelings which were successively brought out, were all subordinated to the identification of his own nature with each and all of them. To no man who ever addressed an American audience of any kind could the name "pleader" be so truly applied.

Once more, as said in the beginning of this article, Mr. Choate was a scholar; a diligent reader, with whom books were the one form of relaxation, taking the place of sport, of exercise, of music, of general society. His library overflowed and almost burst his house. His tastes in reading were varied; but he was specially devoted to the classical authors. He was

none of your superficial scholars who boast of "keeping up" Homer and Virgil, who occasionally dip into Herodotus or Horace, or some familiar pages of Xenophon or Cicero. He grappled, with the aid of learned commentaries, with the two historic giants, Thucydides and Tacitus, and engaged in a careful and elaborate version of each of them, undeterred by the most rugged and austere of styles, for the sake of the untold gold hidden in the rock. He even meditated a systematic work on the development of Grecian culture, and drew up the plan in some detail. He knew the matchless value of such studies to a lawyer. How much richness, depth and truth these studies gave to his forensic work can hardly be estimated, except by comparing it with the dry and jejune pleas of mere lawyers, who think the classics "impractical."

Nor ought we to dismiss Mr. Choate's memory without recalling his exquisite personal nature, which in all the fiercest contests of the bar and the Senate never made an enemy and never lost a friend. That sentence, though it might be illustrated indefinitely by anecdotes of his constant courtesy, genial temper and loving heart, tells the whole story, and ought to be pondered by every young lawyer who has heard of the great advocate. As a great advocate it is right he should be remembered; but it is the duty of New England to cherish likewise the memory of the learned jurist, the patriotic statesman, the entrancing orator, the profound scholar, the devoted friend, the Christian gentleman, all lost in Rufus Choate.

A THANKSGIVING WOOING.

By Minna Irving.

THE frost was on the cottage pane,
The skies were gray and chill;
But with a trembling hand she smoothed
Her kerchief's dainty frill.
For then she saw the youthful squire
Dismounting in the snow,
In velvet coat and buckled shoes,
Thanksgiving long ago.

While with her wrinkled sire he talked
Of weather and of wheat,
His ear was ever strained to catch
The music of her feet.
Her dimpled arms were deep in flour,
Her rounded cheek a-glow;—
Her father slept;—he stole a kiss,
Thanksgiving long ago.

His stately mother and her guests
Were waiting at the Hall
Before the feast in silver served;
But he forgot them all,
And at the farmer's humble board,
With curly head bent low,
He called a courtly blessing down,
Thanksgiving long ago.

Clear rose the moon above the woods
And twilight veiled the farm;
But still he lingered at the gate,
The bridle on his arm.
"Oh, bake and brew for me alone,
Be mine for weal or woe;—
I love you, dear," he softly said,
Thanksgiving long ago.

In yonder carven frame she stands,
In pearls and blue brocade;
And still tradition fondly keeps
The pumpkin pies she made,
And tells again the story sweet,
When granaries overflow,—
Of how the squire a-wooing went,
Thanksgiving long ago.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

KANT'S "Eternal Peace" was the subject of treatment in these editorial pages four or five months ago. That great tractate is in many respects the most remarkable prophecy and program ever made of international arbitration and the federation of the world. It was published in 1795, a hundred years ago. But a hundred years before that, in 1693, William Penn published his "Essay towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe, by the Establishment of an European Diet, Parliament or Estates." Penn's work is almost unknown to-day; but it deserves recognition and honor as the first plan in history for a general European union, with the sole exception of Henry of Navarre's "Great Design." It is the first plan which was animated throughout by the modern humanitarian spirit and is free from any ulterior political motive. Completely as it has now become forgotten, it attracted no little attention at the time, being twice printed in 1693. It was not, for some reason, included in the first folio edition of Penn's works, published in 1726, although it finds place in later editions. In 1858 the Historical Society of Pennsylvania reprinted it in the sixth volume of its memoirs; but it has never been really accessible to general students and the public until now, when it has just been added to the series of Old South leaflets. There was never a time since its original publication when it would have found a public so deeply interested in the subject of which it treats as the present time. With all the wars and rumors of wars all about the horizon, with Europe an armed camp to an extent which even 1693 did not wit-

ness, there was never a time when men looked so hopefully for the realization of William Penn's dream and Immanuel Kant's dream as now, or when they were taking such practical and energetic steps to bring about its realization. There was never a time when there were so many men in the world thoroughly aroused to the wastefulness and wickedness and folly of war and determined that some way shall be found to supplant our present crude methods of force in the settlement of international disputes by the method of reason and of law. We think that there was never before an International Arbitration conference where the utterances and the action were so positive, so definite and so confident as at the conference at Lake Mohonk last summer, the report of which comes to our table along with this leaflet containing Penn's remarkable essay of two centuries ago towards the universal peace and order for which the good people at Mohonk and elsewhere are working in this year of grace.

To us Americans this great dream and scheme of William Penn's possesses peculiar interest, because we claim that William Penn belongs as much to us as to England. Of all the founders of the colonies there was no other so prominent in the public eye of his time as he; there was no other whose religious and political career alike in England and America was so important. Penn was much of a political philosopher. He has been abundantly vindicated against Macaulay's aspersions upon his course in England at the time of the Revolution. His organization and government of Pennsylvania will always be matters of profound interest

to us. He was perhaps the first to propose a general union of the American colonies. This was in 1696, almost sixty years before Franklin's famous plan of union adopted by the convention at Albany in 1754, and only fourteen years after the founding of Pennsylvania. It was three years before his plan for a general union of the colonies that, now in England, while war was raging on the continent, he wrought out and published his plan for the union of the states of Europe, which, so long neglected and forgotten, will now we trust receive that general attention which it deserves, no more on account of its unique historical position than on account of its intrinsic worth.

* * *

Penn's essay is divided into ten sections; and there is hardly any important consideration which the apostle of peace and federation would urge to-day which he does not somehow present. His opening section is "Of Peace and its Advantages." "He must not be a man," he begins, "but a statue of brass or stone, whose bowels do not melt when he beholds the bloody tragedies of this war in Hungary, Germany, Flanders, Ireland and at sea, the mortality of sickly and languishing camps and navies, and the mighty prey the devouring winds and waves have made upon ships and men since '88"; and he proceeds to enumerate the horrors of war and the blessings of peace very much as we did it at the last convention. "Peace preserves our possessions; we are in no danger of invasions; our trade is free and safe and we rise and lie down without anxiety; the rich bring out their hoards and employ the poor manufacturers; buildings and divers projections for profit and pleasure go on; it excites industry, which brings wealth, as that gives the means of charity and hospitality, not the lowest ornaments of a kingdom or com-

monwealth. But war, like the frost of '83, seizes all these comforts at once and stops the civil channel of society; the rich draw in their stock, the poor turn soldiers or thieves, or starve; no industry, no building, no manufactory, little hospitality or charity; but what the peace gave, the war devours."

He treats next "Of the Means of Peace, which is Justice rather than War." Referring to the old saying taken by Oliver Cromwell for his motto, "Peace is the end of war," he argues that this is very seldom the case, that what men are usually seeking in and through wars is not the right, but the gratification of some ambition or pride of conquest, so that one war is generally the seed of others. Justice and not war is the true and the only means of real and lasting peace between governments and peoples, as between one man and company and another. "Peace is maintained by justice, which is a fruit of government, as government is from society, and society is from consent." This observation is a bridge to a discussion, in his third section, of the nature of government and organized civil society. "Out of society every man is his own king, does what he lists at his own peril; but when he comes to incorporate himself, he submits that royalty to the conveniency of the whole, from whom he receives the return of protection; so that he is not now his own judge nor avenger, neither is his antagonist, but the law, in indifferent hands between both." Governments, he shows, have developed in the world, because the evils of anarchy were so apparent to all men of right feeling and thinking; and he proceeds to show, much after the manner of Kant, that anarchy among states involves essentially the same results on a larger scale as anarchy among individuals and must be overcome in the same way. "The ways and methods by which peace is preserved in particular governments will help

"The United States of Europe." This article was republished in *Lend a Hand* for July, 1896, just after the Mohonk Conference; and from it we quote the section which gives an account of the exact character of the "Great Design,"—with the hope, however, that many will refer to the article and read it in its entirety, at the same time that they read Penn's great essay.

*
* *

"It was a little before the first planting of Virginia, nearly twenty years before the landing at Plymouth, that Henry IV, acting in concert with Queen Elizabeth in her old age, conceived the plan of what he called the Christian commonwealth, to be formed among the powers of Europe. . . . His plan in brief was this, to reduce the number of European states, much as the Congress of Vienna eventually did two hundred years afterwards, or so that all Europe should be divided among fifteen powers. Russia did not then count as part of Europe; and Prussia was not then born. Of these powers, six were the kingdoms of England, France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden and Lombardy. Five were to be elective monarchies, viz.: The German Empire, The Papacy, Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia; and there were to be four Republics,—Switzerland, Venice, The States of Holland and Belgium, and The Republic of Italy, made up somewhat as the kingdom of Italy is now. These fifteen powers were to maintain but one standing army. The chief business of this army was to keep the peace among the states, and to prevent any sovereign from interfering with any other, from enlarging his borders, or other

usurpations. This army and the navy were also to be ready to repel invasions of Mussulmans and other barbarians. For the arrangement of commerce, and other mutual interests, a Senate was to be appointed of four members from each of the larger, and two from each of the smaller states, who should serve three years, and be in constant session. It was supposed that, for affairs local in their character, a part of these senators might meet separately from the others. On occasions of universal importance, they would meet together. Smaller congresses, for more trivial circumstances, were also provided for. . . . According to Sully, at the moment of Henry's murder, he had secured the practical active coöperation of twelve of the fifteen powers, who were to unite in this confederation. . . . It is easy to see that the central wish which bound these powers together was the wish to humble Austria. Under Charles the Fifth, Austria and Spain, with all the new wealth of the Indies at their command, had domineered over all Europe. Philip the Second would have been glad to do the same thing. The great design of Henry offered, therefore, to the various powers this immediate prize, that they would humble the emperor of Austria and tie his hands. This was just as the great alliance of the nations of Europe against the first Napoleon was animated by a determination to humble him, and the power of France. But, beyond this immediate purpose, Henry and Elizabeth and the king of Sweden looked to such a control by the allied powers that no single sovereign should so claim the lion's share again. The Great Design looked beyond the immediate purpose to the permanent peace of Europe."

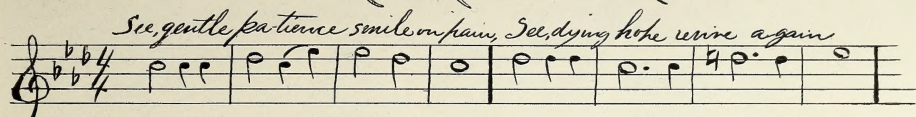
THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1896.

VOL. XV. No. 4.

• HENRY K. OLIVER •



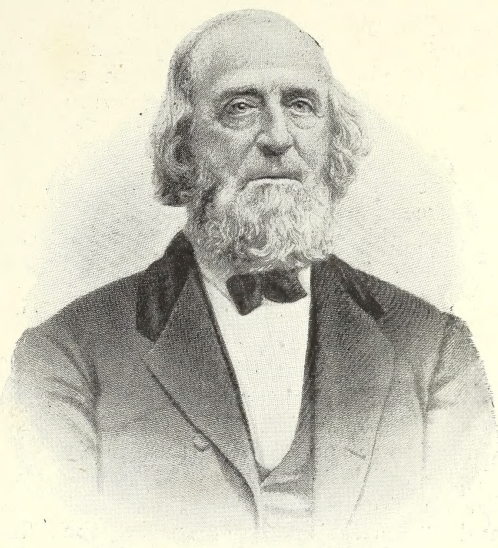
• THE COMPOSER OF "FEDERAL STREET" •

By John Wright Buckham.

ONE of the less imposing yet one of the most charming of the old houses of old Salem is that in which Henry K. Oliver wrote the well-known hymn-tune, endeared by long use to so many Christian worshippers—"Federal Street."

The house, which continues in the possession of the family, is full of reminders of the remarkable man who spent his last years within it. A portrait showing his fine features and noble expression in the full vigor of manhood hangs over the mantel in the dining-room. A pleasing and amusing sketch of him in the act of winding the old hall clock on the stairway may be seen in the same room. A lullaby which his wife used to sing to the children, written in his own hand, reflecting his gentle and child-loving spirit, adorns the cover of a box made out of the old-fashioned cradle over which it was sung. The house itself is one which must have ministered to the love of the beautiful which characterized its owner. The parlor mantel and

the door-cases were taken from the old Derby mansion and show some of the finest and most delicate carving, in choice colonial patterns, to be found in the country. Old style pictorial wall-paper, brought from Paris and



HENRY K. OLIVER.

Reproduced from a steel engraving by Stuart



FEDERAL STREET, SALEM—MR. OLIVER'S HOME ON THE LEFT.

put on in blocks, covers the parlor wall. The stair-way, with its arched window at the landing, leading from the broad hall-way, is homelike and hospitable. Sally Cook must have been pleased to take possession of such a house as this. "Federal Street" would have been called "Sally Cook," as all of Mr. Oliver's friends knew, if the name had not been so manifestly inappropriate for a hymn tune, so inappropriate that the disappointed composer had to take the only resort left him and call it after the street on which she lived.

Most think of Mr. Oliver as a musician, and so it will be well to treat of him in that capacity first, although his service in other directions was quite as distinguished as in that of music. As a composer of hymn tunes it seems not too much to say that he has endeared himself to the popular heart as greatly as any other American, save Lowell Mason alone; and "Federal Street" and "Merton" are sung in the churches to-day as often as "Hamburg" and "Boylston."

Much as he received from that in other particulars, it was not from

his father's side that Henry K. Oliver drew his inborn love of music. His father was a clergyman, a descendant of Thomas Oliver, surgeon, who came over in the same ship with Governor Winthrop and was a Ruling Elder of the First Church of Boston. The Olivers were a leading family of the state for generations. Henry K. Oliver's father's mother was sister to the grandfather of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and the same blood ran in the veins of Wendell Phillips. The family has supplied nearly fifty of the Oliver alumni names at Harvard and Dartmouth.

Henry's father was for a time pastor of the North Church of Boston; afterwards at North Beverly, where Henry was born in 1800; and finally he became a missionary to the Indians. The family moved to Boston and the boy attended the Mayhew school and prepared for college at the Latin school and at Phillips Academy, Andover. In 1814 he entered Harvard; but two years later his father, not liking the new theological atmosphere at Harvard, transferred him to Dartmouth

—and he was graduated by both colleges in 1818.

It could hardly be expected that, governed as he was by the puritanic standards of those days, the austere father should look with much favor upon his son's musical tastes. To gratify these the boy disobeyed his father's commands and, mending an old cracked one-keyed flute, wooed the goddess of music in his absence. Whether his mother frowned on this or not, it was she from whom he inherited his musical gift and who taught him to sing; and she taught him so well that at the age of ten he was a member of the Park Street Church choir in Boston. At twenty-one he began to learn to play

lection of Sacred Music," and, in conjunction with Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, "The National Lyre."

Little of Mr. Oliver's work as a composer has met with wide recognition. The famous "Federal Street" is still found in the best modern collections and is likely to be cherished permanently for its simplicity and genuine inspiration. The tune "Merton," which he himself and many others regarded as equal, if not superior, to "Federal Street," and which has been called a more intellectual work than the latter, has not won the same hold upon the Church. The hymn for which this tune was written was Philip Doddridge's, "Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell," at

that time a favorite, but whose florid and somewhat turgid phraseology has since rendered it unpopular. The circumstances which led to the composition of the tune illustrate the responsiveness and mental alertness of the composer. Dr. Brazer, pastor of the North Church in Salem, of which Mr. Oliver was then acting as organist and choir director, one Sunday handed him Doddridge's



MR. OLIVER'S HOME—MR. OLIVER BY THE FENCE.

the piano and the organ; and for thirty-six years he was a church organist. As an enthusiastic member of the Salem Oratorio Society, he did much to awaken and sustain musical interest in Salem. His musical ideals were of the highest. He organized and conducted a "Mozart Association" in Salem, for the study of the works of the great masters. He edited "Oliver's Col-

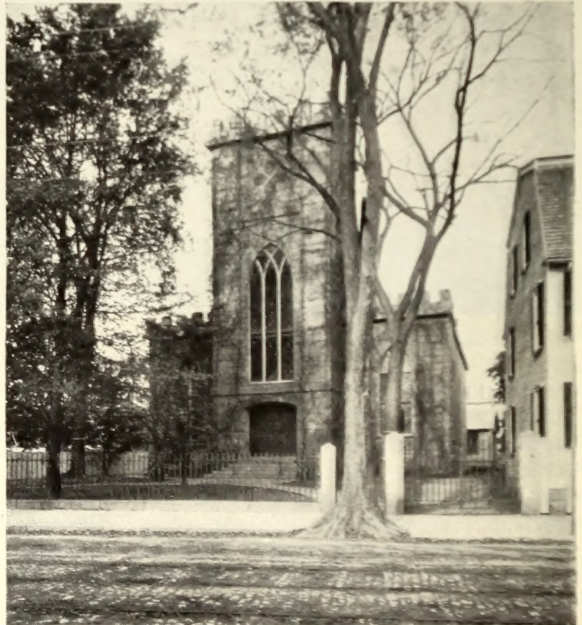
lection of Sacred Music" and, in conjunction with Dr. S. P. Tuckerman, "The National Lyre." Little of Mr. Oliver's work as a composer has met with wide recognition. The famous "Federal Street" is still found in the best modern collections and is likely to be cherished permanently for its simplicity and genuine inspiration. The tune "Merton," which he himself and many others regarded as equal, if not superior, to "Federal Street," and which has been called a more intellectual work than the latter, has not won the same hold upon the Church. The hymn for which this tune was written was Philip Doddridge's, "Ye golden lamps of heav'n farewell," at that time a favorite, but whose florid and somewhat turgid phraseology has since rendered it unpopular. The circumstances which led to the composition of the tune illustrate the responsiveness and mental alertness of the composer. Dr. Brazer, pastor of the North Church in Salem, of which Mr. Oliver was then acting as organist and choir director, one Sunday handed him Doddridge's hymn to be sung as the closing hymn of the afternoon service. The tune to which it was set did not satisfy the sensitive chorister. During the sermon, as he sat repeating to himself the words of the hymn, an air which seemed to have been formed for it by some inspiring spirit was wafted to his ear. He at once wrote it out, with all the parts, and when the hymn was announced the choir sang it to

this beautiful tune, fresh from the heart of the leader of the choir. It is said that Dr. Brazer censured Mr. Oliver for not listening to the sermon, but it is doubtful whether the recording angel made a very heavy mark that day against his name.

In 1883 Mr. Oliver's musical attainments and achievements were recognized by Dartmouth College, which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Music. Viewed simply as a musical career, that of Doctor Oliver was not one of notable distinction, but when it is remembered that his love of music was cultivated and indulged aside from his regular life-work, that music was his avocation, not his vocation, something in which he engaged outside of his engrossing duties through his enthusiasm and devotion to it, his musical acquirements and service become subjects for admiration and emulation.*

Henry K. Oliver was a man of very remarkable gifts and very broad and varied capacities. One who has known of him only as a musician is surprised to find that as a teacher he won a distinction which puts his name among those of the foremost educators of his day. Trained at Harvard and Dartmouth, he came to Salem at the age of eighteen as usher in the Latin Grammar School. In 1827 he was appointed principal of the English High School. In 1830 he resigned, having built a private academy for boys, over which he presided for five years with great success. Moved by the need

of a school for girls, he then changed his academy into a girls' school, and continued teaching with undiminished success eight years longer, when he was summoned to the duties of public office. Twenty-four years of teaching would by reason of the length of service alone have entitled him to the name, by which he is still often spoken of in Salem, "Master" Oliver. But by a higher claim than that did he deserve the title. By universal testimony he was, in respect to scholarship, enthusiasm, and administrative talent, one of the ablest teachers New England has ever had. As a scholar he was master of the classics and of the sciences as well. As a teacher he inspired a warm love both for himself and for that which he taught. Alluding to his academy, one of the Salem papers said: "For the first time in any Salem school, if not for the first time in any school in the country, music was taught, and a regular course of gymnastic training with suitable apparatus was provided.



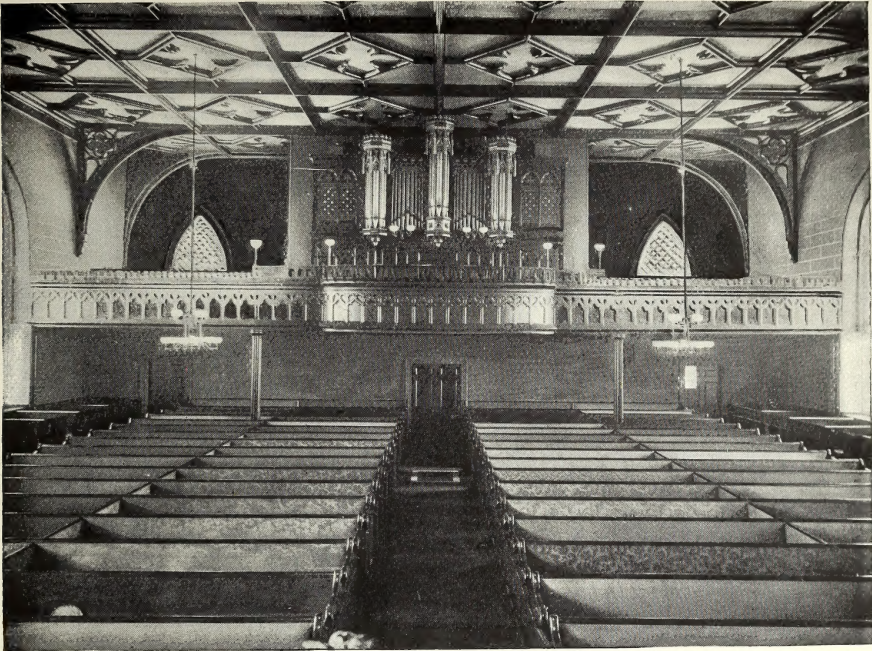
THE OLD NORTH CHURCH, SALEM.

* Among the well-known tunes by General Oliver which still hold their place in church collections, in addition to "Federal Street" and "Merton" may be mentioned "Chestnut Street," "Harmony Grove," "Morning," "Salisbury Plain," "Vesper," "Walnut Grove," "Wendell," "Oakland," "Walsingham," and "Beacon Street."

A very complete set of philosophical, astronomical and chemical apparatus, costing upwards of \$2,000, was procured, which enabled him to supplement his oral and book instruction by actual illustrations." It is doubtful whether in 1832 there were many teachers illustrating their instruction by scientific experiments. Another fact which indicates the quality of his work as a teacher is that the senior class in the English High School,

mind, his many-sidedness. It is fifty years since, and yet his character shines in our memory with undiminished brightness."

It seems at first thought a pity that Master Oliver should have permitted himself to be drawn away from this noble and loved vocation to accept the office of Adjutant General, tendered him by Governor Briggs in 1844. Yet this step was in obedience to the sum-



INTERIOR OF THE OLD NORTH CHURCH.

under his instruction, from 1827 to 1830 computed all the solar eclipses of the 19th century between 1831 and 1900, visible in the United States. With this progressiveness and this enthusiasm in acquiring and communicating knowledge was combined a moral uprightness and religious earnestness which communicated themselves to his pupils and made them respect and reverence him as a man as well as a teacher. An old scholar of his wrote concerning him: "No man held his scholars more by his potency of nature, his fine

mons of one of the unused capacities of his many-sided nature, and not the yielding to caprice or desire for fame. For in the four years during which he held this office he showed that the military talent which he had displayed in the Salem Light Infantry and as Colonel of the Sixth Regiment was real and valuable. In bringing the State militia into better condition and in raising and officering the regiment which Massachusetts sent out to serve in the Mexican War, he did the Commonwealth important service.

We now come to another change

Federal Street L.M.

1832

Handwritten musical score for 'Federal Street L.M.' (1832). The score is written on ten staves, organized into five systems of two staves each. The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures of one flat (B-flat), and a 4/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words appearing above the notes in the later systems. The handwriting is in cursive.

See, gentle pa-ther smile on pain, See, dying hope re-ur again-
 Hope wipes the tear from To-mor-row's eye. While pain points upward to the sky-
 Fall in Salem where the living men are led!

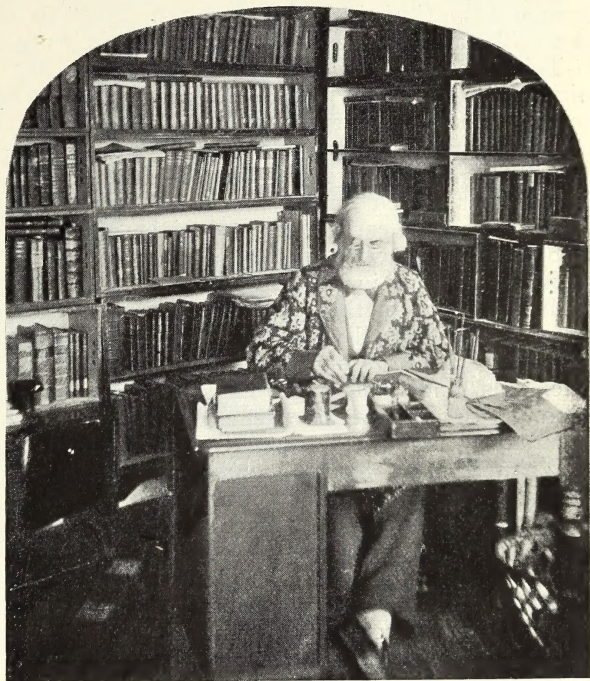
THE SCORE OF "FEDERAL STREET," IN MR. OLIVER'S OWN HAND.

in Master Oliver's occupation, quite as surprising as the first. "If the appointment of a teacher of a girls' school to be adjutant general of a great state," says his biographer, "if the preferring one then in civil life before all the older militia officers of that state and setting him over them, and if the complete success of this officer in his whole administration of the affairs committed to his charge seem like a leaf of a romance, hardly less strange is the next movement in the life of this extraordinary man, by which he who had never run a spindle or loom or handled a pound of cotton in any practical way, and who knew nothing more of a cotton mill than might be learned by walking casually through one, was called to be superintendent of a cotton mill not yet in existence." Such an experiment might seem to indicate poor judgment on the part of the directors of the "Atlantic Cotton Mills" of Lawrence in offering Mr. Oliver such a position and on his part in accepting it; but the outcome proved that it was anything but unwise.

Resigning his office as Adjutant-General, Mr. Oliver went to Lowell and at once set about the task of learning all about the production of cotton goods. After three months of industrial study he had acquired such a knowledge of the business as to be able to superintend the setting up of the machinery in the new mills in Lawrence, and in a short time was turning out as fine a grade of goods as could be found in the market. His keen understanding of character and his power of management enabled him to secure and to retain the best

help. Probably no superintendent ever took greater interest in those under his control or was more like a father and a brother to them. The following incident, which he himself relates, is an interesting illustration of this:

"A girl had appropriated to her own use a piece of cloth from her loom, pinning it about her waist under her clothing, and it had become loosened and dropped upon the ground, as she with the rest of the help was leaving the mill-yard at evening. It was picked up by an overseer and brought with the girl to me, standing at the time on the mill-steps seeing the crowd go out. The poor girl trembling and mortified stood amid the shouts of laughter, doubtless anticipating some severity at my hands. Knowing that not she alone of all the weavers had done this kind of wrong, I waited awhile till silence ensued, and then holding up the piece of cloth, said, 'Let her



GENERAL OLIVER IN HIS STUDY.



THE ATLANTIC MILLS, LAWRENCE.

among you who never did the like say how this girl shall be punished.' Nobody spoke, but they all quietly walked away; and then, tossing the cloth to the offender, I said, 'Go and sin no more.' I have always thanked Him who first dealt with an offender thus that I remembered his example."

The school teacher as well as the man and the Christian spoke through the mill superintendent.

This interest in the employees led him, with the consent of the directors, to establish a free library in the mill; also to secure the erection of bathing rooms for the use of the operatives—innovations which entitle him to a place among the earliest of our social reformers. Nor were these the only fruits of his zeal in behalf of others and of his love of the good and the beautiful. The mill-yard, instead of remaining as before, barren and desolate, was under his care made to bloom with flowers; free seats were secured by him for the operatives in the churches; a lecture course, in which he himself lectured on astronomy, was instituted. Lawrence common contains a memorial of his public spirit in the fine trees planted under his direction as chairman of the first park committee. In the testimonial presented to him by the overseers of the Atlantic Mills are found among other equally high

commendations, these appreciative words: "It is well known throughout this community that all the public spirited enterprises of this city, and especially the establishment of the Oliver grammar and high school, have from the first received your hearty coöperation and beneficent donations. In our opinion it is but just to say our public schools owe their present flourishing condition and standing mainly to your untiring interest and efforts in their behalf."

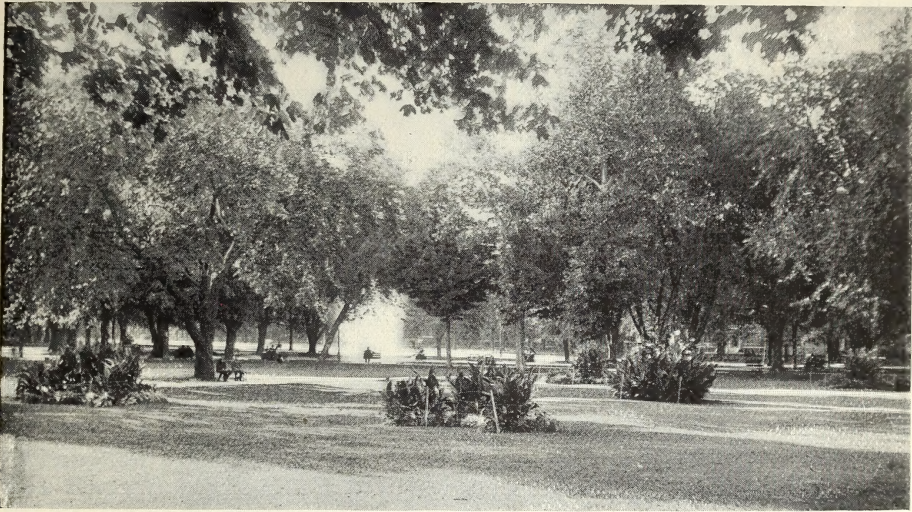
After all this service to the Com-



THE UNITARIAN CHURCH, LAWRENCE.

pany, the operatives, the community, his reward was a sudden and inexplicable dismissal from his position, all the more mysterious because it followed only a few months upon a flattering increase in his salary. Rev. Jesse H. Jones, from whom I have already quoted, and to whose admirable sketch of General Oliver's life, prepared for the seventeenth annual report of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, I am principally indebted, says that General Oliver could never find out the rea-

owes a lesser but not an inconsiderable honor, as war treasurer. The amount of work and of responsibility which devolved upon him in this office is indicated by the fact that, while the department required but two clerks when he entered upon his duties, before the close of his term of service it was necessary to increase the number to thirty-two to attend to the increase of business caused by the war. In addition to his regular duties he acted as paymaster of the troops before they entered the Gov-



THE LAWRENCE COMMON.

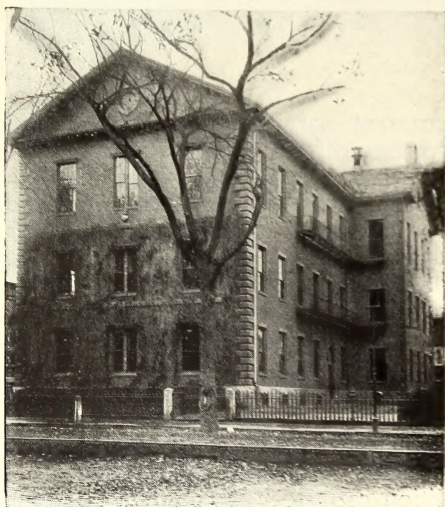
son of his discharge, but that it is now known to have been because he shrank from cutting down the wages of the operatives. He was thus an early sufferer in behalf of the labor cause, as well as one of its first and most disinterested promoters.

We meet with General Oliver next, again in the service of the state, as treasurer of Massachusetts. He was elected to this office in 1860, after having served a year as Mayor of Lawrence and another year in the General Court. To John A. Andrew, as war governor, Massachusetts owes a debt of gratitude which she is proud to pay. To Henry K. Oliver she

owes a lesser but not an inconsiderable honor, as war treasurer. He also, at the request of Governor Andrew, took charge of the bounty funds. At the close of his five years' term of service he had received and paid out over 155 millions of dollars. He went out of office with a list of services which required six octavo pages of a legislative document merely to mention in order. (House Doc't No. 226, 1865.)

It was a most fitting appointment which Governor Bullock made in September, 1867, when he selected General Oliver to look into the condition of factory children throughout the state. For this service his work as an educator and his experience as

a mill-superintendent alike fitted him. He at once went about the congenial task with his customary enthusiasm and thoroughness, and prepared two reports on the subject which revealed in a startling manner the prevailing violation of the laws relating to the employment of minors. Upon the establishment of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, two years later, he was made its chief. It is not within my power, nor is this brief sketch of his life the favorable place, to present a careful estimate of the value of General Oliver's work in this important field. All that can be done here is to call attention to the fact that in this undertaking, as stated in the account of his life prepared for the Bureau, "he was the pioneer of all such work in the world." It was by no accident that such was the case.



THE OLIVER SCHOOL, LAWRENCE.



MR. OLIVER'S HOME AT LAWRENCE.

To this task his sympathies and his training had both been leading him. It engaged his whole soul. So deeply indeed were his sympathies aroused in behalf of the laboring class, and so strong became his indignation against the tenement-house and other abuses which he found so flagrant, that his action again cost him his position. General Oliver seems never to have been a man of caution or "policy." When he saw a thing that needed righting, he went about righting it, regardless of consequences. When he saw a wrong, he denounced it. There was a frank and soldierly fearlessness in him which came from the purity and integrity of his heart. This fearless and truth-loving disposition led him to speech and action at times when most men would have been silent and submissive. At one time he was present at a town meeting in Lawrence at which an attempt was made to prevent voters from reaching the ballot-box. This proceeding aroused his righteous anger, and leaping upon the shoulders of the crowd he made

his way forward, leaving the skirts of his coat in the hands of one who attempted to stop his progress, and deposited his ballot in the box, to the consternation of the obstructionists. It was this same ardent defense of the right and of the cause of the under man which doubtless led to his condemnation the second time by men of wealth and conservatism. Whether his statements or actions were at any time hasty and ill-advised or not,—and there is no evidence at hand that they were,—he was certainly prompted throughout by a spirit of disinterested unselfishness.

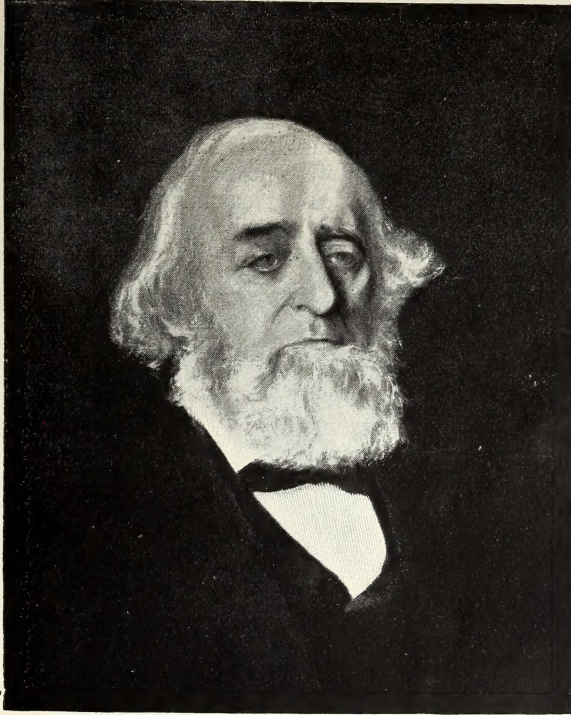
Short as was his period of service in the Labor Bureau, it will be found, I think, that he put a degree of intelligence, experience and zeal into the task entrusted to him which are bound to meet with much wider acknowledgment when the history of Labor is fully written. In a speech that he made in Lawrence upon the occasion of the celebration of the enactment of the ten-hour law, General Oliver closed with these words: "A celebrated Queen of England once said that if her heart was opened after her death, on it would be found

the word, 'Calais.' Lord Ashley, now Earl of Shaftesbury, said that upon his heart would be found the words, 'Lancashire operatives.' If my heart could be seen under similar conditions, upon it would be found the words, 'Factory children.'"

It would be supposed that now, at the age of seventy-three, this man of many labors would choose to give

the remainder of his days to rest and the enjoyment of his home and of music. But not yet was his love of activity exhausted. After his return from the Centennial Exposition, where he acted as one of the judges, being assigned to the group devoted to "Instruments of Precision," he was called upon

by his own city to serve as its mayor. With his old-time readiness at the call of duty, he accepted, and was reelected mayor of Salem three times, serving the city most devotedly and acceptably—giving especial care and attention to the schools. At the end of his fourth year he declined the re-nomination tendered him and, having reached the ripe age of eighty, withdrew from public life and spent the remaining four years of his life in the peaceful pleasures of a happy old



HENRY K. OLIVER.

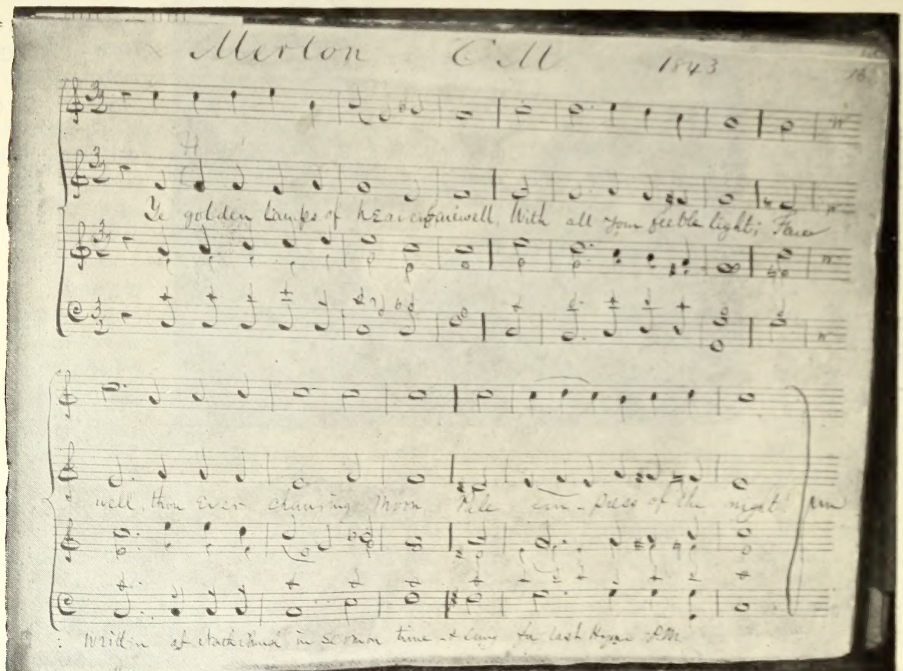
From a painting by his granddaughter.

age. His death occurred on the evening of August 12, 1885.

As one would infer from the amount and variety of the work he accomplished, General Oliver was a man of splendid physical powers, erect, alert, strong. His mind showed the same characteristics. There was a harmony within the man, a responsiveness, a musical quality, which found expression not only when he sat down at the piano or the organ, but in all his acts and words. Socially he was possessed of rare attractiveness. Reminiscences of his humor, which was one of his choicest gifts, are often met with in Salem. "You and I went to school together" was one of the pleasantries with which he used to address his pupils in after years. During his

upon their children by well-meaning parents. "What!" said Master Oliver, glancing up at him with surprise, "do you all sleep in the same bed?" At a certain concert at which he was presiding in Lawrence, he announced as the last number a selection by "The Three Bell(e)s of Lawrence." While the audience was waiting impatiently to see who these three belles might be, the nine o'clock factory bells began to ring, and the audience good-naturedly dispersed. All his contact with others was warmed and illuminated, in the language of one of his friends, by his "vivacity of manner, his wit and humor, his merry tales, and his treasures of knowledge."

The name and memory of Henry K. Oliver should be gratefully per-



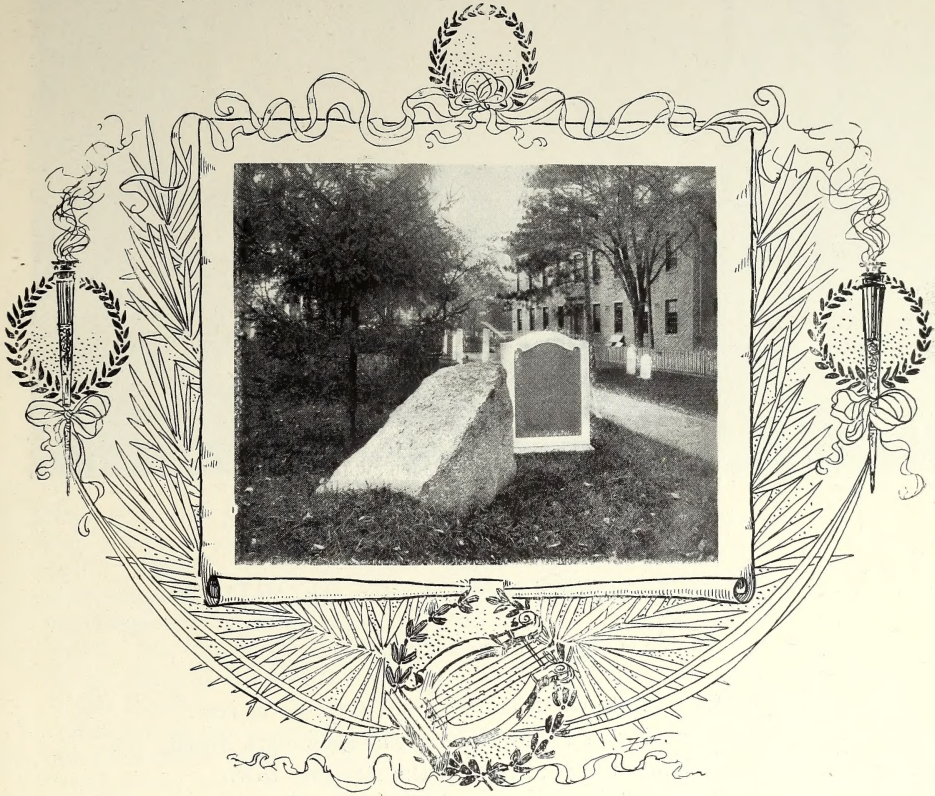
THE SCORE OF "MERTON."

teaching days, when he was taking the names of the new scholars at the opening of the term, a certain boy gave as his name one of those long combinations sometimes inflicted

petuated by the cities in which he lived, the state which he served, and the friends of the causes which he so generously promoted. When his success in all of the pur-

suits to which he gave his life is considered his record is seen to be an extraordinary one. As a teacher he has been, not inaptly, compared with Mark Hopkins. As a public servant and man of affairs he was most efficient, and accomplished most important results. As a musician he did

much to promote the love of music and to elevate musical taste, and was the composer of works which the American people love and will not let die. As a social reformer he was one of the earliest, the bravest, and the wisest. And as a man he was noble, loving, pure.



THE COST.

By Mabel A. Carpenter.

IN a struggle fierce and long
 Two men were sorely tried;
 The vanquished one went forth with song;
 The victor gasped—and died.



OLD WHALERS—NEW BEDFORD.

By Arthur Cleveland Hall.

BESIDE the wharves the great ships lie at rest,
And over all the moonlight shimmers down,
Upon the roof-tops of the sleeping town,
Upon the harbor's calm, unrippled breast.
How still they sleep, these mighty hulls, divest
Of all their pride of beauty and renown!
Bare are the giant spars men used to crown
With billowy sails, the billowy blue to best.
They seem like old Germanic warrior kings,
Heartsick of bitter triumph, restless strife,
Retired at length to calm monastic life
And the sweet peace which pure religion brings;
Yet even in prayer stern sounds of war are rife,
And through their dreams the martial music rings.

WHAT THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS SAITH TO THE NATIONS.

By Benjamin F. Trueblood.



CHRISTMAS has been speaking to the world for nearly nineteen hundred years. Only once did the heavenly host in multitude appear overhead saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men"; but that utterance has been caught up and repeated, in both speech and song, in all the years since that night by an ever increasing number of voices,—thousands, millions, tens of millions. Nothing ever put into human speech has been repeated oftener or emphasized with greater frequency and solemnity, unless perhaps it be the prayer, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven." And what after all is this prayer but the Christmas utterance saying itself in another form? The Christmas truth has gone everywhere. "There is no speech nor language where its voice is not heard. Its line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world."

But not in word and song only has the Christmas spirit spoken. In all the civilized nations, great and small, Christmas has created itself into an institution,—permanent, beautiful, instructive. It speaks by time and custom, by sign and richly suggestive emblem,—by blazing Yule log, by laden tree, and the inexhaustible gifts of that mysterious Saint who is as omnipresent in the world of Christian children as the good Lord of heaven himself.

How much of real peace and happiness the truth of the Christmas story has produced in the world it would be

impossible to say. From one point of view it has done much. It has created happy homes, a multitude of them, where peace reigns all the year round. In the way of social peace also it has done not a little. It has created orderly Christian communities where "brethren dwell together in unity" and seek to promote each other's good. At the enchantment of its song men and societies have laid down their arms of discord and contention and lost the sense of hatred out of their hearts. Even along these lines, however, none too much glory has been brought to God on high by the condition of things below on the earth.

When we pass to the wider view and look at those great societies called nations, it must frankly be confessed that the voice of Christmas is still largely as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Something, of course, has been accomplished here, too. I would not underestimate the changed and rapidly changing relations of the nations for the better. It is my pleasure often to dwell upon this and to interpret it as a prophecy of a great fulfillment of historic movements soon to be accomplished. But you have to look below to find this encouragement. It is not much on the surface. It is the comparison of what has been accomplished, encouraging enough in itself, with what ought to have been, and with what is, on the whole, the present condition of things, that brings the disheartenment. After all these years of the multitudinous utterance of the great Christmas truth since the advent of him whom the civilized nations call their Lord and Master, peace ought

to be reigning on earth everywhere; what the great dramatist said of a brief period of English history ought now to be true universally and forever:

"Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front."

But has the grim old fighter done us this favor? Not he! Though he does not stamp so often with his cruel giant foot nor smite with fistic brutality as he once did, yet the wrinkles in his front are, if possible, deeper than ever and his gleaming sword is sharp with an edge it never carried before.

In view of what the great nations of the earth profess to be, and of the teaching which has pervaded their national life through the many centuries of their existence, their attitude toward one another is simply appalling. It is difficult to look at it and believe that the human race has any claim to be called either rational or moral. They claim to be Christian nations. Their rulers make solemn profession of the faith of the Christ. The Bible is the book of their common respect. They kiss its covers and make oath over its righteous and peaceful pages. They pronounce with seeming reverence the name of the Prince of Peace. They talk of peace in private and in public, and profess to desire it, each of them, above all earthly things. But "the way of peace have they not known." The secret of its possession "they have hidden from their eyes." The citizens of these nations and their governments and representative legislators act as if they believed that the way of hate is the way to peace; that jealousy and envy are the cure of like dispositions in their rivals. They build massive fortifications against one another. They make huge dynamite guns fit to blow the heart out of the very earth. They collect great armies of the best of their sons, drill the manly will out of them, make them into huge fighting machines,

and arm them with all the implements of wrath and destruction which inventive genius can devise. They build hundreds of immense war ships and prow threateningly about the sea with them. To do all these things they rob their populations of the fruit of their labors and put the burden of vast debts on the backs not only of those now living but of their children's children. How much real love for one another is there or can there be in nations which can deliberately and calculatingly keep up such an attitude toward one another? But Christian nations are under as solemn obligations to love one another as are Christian individuals. Without international love, manifesting itself in appropriate deeds, there can never be peace on earth. Armed peace is not peace; it is simply restrained hatred, which is not improved in the least in character by the restraint. Peace does not grow in fortifications. You cannot shoot it from the cannon's mouth, nor breathe it out in the dynamite blast, nor carry it over the ocean in turreted men-of-war.

Why should nations bearing such an attitude toward one another be expected to coöperate in doing a simple act of Christian kindness, like the relief of stricken Armenia? They cannot do it; and the Turk, who is in part their creature, protected on his diabolical throne by their mutual hatreds, their ambitions and their cordon of warships, knows that they cannot do it. Their spirit and his are too much akin! This is the unvarnished truth as to the cause of the permission of that horrible phenomenon in the East, at which all good people have gazed in indignant but helpless amazement for a long twelve-month—a Christian people hunted down and butchered by the tens of thousands, with half a dozen great powers professedly Christian looking unconcernedly on, with five millions of soldiers and nearly a thousand war vessels at their command!

The spirit of Christmas, which will soon bring us again the message, "peace on earth, goodwill toward men," what, in sooth, does it bid us write to these nations? That all this attitude is monstrously wicked and unworthy; that they ought to repent of it, with tears of sincere shame, and abandon it at once and forever; that they dismantle their fortifications and cease building warships; that they stop conscripting and equipping armies; that they lay not the burden of another farthing of the tax of death on their crushed and groaning populations; that they begin at once to "bring forth fruit meet for repentance," in aiding one another in the promotion of all the arts of spiritual, intellectual, civil, social and industrial life. If these great and mighty nations would listen to the Christmas voice, humble themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and then follow the course here indicated,—the only conceivable rational and Christian course,—peace would spring up in a night all over Europe; nihilism and anarchism would die in a day; the Viceroy of China might then travel about Europe and not feel it necessary to take his coffin with him, from fear of assassination at any step of his progress; and even the Czar of all the Russias could cross the English Channel without having to make the trip between two frowning lines of warships, and ride through the streets of Paris without the protection of a double line of soldiers and police on each side. But so long as the old spirit remains and the old attitude is maintained, the nations must pay the penalty of their folly and wickedness, not only in money but in fear, degradation and shame.

Equally wrong is the attitude of each of the nations towards itself. Indeed, this is the cause of their monstrously inhuman attitude toward one another. The supreme law of the Christian life is self-denial, or rather the forgetting of self, in consecration to the good of others. Chris-

tianity on its manward side is nothing more nor less than a complete and perpetual ministry of love. This is its "wisdom, its righteousness, its sanctification, its redemption." If Paul was right when he said that love is above all other spiritual qualities; if Jesus was right when, in example, He died for the world, and, in precept, declared the law of His kingdom to be love within and without, blessing for cursing, well-doing for ill-doing, a service of love as impartial and all-pervasive as the beaming sun and the falling rain,—if this be true, then the nations, which are simply groups of individuals, under the same bonds to duty, are all astray. They are selfish and proud and sensitive. They prate of trampled rights and offended honor, of insult and retaliation, and they never forgive a transgression or ask pardon for a wrong which they have done unless a "demand" is made upon them. They seek each to extend their territory wherever weakness permits them to enter, or wherever there remains an ungrabbed corner of the world. They are ashamed of no pretext which will get themselves in and the others out. Each seeks to build up its own commerce, its own wealth and power, its own glory and fame, at no matter what expense to other nations, rather rejoicing if others go down while it goes up. To each its own citizens are Greeks, all others barbarians; its own flag the symbol of all that is right and honorable, all other flags objects of contempt, dislike and suspicion. It is this narrow, exclusive, unchristian spirit of self-seeking and self-esteem which is back of the huge war preparations which cloud and disturb the earth to-day. It is the cause of those periodic outbursts of war-talk and newspaper scares which continue to disgrace our civilization. It is our clue to the inhuman treatment of weak native races by the strong "civilized" powers. It dictates the colonial policies of the foremost "Christian" nations which are for-

ever quarreling in "the backwoods" of the world.

It is this spirit which constitutes "patriotism" as now generally conceived,—a selfish, barbarous sentiment, which we blind ourselves into believing a holy and unselfish thing, by transferring, often unconsciously, our personal ambitions, ignoble aspirations and deep-seated selfishness to that collective personality called the nation, *our* nation. We thus persuade ourselves that we are loving, living for and ready to die for another, when in reality it is ourselves whom we are blindly worshiping and shouting for under an impersonal form. In this delusion lies the cause of that noisy, unreasoning enthusiasm which is nearly always awakened when there is impassioned talk of "patriotism." This sentiment has always been and will always be, so long as it survives, the fruitful source of aggression, injustice, irritation and misunderstanding between the nations. The selfish activity of a nation towards other nations, inspired and led on by this "patriotism," is often strangely cold and conscienceless. It is practically always on a lower moral plane than that of the individual citizens, because both the people and the rulers and leaders of state policy hide behind the impersonality of the nation. They are responsible only indirectly, and in their public capacity are freed from the restraints surrounding individuals in their social and civil life where responsibility is direct and personal. Thus a body of individuals in their national capacity and acting through their chosen leaders will do without remorse and even with gratulation what they would never forgive themselves for doing, and certainly never would be forgiven for doing as private citizens. Of the exceptions to this rule, where unusually conscientious and strong men are at the head of affairs, it is needless to speak.

The strongest, truest, wisest word uttered in Europe during the past

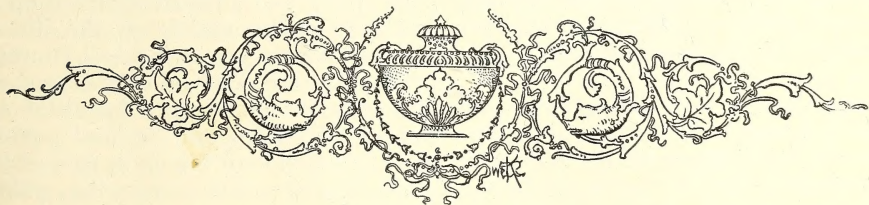
twelve months was that of Count Tolstoï touching this sentiment, in his letter to a friend in England, published in the *London Chronicle*. In this he declared, as he had often previously declared, the absolute incompatibility of "patriotism" with the teachings of Christ, and the present state of Europe to be its natural and inevitable product. Those who have criticised Tolstoï and endeavored to rescue their idol from the clutches of his criticism have failed to notice that he was not talking about some ideal or possible patriotism, but of that which has been under his constant observation for fifty years, the only kind which he has ever seen in actual manifestation. If the Count had been a citizen of this country, he might have modified his word with some qualifying term, though much of what he wrote is just as true of our selfward national attitude as of any other country. It is absolutely true of a considerable section of our people who talk loudly of Monroe Doctrines, of "our rights and interests," and pray the God of peace "to help us to be quick to resent any insult offered our nation." Tolstoï is not such an imbecile as not to know that there may be a love of country entirely compatible with Christ's teachings and even demanded by them. He himself loves Russia and is doing his best to open her eyes to the false sentiment and the iniquitous spirit which make her the by-word and the dread of the earth. He loves all her people, peasantry and highborn, and is seeking by example and precept to create among them a new spirit which shall ultimately renovate his country's politics and policies and make her a Christian member of the family of nations. But while he is diligently sowing the seeds of this new order of sentiment, which many well-meaning people talk about but do little or nothing to realize, what can he do but smite unsparingly and without qualification, with the weapons of truth, that "patriotism," the only sentiment

as yet ever called by this name, which makes Europe an armed camp, costs her people two thousand million dollars a year, and threatens every moment to engulf her in blood and desolation.

The power of this great Russian teacher lies in the fact that he has gone straight to the root of the trouble. In details he may be wrong, but in principle he is absolutely right. The nations can never have substantial and lasting peace, and consequent prosperity in healthful and helpful coöperation, until this false sentiment is stripped of its self-donned garb of sanctity, exposed in all its deformity, and driven out of national and international society. Berlin Treaties, Brussels Agreements and Cyprus Conventions will be at best but temporary shifts, until there is a new order of thought and feeling behind them. New pretexts for self-aggrandizement will be constantly reappearing which will render them either dead letters or sources of positive mischief, as the Cyprus Convention now is. Armed peace will bristle more and more with deadly steel; taxes will mount higher and higher; the populations will groan louder and louder under the blows of the dreadful scourge; Turkish or other complications will not cease to puzzle the wits and exhaust the patience of statesmen and diplomats; unless love of country among all peoples shall cease to be a disguised and exaggerated selfishness, seeking always its

own ends in cool disregard of others, and shall be transformed into a sentiment at once more Christian and more human,—a sentiment growing out of the divine principle that he serves and glorifies himself best who loves and helps others most. The reign of love, “not as an amiable quality only, but as a mighty force,” must be established before there can be a real reign of justice and law. The problem of this transformation of sentiment among people of different nationalities, where the old hatreds and grudges linger, is the problem of problems of our time. On its solution hang the dispositions of all our distracting world-problems. For international animosities send the roots of their baleful influence down into the political and social life of every people. At the solution of this momentous problem every man of goodwill should work unceasingly, beginning at his own heart and going out thence to his neighborhood, his country and the world. With this changed sentiment disarmament will come of its own accord by a process of natural decay, and the nations will find no difficulty in arranging all their differences in a friendly way, because their misunderstandings will cease to be quarrels and will go naturally to the bar of reason for adjustment.

This is the message which the Spirit of Christmas has always been uttering to the nations and will continue to utter until they hear.



CHILDHOOD IN 1800.

By Amelia L. Hill.



AMONG the many changes which the social evolution of the century has brought about, those relating to the bringing up and education of children are particularly striking. In part, no doubt, this results from the changed circumstances of parents, and from the fact that education one hundred years ago was not such in many cases, as to give parents broad views of the intellectual needs of children. A great majority of New Englanders were then farmers. Towns were few, villages small, books were scarce and dear, schools were poor. We must beware, however, of drawing the picture in too dark colors; for alongside the large farming population existed a smaller but still relatively numerous and very influential class of professional men who are called by Mr. Charles Francis Adams the "country gentry," and who he says ruled Massachusetts until 1825. The existence of classes was not wholly a thing of the past. It is to this class that we must look for the true prototypes of the educated people of to-day. In the rearing of their children we shall find the application of what were then esteemed the best principles, and we shall be enabled in noting the parental and scholastic training of that day to see the differences which exist between them and families of similar training of our own time.

The family of which I write was that of Judge L——, who was in 1811 one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas for western Massachusetts. He was the son of a clergyman, and both father and son were graduates of Yale College. After

graduation Mr. L—— studied law, married a daughter of the president of Yale College, and settled in Greenfield, Massachusetts. One of Mrs. L——'s sisters was the first wife of Dr. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge, the father of Oliver Wendell Holmes; and though she died soon after marriage, and Dr. Holmes married again, the intimacy between the families was very great, and never broken so long as the children of Dr. Holmes and Judge L—— lived. Another sister was the wife of Rev. Caleb Gannett, who was long steward of Harvard College. She, too, died young, but her son, the late Dr. Ezra Stiles Gannett, was an especial object of Mrs. L——'s affection. She constantly alludes to him in her letters in the most tender terms. Through these connections in Cambridge and their mother's numerous friends in New Haven, the children of the family enjoyed frequent opportunities of visiting and mingling in the society of the two chief college towns of the country.

Directly after his marriage Judge L—— built a house, still standing, in which he lived until his death, and which was occupied by some members of his family until the death of the last of his children in 1878. It was a spacious mansion, of the old colonial type, two stories in height. It stood some distance back from and above the street, and a broad walk led up to a door in the middle of the house, giving access to a wide hall running through to the rear and opening there by another door into a beautiful expanse of garden and orchard behind. On either side of the main part of the house, was a one story wing, gable-roofed and presenting its gable to the street. These were connected with the main body of the house by corri-

dors lighted by arched windows, from which staircases led to chambers in the upper part of each wing. The north wing contained the kitchen and extended behind into back rooms and woodsheds. The chambers overhead were primarily intended for servants, though sufficiently commodious to be otherwise used in case of need. The south wing contained the Judge's office, and the chambers above were occupied by the law students whom he received. The house was familiarly called "Social Villa" by the family and their friends; and here parents and children entertained in great hospitality, and kept open house.

Mrs. L——'s father had two old black servants long in his service—"Newport," a man whom he had owned as a slave, and had named from the city where he lived when he bought him, and "Nabby," Newport's wife. Newport had long since been freed, but continued in his master's service until the latter's death. When her father died, Mrs. L—— felt it to be her duty to provide for these now aged servants, and brought them to Greenfield; but they soon returned to New Haven, for Newport felt that he could not live so far from the college with which he felt that he had long sustained official relations, as the servant of its president. As long as they lived Mrs. L—— continued to keep a watchful eye upon them. An old colored cook, Eliza, presided for many years in the L—— kitchen; and Jim, a man servant, is frequently mentioned in the family letters. A colored nurse, Vincy, is often affectionately mentioned.

The family consisted of Judge and Mrs. L——, four daughters and one son. When the children were of a suitable age to travel with their father, they were his constant companions when he went to "hold court" in the different towns of his circuit. This brought them into contact with many families through Massachusetts of similar education and tastes to their

own, and kept them from the dullness and narrowness which is apt to accompany country life.

Greenfield contained in 1800 about twelve hundred people. We are told that the place contained many fine houses, and that more business was transacted there than at any other town in the county.

The family shopping was mostly done in Boston, where they frequently went, Mrs. L—— buying Canton crêpe by the piece for her young daughters' dresses. One is preserved to the present day, of robin's-egg blue, still lovely in color and picturesque in design, with its full skirt, short waist, low neck and short sleeves. One of the children at the age of twelve went to a party in a corn-colored silk, and was put upon a table before going, to be admired by her family, before her escort arrived. It was a great treat to be allowed to put on the wedding dress of an aunt, which was kept in the house, a rose-colored silk, with slippers, to match, having long pointed toes. One of the children remembered having a very fine gown of silk and wool, called "Caroline plaid," from the Queen of England who was then in great trouble and much pitied by the people. A hat to correspond was considered desirable, and so the girl was taken to Boston to purchase it, a ride of a hundred miles, in an uncovered sleigh. On reaching her destination she was taken to the "Marlborough Hotel"; and a lovely hat was purchased, with a gold lace band, and tassels and plumes—in which the chambermaid assisted her to array herself, as she was invited out "to tea." She also had a "gold-colored seal-skin tippet," rare in those days, and beautiful in color. The children received their first teaching at home from their parents, and learned their letters from the "New England Primer," imbibing as well its moral teachings. The children's literature of that period is of special interest. We see the "Tom Thumb's play book. To teach children their

Letters, as soon as they can speak. Being a new and pleasant Method to Allure Little Ones in the first principles of Learning. Price only 2 pence."

They also had "The Sisters Gift, or the Naughty Boy reformed," containing a frontispiece in which is depicted a lady dressed in the height of fashion, leading a dog, and beneath is written: "Miss Allworthy going abroad to buy each of her good little Brothers and Sisters a book for a present. What a fine thing it is to be good and have everybody love us."

Then there was the "Juvenile Biographer, Containing the lives of little Masters and Misses, including a variety of Good and Bad Characters,—Miss Betsey Allgood, Master Sammy Careful, Master Isaac Curious, Master Billy Bashful."

Every little girl had to work a "sampler." Those in the L—— family consisted of a half yard of canvas, with the alphabet at the top; first capital letters, then numbers from 1 to 10, then the date 1813, then small letters, and all around them a green vine and pink roses. Underneath was the motto: "Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life soon be forgotten, but virtue will remain forever." Then there are two white silk roosters with long black silk tails, two big blue and red roses, trees, flowers, baskets, yellow birds, and a couple of black silk dogs, all worked with ancient sewing silk and considered of great value.

There was a strong prejudice in the family against the theatre, and though the children often begged to see a play, when they were in Boston, it was a pleasure never granted them. Finally a cousin who lived near them was taken to the theatre and saw a play about Annot Lyle and her lover Sir Dugald Dalgetty, undoubtedly a confused reference to Scott's "Legend of Montrose" which appeared about that time. The child was so delighted that she collected her playmates and gave theatricals. A colored nurse

served for the orchestra, a high secretary with turret-shaped decorations and a tall brass clock for the tower and battlements, over which Annot Lyle looked down upon her lover who was planning her escape. One night the parents came in as Annot Lyle was descending on a clothesline ladder, and the children were warned to undertake no more dramatic performances.

The family were in their religious opinions of a pronounced Calvinistic type, rendered stronger doubtless by the fact that just at this time the Congregational Church of Massachusetts parted into the Unitarian and "Orthodox" divisions, and feelings in such matters ran very high. Their Calvinism, however, did not preclude social gayety and dancing, though as has been said the theatre was excluded. The piano in the Judge's family was the first one ever seen in Greenfield—and the only one for many years. It was made in London, and in appearance and shape resembled the grand piano of the present day. It had two banks of keys, piano and harpsichord. Great attention was paid to music, and also to drawing and painting, and ease and grace of manner were assiduously cultivated. Mrs. L—— herself had most graceful and dignified manners, was very beautiful, and in later life always wore white in the house.

At nine or ten years of age the children were sent to neighboring towns to school, where they could have the best advantages then procurable. Deerfield, four miles away, was the seat of one of the first academies in the country; and when the children attended school there they were sent for on Friday to spend Sundays at home. Although it was a school for both boys and girls, according to the by-laws pupils of different sexes were not allowed to meet upon the grounds or within the walls of the Academy except at meals and prayers, nor walk, ride or visit together, under penalty of one dollar. No playing cards,

backgammon or checkers were allowed in the building under fine of one dollar. A close fence kept boys and girls apart. There were separate entrances, and separate schoolrooms. Morning prayers were at five o'clock, or as soon as it was light enough to read. A fine of four cents for absence and two cents for being tardy was the rule. Study hour began one hour after prayers. School was from half-past eight until twelve, and from half-past one until five. The building was three stories in height and contained twenty-two rooms, besides "school, dining, and philosophy rooms." The studies pursued were natural history, natural philosophy and logic, as well as geography, history, higher mathematics, Latin and French. The site of Deerfield was very fine—a terrace bordered by meadows; but the roads were exposed to the serious drawback of a deluge from the river when the waters were high; and many were the dangers and trials suffered in the journeying to and from school. Mrs. L— once writes:

"Last Thursday Mary and myself took the chaise, and went over to Deerfield. We just reached the foot of clay hill safe. After we left home your Papa was informed that the hill was almost impassable and dangerous. He got a man and went to meet us, fearing I could not get up safely. I returned at three o'clock P. M. I rode until I got completely into the mire up to the horse's knees. Luckily a man was going up afoot, and Hercules-like he hoisted us out. The next day we went again, and let a man lead the horse down and up." And again she writes to one of her daughters who is in Cambridge visiting: "Your Papa would have gone for you before had it been possible. Intolerably bad roads, and dangerous; pressure of business; Supreme Court next week, also Jonathan's quarter ends next week. Thus circumstanced, he has concluded to go for you week after next. He will not be able to spend two hours in Cam-

bridge, so you must be at your Uncle H—'s from this until your Papa comes for you. Your Papa went early this morning to Charlemont,—Probate Court there to-day. Thursday of this week Probate Court calls him to Wendel town. Your Papa would not trust your life in the stage. It is a very unsafe and improper conveyance for Young Ladies. Many have been the accidents, many the cripples made by accidents in those Vehicles. As soon as your Papa can, you may be sure he will go or send for you."

Previous to 1809 mail was brought to Greenfield once a week on horse-back. In 1810 a covered carriage was used, and in 1817 mail was carried every other day between Boston and Albany.

The only son of the family, and naturally the especial pride, was sent to Westfield Academy, at the age of twelve. It was too far for him to come home for Sundays, as had been the case with his older sisters at Deerfield, and the poor little lad suffered sadly from homesickness, as his letters pathetically show. He says:

"*Dear and honored Father:* I have been to school all the time since you left town except twice, that I got excused on account of headache. I am very much pleased with my boarding place, also with my instructor. I wish you would bring me down Jenkins art of writing. I stand greatly in need of a bottle of ink, as you can see by my letter to Sarah. I have been to school all day, and I know not of a day that I have worked so hard, with so little compensation. For I have studied all day as hard as I could study, and have indeed got a lesson, but I am sure that if I had been in a room by myself I could almost have doubled it. There is a cyphering school to be set up here, but will keep only in the evenings, and as I have nothing particular to do in the evenings (there being no library in the Academy) I should like to go very well, if you and Mama approve of it. I was disappointed this morning, in

not finding a letter in the Post-office, and I shall not take any comfort until I have one. I have nothing more to write now, but that I am greatly in want of employment, and when I have leisure for reflection I am very unhappy. Your dutiful and affectionate son,

J. L."

"*Dear Sister Mary:* I shall continue my journal in a letter to you, for I write every spare moment. I have spent an evening at Mr. —'s. And last evening George and I made molasses candy. Tell Eliza I wish she could have a bite. I will give you an account of the way the school is divided, with respect to speaking and writing composition. Those scholars whose names begin with A, B, C, D, E, F, G, etc., speak the second Wednesday after the beginning of the quarter, and the rest of the scholars carry in composition. As my name begins with L, I must carry in composition, and I have written a short one. This afternoon we did not go into the schoolroom at all, but had a fire made in the hall, and benches placed, and when the bell rung we took our seats there. When the Preceptor entered, we all rose up, then each read; we stand up until he tells us what are our faults in reading, and then we spell. After this the first division speak on the stage, then the second division hand their compositions to the Preceptor, then the Preceptor reads a portion of the Scriptures—and he talked to us about the great things of religion—and then the school was closed with prayer. I wrote a long letter to friend A. which I mean to send him by Papa, who said he should call to see me on his way to court at Springfield. I expect him next Monday, and shall be very much disappointed if he does not come. I am in hopes to get into Virgil next week. I have been to school just twenty days, and in that time have got the Latin Grammar fairly at my tongue's end; beside 23 pages in the Latin

primer. I have to get my lessons very differently from what I did at home, for if there is a word wrong the lesson has to be got over again. Tell Papa I wish him to bring me Porteus' Evidences, for we have to get a lesson in that once every week.

J. L."

Jonathan's sister, of sixteen, answers: "This cold weather has got Mama quite into the hypo about her darling son, so I am commissioned to inquire into the state of your health, and in the first place have you not froze your fingers, or ears, if nothing more, gallivanting Miss King some of these fine frosty evenings, or has not the ice given way, and you taken the Lover's leap into the river when skating? Do be careful as to your health, and especially when making candy. Mr. Grinnell's boy took cold, by going out to cool his candy and was sick several weeks after. Should you get so you could I should like to have you write Papa a Latin letter. I wish you to guard against imbibing the rough and unpolished manners of school-boys, especially their conversation. If I could persuade upon Papa and Mama to consent I should ride down to see you, if I could get a Beau, but I believe I must wait with patience until the Quarter is out ere I shall see your black eyes again. Write soon and often.

A. L."

His sister's suggestion with regard to the Latin letter bore fruit, for he sent one to his father while the latter was holding court at Springfield. Apparently at the same time he sent to his sister E—, who was in Springfield with her father, a drawing of a classic bust, of about the order of merit which usually characterizes the impromptu artistic efforts of school boys. E— seems to have returned it with the following comment written below:

"Pray Mr. L. no more try to trace
The various features of the human face,
For in this art I do believe indeed,
With all your genius you cannot succeed,

For sure such praise in drawing can't be gained,

As you in writing Latin have obtained."

He evidently was willing to accept her disapproval of his artistic efforts in view of her approval of his classical production, for he wrote upon the same scrap of paper:

"I yield to thee my friend and will not try
My fortune 'gainst so great an enemy,
I give the praise of drawing all to thee
And with my Latin will contented be."

A letter from Mary H. of Cambridge to Amelia L. in Greenfield, when both were about fifteen years of age, shows something of a girl's life at the time: "I think, dear A., you would like us this season in Cambridge. There are few girls, but I believe such as would please you. Miss McK., Miss W., Miss D., and one or two more are all, but they are improved, sensible girls. I may be prejudiced; very probably am, about 'my own delightful town,' as Scott says, but my dear A., come and judge for yourself. I do not play now, I find it takes too much time. Drawing, too, is somewhat neglected. I am extremely fond of both, especially the former. But we have just got up a Reading party which is very pleasant. It consists of the young ladies before mentioned. Did you ever have one in Greenfield? . . . Have you read 'Patronage'? a fine novel by Miss Edgeworth. I am reading it aloud to mother and A. It is by far the most practical novel I've ever read. I like it better even than 'Discipline.' There is a really heavenly character in it, Caroline Percy. Do get it if you can. I think it would improve any young lady. After this in three volumes I do not mean to read another this long time. I must drudge through old Plutarch, and get into Hume before I'm sixteen. Father always laughs at me, and says when I get my novel, 'Lie still my Plutarch then and sleep.' He never read but two, I believe, 'Cecilia,' and that silly thing, 'Thinks I to myself.' Do tell me your favorite novels, poets

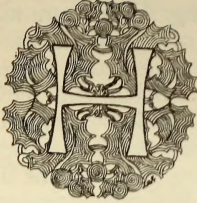
and indeed books of all kinds. Byron is somewhat of a favorite here, but his character is most horrid. I like Scott. I suppose you think the Exhibitions, etc., here are without end and much frequented. I do not think the Cambridge young ladies go as much as the Boston ones. I went to the last a week or two ago, and some of it was beautiful. I wish you had been here. Your Cotillion party I look a little squint-eyed at, for if I am overfond of any mere amusement I own it is dancing. I should admire to visit Greenfield, but I must be a little older, 18 at least, I suppose, a little more gravity and steadiness, a little less lightness—not of heart and spirits, but of character, and then—maybe—I may see you. Goodness, what shall I do—Father told me to leave him a corner. Good bye.

M. H."

After the year at Westfield was finished by the boy whose letters we have read, he was removed to Amherst Academy, the same institution which was afterwards Amherst College. Here in a year he fitted for Yale College, which he entered at the age of fifteen. We are told by his letters of his work in the Greek Grammar and Testament, and of his delivering a Latin oration as well as struggling with Hebrew; and yet in the same letter we see the same little boy eagerly waiting for court to be over in Springfield and Lenox, that his father may come to take him home. With the academy life, the childhood of the boys and girls of 1800 properly comes to an end; so we leave the "little Masters and Misses" to become in their turn heads of households and to rear and educate children of their own. Let us who would perhaps desire a broader outlook for our children, take care that in seeking it, we do not lose sight of those qualities which we smile at as "old-fashioned," yet which were the groundwork of the character of the strong men and women whose memories we love.

THE LOST SINGER.

By Virna Woods.



He was born in the hills, away from the stir of life in the city, away from the grandeur of the mountains. But troupes of birds sang to him, and processions of flowers, in carnival colors, passed before him in the succession of the seasons. For art galleries he had the pageants of sunrise and sunset and the rainbows which hung their colors down the slopes of the hills and terminated in a luminous shaft in his mother's meadow. For museums he had the quartz crystals and the fragments of granite, which the rains washed down on his path, the beetles and strange bugs and the gauzy-winged butterflies which shimmered through the summer air. For society he had golden-haired Elsie, who lived in a neighboring cove, and his mother and the rabbits and the poultry.

"We're having a party in our backyard," he exclaimed gleefully to his mother one day,—“me and a butterfly and Elsie.” And his work-worn mother, stranded in this strange and lonely place where her husband had died, looked out at him and smiled.

He was only a barefoot boy, but his soul was the soul of a poet, idealizing the beauties about him and yearning for the unattainable mysteries beyond. His childish imagination, untrained by books and school, unconsciously repeated in its interpretation of the phenomena about him the beautiful myths of the primeval world. The sun was a chariot of fire, guided over the azure field of heaven by a radiant being, with face forever young and floating golden hair. The moon was a silver car, in which rode a beautiful

lady, forever eluding his pursuit in their merry race. Sometimes, indeed, she appeared like a wreath of mist before him; but when he sought to approach her she faded away. The stars were lamps which the moon-maiden hung in the sky to light her on her way; and she blew them all out in the morning before the fire-chariot appeared, so that her pursuer might not know the path she had taken. He had never read nor heard of the treasure of Fafnir nor the Golden Fleece; but he sought the dandelions which he pretended were heaped-up coins, and wrested their golden wealth from the jealous grasses and weeds by the roadside. He knew nothing of the Norse-lands and the groves of Arcady; but for him were there not fairies and elves in every glade and tree, although he called them only “the little people?” Every flower face was a beautiful lady; and under the waters of the stream were cool caverns in which lived wonderful little beings with soft blue eyes and silver hair. Then, when perchance he fell, dropping an egg which he was bringing from the yard, or broke a dish as he was helping his mother at her homely task, was there not a wicked troll at elbow or heels, who shook his hand or tripped up his feet in the tangled grass? He had never been told of werewolves; but at night, as he heard the cries of coyotes, he hid his head in the covers and shuddered. “Perhaps, mamma,” he said fearfully, “they are babies that have been lost in the woods and have learned to grow like coyotes.” The summer clouds were white-winged messengers that bore words of love from the sun to the vanished moon; and the storm-clouds flew swiftly on their dark pinions with the challenge of his anger. So his imagination

grew; and his fancies were figures and dreams which would have glorified the noblest thought.

The years passed, and he learned to toil in the fields. The summer days were hot and the furrows were long; but the hours passed swiftly for him, for in his young heart his hopes were high, and instead of the level field and the encircling hills he saw in a distant and glorious city the sun-lit walls of the dream-castles he had builded.

In the brief hours he had passed in the little red school-house among the pines, he had caught faint but alluring impressions of life and the great world beyond the narrow limits of his foot-hill home. He had inhaled the first breath of the magic spell of wisdom and his soul had stirred with the first thrill of consciousness of its power. He was vaguely aware of the solecisms and limitations of his speech; and yet he knew that his thoughts were persistently asking for utterance. He was like a great musician who vainly strives to draw melody from a broken and imperfect instrument. But soon he would go to the city, when the crops were sold and the little farm was rented and he had found a new nest for his mother and himself.

But before that came to pass, his mother died; and he laid her beside the stream. Then he turned with a his father on the knoll overlooking heavy heart to go alone to the city of his dreams. There was none that it saddened him to leave behind; for little Elsie had gone long ago out of his life, he knew not where. But the two graves would be alone, and the memory-haunted places of his childhood.

So he fared to the city, a slender, graceful youth, with dark eyes now full of fire and now shadowed by dreams, and with hands hardened with toil. Many days he knocked at the doors of labor in vain, for his lack of culture barred the way to the higher paths of life and his slight, almost feminine frame precluded the possi-

bility of great physical toil. But at last he found his obscure niche in a large room in a great factory amid the whirl of wheels and the hissing of steam; and the nest he found for himself at night was a veritable eyrie in the gable of a lodging-house, under the eaves. And he was lonely and disheartened; his soul yearned for liberty and his heart for love.

Sometimes he caught glimpses of beauty which thrilled him with a strange joy, a curve of the bay dotted with white sails, a sweep of wooded hills beyond the crowded streets, a constellation of lights across the water; and often at night, though weary with the toil of the long day, he turned not his steps homeward, but sought some yet untrodden way, that he might drink in, if only for a moment, the loveliness of the scene. Sometimes as he passed, unnoticed along the street, a door opened, and the beauty of picture or bust or statue flashed a moment before his eyes; and then he hungered more than the wayside beggar at the sight of food. But the glimpses of beauty which he had were but as the evanescent pictures thrown by a searchlight in the darkness; and he returned and chained down his soul to his daily task.

One night, as he held the last of his scanty wages in his hand, passing down the crowded thoroughfare to buy the food he needed, the strains of an oratorio fell faintly on his ear, and he paused before the grand entrance-way of the great music hall. People in broadcloth and silk brushed by him, and disappeared within the enchanted portals; and he yearned for the music with unutterable longing. He forgot that since morning he had tasted no food; and he followed the people and gave at the doorway the price of his daily bread. But within it was light and warm, and the air thrilled with music so divine that he bowed his head on his breast and tears of rapture welled up in his eyes. Joyfully he endured the hunger of the

body that the hunger of the soul might be fed.

The impetus of his genius stirred him to ceaseless endeavor. By night he coned his books by the candle-light; and in his narrow bed dreams of glory visited him and he heard celestial voices chanting celestial melodies. When he awoke he essayed to hold the melody in permanent form; but often it eluded him and the harmonious measures became but broken arcs of sound. Yet he struggled on, and nearer and nearer his uncertain attempts approached the perfection of which he dreamed. Then perhaps had poverty been overcome and his enfranchised soul gone on its way triumphant, had not love come to him with transfigured face and laid his hand upon him.

For one day, as he sat at his monotonous task, he looked up and found the eyes of the young girl opposite him searching his face. Beautiful were the eyes, but sad. The face, too, was beautiful; and the hair was a pale crown of glory on her head. As his eyes met hers, they filled with pity, and he spoke to her gently, as to a child.

"Are you tired, little one?" he said.

"Oh, yes," she made answer; "I am always tired. My father is dead and my mother was blinded by a lightning-flash; and the world has gone hard with us."

The tears stood in his eyes and his lips quivered as he looked at her fragile form.

"And you," she continued, with a break in her voice, "you do not remember me. I am little Elsie of the hills."

Then he stretched forth his arms to her; and the tears of both fell on their clasped hands.

Days and weeks passed by; and always at their work the two sat facing each other till their eyes learned to read the heart-secrets which dared not pass their lips. And the wan face of Elsie lit up with smiles and a faint tinge of color fluttered in her white

cheeks, like the light of dawn on the smooth snow of the hill-slopes. The man in his dreams climbed the summits of achievement no longer alone; for a fair-haired woman walked by his side, and where the path was steepest she lay on his breast. The might of love seemed to blow his kindling genius to a flame; the hours of his study were too brief for him; and the candle burned down in the socket before he sought his bed at night. Then he spoke to her of his hopes and dreams, and he knew that he was no longer alone. He would fain have waited to tell her of his love till he had a home that would shelter her warmly and softly; but he saw that the woman's frail shoulders could no longer support alone the burdens of life,—and so he took her to himself.

The months passed slowly into years; and the tasks he had set himself to do were patiently put aside and his hopes deferred for a more convenient season. For the faces of children were lifted to him for bread; and the blind eyes of the aged mother followed him, dumbly appealing for the labor of his hands. The days were full of toil and the nights of care; for the woman he loved sickened and became a burden on his hands, although not on his heart. Often he came home weary and found no rest; but the eyes which sought his tenderly through the shadows of pain found an unfailing tenderness in them, and the lines which suffering had carved on the lovely face were lost in the smiles which answered his gentle words and the deft touches of his work-worn hands.

One day she looked wistfully through the open window upon the roofs of the tenements below; and the words she spoke were the unconscious utterance of her thought. "I wish," she said, "that for one moment I might walk the tangled pathway of the hills and breathe again the fragrance of the flowers." And he stole away and ere long returned with a cluster of roses and placed it in her

hands. And so, from time to time, with the little pittance, he bought sprays of lilies and bunches of roses or violets to light up the emptiness of her room.

So the years passed, and the strength and the energy of youth wasted away; and the dream-castles he had builded became but ruins, with broken columns and crumbling walls. But through the twilight silence of the vacant chambers trailed the soft garments of old memories, and the dead faces of beautiful visions were coffined and shrouded from sight. His soul stirred like a child that is troubled in its sleep; for the songs he would have sung haunted him like echoes among the hills. But the tree of life blossomed with the fruits of love; and he ate of the fruit, and it was sweet to the taste.

So the years fled, and the world knew not the sound of his voice nor the wonder of his thoughts. And as time passed, the burdens he had borne with joy for the sake of love dropped from him one by one; for the weary lids fell forever over the blind eyes; and the flower-faces of the children withered like mown lilies of the field. And the two were left alone, one with his labor and care and the other with her pain. But the glory of love transfigured their lives and lit up the dark places where their hopes had died.

Sometimes in the quiet house from which the echoes of child voices had faded forever, in the hushes of the night when his beloved lay in slumber he essayed again to gather into form the harmonies which had haunted him from his boyhood. But the strings of his lyre were broken and his stumbling hands were powerless to stir them to responsive echoes of the music of his soul. And his heart was saddened; but he suffered it not to appear in his face, lest the sleeper should awake and see that he was troubled.

So the years passed, and his hair whitened and his shoulders bent under his many sorrows, and his cheeks were furrowed and seamed with care; but

in his eyes shone always a steadfast light as of the eternal stars. The fair face among the pillows whitened and withered with age, but retained its subtle sweetness as roses when they fade; and the golden halo of hair softened to silver, and the hands were as fragile as the petals of a flower. But the freshness of their love did not wither nor the strength of their courage fail. And as the shadows fell and lengthened over their lives, they seemed like the shadows of morning which come before the dawn. And their eyes looked back to the woodlands and the hills of their childhood, and their lips spake tenderly of their olden haunts.

"Do you remember the oak tree where the mosses hung like soft gray clouds, and the wind swung the young orioles in their nest?" he said. "And the bend in the stream, where the waving shadows were the dark fairies that lived under the water; and the side of the cañon we climbed for ferns—"

"Yes," she broke in, the gentle eyes bright with remembered joy; "and the place where you carried me across the water, and the lilies of which you wove me a crown, and the red berries we gathered in winter."

"But the snow, Elsie," he interrupted, "the snow on the pine-trees, which made the forest an enchanted castle where the-king of winter lived!" And for a moment his face grew sad, as he recalled the beautiful imaginations of his youth and his manhood,—the fancies, the aspirations, the sorrows, the love, which had sought utterance in vain; for his thoughts had been still-born and laid away in the grave of his hopes. But when Elsie looked at him and smiled, his sorrow melted away like the dew from the hearts of the flowers at the smile of the sun.

And so they fared together to the parting of the ways, when the patient face lay no longer among the pillows, and the watcher was left alone and old and desolate. In the grave of his love were buried the hopes of his youth

and the ambitions of his manhood. He had done his part and his heart was satisfied. No longer he sought to give his message to the world; no longer he beat his impotent hands against the bars of fate. His work was finished and it was well. But the splendor of his dreams and the grandeur of his thoughts returned and dwelt with him in the silence of his dwelling; and the harmonies were not less beautiful because they were without words.

So the evening came and the twilight gathered; and the angel Azrael pressed the kiss of peace on his brow; and he lay in the eternal silence, with

the songs hushed on his lips and the visions vanished from his eyes. And the loss was the world's and not his; for his soul had grown strong and pure, and the songs he could not sing had blossomed to beauty in the loving deeds of his simple life. But the world in its blindness had passed him by, to follow the procession on the highways and applaud the loud voice in the market-place; and none that had jostled him in the crowd or saw his humble coffin borne silently away, or trod over his unmarked grave, knew that a greater than the greatest of singers had passed from their midst.



FAILURE.

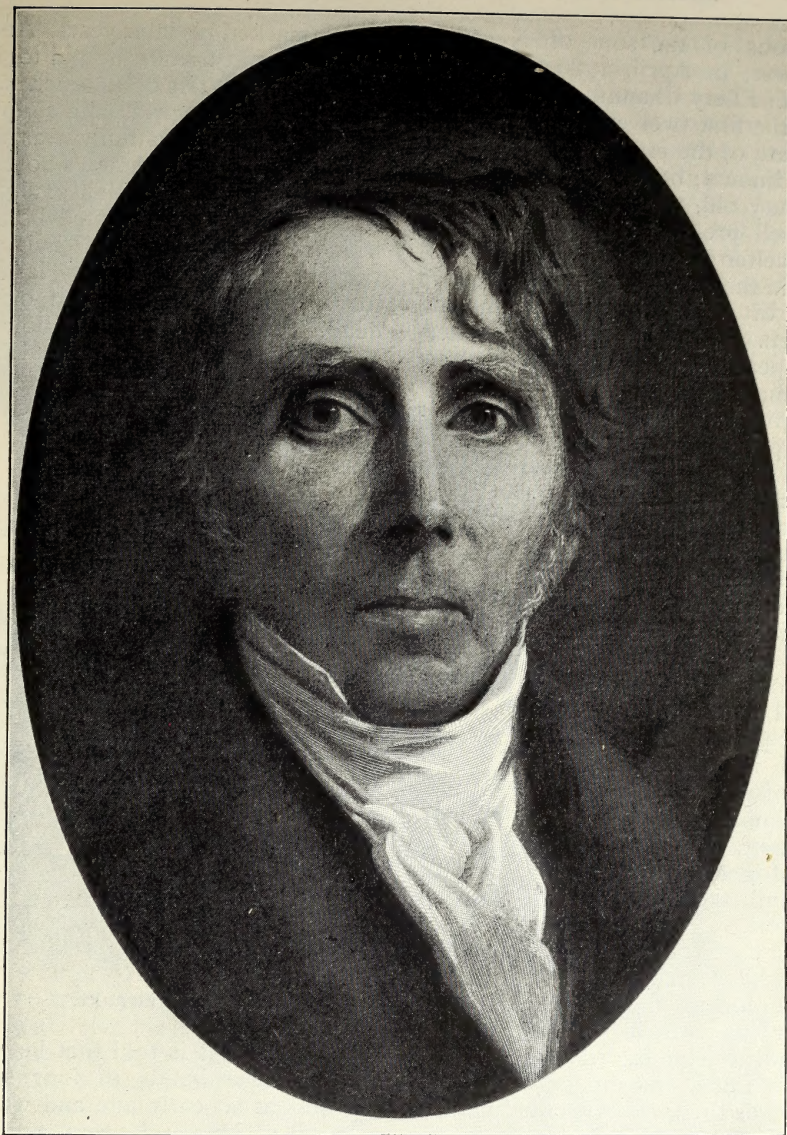
By Harry Janvier Smalley.

A PROSTRATE figure and an unstrung bow!
The hand that grasped it listless lay in death.
The face was fair to see, but lined with woe,
And hushed for aye the youthful archer's breath.

Far as the eye could reach a region fair
Lay stretched around him — and its name was Life.
A letter lay beside him: in despair
And anguish all untold, he'd spurned the strife.

That letter in my hand I held and read,—
A sad and piteous story, and so old
And oft-repeated that methinks the dead
Who died recounting it may ne'er be told.

With buoyant spirit on the battle-field
Of life he entered and his quiver tried;
But dazzled by the glory there revealed,
He aimed too high and, disappointed, died.



WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.

From a painting by Gambardella.

THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF CHANNING.

By Charles Rawson Thurston.

I N the very centre of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, upon the corner of two side streets, is a handsome though unpretending square wooden house bearing no dis-

tinctive mark save the sign above the street door, which tells to all that it is a "Children's Home." A century ago this house was the home of a child destined to become among the most

illustrious of the sons of Newport. For here, in April, 1780, was born William Ellery Channing, and here he spent the first twelve years of his life. The date of the erection of the house is not known; but though more than a century old, the ancient mansion is still well preserved and promises to give shelter in the future, as it has already in the past, to many a successive circle of happy, though orphaned, children. It presents to-day in external appearance, and in its internal arrangement as well, much the same aspect probably as when the boy Channing knew it. Substantial and square, two stories in height, with a peculiar half story of smaller dimensions rising from the roof, it is a typical mansion of the period to which it belongs, one of the links, fast diminishing in number, which bind together the old and the new Newport.

Mary Street, with which School Street forms the corner on which the house stands, was then called Mary's Lane, and on the next street below was the gambrel roofed parsonage of stern old Dr. Hopkins, the Rev. Samuel Hopkins. It was under the tutelage of this divine of the old school, whom Harriet Beecher Stowe has immortalized in "The Minister's Wooing," that Channing received religious training during his boyhood. Not very congenial would the tastes of these two seem to have been, the strict old Calvinist, and the gentle-minded youth who even thus early gave promise of that breadth of theological view and that serene spirit

which marked his later years. And yet they were fast friends, bound together by some secret ties of an inner nature, strange to the world, but simple to them. And so Channing was a frequent visitor at the parson's home and a welcome inmate of his study, and between them were formed bonds of friendship which years of living and varying views of theology failed to loosen,—that were severed only by death, if they ever ceased to hold.

But Channing had other and earlier



CHANNING'S BIRTHPLACE AT NEWPORT.

teachers; for it is told that he passed through the hands of four school-ma'ams at an early age and was also a pupil of Master Rogers, a tutor of local celebrity at that day. Among his schoolmates were two at least who as well as himself, afterwards became famous, though in different spheres of activity. These were Malbone, the afterward noted painter, and Washington Allston, who became more famous as a painter and became a relative of Channing by marriage, taking the latter's sister as his first wife.

On both sides Channing was of choice ancestry. His maternal grand-



*THE MOTHER OF CHANNING.

After a painting by Washington Allston.

father was William Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; his mother was Lucy Ellery; his father was William Channing, an eminent Newport lawyer. One of his father's brothers was Henry Channing, who during William's boyhood was a pastor in New London, Connecticut; and to him at the age of twelve the boy Channing was sent to be fitted for college.† About a year later occurred the death of his father; and in another year, at the age of only fourteen, he entered Harvard, in a class which included several young men who afterwards made a name of national note for themselves, among them Joseph Tuckerman, Joseph Story and Sidney Willard.

As a youth Channing appears, though small in person and of a sensibility almost feminine, to have been vigorous, athletic and resolute, showing from childhood marked qualities of moral courage and mental sincerity.

*The pictures of Channing's mother, of himself when a student, the old Federal Street Church, and his summer residence, "Oakland," are from a memorial of Channing by Rev. Charles T. Brooks, published by Roberts Brothers, by whose permission they are used.

† Rev. Henry Channing was pastor of the First Congregational Church in New London. The old parsonage, which was Channing's home in New London, still stands on Main Street.

In his college life at Harvard he showed a singular capacity to win the ardent personal attachment of his fellows; and though he was very young, his literary qualities seem even then to have been fully developed, his style being described by his classmate, Story, as "racy, flowing, full, glowing with life, chaste in ornament, vigorous in structure and beautiful in finish." He was also conspicuous in the students' debating clubs, and shared fully in the political enthusiasms of the day, refusing the commencement oration assigned him, the highest honor in his class, until granted permission to express himself freely on subjects upon which there was then much sensitiveness in Boston and Cambridge circles. Among the authors of his choice at this time, Hutcheson appears to have inspired his profound conviction of that dignity of human nature, Ferguson his faith in social progress and his enthusiasm of humanity, and Price that form of idealism which "saved me," he says, "from Locke's philosophy."

On graduating, in 1798, he went south, and for two years was a private instructor in Richmond, Virginia, in the family of D. M. Randolph, where



CHANNING WHEN A STUDENT.

From a sketch by Malbone.

he felt "the charm of southern manners and hospitality," and at the same time acquired an abhorrence of the social and moral aspects of slavery, then equally abhorred by the most intelligent men and women of the South. Here he became eagerly interested in political discussions growing out of the revolutionary movements in Europe, and a keen admirer of such writers as Godwin, Mary Wollstonecraft, and especially Rousseau; but, as by a certain unconscious reaction against these influences, he gave special study to the historical evidences of Christianity, to which class of evidences he ever after strongly adhered, and was confirmed in his purpose to prepare for the ministry. He also disciplined himself by a vigorously ascetic way of life, exposure to cold, hardship and fatigue, with scant diet, insufficient clothing and excessive devotion to study. In 1800 he returned to Newport; but the ill effect of these practices, aggravated by the exposure of his voyage, followed him through life, and from the time of his residence in Richmond to the day of his death, we read, he never knew a day of unimpaired vigor. His stay in Newport was but brief; but while there he renewed and deepened the influences of his early life and found intense pleasure and great inspiration in the natural beauties of his native place. Then he went back to Cambridge as a student of theology with the place and petty income of "regent," a sort of general proctor. At this period Bishop Butler and William Law were the writers who chiefly influenced his opinions; and he is represented as having had a tendency to Calvinistic views, though "never in any sense a Trinitarian."

On completing his preparatory studies he preached his first sermon, as



THE OLD HOPKINS CHURCH AT NEWPORT.

seemed most fitting, in his native town and in the meeting-house of his old tutor, Dr. Hopkins. That house still stands in Newport, on Mill Street, though for some years withdrawn from its sacred uses and given up to commercial purposes. Its walls now resound to the voice of the vociferous auctioneer instead of to the call of the Calvinist or the softer tones of the less severe Unitarian. For, curiously enough, Channing in years after that first sermon in the old Congregational meeting-house preached there often to the sect of Unitarians which looked upon him as its founder and exponent. He also preached for Dr. Patten at Newport in the early years of his ministry, and later from other pulpits in the town and on the island.

And now Channing entered upon his career as a preacher, a humanitarian and a reformer, which won for him the reputation which will never fade. His first and only pastoral settlement was over the church in Federal Street, Boston, which he accepted in preference to the more distinguished place in Brattle Square, partly on the ground that a smaller and feebler congregation might not overtax his strength. He was settled June 1, 1803; and he soon became known in Boston for a style of religious eloquence of rare "fervor, solemnity and beauty."

The Federal Street congregation consisted originally of a company of Scotch Presbyterians from the north of Ireland, who worshiped in a barn in Long Lane, as the street was then called, from 1729 to 1744, when they built a wooden meeting-house. There in 1788 the convention was held in which Massachusetts accepted the Constitution; and this gave the street the name of Federal Street. In this meeting-house Channing was ordained and continued to preach till a new brick edifice took its place in 1809. The ordination services consisted of prayer by Rev. Dr. Holmes,

a pulpit orator. One has said: "From the high, old-fashioned pulpit his face beamed down, it may be said, like the face of an angel, and his voice floated down like a voice from higher spheres. It was a voice of rare power and attraction, clear, flowing, melodious, slightly plaintive, so as curiously to catch and win upon the hearer's sympathy. Its melody and pathos in the reading of a hymn was alone a charm that might bring men to the listening like the attraction of sweet music. Often, too, when signs of physical frailty were apparent, it might be said that his speech was watched and



THE BEACH AT NEWPORT.

sermon by Rev. Dr. Tappan of Cambridge, consecrating prayer by Rev. Dr. Osgood, charge by Rev. Henry Channing, and right hand of fellowship by Rev. Dr. Tuckerman. The pastorate proved one of great mutual pleasure and profit to pastor and people. The love of the latter for their inspired and gentle leader grew strong with advancing years, and when ill health and increasing public duties made pastoral cares burdensome he found it exceedingly difficult to sunder the ties which bound him to his people.

Interesting personal recollections remain, now passing into tradition, of Channing's rare quality and power as

waited for with that sort of hush as if one was waiting to catch his last earthly words."

George Ticknor, then a boy, tells in his reminiscences of the impressive presence of the "pale, spiritual-looking young man" and of the "trembling voice and devout air" with which he recited a hymn.

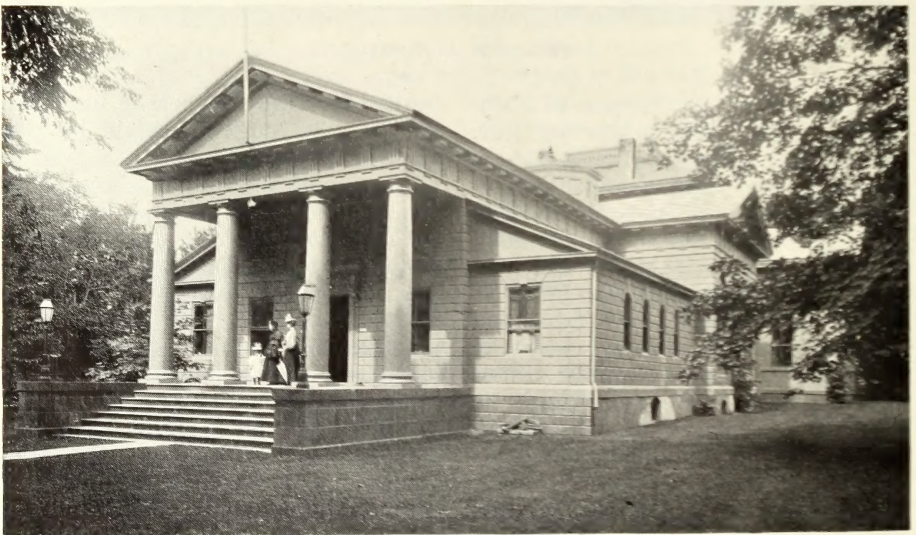
Here is a glimpse of the man in what has been called the greatest action of his life: "There is no excitement in the audience, but deep, calm expectation. With a somewhat rapid and an elastic step, a person small in stature, thin and pale and carefully enveloped ascends the pulpit stair. It is he. For a moment he deliberately

and benignantly surveys the large congregation, as if drinking in the influence of so many human beings; and then, laying aside his outer garments and putting on the black silk gown, he selects the hymn and passage from Scripture and, taking his seat, awaits in quiet contemplation the time for commencing the service. What impresses us now in his appearance is its exceeding delicacy, refinement and spiritualized beauty. In the hollow eye, the sunken cheeks and the deep lines around the mouth, the chronic debility of many years has left an ineffaceable impress. But on the polished brow with its rounded temples shadowed by one falling lock and on the beaming countenance there hovers a serenity which seems to brighten the whole head with a halo. There are no expletives, no fulminations, no fanatical outpourings. But the small figure dilates, the luminous gray eye now flashes with indignation, now softens in pity, and the outstretched arm and clenched hand are lifted in sign of protest and warning, as the wrongs which man inflicts on man are presented with brief but glowing outlines."

His views at this time are described

as "rather mystical than rational," and though he never desired to be known personally as a Unitarian and preferred that the movement of liberal theology should be within the Congregational organization to which he belonged by birth, he became known as the leader of the Unitarians, and so closely was he identified with the sect that the last seven years of his life were the first seven of Unitarianism.

During these years in which his theology was changing and broadening he lived mostly in Boston, and he became a leader in many movements for the amelioration of the condition of his fellowmen. He entered heartily and enthusiastically into philanthropic, political and ethical lines of activity and engaged in those discussions of social topics by which his later years were so widely and honorably distinguished. Organized charity first claimed his attention, and from that the way was short to questions of temperance and public education, which at that time began to take new shapes, and from these on to those which then lay upon the border land between morals and politics,—war and slavery. He became a prominent factor in the anti-slavery movement

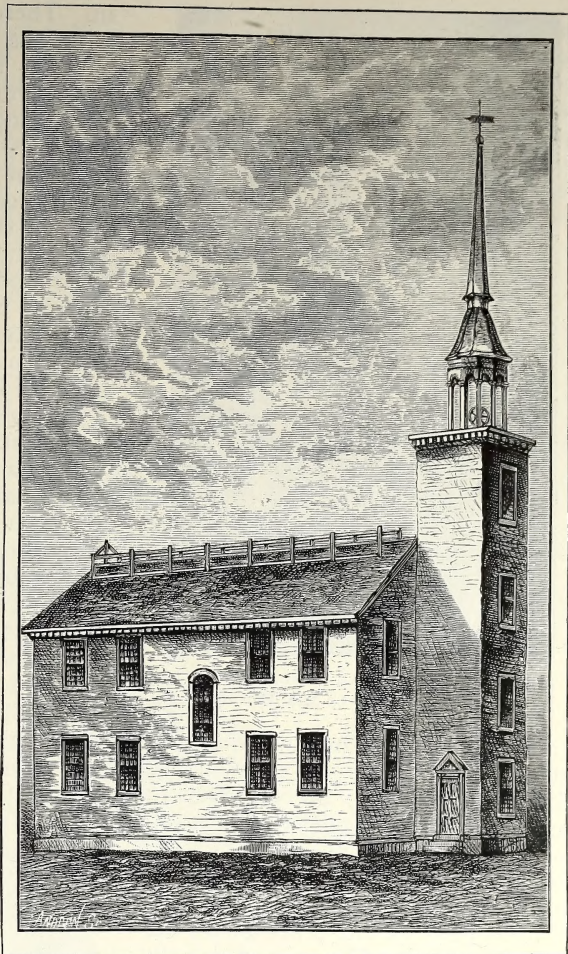


THE REDWOOD LIBRARY AT NEWPORT.

and in the latter days of his life wrote and spoke frequently in behalf of that cause. His last public act was an address delivered in Lenox, Mass., August 1, 1842, in commemoration of emancipation in the West Indies.

During the first few months of his pastorate in Boston he lived alone. Then he induced his mother and the other members of the family to remove to the city and take possession of the parsonage. This he accomplished only by a little diplomacy, basing the request on the ground of his own loneliness and the need of home life, when in reality his chief thought was for the mother, to whom he was devotedly attached and for whom he ever cherished a deep filial affection. This was shown in this instance not only by seeking to secure for her a home with him, but by the position which he took in that home, although he was really its head and support. He took the smallest room in the house for his study and slept in an attic chamber, which he shared with one of his brothers and which was not warmed even in the most bitterly cold weather of a New England winter. The best rooms were given up to the mother.

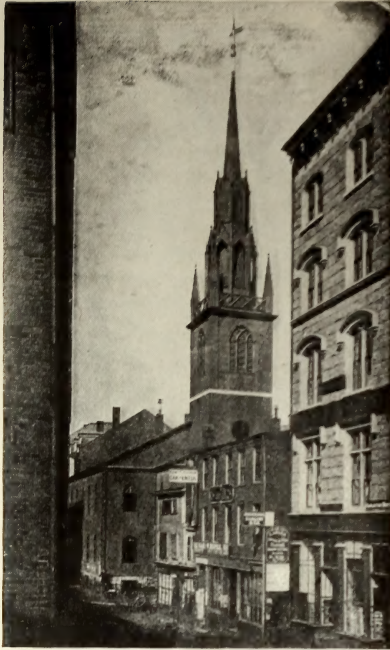
Channing was married in 1814 to his cousin, Ruth Gibbs, a resident of the island of Rhode Island, and by that alliance was bound more closely than ever to the home of his birth and childhood. Through it also he was enabled to spend many summers on the island at the Gibbs' homestead in the town of Portsmouth, now the property of Cornelius Vanderbilt and



THE OLD FEDERAL STREET MEETING-HOUSE, BOSTON,
WHERE CHANNING WAS ORDAINED.

known as "Oakland." A beautiful place it was and is, within easy drive of Newport and yet apart even from the gentle bustle and stir of that then most quiet city; a restful place, a place for calm and holy meditation and communion, a place for the enjoyment of nature in its gladdest, most joyous moods and its loveliest dress, an ideal place for a summer home, for rest from care and recreation of body, mind and spirit.

This place Channing loved, as he loved Newport, its quiet streets, its beautiful harbor, its stately trees, its



THE SECOND FEDERAL STREET CHURCH.

From a photograph by J. J. Hawes.

grand old beach; as he loved the whole island, with its bright sunshine, its blue skies, its balmy breezes, its rural beauties, its shady retreats, its lovely drives, its whole atmosphere of peace and contentment. He was a Newporter by spirit as well as by birth. "I bless God for the place of my nativity," he said. He roamed delightedly over the beaches, spent quiet, studious hours in the retired alcoves of the Redwood Library, feeding upon the thoughts of the world's best minds, was familiar with all the life of the place and all the solitude of its environs, enjoyed it all with keen zest and relish, and loved it all with intense and abiding affection. Of Newport's beach he said:

"No spot on earth has helped to form me so much as that beach. There I lifted up my voice in praise amid the tempest. There I poured out my thanksgiving and contrite confessions. There in reverential sympathy with the mighty power around me I became conscious of power with-

in. There struggling thoughts and emotions broke forth, moved to utterance by the eloquence of the winds and waves. There began a happiness surpassing all earthly pleasures, the happiness of communion with the works of God."

So great was his love for the ocean and the shore on which its waves beat within hearing of the home of his childhood and youth; so great was its impress upon his sensitive and receptive nature; so great its influence in the formation of his character and the spirit of his life.

But a few steps from his summer home at "Oakland" stood and still stands a little country church of the "Christian" denomination, whose pulpit then stood open and still to-day stands open to every minister of the gospel of Christ of whatever creed or sect. There Channing often went on Sundays, delighting to address the worshippers in his own gentle way, giving to the plain, simple farmer folk plain, simple talks on familiar subjects in a familiar style which won the ears and hearts of his hearers and endeared him to them. So glad was he to meet

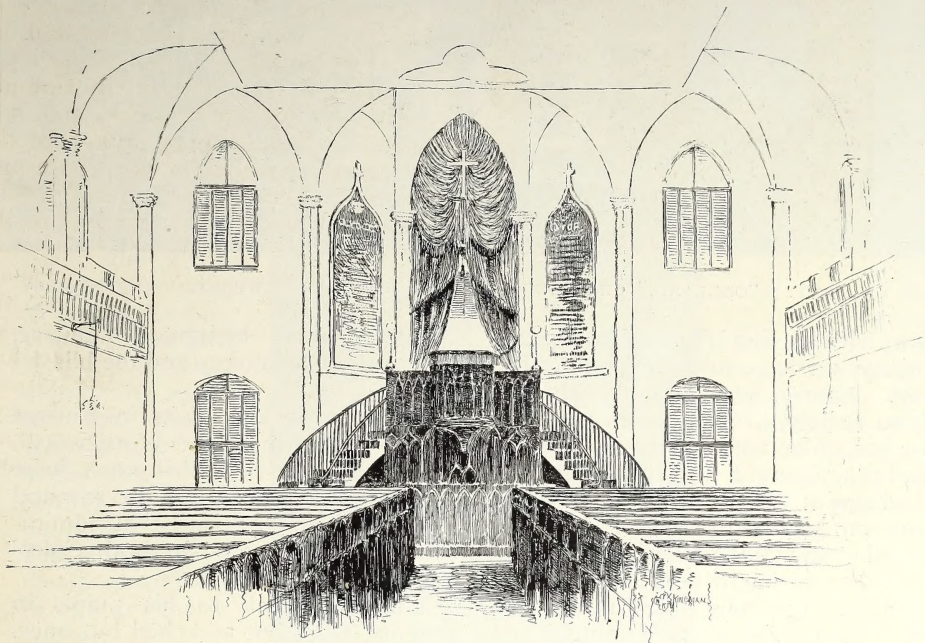


CHANNING'S HOME, MT. VERNON ST., BOSTON.

his island friends in the old church, and so pleased were they to hear him, that he found his way to the place of worship and spoke from the little pulpit even when in the last years of his life his words were uttered while he sat, the frail limbs being too weak to support the body for many minutes.

His face and figure were familiar too in Newport during these summers

sided character. It was this which made the summer life at "Oakland" so delightful to him and which gave to any outing or excursion so great a charm for him. In the last twenty years of his life, voyages and travels in the search for better health and increased strength, were frequent; and in all these visits to new places and new scenes he found the keenest pleasure, despite the infirmities and dis-



INTERIOR OF THE FEDERAL STREET CHURCH, BOSTON.

From a photograph in the possession of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

which he spent upon the island; and he never failed to attract an appreciative congregation whenever he left the pew for the pulpit in the little old church building where Dr. Hopkins had preached in Channing's boyhood and youth. For the summer sojourner was a frequent worshiper in that sanctuary and was occasionally persuaded to take the service and expound the doctrines which he so sincerely cherished.

The love of nature was deeply rooted in Channing and stands out as strong as any element of his many-

tresses which afflicted him. In the summer of 1821, in the hope of recruiting his health, he made a journey through the north of New England, during which his love of nature found some of its finest expressions. Looking at the mountains he says:

"My mind seems to enlarge, to swell with these majestic forms, which claim kindred with the skies. The grandeur of nature gave an exulting triumphant feeling. I never entered into its spirit, felt its power and glories, as on this journey." He says again: "Nature has been and is a very true,



"OAKLAND," CHANNING'S SUMMER HOME AT NEWPORT.

dear friend. She is more than a pleasure, even a deep, substantial, elevating joy. Nature does not alienate me from society, but reconciles me to it. In her order and beauty I see types and promises of a higher social state." And again: "Time wears out the wrinkles on Mother Earth's brow. The world grows younger with age."

In the spring of 1822 he went to Europe, on account of his health; and his reflections at sea are beautiful and noble. The sea bird cradled in the tempest should be an enviable sight, he thinks, to souls torn with passion or remorse. He sees no rage in the ocean, but only spirit and eagerness. He cannot call it old ocean. "Its crest of foam is not hoariness, but the breaking forth of life. Ocean is perpetual youth." The waves "do not seem to rise by a foreign impulse, but spontaneously, exultingly." "They seemed as they rolled in regular intervals towards us like the gentle heaving of a sleeping infant's breath. I did not feel as if the ocean was exhausted by its late efforts, but as if, having accomplished its manifestations of awe-inspiring might, it was now exe-

cuting a more benignant ministry, speaking of the mercy and the blissful rest of God."

One of his first visits in Europe was to Windermere and Wordsworth, and with both his spirit must have felt a rare harmony. He also saw and admired Coleridge; and that admiration was reciprocated by both Coleridge and Wordsworth.

He went back to his pulpit in August, 1823, but preached but once. Then he retired to his island home and asked for an assistant. This request was granted, Ezra Stiles Gannett being ordained as his colleague, and from that time his pulpit work was irregular and infrequent. His life from this time on was a simple one. It had indeed always been that; but now at "Oakland" in summer and in Boston in the winter he lived quietly, yet most happily. At "Oakland" he rose very early, and after his bath went out at once into the garden. At seven he came in to the breakfast table, reflecting in his face his communion with the morning glory. One cup of black tea and one slice of brown toast was all his impaired digestion would per-

mit for breakfast. After breakfast, if he did not go to ride on horseback, he would go out into the garden again with the children of the house till ten o'clock, when he summoned the whole household into the parlor for social devotions. Then he would go to his chamber, where he had a writing desk, and sometimes write for an hour. Often he drove in the afternoon, for exercise, in a rough wagon or chaise. When the tide served, he would join a party and go to the shore to bathe. When the weather was bad, the family would read aloud. At sunset all the family went out to look at the western sky from a particular point in the garden. After tea he would sit and talk in the portico or parlor.

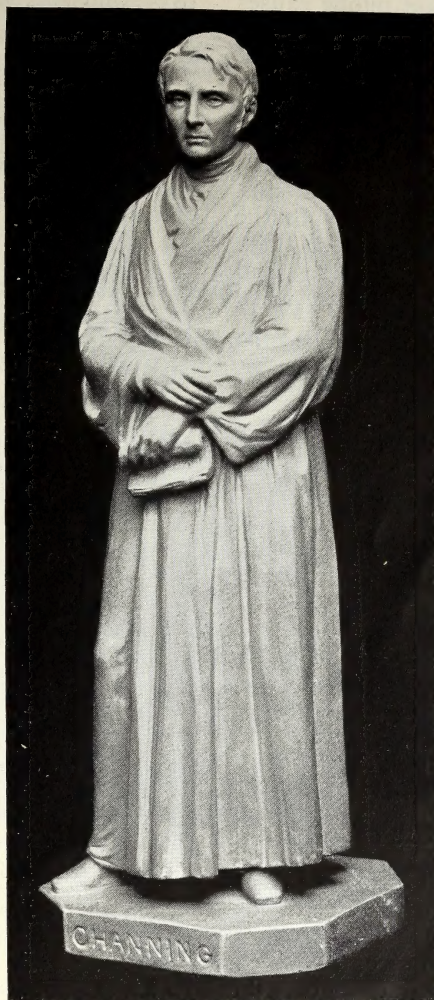
In Boston his life was not dissimilar, except, of course, that the city and the wintry weather gave fewer opportunities for that communion with nature in which he so keenly delighted. He would rise early, as he did in summer, take his simple breakfast, obtain exercise by walking, and spend considerable time in his study. His evenings were employed in reading or conversation. Of his walks about Boston he has little to say in comparison with his

frequent references to the pleasure he found in the open air at "Oakland" and on his travels. But no lover of nature like Channing could fail to find what there was of charm in the

natural beauties in and about Boston, and there was no lack of these. The public parks and the suburbs gave beautiful glimpses of nature in her garb of winter, spring or autumn, and there were ever the glorious sunrises and the gorgeous sunsets which never failed to call forth the admiration of this child of nature. Toward the close of his life he said that he was astonished and awed by the fact that these displays of the creative power of the Ruler of the Universe never grew old or dull to him and that they gave him as keen a pleasure and as exultant a thrill as when he first saw and enjoyed them in his youth.

He loved Boston. "I believe," he once wrote, "that it contains

elements of improvement to be found perhaps in no other city on earth. I would leave it for no spot under heaven." His last Boston home was at No. 83 Mt. Vernon Street. The house is now occupied by Mr. Wm. H. Baldwin, the president of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.



STATUETTE BY THOMAS GOULD.
In the possession of Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

In 1830 he made a journey to the West Indies to recruit his strength, and found fresh delight in the new beauties and scenes of that southern clime. On his return he gave most of his time to the great public causes of enlightenment and emancipation, which thenceforth claimed his best powers. The last year or two of his life he traveled. In 1841 he visited Philadelphia. The next spring he went up to Berkshire, and in the fall made a trip to the Green Mountains. He had first opened his eyes upon the ocean, but he was last to close them upon these mountains. He had reached Bennington, Vermont, when

history of the denomination in Newport, his early home. The first meeting of the Unitarians at Newport for worship was held in the old State House on the eighteenth of October, 1835; and six days later a gathering for the formation of a society was held at the house of Dr. Channing's uncle, William Ellery, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence, on the corner of Clarke Street and Washington Square. On the fifth of November the first Unitarian sermon was preached in the meeting-house of Dr.



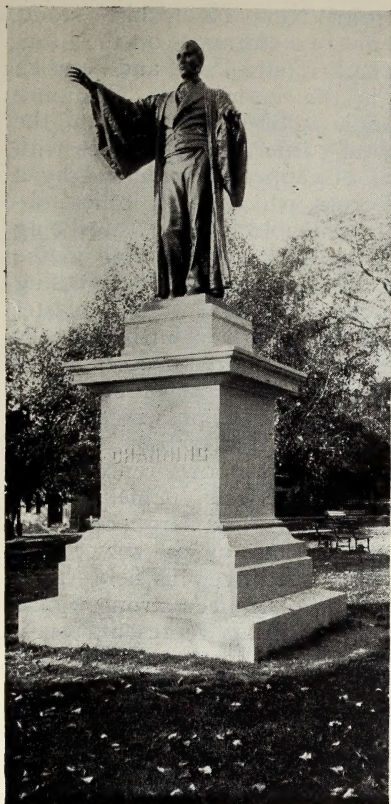
THE WALLOOMSAC HOUSE, BENNINGTON, VT., WHERE CHANNING DIED.

he was stricken with his final illness, and a few days later, with his dying vision resting upon the hills, in the calm evening of a peaceful Sunday, his spirit took its flight. It was the second of October, 1842. The mortal remains were reverently removed to his home and lovingly laid in Mount Auburn Cemetery, where his grave is marked by a stone designed by Washington Allston, the companion of his youth, the firm friend of his mature manhood, and a sincere sorrower at his death.

Channing is intimately associated with the Unitarian worship and the

Hopkins on Mill Street, and two days later the new society voted to purchase the building for its house of worship. This ancient structure, in which the auctioneer now holds noisy sway, still has scratched upon one of the foundation stones at the northwest corner the inscription: "For Christ and Peace, 1729." From those words, "For Christ and Peace," Dr. Hall preached the sermon on the evening of the dedication.

The society was incorporated in January, 1836, and repairs on the building were made, during which Masonic Hall was used for services.



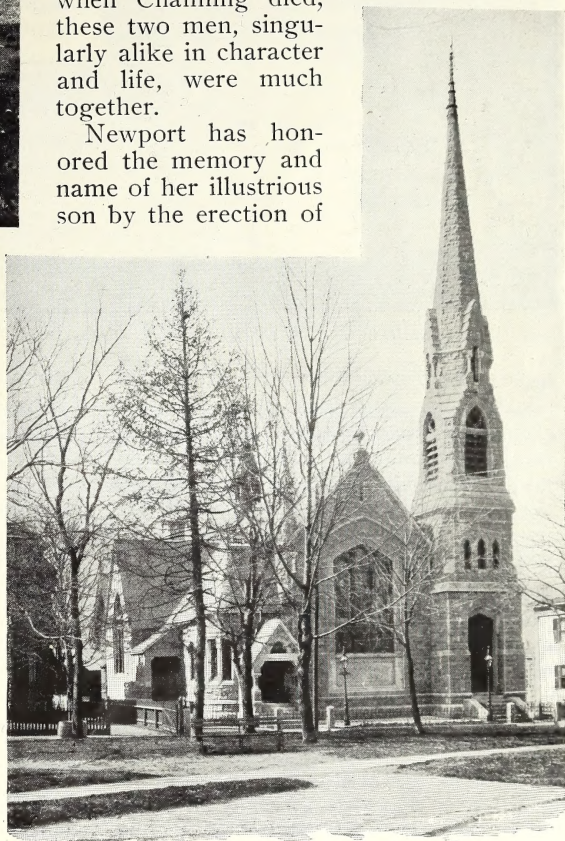
STATUE AT NEWPORT.

On the thirtieth of May of the same year there preached in the church a young minister from Salem, Mass., who so delighted the people by the gentleness and saintliness of his character that they at once called him to become their settled pastor. The young man accepted, and on the first of January of the next year he began a pastorate with the church which lasted actively for more than thirty-five years and was really ended only by his death. That young man was Charles T. Brooks, so widely known since as an able preacher, gifted poet and noble, devoted man. No pastor was ever more beloved in New-

port than Mr. Brooks; the place he won for himself in the hearts of the people was akin to that which Channing secured and was gained by the possession of the same charming attributes of character and life.

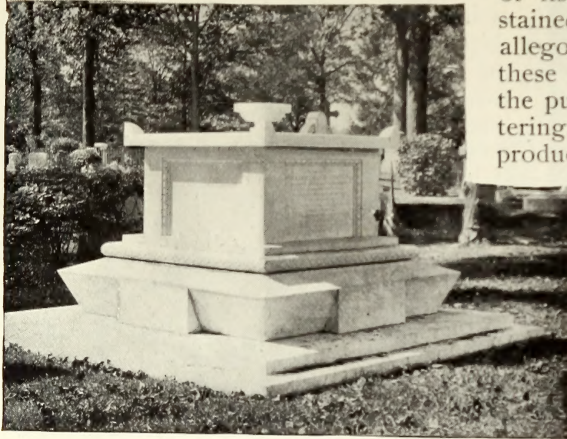
It was fitting that to Channing should be allotted the pleasant duties of preaching the sermon at the rededication of the church building to the worship of God according to the tenets of the Unitarian faith and of delivering the charge to the first minister of the society, Mr. Brooks. There can be but few, if any, now left in the congregation who have spoken with Channing, or who heard him speak. Until the year 1882, when death took from earth the gentle spirit of Mr. Brooks, one at least remained who had enjoyed personal friendship with the great divine, for from 1837, the year of the commencement of Mr. Brooks's pastorate at Newport, until 1842, when Channing died, these two men, singularly alike in character and life, were much together.

Newport has honored the memory and name of her illustrious son by the erection of



THE CHANNING MEMORIAL CHURCH AT NEWPORT.

a handsome memorial church and a substantial monument. Perhaps it should be said more precisely that these memorials of the great divine have been erected within her borders; for the church is virtually the gift of the Unitarians of the world, though the movement for its erection was started in Newport, and the monument witnesses to the generosity of a single individual, and he a Newporter only by virtue of his residence in the city during the summer months. But though Newport is only partially and indirectly responsible for these two handsome memorials, she is proud to



CHANNING'S GRAVE AT MOUNT AUBURN.

have them; and with the old house where Channing was born, the old church in which he preached, the farm house and meeting-house on the island, which he frequented, they are among the most cherished of Newport's points of interest and of the links binding the city of the present day with that of the past and with the great men who have been her sons or who have lived or tarried within her borders.

The corner stone of the Channing Memorial church was laid April 7, 1880, on the one hundredth anniversary of the great preacher's birth. It is modern English Gothic in style, built of granite quarried at Lyme, Conn., of a delicate rose color, faced

with gray New Hampshire stone. There are two entrances on the front, which faces Touro Park, and between them is the inscription, "Channing Memorial, 1780-1880." From the northwest corner a steeple rises with a finial of copper, surmounted by a gilded cross, which is the loftiest object in the whole city, the site being one of the most commanding in the place. The interior is very pleasing with arching roof and walls of plaster and wainscot four feet in height. It will seat seven hundred people. From the tower are heard the first chimes which the city ever possessed. One of its greatest attractions are the stained glass windows representing allegorical subjects. Chief among these windows is a large one over the pulpit, picturing the sower scattering the seed over his field—a reproduction of Millet's strong figure.

A fitting representation it is of the man to whose memory window and church were constructed. It was presented by his relatives and friends in England. The other windows are gifts of individuals and families as memorials to departed relatives. Upon the pulpit rests a copy of the Bible in

two volumes which was used by Channing, and is esteemed of priceless value by the congregation.

On the day of the laying of the corner stone a memorial sermon was preached in the morning by Dr. Belows. The afternoon was cold and blustering and the out-door exercises incident to the laying of the corner stone were therefore very brief. The program was then completed under shelter, Rev. Charles T. Brooks reading a poem and Rev. William H. Channing of London delivering an address. In the evening the final services were held. Governor Van Zandt, a citizen of Newport, presided. There were devotional exercises, and addresses followed by Rev. Dr. Hosmer,

Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, and others.

The other memorial to Channing which Newport cherishes is a statue erected a few years ago by a wealthy cottage owner of the city and resident of Boston, Mr. William G. Weld. It stands near the southwestern corner of Touro Park, just off Bellevue Avenue, and in close proximity to that most ancient and noted landmark of the city, the old Stone Mill, and to the statue of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, also a native of Newport, who opened Japan to the world. The statue of Channing faces the Memorial Church, which stands just across the street, so that the worshipers may have their gentle leader in view as they come and go to and from their devotions. The donor with characteristic modesty revealed his name only just before the work was done and arranged that the unveiling should be wholly without ceremony; and so the veil was drawn from the figure on a Sunday morning at an early hour in the presence of only a few who happened to be passing, but in time for the congregation of the church across the way to see its graceful lines. The figure is of heroic size, nine feet in height, and is striking in posture and original in conception and execution. Channing is represented as he steps forward from the side of his pulpit, to pronounce the benediction, with outstretched arms, prayerful mien and head erect, with peaceful and beneficent face. The figure is clad in the old-fashioned swallow-tail coat, with a waistcoat buttoned tight in the neck and hidden there by a wide pointed handkerchief about a high collar. Hanging from the shoulders is the clerical robe of heavy silk, gracefully draped, with flowing sleeves and gathered back and falling to the feet. The sculptor has suc-

ceeded admirably in securing a graceful, lifelike position, with nothing stiff or ugly to mar its artistic excellence. The pose is easy and natural, and the draping is especially artistic. The face, the most striking feature of the work, has a peaceful, benign expression, befitting the occasion represented, and its clear-cut features plainly show the spirituality of the man. It is also an excellent portrait. Those who knew Channing say the sculptor has caught his very expression; friends of the great divine find exquisite pleasure in the work, and the best judges speak in the highest terms of its artistic merit. The figure stands upon a bronze plinth four feet square, and the granite pedestal is eight feet high, giving the monument a full height of seventeen feet. This pedestal is of blue Quincy granite, and bears upon its face in bold relief the simple name, "CHANNING."

Mr. Noble, the sculptor, claims Newport as his home, although he has resided in Providence and Boston, and it was in the latter city that he modeled this statue. He has won for himself distinction also by his bust of McCullough, his Soldiers' and Sailors' monument in Newport and other designs; but this statue of Channing stands as one of the best fruits of his genius.

Channing was an invalid nearly all his life; but, as he himself said, "With a fervent heart and a strong purpose, much may be done with a weak body." So it was with him. He lived in earnest and to purpose. His influence has been felt wherever the English language is spoken, his writings have been circulated by the million and translated into many languages, he is honored in the home of his birth and his youth, in the city where he preached so long and in the nation which he did so much to purify and ennoble, and is loved the wide world over.



ON THE DOWNS.

By Alice D'Alcho.

SOFT o'er the swelling downs, the snow
Is falling silently,
Over the busy town below
And over the restless sea.
I stand alone in the whiteness, dear,
And some bitter words I rue,
Words that I uttered so long ago,
As I went o'er the downs with you.

Green was the turf beneath our feet;
Merrily sang the sea;
The wild thyme scattered its odors sweet
To the breezes fresh and free.
But love and pride in conflict fierce
Strove in my heart that day:—
I sent you away to your death, beloved!
Nor thought that a word could slay.

In a lonely grave, on a far-off shore,
You are sleeping quietly;
And I am alone for evermore,
With that bitter memory.
Yet the years are weaving a softening veil,
And peace to my heart may bring;
As the white snow hideth with kindly grace
Each dark unsightly thing.

AN AMERICAN LOVE STORY.

By Dorothy Prescott.

II.

"If, maiden, thou wouldst wend with me
And leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed,
As blithe as Queen of May."
Yet sung she: "Brigal banks are fair,
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English Queen."

ONE whole day was all that John Mills could spare for his old home, and the Browns considered it proper that part of it should be spent on an excursion to "the Falls," the chief show of the neighborhood. Isaiah himself had not for years crossed the boundaries of his farm, except on Sundays, and Mrs. Brown had far too much to do to think of going. Angelia declined to go, as Mr. Perry Cutter was not asked, and the whole party only filled one buckboard, Harry and his uncle sitting in front and the three younger girls behind. The day went off pleasantly, for the drive led through a lovely country. Gertrude found her cousin Ella good-natured, liked the readiness she showed in serving up their picnic dinner, and enjoyed lending her own assistance. She pitied Mamie's evident weakness, and tried to please her, and with her pity was the first step to love. Harry, if he did not please his uncle better in himself, won some admiration by the ease and skill with which he helped Gertrude to see everything that was worth seeing. As far as health was concerned, her stay here would doubtless be the very best possible thing for her, thought the father, as he looked at her face, glowing from exercise in the reviving

air, and her eyes bright with the pleasure of seeing.

Mrs. Brown had planned asking some of their relatives to tea, and had only given it up at her brother's request that he might be let alone for his short stay. But when Gertrude, after resting from her long drive, descended to the sitting-room, she found a fresh-faced, apple-cheeked, neatly dressed, elderly woman knitting at the south window—evidently too accustomed a visitor to be entertained in the best parlor.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Brown.

"Dear, dear! Is this John's little girl? How she does favor Aunt Mills, don't she? I s'pose you didn't know I was your father's cousin, did you?" she asked, a little awkwardly, of Gertrude.

"No, but I am very glad to hear it."

"Yes, I'm John's cousin, his Aunt Lummis's daughter. P'raps you've heard him speak of *her*?"

Gertrude could not remember that she had, so she only said: "I know he wants me to know all about his family, and that is one reason why he brought me here this summer."

"I guess I know all there is to know. I'm older than John, or Sarah either. I can remember him when he was a little boy."

"You will tell me all about him, then, will you not?"

"Why, yes, dear, so's you like to be listenin' to an old woman's stories."

"There is nothing I should enjoy half so much!"

"My! how like you are to your grandmother! She had just such a little bit of a mouth, and it went just so at the corners when she spoke, remember, Sarah? Lemme see your dress a little nearer. Elegant, ain't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Brown, "it's queer stuff,—more like a potato bag than anythin' else I ever seen; but I s'pose it's the style to Boston."

"Her hair's dreadful pretty, too!" went on the old lady, touching with a lingering hand Gertrude's bright, wavy locks.

"Yes, only it's kind o' light," said the aunt, with a look at her dark-haired daughters.

"And what's that hangin' at your waist, my dear?" continued Mrs. Farwell.

"Only my watch," said Gertrude, lifting the heavy silver chatelaine from her belt.

"What a queer thing!" cried her aunt.

"Yes, it is an old piece of Norwegian work that Mrs. Sewall, one of mamma's friends, brought me from Drontheim."

"I want to know!" cried Mrs. Farwell.

"Looks as if t'ad come out o' the ark, sure enough; but I guess it's valuable," said Mrs. Brown, endeavoring to strike the happy medium between demanding her cousin's admiration for the family possessions and showing her niece her own superiority to them. It was all lost on Mrs. Farwell, a simple soul, to whom it did not occur to "question the lily why she never heeds to toil or spin, her beauty to adorn." Gertrude stood patiently to have everything she wore examined, as if she were a doll, and to be petted like a baby at the end; and as she left the room, she heard Mrs. Farwell remark that John's little girl had real sweet pretty ways with her; to which Aunt Sarah replied dryly: "Yes, she's well enough." She comprehended the state of things perfectly, and felt, though too young to have acquired the habit of formulating her impressions in words, that it was more than maternal human nature could endure to see such a difference in the surroundings of girls whose parents had been nursed at the same breast. She

felt no resentment at her aunt's depreciatory tone, though naturally more inclined to love Mrs. Farwell, who was childless, and could know no drawback to the pleasure which she felt in seeing her relatives; so that when the old lady went home, she informed her husband's nephew and his wife, who lived with her and worked her farm on shares, that John talked to her just as pleasant as could be about old times, and as for the little girl, she was as pretty as a picture and as sweet as a posy; "and," Mrs. Farwell wound up, "I wouldn't the least mind askin' her to tea here any time, just as we be."

It was late in the evening when the guest had gone, and everything was in order for the morning, when Mr. Mills must leave early. Harry was to drive him to the train, the hour was set, his valise was packed, Gertrude had been sent to bed that she might be up in time to see him off, and he sat with his brother-in-law on the porch for a few last words, turning chiefly on the arrangements for his daughter's comfort, for which he was prepared to pay liberally.

"She must always have a good horse at her disposal, and some one to drive her about; I want her to be out of doors, every moment that it is possible."

"Harry will take her round," said Isaiah. "He is very capable of doing so. I do not think there is a spot for miles around he does not know, and he can take Gertrude and show her all the sights. He knows the whole Lake country, too. He's guided up there for four seasons. He went up to the Upper Dam when he was only fifteen;" and then, with an effort: "I have been very desirous of speakin' to you about my Harry, brother. He's an uncommon boy."

"He looks a very fine fellow," said Mills.

"Yes, every one round here says so; but they don't half know what he is. I do not believe there ever was an-

other like him. He has never shown me any disrespect since he was born. He was always fond of reading, and read what he could get over and over again—I mean good books; he never cared for trash. He declared when he was very little that he would go to college and fit for a profession, and he has paid every cent of his expenses there so far, with what he's earned in vacations and odd times, and he's paid the interest on our mortgage here too. It had run a little behind, but he's paid that up, and he expects to be able to pay off the principal by installments, as soon as he gets through college, and has all his time; and then he will hire some labor done so as to keep a home here for his mother and me, while he goes to work somewhere else."

"If he has a good farm like this, clear of debt, I should say the best thing he could do would be to stay on it."

"I don't think that would suit Harry—you don't know how clever he is. His professors at college think his papers show real genius. He has had money already for articles he has written for periodicals. I did not think when I was a boy to stay at farming all my life; that was settled for me, and I don't complain. One can be as near heaven here as anywhere—nearer, I sometimes feel, when I am out alone before daylight on the slopes. But I do want my Harry to be of a little use to the world in his day, and I was thinking—"

The speaker paused doubtfully. No response was ready for him, though his brother-in-law perfectly well understood what was expected of him, and allowed in his heart that the expectation was a rational one. His father—a John Mills, too—had had his son's taste for business without his aptitude; and having plunged deeply into every variety of speculation a country neighborhood afforded, had come out with nothing to leave to his two surviving children but his farm heavily mortgaged. Al-

ready young John's wishes were set on other plans of life than settling down at home to work off the debt, and he entered into an amicable arrangement by which Isaiah Brown, just married to his sister, should take the farm and all its liabilities for a small sum down, a very small sum, but all that John Mills needed to give him a foothold in the world. He felt that his sister's dowry had been heavily weighted, and he had always had designs of being generous and paying off the mortgage when he could do so with no trouble to himself. It would have surprised his relatives and old neighbors could they have known that this time had never come till now. They did not understand how hard it may be for a man who is making money to find a comparatively small sum to lay out. Mr. Mills had always known of many more ways to put out cash to advantage than he had had cash to put into them; and his family expenses, young as his children still were, formed a heavy drain.

This year he had found himself in fairly good condition to spend as he pleased, and had come to his old home with the intention of settling the business once for all. He was on the point of speaking now, but he checked himself with the thought that it would be best to wait till the autumn; no more payments were due till then, and it might be well to let the degree of his munificence depend on how well Gertrude liked the treatment she met with. As to giving Harry Brown a place in his own business, the idea was not agreeable to him. He made no favorites there, and did not wish to push a nephew whom he did not especially fancy and who might turn out incompetent; though he could not but acknowledge that here, too, his sister's family had their rights.

"I suppose I might find some place for him in Boston," he said, slowly; "but you said he wanted to fit for a profession; I couldn't be of any use to him in that."

"I don't know that he has any particular profession in his mind. I doubt not he would make a good hand at business. There is nothing Harry ever set out to do that he couldn't do; and then, if he wanted to write, business would not interfere with that, you know."

"What's the use of talking about it now?" said Mills, chafing under his companion's vague, ignorant appeals to him to play Providence in the matter. "He can't expect to do any real work if he means to keep on at college."

"Oh, no—only I felt a wish to speak of this to-night; it is so seldom that we meet face to face. No, Harry is doing as well as he possibly could while in college. You would not advise his leaving, surely."

"No; it is better for a young man to put through what he undertakes. I do not know that a college course will be of much use to him in business—I never had one."

"And you have never found cause to regret it?"

"Well, socially it would have been an advantage, no doubt; but I do not know that a little twopenny ha'penny college like Bowdoin could do much for him in that way."

"Harry has had plenty of chances to see good society," said the father. "All those rich Boston young men who go to the Lakes think a great deal of him. He gets three dollars a day there through the whole season, and they give him a great many fine presents beside."

"I hope he won't do that this summer," said Mills, hastily.

"No, I shall need him at home this summer if we take your Gertrude to board."

"I'll pay him as much for staying at home as he would get there."

"No, indeed, it would not be proper to pay him that for just staying round at home here—he would not take it. If he makes his expenses and the interest for next year, he'll be quite satisfied; and he'll do that easily. You

pay very high board for your dear child, as it is. I only hope the air and exercise here may be of all the benefit to her you could desire; only, if when Harry is through college, you could—"

"I dare say I can," said Mills, rather shortly. "Good-bye, Isaiah. I have enjoyed my visit extremely."

"I wish it could have been longer."

"Well, when I come for Gertrude in September, I'll take more time for it."

There was no time now except for the briefest of farewells in the dim early morning, when he snatched a few last words with Gertrude at the door.

"My darling, be sure and write for everything you want."

"Oh, yes; but I have everything, I know."

"And if you are tired, or homesick, you shall not stay."

"I am sure I shall like it here; it is so lovely, and they are very kind. It won't be long away from you," she added, caressingly, patting her father's shoulder as she raised her cheek to his. He turned to keep her in view as the horse slowly climbed the hill, and then in a moment they had crossed the top, and Mills farm, all soft, shady green in the cool dewy morning, had vanished from sight as if the earth had swallowed it up. Gertrude stood looking after him, the lovely blue of her eyes dimmed by a mist as soft as that through which came glimpses of the azure skies above, to vanish as quickly, too, under the sun's rays.

From her letters home, she seemed so well and happy that her father was satisfied he had done the very best thing for her. She was roaming far and wide through field and forest, as he had planned for her, and her pleasure in them seemed inexhaustible. Her cousin Harry was most attentive and spared no pains to show her everything. She wanted to know what "camping out" was like, and they had gone as far as Andover North Surplus, and he had built the

prettiest camp on the beach at C. Pond,—there never was such a lovely place; and then they had gone on over B. Hill and down through Bear River Notch, a three days' trip; and as to drives for the day and lunches and teas out of doors, there was no end of them. On all their long excursions, Ella went with them, and some neighbor's boy or other to help with the horses. Ella was a very good girl, "and only takes too much pains to wait upon me," wrote Gertrude. All the family were kind; Aunt Sarah always pleasant—"only she is so busy, that I don't see much of her;" but Uncle Isaiah—he was the dearest, best man she had ever known, except her father. Angelia was seldom mentioned; she was a great deal away, staying at the Cutters's, or driving with Mr. Perry Cutter, of whom it was plain that Gertrude, partly from instinctive distaste, partly by arrangement, saw but little. She seemed to spend most of her time when at home amusing the ailing Mamie, on whose behalf alone she occasionally wrote various little commissions; and she evidently went much to Mrs. Farwell's. Mr. and Mrs. Mills said to each other that everything seemed on a most proper footing; it was quite the place for Gertrude; and both felt relieved, but the father the most. He congratulated himself on his own foresight, and wrote to his daughter begging her to spare herself no pleasure and to go anywhere she liked except to the Lakes; he could not risk her meeting any of his acquaintances there in the society of their possible former guide.

How wise was John Mills in all that pertains to the successful conduct of life—and yet, how foolish at its crucial point! If you had asked him, he would have said he had every nook and corner of his old home by heart; but surely, in the long years of busy striving far away, the picture must have grown dim, that he should never dream of the background it would make for youth and maid, wandering

together under sun and moon, the glory of the earth and sky reflected in each other's faces, and the music of the air echoed in sweeter sounds from each other's voices. Had he never roamed himself alone there on summer nights, with a delicious pain at his own heart? Had he never strayed there at the gloaming with some village maiden? Perhaps John Mills's dreams, even in his boyhood, had been of sterner stuff than wooing, and he may have left no memories of first love behind him among the roses on the Point. However that may have been, and though many a vision of Gertrude came to him sleeping or waking, no idea of things as they really were crossed his mind for a moment. He was very busy and, much as he missed his daughter, a month ran quickly by; and when he marked the date, it hardly seemed as if she had been gone so long.

Its close found her at Harry's side, at a spot a little east of the house, on the bank along which, higher up, ran the grass-grown by-road which skirted the valley, and along which John Mills's great-grandfather had made his stump fence of the great roots of giant pines of primeval growth. They were crumbling to decay now, but a natural hedge of the richest verdure had grown through and over them, broken only by a gateway near which one of numberless little brooks ran down the hill and under the road and through the hedge, hard to trace under its thick fringe of clematis and meadow-sweet, except by the unceasing tinkle of its never-failing waters. Here Harry had built a seat, entirely out of sight of the few passers along the "back road," where Gertrude could enjoy her favorite view and listen to the sound she loved best, and where he could watch her as she looked and listened. There they were now, gazing at the long violet shadows that were slowly stealing down Whitecap, the valley's northern wall.

"How far away it looks! I can

hardly believe that we were up there yesterday!" Gertrude was saying.

"That is always the way we feel when we look at a mountain we have climbed."

"And how beautiful!—more beautiful than I have seen it yet,—and never twice alike."

"Perhaps you would not think it so beautiful if you were here in the winter. All our storms then come down Whitecap."

"Oh, how I should love to see one!"

"Would you?"

"Why not? I should feel more as if this place were my home if I knew it all the year round; and it must be beautiful even in winter—is it not?"

"It has a beauty of its own, no doubt—you would say so if you saw it, as I have done, from up there," he replied, with a wave of his hand toward Whitecap, now veiled all over with a soft and shadowy purple.

"You have been up there in winter?"

"Yes, indeed—that is but a little climb. I have been on higher ground than that in winter."

"What for?"

"For the pleasure of it," said Harry, laughing.

"With a party?"

"No, alone."

"What, all alone! in winter? It must be very dangerous. O, Harry! you won't do it again, will you?"

"I can't promise, but I don't believe I shall want to again. I know what it is like by this time, and then I have so much more to think of now. You see, one wants to see the world sometimes. But I am in a different world from last winter."

"What should you have done if I had not come here this summer?" asked Gertrude with a smile.

"I did not deserve that you should, my darling, for I did not want you to come."

"Why not?"

"I thought you would not care"; and as she looked at him, her delicate fair brow contracted, with some effort

to follow his meaning; he rose as if he could speak out better so.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I love this place! and that's not all—I want to always love it. People go away—they go away into the world, and they care for other things. I want when I am old still to love what I loved first of all. I suppose, when he was young, your father thought so too."

"Oh, but I think papa does still. He has talked to me about it; he has always wanted to bring me here,—and now you see, he has."

"Yes, but he never came; he never seemed to care. I can see now that he has come back, that things seem strange to him. I don't mean that he is to blame. I know my mother and sisters are very different from your mother and you."

"But you are—you are just like anyone else I know; only—there's no one like you anywhere! You and your father are different from the others here!"

"There it is! Two people love each other; they make a home, and the children grow up together in it, but they grow different ways; and *their* children are as wide apart as the poles. That always seemed to me the saddest thing in life; and yet there is no way to help it. Here I am, wanting to go away myself."

"But why should you go away? Could we not be very happy here?"

"No, my dearest,—I must go away and work. I want to know more; I want to do something. I don't know what, but there is something in me that must speak out. My father felt just the same, but he never had a fair chance. I want to speak for him too."

Gertrude was gazing up at him with eyes that looked understanding of more than he could ever put into words, and that replied with an eloquence as far beyond the powers of speech. As he spoke his father's name, they grew brighter yet, but it was with tears.

"I don't expect ever to be rich,"

Harry went on. "I don't want to be, if it must change everything. But I want to give you a home fit for you, and make a name that you won't be ashamed of."

"I expect to be proud of you!" cried Gertrude, looking at him with breathless admiration.

"It will be a long time yet; but we are young—we can afford to wait."

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"And by and by, I do want to own this place, so that we can come back to it together."

"Yes, indeed! There is no place I could ever love so well. Oh, Harry! supposing I had not come here this summer, what would have become of me?"

She sprang up and half unconsciously moved nearer to him. The tears that had brimmed over from her eyes were wet on the velvet of her cheeks. Could he help kissing the one that was nearest? Perhaps he could; but as Gertrude, paling now under the passion in his look, drew nearer, nearer still, he bent down over her,—and then, for the first time, their lips met together.

"All this in one short month!" would have been the father's first bitter comment, had he seen them. The month, doubtless, seemed longer to them, as time goes with youth. But what was time to them? Had they not loved each other long before they had ever met?

Harry had lived in a world of his own, a world of nature and of books—the latter few, but read over and over till they were part of himself. He hardly knew whether Shakespeare and Spenser were great or not; he neither plumed himself on enjoying what the rest of mankind had stamped with approval, nor with more modern affectation piqued himself on being able to pick flaws in it. He only knew that to him the books he loved were realities. Their world had its own laws, but there were many points at which it touched the world of outside nature, or even of the society that

surrounded him. Only in one way was there no correspondence. There was no *Una*, no *Desdemona*, for him, among the women of his acquaintance. His mother was his mother, and he loved his sisters because they were his own, though they often jarred on him beyond possibility of disguise. Of course all the girls in the town were not on their pattern. There were his next neighbors, the Ford girls, as good girls as ever were, tender and true, and, though modest, both of them ready to love him till death at a word; but in his company they were shy and silent or bursting out in embarrassed giggles, and they moved like stiffly jointed dolls. He cherished his ideal silently, but he never dreamed of meeting it in mortal form till he found it transcended beyond every hope in Gertrude. What grace was in the silence with which she waited for what he had to say, as if it were the most important thing in the world to her! How soothing her gentle responses, which always made him feel as if he had said the very best thing possible! Her sweet courtesies were for all; but for him there was a melting look in the depths of her soft eyes, which he felt sure no one but himself had ever seen there.

Gertrude had known but few young men; and here was one handsomer, stronger, wiser than any she had ever seen—a superior being among mortals, a genius vowed to her service. By his devotion she felt her own powers increased in the most delightful way; for if it be joy to know the arm prolonged by so much control over the waters as the dipping oar can give, or the sight widening upon new worlds through the telescope, or more yet to feel the will passing into every muscle of the trained steed, how greatest of all the pleasure of knowing one's own strength tripled by the aid of a human being whose wish to obey outruns one's will to command. There was no height she longed to tread but she found herself as if by

magic there, with the whole pageant of the hills unrolled before her; no flower out of reach which she craved to touch, but it was in her hand unfaded. She saw nature new created through Harry's eyes. The great stretch of forest that mantled and crested all the hills became a world full of variety, brimming with surprises. Every dell or dingle was a home in itself, where one could easily live all day in summer. If it rained, there was always shelter close at hand; if it were cold, a bright little fire would blaze up,—and be again extinguished at a touch. If they wanted to cross the wayward river, what was easier than to build a bridge? No Brignal banks are fresher and fairer, no Greta woods are greener, than those that close so sweetly in round every reach of the winding Ellis. How often that summer on every strip of moist sand by those waters did Gertrude's little foot leave its light print by her lover's heavier tread! Hers would vanish at the first rising ripple, and though his lasted longer, yet it went at last.

They were together almost from morning till night. Mr. and Mrs. Brown saw nothing in it to object to, or even to comment upon. Of course young people liked to be together, and it was a good thing that Gertrude took to the life out of doors, since it was what she was there for. The farmer patiently toiled on the farm to give his son more time, and when Harry expostulated sent him off with the remark that with all they were making out of the sum paid for Gertrude's board it was their duty to take her about. The mother was too busy to look for more than met the eye, and if she sometimes indulged in a joke or a wink, at "Harry and Gertrude being sweet on each other," or the like, it was without the faintest notion that anything serious lay beneath or that any consequences could come of it. To her Gertrude was, as she phrased it, "a regular baby"; and then, the young girl soon slipped into her place in the family so easily and completely

that it was difficult to remember she was not one of them. She seemed more at home than Angelia did.

Her cousins had at first thought her "dressed awful plain" in the gowns so carefully chosen by her mother. It was only gradually that the perfection of the fit and finish and the completeness of all the accessories impressed them. But one day in her leisurely unpacking, a rough straw hat came to light, its brim bent in a way nobody had ever imagined and wreathed with clover-blossoms—and such clover-blossoms!

"My!" said Miss Angelia, touching them longingly with the tips of her fingers, "that is! Why, they are ever so much prettier than the real ones!"

"Do try it on," said Gertrude; and as the girl eagerly obeyed: "It is very becoming to you. I do wish you would keep it—yes, I really do," she hurried on; "I have plenty of other hats, and I suppose it is not always easy to find just what you like here."

Not to be partial, she next begged Ella to take her pretty new foulard sunshade with Dresden china handle, and Mamie to accept her silver bangle with pink coral charms. Her mother of course had sent the girls useful and suitable presents, but they had not been chosen as she chose for her own daughter.

Mrs. Isaiah Brown was completely overcome, and after this always said and felt that she loved Gertrude as her own child; and if that meant any less than the words, it was only because Mrs. Brown's maternal love showed itself chiefly in planning for and pushing forward her children according to her lights, and Gertrude could never need such offices at her hands. The girls were not ungrateful, especially as Gertrude's gifts did not stop here. She had come provided with more pretty trifles than she had time to use, and it was a relief to her to lavish them on her cousins and to run about herself in the simplest of her array. She wore her plain straw hat, which every day or two she would

trim afresh with some new device of flower or plume brought her by Harry, looking lovelier in his eyes with every change.

When Harry insisted on helping his father, and could not be with her, she would offer to assist her aunt about the house; and when that bustling housewife refused all aid, there was plenty to do among the flowers in her grandmother's old garden, which Harry had made strenuous efforts to keep up, and where she enjoyed thinking that she was helping him. There was the sickly Mamie to amuse; and there was always Mrs. Farwell to visit. She spent her time very happily, listening to the old lady's family histories, or telling hers in return. She felt a shyness in talking of her home to her aunt, not liking to appear too boastful of their wealth or to hear it dilated upon. Mrs. Farwell's simpler mind knew none of this; and Gertrude, when she found that the routine of the Mills's daily life, the description of their houses and furniture, and the list of their servants, were listened to with the same uncritical pleasure that a child takes in a fairy tale, was very willing to tell them over and over. She loved Mrs. Farwell; but she dearly loved her uncle, and her very greatest pleasures, next to being with Harry, were found with him, walking by his side as he went about his work, or sitting by him at noonday or nightfall at his brief hours of rest on the porch,—often in silence, for Isaiah Brown was a silent man, and made no appeal for pity or consideration from his family, all but one of whom regarded him as a useful tool. His face could not show by any lighting up that he had any joys in life; but something there was in the more tremulous motion of his bowed head and the lingering tone of his voice when he heard or spoke his son's name, which made Gertrude long to make them both happy, if she could. His wife and daughters never kissed him; they would have said, had anyone remarked on it, that he did

not like it. But Gertrude would press her bright lips to his withered cheek and pass her soft hand over his scarred forehead with a yearning tenderness that it seemed impossible to satisfy. At such moments, Harry's heart would swell, and he would have been more than willing to die for her—proud and glad, could the chance but have been his.

That one rapturous kiss of love had not broken down the barrier of reverence which made the very hem of her garment a sacred thing to him; and then, he had been trusted by her father, and the trust should be kept if he knew how. Few words of love passed between them; they lived in each other's consciousness with a delicious ease which needed no explanation. They had exchanged no pledges, made no vows; they needed nothing to strengthen their perfect mutual understanding.

"I think I ought to write to your father," Harry had said a day or two after their talk by the brookside.

"Oh, why?" asked Gertrude. "It will be so much easier to tell him when he comes, and that will be the middle of September—not so far off now."

"I think he ought to know."

"He always seems so pleased when he writes!"

"He may not be pleased when he knows—everything."

"Why, we could not leave off loving each other, could we, even if he wanted us to? But papa loves me so well! I am sure he will not mind. He will be glad to have me so happy. And then," she added, "I think he must know by this time. I am always talking about you to him, and telling him—" She paused suddenly, and Harry, as he watched the delicate color deepen and run in throbbing waves over her fair brow and throat, could say no more. Their dream of the future was so very remote that there seemed no need of haste to bring it down to the actual yet, by asking her father's consent, even

though he had an idea that it might be a reluctant one. For Gertrude's sake he was prepared to bear that, and trust to himself to win heartier approval with time; but he longed the more that the present should hang on loitering wings. Alas! it flew too quickly.

"Here is the first golden-rod," he said to Gertrude, as he handed her the waving yellow plume one late summer day.

"It is very pretty, only—" She did not finish her sentence, but both knew what she would have said, and each felt a wintry shiver in the mild August air. But the warning sign blazed out its time, and hung faded and shriveled on every bank. The memory of summer brightness had been dimmed by brighter autumn glories, and even these were on the wane, before Mr. Mills came up, late in October. He came in much better spirits than he had known in the summer. He had come to take Gertrude away, not to leave her; he felt that his offering her for the summer as a tribute to the claims of his family and his old home had resulted most favorably, and he was able and willing to pay down another in hard cash to the amount of the mortgage. This was surely enough for the present, and allowed him the right to indulge in a few vague dreams of "coming again by and by," and even of building an occasional retreat there, with the complete satisfaction such dreams afford when there is no present troublesome necessity of their being put into practice. He entered the house now by the side door, where the sitting-room

fire sent out its cheerful glow, for the autumn twilight was dark and chill; and as Gertrude flew into his arms, his dreams loomed up more vividly in the flash of joy which overcame him at the sight of her improved health and beauty. It was but for a moment; the next he realized with as sudden and a less agreeable shock that she had grown a great deal older. Her slim girlish figure had rounded into ripeness; the vague soft bloom of her childish face had settled into lines of character, as the downy, indeterminate bud shapes itself into the leaf. She hung about him as fondly as ever, but she said very little, and when she spoke, her voice, always sweet and low, was lower and sweeter still, and lingered on her words as if pleading, —he could not guess for what; but somehow it irritated him. Neither was he pleased with the way in which she flitted about the house, as if she knew where everything was kept; waiting on her uncle when he came in from the barnyard, bringing him a clean towel, brushing his coat in the back kitchen, and springing up from the tea-table to fetch anything that was wanted more naturally than the daughters of the house themselves. They ought to have known better than to have let her do such things, if she did not know better herself; she was too simple, too much of a child! But indeed the whole family seemed more at their ease than at his first visit. Even Isaiah had more to say for himself. Harry, scrupulously civil and reserved as ever, was altered the least; but he kept himself out of the way most of the evening.

(To be continued.)

ST. AGNES MACREE.

By Arthur Willis Colton.

FAR up on the southern slope of the Cattle Ridge, eastward of the village of Hagar and overhanging the tinkling sources of the mill stream, once stood a charcoal-burner's hut. It was a tent-shaped structure of sodded poles, in a ruthless cutting of the thick woods, which stretched along the Cattle Ridge for miles, save that here and there a vandal hand had been laid upon them like the flat stamp of a branding iron. It is not likely that the children of Hagar feared the charcoal-burner for his vandalism; they wondered at him for his blackness, his loneliness and mystery, for the great brown domes that smoked around him like funeral pyres, and because he was always there and never went home to muffins.

At noon we saw the smoke of his coal-pits staining the sky; at night the glow of his brushfires proclaimed his distant presence. I knew not how others might feel. They might desire to be presidents, conductors of railway trains, or owners of swift fiery-eyed horses, like Joe Sanderson, or to wear shining armor like the Red Cross Knight. I desired to be only as the charcoal-burner, unknown, mysterious, wondered at. That was the way I felt in those days. I did not care for realistic qualities. Man interested me little, and woman not at all. I wanted to be a sombre presence, quaked at by other children and most men. I hardly expected Joe Sanderson to quake at me, but I hoped that Deacon Crockett might. That was because Sanderson rode red-eyed horses and Deacon Crockett posted his walnut trees.

Chub Leroy felt as I did about the charcoal-burner; Moses Durfey had no objection to mystery, but he was not enthusiastic; and we three haunted

the southern slopes of the Cattle Ridge through the dreamy hours of many a summer's day, lying on the rocks above the hut and desiring infinite things.

It was a hot, hazy afternoon, and we were watching the charcoal-burner for some clue to his secrets. We knew that he was compact of secrets which it were death to discover, and we yearned to discover them. He was a grizzled old man with a face that was smooth-shaven at times and always bony; so black too that we could see the whites of his eyes, as he moved around among his brown domes. The first thing that happened of any importance was that Moses Durfey thumped me on the back and whispered, "Look!" I was about to thump Moses Durfey, when I suddenly lost all interest in it; for right in the middle of the dusty slope before the hut stood a White Child, or something very like it,—a baby girl of four or five years in a snowy pinafore, with silvery yellow hair, spreading out her tiny fingers in the sun. And the next thing that she did was to sit down in the dust, which was half charcoal-dust, and altogether cease to be white. The charcoal-burner came and stood over her and seemed to be mumbling a charm; but it did not make her any whiter, so he gave it up and went away scratching his head, and Moses said he was "no great shakes of a magician." He was a clumsy boy in his mind about some things—was Moses. He could see the points of a fight, or a shipwreck, or any kind of a story that went crackly like soda crackers; but when it came to magical things he was too literal. It was evident enough that the charcoal-burner was a great alchemist, who knew all about the Principle of Life,

described in the "Extraordinary Tale of Count Calioistro." The White Child had popped open like pop-corn in the middle of the biggest coal-pit, where the coal was hottest; she would explode, or turn into snow-white ashes sometime, and a number of things set down in the "Extraordinary Tale," which Moses finally admitted were "most likely."

Then we ran down through the woods and across the meadows, and told everybody, and set the whole village buzzing in a scandalous manner. We found the minister weeding his garden in a linen duster, and told him how Mrs. Crockett said he stole it—that is, the charcoal-burner stole the White Child; and Deacon Crockett said he was a heathen, and the miller's wife, who was generally low in her mind, said she was afraid something or other was so.

"Stuff!" growled the minister. "I know all about that. It's his grandchild." Then he went off up the street in his linen duster and flapping straw hat; and how he did talk to some people for saying everything bad they could think of, instead of something good, when they had no business to say anything!

The next day three small and much interested boys went up through the woods in the minister's wake to interview the alchemist. Very peaceful were they in their minds, for of course, they knew that the alchemist could not work any enchantments while the minister was by. Even Moses Durfey knew that; and he did not know much about enchantments, further than the "Arabian Nights," which is good so far as it goes. Privately I thought that the minister was mistaken. A black magician could not be the real grandfather of a White Child. She might not have popped out of the charcoal pit, though there was this about it: When you burn birch wood into charcoal, what becomes of the whiteness? If she was a real White Child, she belonged to St. Agnes' retinue probably. Every-

body who knows legends knows that St. Agnes sends her children to comfort those who have none, and that most White Children come in this way.

The minister strode into the clearing and around through the charcoal pits. "Hey, Casper!" he shouted, "so you've got the little one."

"Yes, sir," said the charcoal-burner, taking off his cap and showing his grizzled hair. "The other grandmother be dead, sir. I be doing the right by the little one, sir."

"Well, now," said the minister, sitting down on a log, "what would be your idea of the right just in this case? Little rough up here, eh, Casper? Lonely, you know."

The old man wiped the soot on his forehead into streaks with his cap. "I'm only here in the summers or thereabouts, and through the fall burning." He looked wistfully at the three interested boys. "If them would come up often and play with the little one, we'd take it kindly, sir, and make 'em welcome. The woods won't do the little one any harm, do you think, sir? There ain't nothing seems God's own like the woods."

"Aye?" muttered the minister. "And that's not a bad notion either." He sat still awhile, clasping his knee, sniffing at the spicy smell of the pines, at the soft, musty, velvety smell of the burning; and gazing into the dusky peace of the deep woods.

"Maybe you're right, Casper. Maybe you're right. I'm not saying you're not. Fact is, I know you are. Is it not there the needs of our generation lie?" he went on very gently and half to himself. "Nearer the spirit of the woods! Where is the little one, Casper?"

Casper looked around vaguely; and she was under his nose all the time, peering over the top of a bunch of brake like an elf, with the sunlight shining through her shimmery hair, and the coal dust on her pinafore. The minister got her on his knee; she looked us all over gravely and made up her mind about us, while the min-

ister muttered to himself, "It's an idea, an idea."

"Chub," I whispered, "she isn't a real White Child, do you think?"

Chub shook his head gloomily, and Moses said, "I don't see she's any blacker than's comfortable."

Well, Casper was not an alchemist of course; but I hardly think that we minded after a while. He was very satisfactory in other ways, so odd and slow, so patient and puzzled about the White Child. He said the smell of the damp leaves and the pines and the burning was in his bones, and that he never was at ease away from them; and Chub, who was once a charcoal-burner's son, said he knew how that was,—which Moses and I thought wonderful. He built a little house, about the size of a dining-room, under the pines, so that the White Child could keep whiter. In the mornings she went with Casper among the pits; but afternoons, when we climbed the Cattle Ridge, we found her on the pine needles with the sunlight glinting in her hair, and always in white pinafores, brought by Casper from the Cummings' farmhouse a mile away, according to his notion of doing right by the little one that she might not grow up roughly in the woods.

People said it was odd, when the minister asked her name, that it had never occurred to Casper to find out. For he had taken her from the house of "the other grandmother," who was dead, and who, as the White Child stated, called her "Baby." The minister wrote to the postmaster of the village, where "the other grandmother" had lived; and the postmaster wrote back that he "could not find out she had ever been christened"—whereupon the minister was first disgusted, and then laughed.

"Chub," he said, "you tell him to decide about the name, and I'll christen her Sunday—that's to-morrow"; which put Casper in a dreadful state of mind. He was not used to naming girls, because he had had only one child, who was a boy, and his

mother had named him; so that when we offered to name her, he said that he wished we would, and felt better; and we named her St. Agnes—St. Agnes Macree. The congregation nearly had a fit over it, to be sure, and Deacon Crockett declared it was Romish; but the minister said that St. Agnes was no doubt a good woman, and no worse for being a saint,—which was as good as statute law in Hagar. And that is how we came by our St. Agnes.

Now it were long to tell of the next ten years, in which many things happened to all of us; but of the Order of St. Agnes and how it arose I will tell somewhat, because of what came afterward and was connected with it. For ever when the spring returned and the smoke of the burning arose against the sky and the glow of the brush-fires at night, something drew us up the wooded slopes to the feet of our little St. Agnes, and there we found rest. Also it seemed as if there were a quiet difference between what we said and did there and what we said and did in the valley below; just as the knights who entered the Order of the Holy Grail felt a light unknown before on their faces continually, and a silence about their hearts even in the din of battle. Therefore we made the Order of St. Agnes, and explained it to her, and she understood it very well for such a little thing.

But you must know that this happened five years after the first coming of the White Child, when she was nine or ten or thereabout, but we were much older. I suppose that we were not very clear ourselves about the object of the Order, and did not need to be; for you see we were only giving a name to something that existed already, and were no worse off than the knights who went on the quest of the Grail—not those of the Order of the Grail, but those of the Round Table—who, sitting in Merlin's hall, saw a light and swore to follow it, not knowing at all what they sought, as the king told them. But indeed they

sought a light for their own hearts, as all true men do, and no man seeks it at all but gains it in a measure. Therefore the king said—but you will find it all set down in the poem of the Holy Grail, or in the book of Sir Thomas Mallory.

We told St. Agnes that we would be loyal; and when Casper asked, "What be ye going to be loyal about?" and St. Agnes asked what she was to do, we did not know either. But St. Agnes thought it over somewhere under the sunshine of her hair, and I think Casper understood it too in his way, taking off his cap and whistling at the sky.

Now St. Agnes was a little wisp of a thing, with quiet gray eyes that you could look into and see the loveliest dreams floating around; and golden bronze hair, when the sun shone on it, and the queerest ideas; at least I suppose they were queer. They seemed natural enough, and do still to one who believes in children with queer ideas. St. Agnes thought the Cattle Ridge was growing and had roots like the trees, and things like that. She liked Chub the best undoubtedly, which also was natural. Everybody did,—or they ought to, whether they did or not.

It was at this time that we got into trouble with Deacon Crockett about his walnut trees, which turned out not to be his after all, but beyond his line in some woods belonging to the miller, who did not care about walnuts. I never could make out what the miller did care about. It is too long a story to put in here; but somehow in the mixture Deacon Crockett kept the walnuts. Then we held a secret session on the Cattle Ridge to decide what we should do to him. Casper said that we had better forgive him: he said it would be tremendous; and we voted to do it at last,—but it was not unanimous, and I shall not tell who voted against it; someone who thought it too much like a Sunday school lesson.

Then it came Sunday; and Casper

always washed himself up and brought the little one to church on Sunday: the minister told him he ought to for the sake of the little one. But, on the other hand, Casper did not look healthy when he was washed up. The congregation came out on the stone steps, and St. Agnes followed Deacon Crockett and pulled his coat-tails. "Chub is going to forgive you," she said. "It's tremendous." And Deacon Crockett could not have looked hotter if there had been a charcoal-pit under his chin; and the minister had to rush off and get on his dressing-gown, so that he could laugh comfortably.

Soon after that the Order of St. Agnes scattered to school and college, and met again only in July and August; and at last for three summers, strangely, St. Agnes came not to the little house among the pines, nor were Casper's brushfires seen twinkling on the hill side, nor the smoke of his pits against the sky. And the spring following it became known to us far away that Chub Leroy lay sick of a fever in the parsonage, calling for the White Child and in sore need.

At the door of the parsonage, when we came—Moses Durfey and I—in the early twilight, stood the minister and Dr. Wye of Salem, who was a bluff, red-faced man with a white beard cut square.

"Boys," said the minister, "what on earth does he mean by the White Child?"

"St. Agnes, of course," said Moses, in a matter-of-fact way.

"Aye?" said the minister.

"Well, you'd better find her," put in the doctor, "unless she's made of green cheese and lives in the moon."

"She's connected with the moon," I said; whereat the minister remarked "Aye?" and the doctor, "Stuff!" and both looked puzzled. But one does not explain all the things that are known to the Order of St. Agnes.

"Anyhow," continued the doctor, "you'd better rake the country, or ancient history, or wherever she's to be found. I've seen similar cases be-

fore;" and we went in, finding Miss Hettie Royce at the door of the sick room knitting.

Chub lay with his lean hands and wasted arms tossing on the coverlet, and his great eyes black and glowing like coal-pits.

"They say you're out of your head, Chub," I said; "but you're not."

"Not now," he whispered, "but I can't stay this way long. Can you find her?"

"St. Agnes? Yes. Where is she?"

"In the Cattle Ridge woods somewhere. She must be; she wouldn't fail us now."

Perhaps he was out of his head a little; but it seemed a thing natural enough—just a plain, straightforward fact, that we must find St. Agnes or Chub would die. I threw up the window, and we looked north and west, but there was no smoke against the sky all the length of the Cattle Ridge.

"We must wait till it's dark enough to see the brush fires," said Moses; so we sat down and waited. The trees and meadows grew soft in the gathering dusk, and a few pale stars appeared. Chub made not a sound, and we hardly breathed. The doctor came in, looked at him, then at us, shook his head and went out. And then suddenly, just as ten years before, Moses thumped me on the back and whispered, "Look!"

A small dot of light appeared and grew more plain against the dark looming of the Ridge, not in the old place, but further to the west, near Salem. We leaned far out of the window and made sure of it.

"Is it there?" whispered Chub, when we came to the bed.

"Yes, but Casper's moved his plant. It will take an hour and a half. Can you hold out?"

"Yes."

And we knew that he would, just as he knew that we would find St. Agnes; for those of the Order of St. Agnes never broke their word. So we left Chub to fight his battle with

delirium, and went out for our race against time; out across the meadows clearing the fences and splashing through the Mill Stream, till we struck into the Salem road, which we kept steadily for a mile and a half, to where we could see the lights of Salem on the hill. There we turned across the blueberry knobs, circled Cumming's alder swamp, without much gain, for the land is all boggy above there and hard to run on, and breasted the slope of the Cattle Ridge well-in-hand and breathing easily, though not so easily as we neared the top.

I often wonder why we felt so sure that the brushfire was Casper's,—of course it might just as well have been someone else's; or why, if it was Casper's, St. Agnes was bound to be there. But it never occurred to us to doubt it. Chub said she was there because she must be, and I suppose we felt in the same way, that we should find her because we must. At any rate, when we broke through the brush at the bottom of a small clearing, where the moon shone on several brown domes newly built, there was the brushfire above, and near it a slim wisp of a girl all in white. We went straight up the steep; and it was our own little St. Agnes, though changed and grown, yet with the same still poise of the head and grave questioning eyes, which brightened when she saw us, and grew grave again, seeing only two. Then Casper came out of a little house, just like the old one, and both seemed to think it quite natural—our coming in the night.

"Eh, boys!" he said. "Did ye see the brushfire and come to play with the little one? Surely."

"It's a stern game we play to-night, Casper," I said. "St. Agnes must go with us. Chub Leroy is at the point of death and calling for her."

"Eh, so?" muttered the old man. "Eh, he's a good 'un, young Leroy. Go on, then. She'll be safe enough with you, surely."

St. Agnes said nothing, but held out her hand; and we tore down the hill,

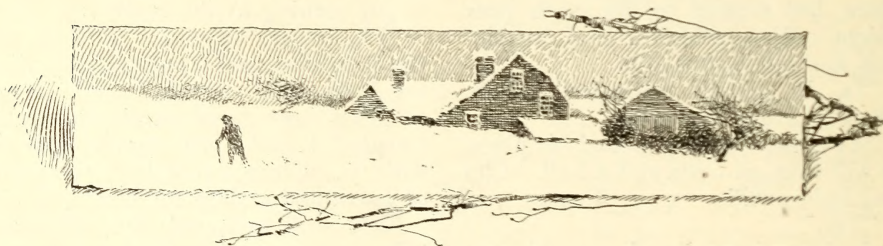
Moses ahead, warding the brush. It was very strange—that breathless rush through the woods, where the moonlight lay on the leaves like ghostly hands, out over the meadows and along the lonely Salem road. She weighed hardly anything, and we changed as much as six times from the wood's edge to the Mill Stream; but we were not good for much, when we reached the parsonage door, and felt as if we wanted a pump to get our breaths with.

The minister and the doctor jumped from their chairs and stared, and Miss Hettie dropped her knitting; but the White Child seemed to know what she was about, and went straight to the bed and stood beside it; and, if the original St. Agnes looked like that, it is easy to understand all kinds of miracles. Chub just looked up, his big black eyes danced and laughed,—and then he went to sleep.

Dr. Wye said he was “beat”; “though,” he went on, “I’ve seen such things before. A sick man has strange whims, and sometimes everything depends on them. In such cases, if he wants the moon, why, you must simply bring a ladder and get it. But these are queer boys you have around, Mr. Royce. One of them says, ‘I want the White Child,’—whereabouts unknown—number of children at times passably white. The

other two promptly go off ‘in the dead vast and middle of the night,’ fish up a legendary person who seems to fill the bill exactly, and come back remarking that they’re out of breath, cool as you please. It beats me. Who is she? Doesn’t look more than fourteen.”

How long ago it seems now—and it was not so long. Moses Durfey is herding cattle in the far west. Chub Leroy is working with plaster, clay and marble—St. Agnes smiling through her grave eyes near him—in Rome, where the original St. Agnes lived, and not far from the Piazza Navona, where stands her church. He has moulded a statuette of St. Agnes—meaning both of them—with a lamb beside her, as the elder St. Agnes is painted; and he says that he is the lamb, which is probably a joke. Old Casper Macree is dead and buried somewhere—I wonder where; and here am I, writing the true story of it all. I think perhaps Chub knew more than we did about St. Agnes and the goings and comings of Casper in the five years that followed the founding of the Order, and had many thoughts, as the years went on, quite apart from us. Well, well, there are true hearts and gentle and just in all corners of the world,—which is an excellent thing to think about.



THE PORTRAITS OF EMERSON.

By F. B. Sanborn.

THERE are some men, and many women, of whom we never see a satisfactory portrait; no great painter has happened to put their features on his canvas, and no sculptor, such as those unequaled Greek artists whose work survived when their names perished, ever modeled the speaking marble or the breathing bronze (*spirantia aera*) at the inspiration of their noblest expression. Fortune seems to have scattered her favors in this respect, as in others, in a very careless, shiftless way: a churl or ninny, a shrew or a simpleton will be immortalized by Raphael or Titian, Van Dyck or Velasquez; while entrancing beauty, or feminine saintliness, or the enthusiasm of poets will find no artist able to transmit their picture or statue to "foreign nations and the next ages"—those impartial witnesses cited by Bacon for his own justification. Emerson has suffered by this lack of an artist of the higher sort, at the period when his expressive presence could best be portrayed; the sun did him little justice, and those painters and sculptors to whom he sat, though often painstaking and sometimes gifted, had not the art to seize what was most characteristic of the man. Indeed, he needed to be seen in action, and amid the scenes most congenial; either addressing a

sympathetic audience (as David Scott sketched him at Edinburgh), or rambling among the woods and fields of Concord, where no artist seems to have observed him, except now and then a word-painter, like his companion, Ellery Channing, who said:

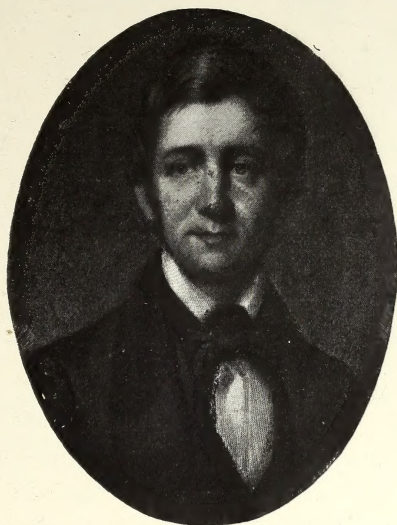
"When thou dost pass below the forest
shade,
The branches drooping
Enfold thee, stooping

Above thy figure, and
form thus a glade;
The flowers admire
thee pass;
In much content the
grass
Awaits the pressure of
thy firmest feet;
The bird for thee sends
out his greeting
sweet.

"And welcomes thee,
designed, the an-
gry storm,—
When deep-toned
thunder
Steals up from un-
der
The heavy-folded
clouds,—and on
thy form
The lightning glances
gay,
With its perplexing
ray,—

And sweep across thy
path the speeding
showers;

This pageantry doth fill thy outward
hours."



From a miniature taken in 1845.
Published in Griswold's "Poetry and Poets of
America."

The old-world painter who drew Sir Philip Sidney sitting under an oak in his sister's park at Wilton, or sketched Lord Herbert lying at ease in a wood, with horse and shield in the background, would have been the man to paint Emerson in his out-door study; but none such adventured it in his lifetime. The best of his portraits is therefore that for which he sat to David Scott in 1848,—since it

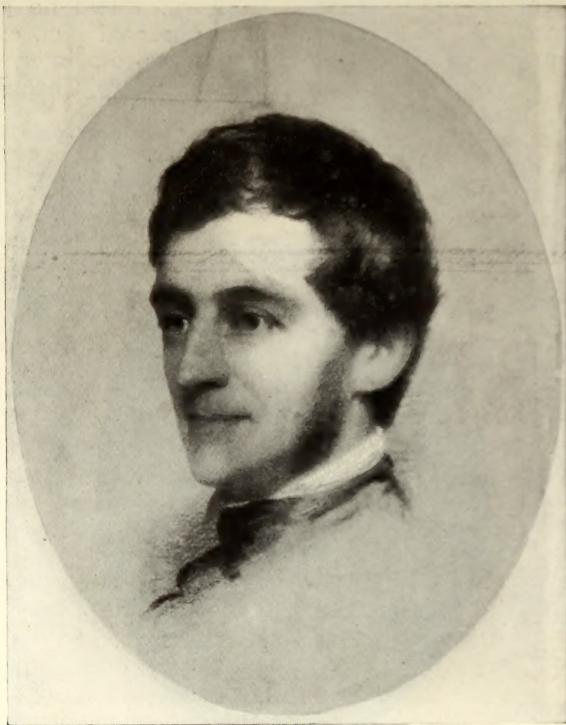
well preserves the orator's attitude, when Emerson was in the vigor of his powers, and Scott, a brother of the same mystic order, saw and heard him at Edinburgh. This painting—a half-length, very spirited, though rather hard and cold in color, and with a symbolic rainbow in the sky—adorns the Public Library of Concord, where also is French's fine marble bust of the old poet.

David Scott (born at Edinburgh, October 10, 1806, died there, March 5, 1849), was qualified by his spiritual affinities to paint Emerson, who on first meeting him (February 12, 1848) thus described him: "I found Scott, the painter, a sort of Bronson Alcott with easel and brushes;

a sincere, great man, grave, silent, contemplative and plain. Soon after, I breakfasted with him, who insists on sittings for a portrait,—and I sat to him for an hour or two. This man is a noble stoic, sitting apart here, amid his rainbow allegories, very much respected by all superior persons." He probably never saw his portrait finished; it was one of the few that Scott ever painted, and is reckoned the best. On leaving London, some months later, Emerson wrote to Scott: "I carry with me a bright

image of your house and studio, and all your immortal companions therein; and I wish to keep the ways open between us, natural and supernatural. If the Good Power had allowed me the opportunity of seeing you at more leisure, and of comparing notes of past years a little! And it may yet be allowed in time; but where, and when?"

It never was allowed, for David Scott died a few months later,—an unsuccessful artist, like Haydon, but of a profounder nature than Haydon's, and much devoted to symbolism and thought, for which his hand never gave adequate expression. The gravity, verging on melancholy, which Emerson noted in him, shows itself in his

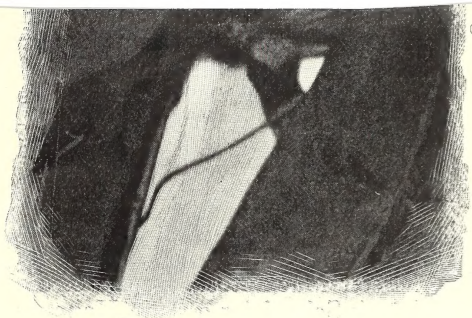


From the crayon by Eastman Johnson in 1845.

By the kindness of Miss Alice Longfellow.

portrait of our orator-poet; the coloring is too dark for the milder tints of Emerson's complexion, and there is a dark shadow under the eyes that contradicts the genial smile they so often flashed forth. Yet when this abatement is made, it was the opinion of Mrs. Emerson, who first saw it in Boston thirty years after it was painted, that it was a good likeness; and it certainly has the pose and gesture of the lecturer, which no other portrait seeks to give. Our engraving of it is very inadequate.

be engraved. It was copied and engraved many years after by Miss Sartin of Philadelphia, and then did not please so much,—the copyist having added or subtracted something, I thought, to mar the simplicity of the picture. But it preserves the expression of those few years following the Civil War, when none but Emerson himself noted the approach of old age, and when his step in country lane or forest path was still as firm, his serene soul as unclouded as of yore.



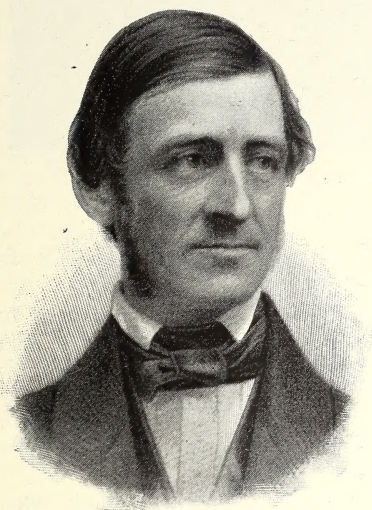
From the Daguerreotype taken in England in 1847.

who then saw the Reverend Mr. Emerson at his duties as pastor or school-committee-man in Boston. This I know from the reminiscences of Mrs. Livermore, to whose school-house he came one day in 1832, and left with her a memory of courteous manners, a gentle voice, and a very large nose! Mrs. Livermore, then a child of twelve, was a trusted pupil of Mr. Peter Mackintosh, master of the Hancock School for girls in Hanover Street and was acting as monitor one rainy day when there came a knock

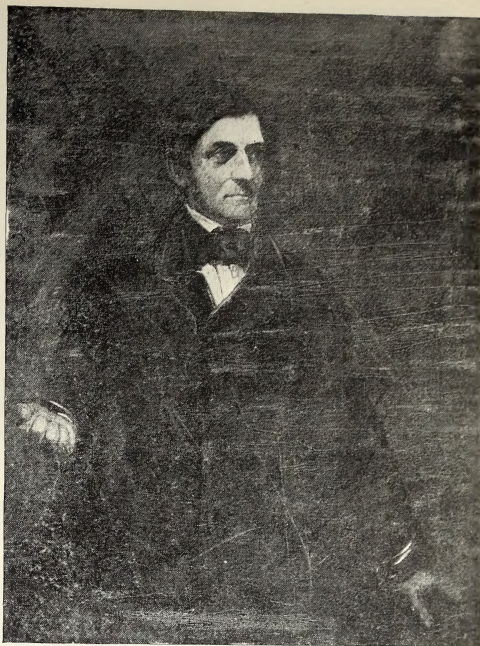
at the schoolroom door, which it was her duty to answer. There she found a tall, slender gentleman, who raised his hat to her and inquired if he could see Mr. Mackintosh. "My first thought," says she, "was, 'What a nose!' my second was, 'What a beautiful smile!' I took his umbrella, showed him in, and told Mr. Mackintosh; then I saw them in earnest conversation, and noticed the politeness of the visitor's manner. After he had gone, the teacher told me it was Rev. Mr. Emerson, who

preached at the 'Cockerel Church' near by, upon whose clock and bell we depended for punctuality at school and for the evening curfew at nine P. M. Mr. Mackintosh was the senior deacon of that church, and I thought the conversation related to its affairs." But as Mr. Emerson had been one of the Boston school-committee,—a duty often laid on ministers,—it is quite likely they talked about the Hancock School; though, to be sure, 1832 was the year in which Emerson dissolved his connection with the Hanover Street church, and soon after went abroad.

The early miniature by Miss Goodrich is not here reproduced, because neither Mrs. Emerson nor the children recalled the period when it was a good likeness, if ever it can have been. It gives the clerical costume and air of the period, without the gown, and, along with an expression of perpetual youth, characteristic of Emerson for nearly seventy years, has that other expression of mature thought, which had begun to show itself when he was a mere child.

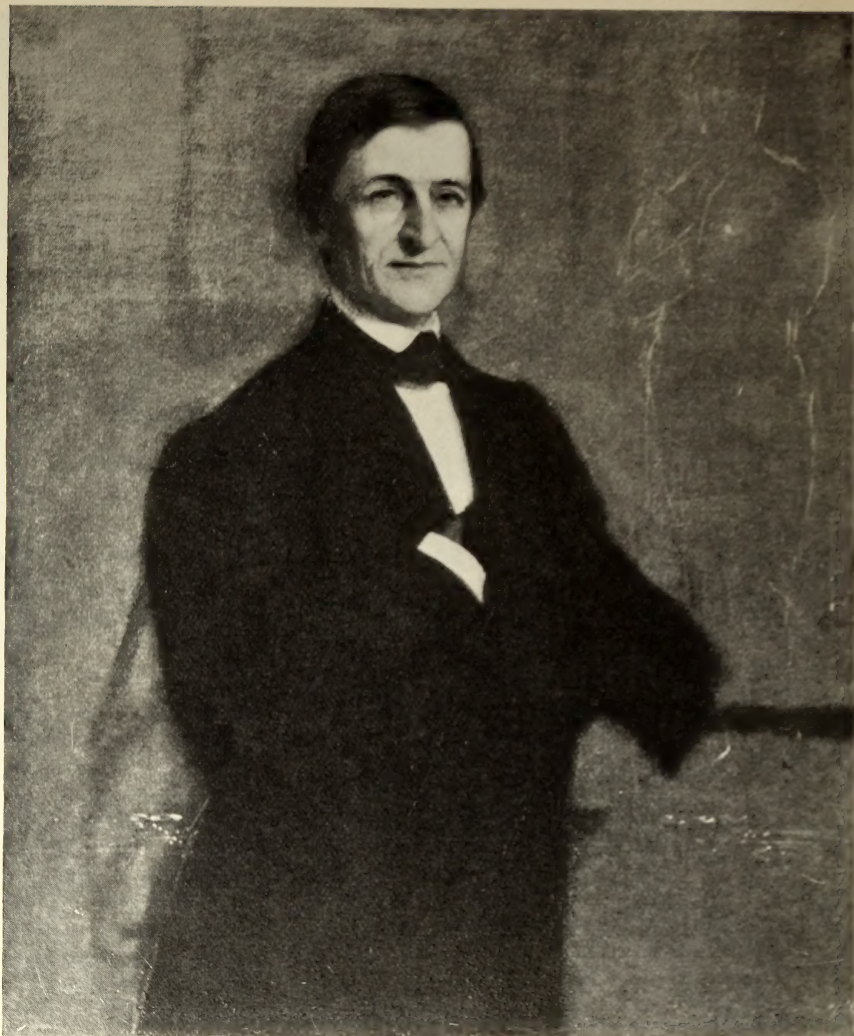


From Grozelier's "Heralds of Freedom," 1855.



From the portrait by David Scott, in the Concord Library, 1848.

This I was told by Mrs. Sarah Bradford Ripley, whose husband was the uncle of Emerson, and whose father, when a Boston merchant, was a parishioner of Rev. William Emerson, then preaching to the First Church, as his son afterwards preached to the Second Church. Mrs. Ripley in her girlhood (she was born in July, 1793), had been sought out, for her beauty and originality, by Miss Mary Emerson, the aunt of Ralph Waldo Emerson, no later than 1809, and so became early intimate with the family of Miss Emerson, who, after her brother's death in 1811, if not before, was an inmate of the household where the young scholar grew up. Not long after the death of Rev. William Emerson, his only surviving daughter, Mary, born in 1811, died at the age of three, of what would now be called diphtheria; and Miss Bradford, who had returned from Duxbury to Boston, in 1811, was early at the house in Beacon Street, to condole with the afflicted family. She told me of the



From the unfinished portrait by William Furness, 1855.

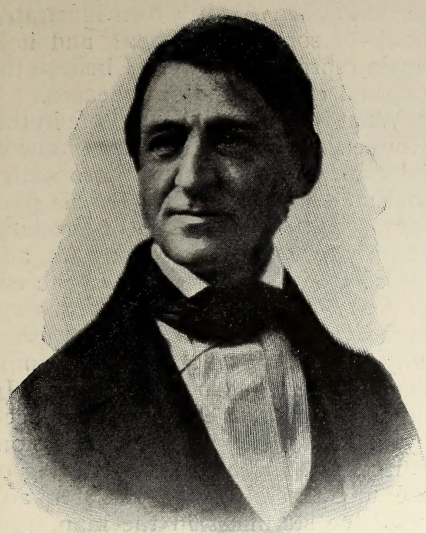
By the kindness of Mr. Horace Howard Furness.

interest with which she heard young Waldo, then a boy of eleven, conduct the family prayers (always a service in that religious household), and noticed the dignity, mingled with sadness, of his bearing on that sorrowful occasion. It was to this lady (Miss Bradford), too, that the boy of eleven,—not quite that, for he lacked nineteen days of the anniversary,—wrote out the first of his verses which have been printed,—a version of not

quite twenty lines of Virgil's fifth *Eclogue*:

"Turn now, O Youth, from your long
speech away!
The bower we've reached, recluse from
sunny ray;
The Nymphs with pomp have mourned for
Daphnis dead;
The hazels witnessed, and the rivers fled."
—etc.

The next portrait in date was, I think, that painted in 1845 by Mrs. Richard Hildreth, an aunt of George



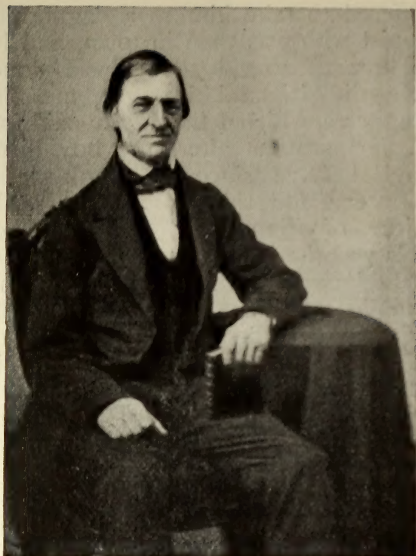
From a photograph by Black, about 1860.

Fuller, since famous as a painter in Boston. Mrs. Hildreth (perhaps not yet married) made another miniature of Emerson, but this is the one which was engraved, I think, by John Sartain of Philadelphia, and long did duty as a likeness of the essayist and author of "Nature." It is a pleasing and poetic head, not remarkable for strength,—a comment equally true of the life-size crayon of Bronson Alcott, which Mrs. Hildreth finished in 1853, and which is engraved in my Memoir of Bronson Alcott. The first Daguerre portraits began to appear in Concord before 1840, and I am told they were made by a Concord youth, one of Emerson's neighbors, who returned from some distant city, bringing the process and machine with him, and that he experimented with Emerson; but the result was a mere oddity, not now preserved. In 1841, however, fairly good pictures were thus taken,—one of which is thus commemorated by Emerson in his journal: "John Thoreau knew how much I should value a head of little Waldo, then five years old. He came to me and

offered to take him to a daguerreotypist who was then in town, and he (Thoreau) would see it well done. He did it, and brought me the daguerre, which I thankfully paid for. A few months after, my boy died; and I have since to thank John Thoreau for this wise and gentle piece of friendship." The date of this was the autumn of 1841, and the next January both John Thoreau and the little Waldo died. A friend to whom I mentioned the anecdote of Emerson, the boy, hiding from his father in the Boston garden (told below) says of little Waldo: "One day Waldo and I were in the hay-mow, up-stairs, when we heard below a most solemn and awful voice,—though very sweet: 'Little Boy Blue,—where is little Boy Blue?' Waldo's great blue eyes opened wide; in wonder and amaze he looked all about him, though he knew well it was his father down-stairs. He did not once stir nor move from the place." Such incidents give vivacity



From a photograph by Black, about 1869.



From a photograph by Black.

to the recital of happy days in Concord.

From about 1850, daguerreotype heads, lithographs and other portraits of Emerson grew numerous; but none of them was very good, except two taken by Southworth and Hawes, at their excellent gallery in Tremont Row, which dates from 1845 or thereabouts, and is still open. One of these, taken in 1857, has been often engraved; and the other, the more domestic one, may be found in Dr. E. W. Emerson's book, "Emerson in Concord." Fine as the better one of these Hawes portraits is, I think it is surpassed in a certain nobility of expression by an unfinished crayon sketch which S. W. Rowse made in 1858, while working on that crayon which he finished and which has been several times engraved. The sketch which he threw aside had some defect of drawing; but it pleased Mrs. Emerson so much that she copied it, and she also allowed me to have it photographed. Three copies were then printed, one of which I sent to a friend in Germany, for Herman Grimm, an admirer of Emerson, one to my mother in New Hampshire, and the third I retained. From this,

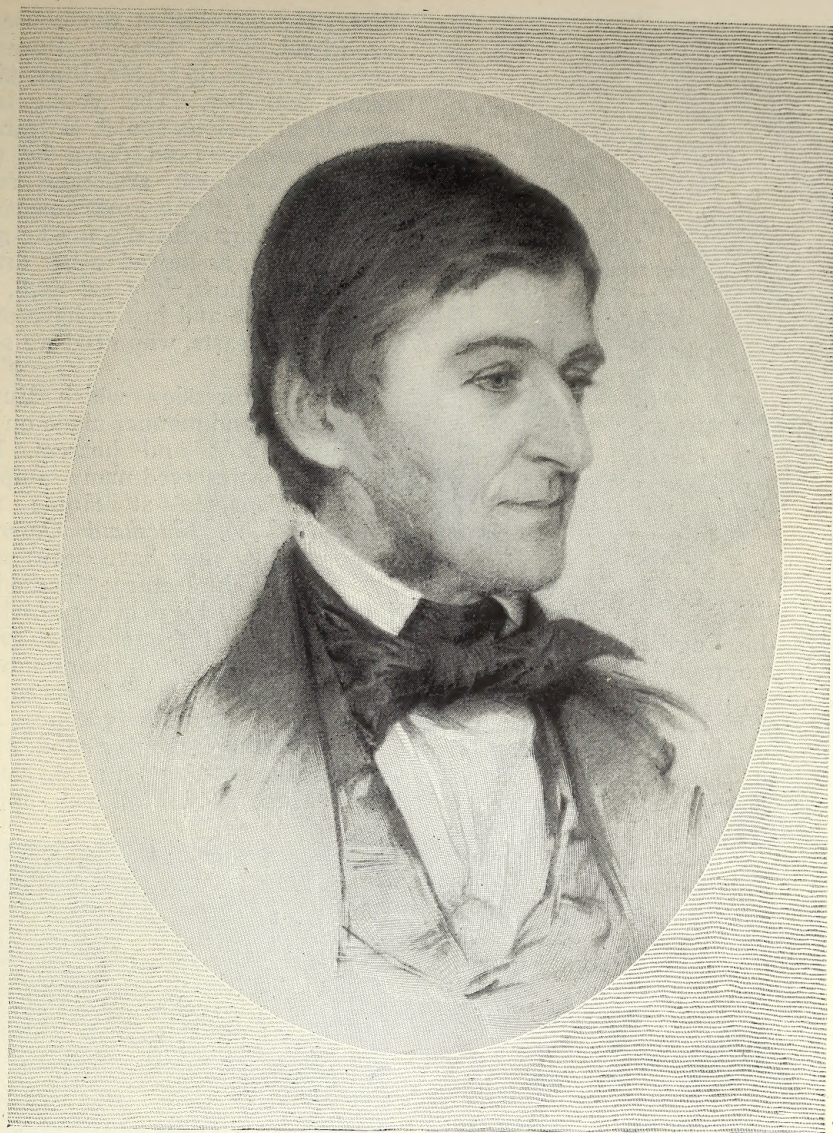
somewhat faded, photographs were made for Mr. Alcott's own illustrated book of sonnets, in 1882; and it is again reproduced here. I believe the original crayon has disappeared.

What has always pleased me in this Rowse sketch is the lofty air of cheerful courage and hospitality, so native to Emerson, yet so hard for his photographers and painters to reproduce. It was an expression so constant, and yet so inward and fleeting to the eye of sense (apparently), that it was apt to be caricatured, as in the finished crayon of Rowse, where the smile degenerates almost to a simper. In other portraits, the smile is replaced by a set, well-nigh stern expression, attributable more to the hardening of the muscles with age, than to any repulsive sternness in the man, who yet could be sufficiently downright, upon occasion.

There were two periods in Emerson's life when one would especially wish to see good portraits,—his career in England as lecturer and honored guest, in 1847–48, and his visit to Washington in the early years of the Civil War; and we have two fairly representative sun-pictures at those times. The first is from a daguerreotype taken for his Scotch friend,



From the sketch by Rowse, 1858

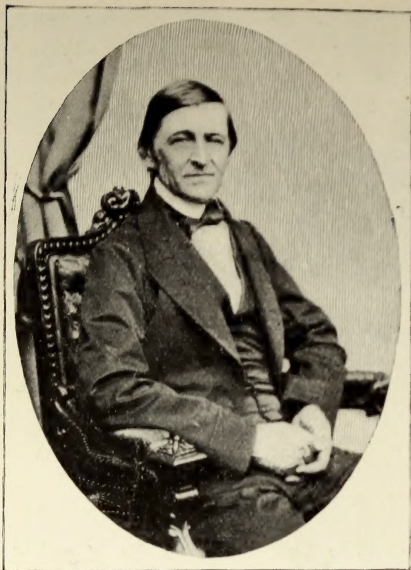


From the crayon by Rowse.

By the kindness of Professor Charles Eliot Norton.

Alexander Ireland, then living in Manchester, who arranged so many of his English lectures; its date is given by Mr. Ireland as the latter part of 1847,—but whether taken in London or elsewhere, is not stated. In writing from England to his dear friend and Concord neighbor, Miss Elizabeth Hoar (Manchester, Dec. 28,

1847), Emerson said (regretting the slenderness and fitfulness, as he thought, of his mental make-up, which he was wont to ascribe to his inherited physique): "When I see my muscular neighbors day by day, I say, 'Had I been born in England, with but one chip of English oak in my willowy constitution!'" Oddly

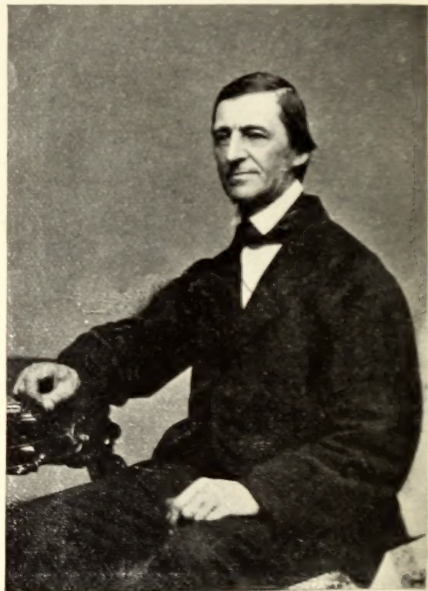


From a photograph by Black.

enough, this English sun-picture (the later "photograph," on paper, did not yet exist) gives him a breadth and solidity of feature which likens him, in some sort, to an Englishman. His expression, too, is firm and almost self-complacent,—a trait which never belonged to him, this last. Satisfaction, not self-satisfaction (the latter rather a Concord attribute), lighted his countenance; and his habitual smile indicated a serene content with the world in which he found himself. In England he had much reason to be content; for he had many readers there,—though, as he said in the letter just quoted, "none yet to fall in love with, neither man nor woman"; and as he wrote to the same good friend six months later (June 21, 1848), "My pleasure, like everybody's, is in my work, and I get many more good hours in my Concord week than in a London one." But England passed in review before him, and he saw, in the nine months he was there, almost all that was distinguished or original in her intellectual life,—even that then unknown woman of genius, Mary Anne Evans, soon to become famous as George

Eliot. He met her at the house of her friend, Mrs. Charles Bray of Coventry, and said to Mr. Bray, after talking with her, "That young lady has a calm, serious soul." I fear he would have been set down by our newspapers, which are now such sticklers for a strong government, as one of the "anarchists"; for he said to Mrs. Bray, as he sat in her drawing-room window, July 12, 1848, "If the law of love and justice have once entered our hearts, why need we seek any other?"

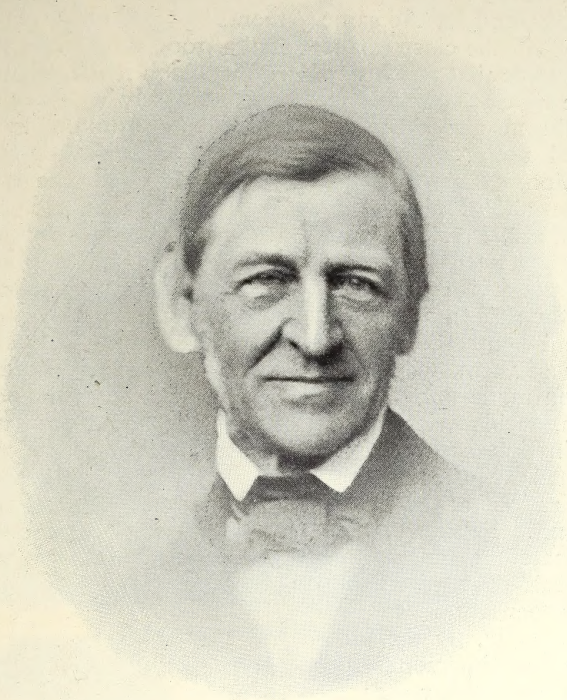
Of the impression which Emerson's person and manner made on his English visitors and hearers, Mr. Conway has preserved many samples, in his "Emerson at Home and Abroad." *The Gateshead Observer* (whatever that may have been) said, after hearing him lecture: "There is a simplicity about his delivery in which lies one-half of his intellectual grandeur. He reads with a clear enunciation and a slight American accent [of course!], and utters the deepest and sublimest thoughts with a modesty, a serene earnestness and a noble catholicity. He is a thin, tall man, appar-



From a photograph by Black.

ently about 45, with an oval Yankee countenance, rather sallow and emaciated, and a very prominent Wellington nose." David Scott, while painting him, wrote in his journal: "My first impression of him was not what I expected. His appearance is severe and dry and hard. But, although he is guarded, and somewhat cold at times, intercourse shows him

three days at Oxford, was also struck with the Americanism of his visitor. Indeed, the English generally noticed his narrow and sloping shoulders, which they fancied a "Yankee" trait. Clough wrote to a friend: "He is very Yankee to look at,—lank and sallow, and not quite without the twang; but his looks and voice are pleasing, nevertheless, and give you



From a photograph by Marshall.

to be elevated, simple, kind and truthful." When Emerson remarked that there was little real poetry in a book then much read, the "Festus" of Philip Bailey, Scott contested the criticism, and quoted, with feeling sadness, the line which Ellery Channing also entered in his notebook:

"Friendship hath passed me like a ship at sea."

Arthur Clough, with whom he spent

the impression of perfect intellectual cultivation, as completely as would any great scientific man in England—Faraday or Owen, for instance; more in *their* way, perhaps, than in that of Wordsworth or Carlyle. One thing struck everybody,—that he is much less Emersonian than his Essays." William Rossetti, who heard Emerson lecture on Napoleon, remembered chiefly his "upright figure,

clean-cut physiognomy, clear elocution and resolved self-possession." All this appears in Scott's picture, and something of it in Mr. Ireland's "Daguerre"—as Emerson used to call the sun-picture.

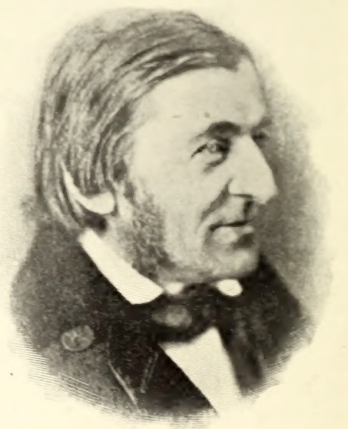
Washington was a town seldom visited by Emerson; he almost never lectured there, for during his most active days it was hardly a Northern city, and his record as an emancipationist would have made him unwelcome there,—as he was in his own Harvard University, and for the same reason, from 1838 till the close of the Civil War. But while that revolution was going on, he went to the national capital, as Hawthorne also did; and he even lectured there, and advocated emancipation, when few but Sumner and the abolitionists were quite ready for it, and President Lincoln was halting between two opinions. Emerson met Lincoln, Seward and other men then foremost in the government, and entered in his journal his view of them, which has not, I think, been made public. He admired Lincoln, as his brief speech after the assassination showed; but he disliked Seward. He lectured on "American Civilization" at the Smithsonian Institution, in February, 1862, urging compensated emancipation; but when Lincoln's offer of emancipation with compensation was rejected, most scornfully, by the insolent slave-oligarchy, Emerson wrote in his "Boston Hymn," this verse:

"Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was: pay him."

Emerson said, in the presence of Lincoln: "Labor is the cornerstone of our nationality,—the labor of each for all. Civilized man coins himself into his labor; turns his day, his strength, his thought, his affection, into some product which remains as the visible sign of his power; to protect that, to secure his past self to his future self, is the object of all government. But there is a confusion in the mind of the

Southern people, which leads them to pronounce labor disgraceful, and the well-being of man to consist in sitting idle and eating the fruit of other men's labor. We have endeavored to hold together these two states of civilization under one law,—but in vain; one or the other must give way. . . . In this national crisis it is not argument that we want, but that rare courage which dares to commit itself to a principle,—believing that Nature is its ally, and will create the instruments it requires, and more than make good any petty and injurious profit which it may disturb."

Fortunately we have a sun-picture of Emerson taken in Washington during this visit,—a small, "ambrotype," similar to the last likeness of Thoreau, taken at New Bedford a few months earlier, but since enlarged and printed as a photograph. It seems to have been taken for Colonel Mason Tappan, then a member of Congress from New Hampshire, as well as an officer in the Union army. The history of this portrait is not very clear, and I have never seen the original; it has been copied and enlarged, to a great size, somewhat changing its expression; but in the smaller copies it is one of the best portraits. This was the man who



From a photograph taken in Chicago in 1856.



From a photograph by Allen and Rowell.

counseled Lincoln, and to whom Sumner proudly showed the mechanism of government in a grand revolution. The vigor of the countenance, the thickness of the hair, etc., prove this picture as early as 1862, and not one made ten years later, when he was again in Washington and addressed the colored students at Howard University. Of that period, or a little later, we have a good representation in the photographs taken at London by Elliot and Frye, the excellent English artists. But age had then left its mark visibly on our poet-philosopher. His "Terminus," written in

1864, when he was but little turned of sixty, and published in 1867, affected his friends with surprise then; but by 1872, and especially after the casualty of his house-burning, in the summer of that year, the decay of age began to show. When he went to New York that autumn, before sailing on his third and last voyage to Europe, to speak at a dinner given to Mr. Froude (whom he had met with appreciation in Oxford, a quarter-century before), George Curtis spoke to me with regret and apprehension of the change which had come over Emerson, body and mind. The sea-voyage did him much good, however,



EMERSON.

SAMUEL BRADFORD.

DR. WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

From a photograph by Gutekunst, Philadelphia, 1875.

and he made the tour of Europe and Egypt with satisfaction, if not with keen interest,—returning to Concord, and a renovated house, in good spirits and capable of some intellectual labor and many public appearances. His return was in May, 1873; and about that time must be dated the photograph engraved for the posthumous edition of his poems, in 1884—the best of the later portraits. It was taken by a Boston photographer named Foss; but the negative got broken, and in that state passed into the hands of H. G. Smith, of the Studio Building, Boston, who repaired the damage and has since printed many copies from it. Dr. Emerson says: “There is no good picture of my father in his old age except this, of which there is a drawing in the *Riverside Poems*.” It was made, Miss Emerson tells me, soon after she returned with her father from Europe, in June, 1873, and exhibits him as he looked with the

refreshment of that last visit to his friends in England and Paris and the wonders of Egypt. The Scott picture, then, for the serious reformer’s attitude, and the Boston photograph for the serene old sage of threescore and ten.

Of the majority of the drawings and sun-pictures and busts, vainly striving to recall Emerson’s gracious face, the less said the better. He once remarked to Moncure Conway: “My portraits generally oscillate between the donkey and the Lothario”; and to me, in 1878, showing him the engraved head which that fine artist, Wyatt Eaton, had drawn for a New York magazine, he said: “I will show you what this man looks like”; and, proceeding from the dining-room, where we were sitting, to the study, he brought back his volume of Herick, containing the profile of that robust poet, with his enormous Roman nose,—to which he pointed as his own *vera effigies*. An exceptional interest

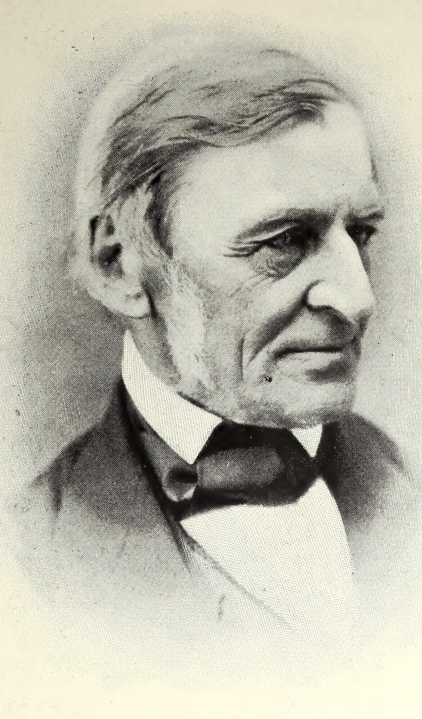
attaches, however, to the photograph taken at Philadelphia in 1875, in which Emerson, Dr. Furness, and Mr. Samuel Bradford, schoolmates in Boston sixty years before, are sitting in the same picture. The Emerson has lately been enlarged by Gutekunst. Concerning the two schoolmates of Emerson in this picture, and their connection with Boston, I have a reminis-

cence. In July, 1878, I used to sit with Emerson in his study, to hold him in conversation while Mr. Wyatt Eaton was sketching the (unsuccessful) portrait reproduced with this paper. On July 4th, when the sitting lasted two hours, the talk turned on his father, Rev. William Emerson, of Harvard and Boston, and his own child-

hood. Emerson said that his father graduated in 1789, then taught school in Roxbury, where Rev. Charles Lowell (the father of the poet Lowell) was a pupil for a while, and first settled as a minister in Harvard near Lancaster, where his friend, Rev. Dr. Thayer, was the minister. William Emerson's preaching was admired, as that of his father, Rev. William Emerson of Concord, had been; and one of his admirers was a Boston gentleman, then captain of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Com-

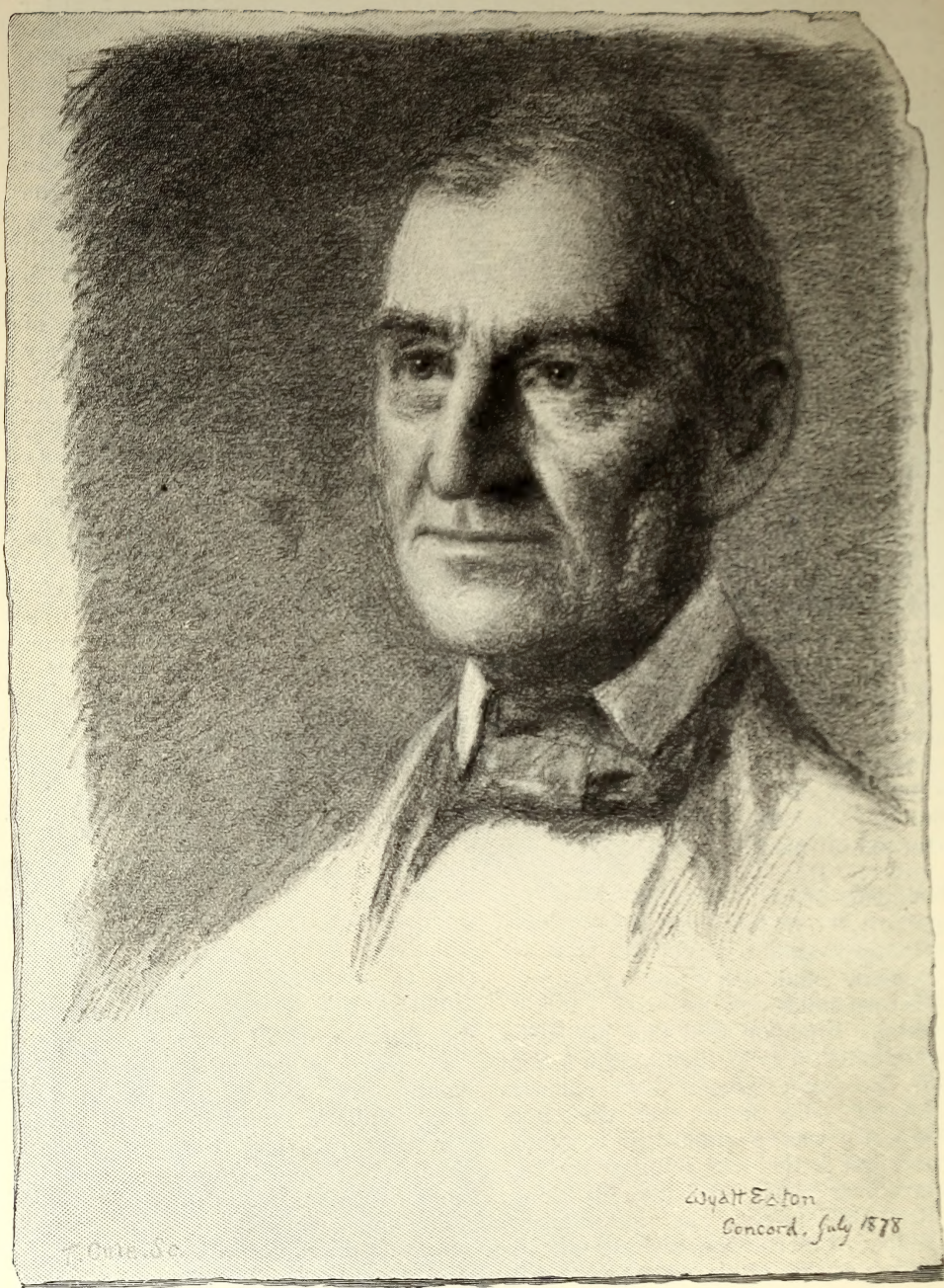
pany. This friend procured for the Harvard minister the appointment for preaching the annual Artillery Election sermon, in the First Church, which then stood in Washington Street, near the head of State Street. This sermon was heard by the society of that church, who soon invited him to become their minister, which he did, late in the year 1799. Among

his Boston parishioners, besides the Bradfords of Duxbury (Mrs. Ripley's father and family), there was Sheriff Bradford,—"a personable man, who, when walking before the Governor of Massachusetts, on public days, with his ivory staff, sword and uniform, was sometimes mistaken for the governor." This was the father of Samuel Bradford, who sits



From a photograph by Foss in 1873.

in the centre of the photograph. "I was at school when very young with Sheriff Bradford's son, and William Henry Furness, now Dr. Furness, and both of Philadelphia." Going on with these childhood recollections, Emerson said: "The house where I was born in 1803 stood at the corner of Chauncy and Summer streets, with a yard and orchard as large as Dr. Ripley's at the Old Manse, which Hawthorne has so well described. This house was burned or torn down, and then a



From a sketch by Wyatt Eaton in 1878. Published in Scribner's Magazine, February, 1879.
By permission of the Century Company.

brick house was built there, in which my father and his children lived. It was separated by a brick wall from a garden and orchard southward, where pears grew; and I remember sitting on that wall and wishing for some of those pears." Near by was a pond of salt water,—probably the scene of that forcible salt-water bath which he speaks of as given him now and then by his stern father, at a tender and timid age; "and I still recall the fright with which, after some of these salt experiences, I heard his voice one day (as Adam that of the Lord God in the Garden) summoning me to a new bath,—and I vainly endeavoring to hide myself."

After his father's death, this house, which was the parsonage, must be given up, and the Emersons then removed to a house on Beacon Street, near where the Athenæum now stands; and from this place young Waldo used to drive his mother's cow to the pasture near the Providence station, belonging to his uncles of the Haskins family. Here also the late Chief Justice Shaw, when a young lawyer, boarded with Mrs. Emerson, and Miss Mary Emerson took part in the domestic duties, and gave special attention to the youngest son, Charles, who was but two years old at his father's death. Waldo Emerson used to contrast himself unfavorably with this brother, and with Edward, who was a few years older than Charles; he admired them greatly, but thought himself "a slouching person," while they "never moved without grace."

This may be as good a place as any to speak of the personal aspect and bearing of Waldo Emerson, which his portraits did not fully disclose. His biographer, Mr. Cabot, quotes a few passages from Emerson which intimate that he knew a certain family trait that others remarked, and which led Mrs. George Ripley to write a friend in Emerson's pulpit days, "that he had preached a sermon for George, last Sunday, with his chin in the air, in scorn of the whole human race."

Now Emerson wrote: "My grandfather, William of Concord, walking before his father, Joseph of Malden, to church, his father checked him,—'William, you walk as if the earth was not good enough for you.' 'I did not know it, sir,' he replied with the utmost humility. This is one of the household anecdotes in which I have found a relationship." There was a kind of loftiness in the Emersons, which in European society is reckoned a mark of race,—an unconscious pride, or proud humility, which was so distinctly seen in the grandest of Americans, Washington. In the aspect of the brothers, Edward and Charles, this air of leadership was blended with a gentle grace; in Waldo Emerson, there was a gentle dignity, with less of outward grace, but with more of inward light. A lady who knew him well and saw him daily for years, in domestic life and in public oratory, has given me her delicate appreciation in such words as are worth citing. She writes:

"I have always liked the portrait by David Scott, though the aspect is darker than belonged to him, who always seemed to bring sunshine and light. I like, too, the bit of rainbow which seems the true and fit symbol. I do not believe I knew Mr. Emerson's face at all,—only a certain light and smile upon it. Did not the face of Moses shine, when he had talked with God in the bush? I remember I heard him at a lecture in the Concord Lyceum; but I do not know even how he stood. The room was dark and crowded; there was a ray of light that shot out through and far beyond the dark. We did not dare to look behind, and see what he saw. And his eye was 'scornful, threatening and young.' But has any one ever explained why all his young admirers began to imitate him,—caught the lift of his eyebrow, the droop of his shoulders, even the pauses of his voice? When he came in from his solitary walks, he would give to each one at table a flower, or the just-blos-

somed sprig of grapevine, and would tell little Waldo some pretty adventure of the walk. His face was rosy (his natural complexion), a good English rosy coloring, eyes very blue, mouth so sweet, and that brow of his, — a pure Greek brow. Was not his nose very large? No, I never thought of it. Sometimes he felt it his duty to frown on the vanities of the young folk, — to look a little stern. It was wholly put on; all the time he knew he was denying his nature. But he made up a face when his picture was taken; they are all but counterfeit presentments of the man. I wonder sometimes how he ever got caught and entangled in this dim world of ours. The rainbow comes and goes."

Very little that is celestial or of the rainbow is seen in Grozelier's smooth lithograph, which appeared, with half a dozen other faces and heads, about 1855, as the "Heralds of Freedom." The title was good, and some of the heads, — that of Gerrit Smith somewhat resembling Mr. Bryan; but Emerson in this similitude is a sort of premonition of Chauncey Depew, — of all men the least like him. The educated, modest whisker in this portrait reminds me of a story. While I was living in Sophia Thoreau's house, where I had for three years dined nearly every day with Henry Thoreau at his mother's table (1855-57) while living in Ellery Channing's house opposite, Mr. Emerson with his daughter and Miss Elizabeth Hoar came one night to tea. It was in 1877 (March 2). In the dining-room hung Rowse's portrait of Thoreau, now in the Concord Library. The talk ran on George Washington, of whom Emerson had lately been reading an English biography. He said that his mother, then Miss Ruth Haskins, had been at a ball in Boston, in 1789, where Washington danced and was noticed for his grace in dancing. "I was early stranded on Marshall's 'Life of Washington,'" said Emerson; "I have never read Irving's, or any other of the modern ones." He thought

Washington one of the heaviest of writers, and instanced the Farewell Address as an example. I told him that has been claimed for Hamilton. "Hamilton knew how to write," was Emerson's unconvinced reply. He laughed at the anecdote told by Miss Hoar, of the old Virginia woman who said to her, "General Washington was President of the United States, and gave *sahtisfahction*; I believe all the Virginia Presidents gave *sahtisfahction*." This was before the era of John Tyler.

Rising from the tea-table, Emerson noticed the crayon head of Thoreau, and said, "This is better than the ambrotype with the beard, for the beard disfigured Henry's face." One of the company said, "I am glad you never wore a beard"; to which he answered, "I had none to wear." On another occasion Emerson told me that when he was to give his address on Emancipation, in 1843, Thoreau rang the bell himself, at the parish church, and had also gone about to the houses in town, giving notice of the day and hour of the address.

Returning to the subject of Washington, — in the summer when Mr. Eaton was drawing Emerson's portrait, I took from Mr. Channing's library Chateaubriand's "Posthumous Memoirs," in French, and showed Emerson the account given by Chateaubriand of his interview with Washington in Philadelphia, and that of his first sight of Napoleon and conversation with him. Emerson read both in my presence; asked me what "*jouets*" were, and what "*sable*" and "*curee*" meant; then he said, "Chateaubriand evidently thought as much of himself as of Washington; as for Bonaparte, he always knew how to meet men on their own ground, — whether Christians or Frenchmen." He had read a few books of Chateaubriand, he said, but never this one.

The sketch made by Mr. Eaton, as the result of these pleasant sittings in Emerson's study, — pleasant to the artist and to me, and not so appar-

ently disagreeable to the sitter as such things often were,—was a disappointment when engraved; having far more the look of desolate, solitary age than was the usual aspect of Emerson in the summer of 1878. The mobility and liveliness of his face seemed to be left out, and a certain grimness called up from the inner consciousness of a man who knows that each year brings him nearer to the grave, escorted by the ills that wait on age. It could not be mistaken for the head of another man, and it was true to the framework of the sage's features and the vivacity of his eyes. But the ineffable sweetness was not there,—or but a lingering ray of it; and the hard, modern style of treating the engraving (which appeared both in *Scribner's Magazine* and in Miss Gilder's "Homes and Haunts of Our Elder Poets") increased the dislike which most of us felt for the drawing. As a study, however, for a complete portrait of Emerson the moralist, it has real merit; nothing is there which might not have been in the original, and the underlying severity of this modified Puritan is plainly to be seen. It needs to be clothed upon with the other qualities which the Puritan did not possess, or did not exhibit, but which Emerson had in full measure. Ellery Channing hinted at this in another verse from the Ode quoted above,—thus:

"In vain for us to say what thou hast been
To our occasion,—
This flickering nation,
This stock of people from an English kin;
And he who led the van,—
The frozen Puritan,—
We thank thee for thy patience with his
faith,
That chill, delusive poison mixed for
death."

Emerson would not so have described the Calvinistic creed of his clerical ancestors; but he knew how to interpret language so figurative. Face to face with the genuine Puritan of Cromwell's time, in John Brown of Osawatomet, Emerson honored and

celebrated him, but shrank a little from the extremity he saw to be inevitable. Bronson Alcott told me that he was present in Emerson's house with Thoreau, when the news came of Brown's capture in Virginia,—of which Thoreau then spoke much as he did afterwards in public. Emerson listened, but said little; it seemed to be too painful a subject to him then. Some weeks after, when returning from Boston or Salem, where he had made one of his striking speeches in honor of Brown, Emerson said to Alcott, "We have had enough of this dreary business." He foresaw its result, as he knew that of Cromwell's Puritanism; but his poetic thought refused to dwell upon it.

Several photographs by Black, a well-known Boston artist, who took the only photograph of John Brown with his picturesque beard that was ever made from the life,—are seen in these pages. The earlier, of perhaps 1860, is the head and shoulders, which was never faithful to the serious expression of the thinker, but may serve to recall some lively moment of playful conversation, when thought gave place to fun. There were such times, though Emerson was almost never known to laugh outright,—holding such forcible expressions of merriment to be out of keeping with the composure he always strove to maintain. Another Black picture,—the full length, in evening dress, with the hands folded in front,—is a good likeness of the man as he stood at the beginning of his lecture, before gesture and facial expression began to give fuller effect to his grave and melodious voice,—in which nobody but an Englishman ever fancied a "twang." The hint of that kind in which Arthur Clough indulged came with singular ineptness from one who had a most pronounced Oxford brogue. I heard this gentle scholar lecture on English Poetry, during his short residence at our Cambridge; he mentioned a certain poet whom he called "Bar-r-n,"—nor

was it till several repetitions of the name that I discovered he had Byron in mind. I think I did not hear this beautiful Oxford brogue in full perfection again until, at the British School of Archæology in Athens, in March, 1890, a handsome young swell from that university read a paper on a Greek "vahze" on which was "figgered" a person whom he styled "King Prahm." But this is a digression.

The Chicago photograph of 1856, here given, is one of two taken in that city during one of Emerson's long western lecture tours; it was given among the illustrations of the small subscription edition of Alcott's Sonnets. The Rowse sketch, I have said, is also given in a reduced and faint copy, to illustrate another of the Alcott Sonnets. Mr. Alcott was himself not averse to the early crayon which used to hang in Longfellow's study at Cambridge, along with Charles Sumner's and President Felton's; but it was the poorest of the three. It was by Eastman Johnson, and a copy of it is given with this paper. Nor did Mr. Alcott look askance, as most of us did, at Gould's amateur bust, which stands in marble within the College Library, and in plaster at Concord. Morse's reduced bust, at Concord, is unlucky in pose and expression; the full bust is better, as I remember it. King's bust is unspeakably bad,—and "there are others." French succeeded perfectly, at an age when years had made it impossible to reproduce the youthful enthusiasm or the vigor of manly thought expressed by that noble head. Had he modeled it twenty years earlier, or had that other Concord sculptor, Frank Elwell, seen Emerson at 35, as his grandfather, the village blacksmith, knew him, in his walks and talks, we should have had much better portraits in marble.

Lamenting the early fate of his younger brother Edward, Emerson wrote what must still be said of himself, notwithstanding all these busts and pictures:

"There is no record left on earth,
Save in tablets of the heart,
Of the rich inherent worth,
Of the grace that on him shone."

Whenever the artist, even though that artist were the sun himself, penciled his likeness, there was ever something omitted which those who saw and heard him missed in the portrait. As Thomas Froysell said of his cousin, Sir Robert Harley, in that famous funeral sermon, so might they say, the best of them: "I want art to draw his picture. His spiritual lineaments are above my pencil." Even the smile that he wore so often towards his friends, and that beamed upon me in his dying hours in the sweetest recognition, was too much for these limners of the outward man.

"There lived more life in one of his fair eyes
Than all you painters can with pains
devisè."

Emerson's personal presence, then, must be but a gracious memory to those who knew him; to others it must be taken on our testimony and the insufficient, perishable evidence of portrait and statue, which so often make their original far other than he was. That beauty, imperishable and ideal, which he adored and celebrated, did not leave him without tokens of its favor. He was its messenger to a world that hardly believed in its existence; and its "fugitive and gracious light, shy to illumine," now and again shone around him. There was a charm in his personality hard to explain or describe, but best indicated in those old verses which Lowell applied to Emerson:

"Was never eye did see that face,
Was never ear did hear that tongue,
Was never mind did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travail long;
But eyes, and ears, and every thought
Were with his sweet perfections caught."

NOTE.—Some of the portraits to which Mr. Sanborn refers in the foregoing article are not here given, and in the preparation of the article still others have been learned of. We desire to make this collection of Emerson's portraits as complete as possible, publishing everything which has real value, and we shall be grateful for any information which may be given us concerning anything which has been overlooked. If the results of farther research warrant it, we shall publish in due time some supplementary pages in which the collection shall be made complete.—EDITOR.

WHAT THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT SAITH UNTO THE CHURCHES.

By George Hodges.

THE Spirit, speaking of old unto the churches, did not speak in terms of approbation. Even in that new day, near as it was to the blessed beginnings, with the first enthusiasm still stirring people's hearts, there was much to criticise and much to blame. The Christians of that time were not very good Christians.

The question as to whether or not the world is growing better is one which is rich in materials of discussion; though we would no doubt be better occupied in the endeavor to give a practical rather than a literary answer to it. The great thing is to make the world better, beginning with ourselves. Is the world a better world after the Christian centuries? Is the church a better church? Shall the Spirit praise or blame us, this new Christmas time?

I.

It would in no way contradict nor disturb the doctrine of evolution should the Christian life of the early centuries be found conspicuous in its favorable contrast with the life that is lived now. For evolution does not represent the progress of the race as being like the ascent of a mountain, each step higher than the step before, each year better than the year past. Instead of that, the race is shown to have progressed as a man walks along the common road, first one foot and then the other, one ahead and the other tarrying behind, half eager and half reluctant, like Sir Galahad in Mr. Abbey's picture. Here and there, sometimes in an individual, sometimes in a group or a community, the

ideal of the race is suddenly and wonderfully carried up to a place hitherto unreached and unattempted; and then for years and centuries, and in some instances forever, the rest of us try to reach that altitude, and fail.

Thus art, in the days of Phidias, touched a mark in sculpture which ever since we have but contemplated with amazement. We put the casts of the battered fragments of the Parthenon figures in our museums, our studios, and our houses, and study them with an admiring despair. These plaster translations of the half-deciphered sentences of the Greek masters put all our polished work into the background. Headless and armless, these marble people live, and have souls. Evolution in art stood in the days of Phidias upon the peak of the mountain, and has since been walking in the valley, looking back and up.

So with dramatic literature in the instance of Shakespeare. We are not at present, in spite of the experience of the years between his time and ours, writing better plays than "Hamlet."

Evolution does not, then, imply a consistent and uninterrupted forward march. In the Christian church the supreme ideal of humanity, the very highest spiritual life, was set forth at the beginning, and all religious progress since that day has been a progress backwards. The leaders of the great religious reformations have led men back to Jesus Christ. St. John and St. Paul, too, wrote documents upon which the saints and fathers of the succeeding ages have been content to comment. If the idea of evolution were true, which is

in the minds of those mistaken folk who maintain that the future must of necessity be better than the past, and that some day the Christmas which we keep will be abandoned for another Christmas marking the birthday of a better saint and hero, then we should have gone on writing fourth gospels and epistles to the Ephesians, higher and wiser, until to-day these documents should be of no more interest than those pictures of the earliest art which are valuable only as showing with what childlike simplicity men used their eyes and their paint brushes in the year one. The fact is that here the best is in the past.

It would not, therefore, have been a matter of surprise had the Spirit written to the churches of the first century in words of commendation. They who had St. John for their minister ought to have been uncommonly good people. The messages, however, are filled with strong reproof. Christians have fallen from their first estate, and have given hospitable hearing to misleading teachers; some have given way even to gross sins, others are indifferent; of only a few can it be said that they shall walk in white, for they are worthy. The Spirit speaks in the accents of the day of judgment. The churches must have listened, trembling.

Are we any better? Will this Christmas be a more Christian Christmas than they kept?

I think so; though I must confess that the improvement is not so conspicuous as might be wished. Christianity is in some respects a more easy religion now than it was then. It had no social position then as it has now. It was by no means the correct thing to go to church. People who had money and education and a place in society thought twice before they listened to the Christian gospel. They must give up their friends, and become the companions of their friends' servants; they must expect to be distrusted in business as persons of a rash and unbalanced judgment, given

over to novelties of belief, and strange theories, and queer ideas, radicals and socialists. They were fortunate if the disfavor of the general world showed itself in no worse ways: sometimes they suffered persecution. Naturally, all this worked as a process of selection; not so many people accounted themselves Christians with but small intention to follow Christ. For the most part the early Christians knew what they were about; the faith and life of their discipleship were very real to them. When they kept their Christmas, in upper rooms and secret chambers, behind shut doors, meeting in the safe darkness of the early morning, they were altogether in earnest, and the festival was a much more religious and Christian day than it is apt to be with us.

Many things may be accurately said against us. The churches of our time are weak just where the churches of the early day were strong,—namely, in their appeal to the poor and in their hold on those who labor with their hands. The church, which began with that constituency, and whose original leaders were chosen from among the common people, has never ceased to be the people's church, but it has ceased to be the church of the people's leaders. The men who are eminent in the councils of the trade unions and whose influence is great amongst their fellow workmen are very few of them to be found at the services of any of the churches. The Roman church does better than the rest of us in maintaining a relation of concord and allegiance with the men of the mills and the women of the tenements, but even the Roman church does not greatly affect the leaders. Most of them know that they would lose their leadership if they were known to be members of the Christian church.

Neither are the churches doing very much better in the society which in the early days was indifferent and hostile but which afterwards came in and entered into alliance with re-

ligion. The men who are most prominent in business, in finance, in politics and in literature, are more likely than not to be found at home on Sunday morning. Only a small proportion of them is in the habit of church-going. The church, in the estimation of some of these excellent and even eminent persons, is regarded as their wives' regard the club. The club is a husband's institution, a somewhat mysterious organization, making considerable demands upon the domestic stores of time and money, and apparently contributing in return a good deal of enjoyment. The wife knows it from the outside. And the church is a wives' institution, an excellent society of very good people, whose meetings are held on Sunday mornings, whose dues must be paid, and whose social and even moral influence is considerable. The banker, the mill-owner, the politician, the poet, the journalist, the professor, know it from the outside, and are interested in it from the point of view of citizens who take pleasure in the picturesque appearance of the town. The churches are full of good women whose husbands are at home studying the Sunday newspaper. The clubs are full of men who know nothing about the church except what they can remember in the experiences of a reluctant boyhood, or from the occasion of a marriage of a friend.

The Christmas Spirit, could it speak as audibly in Boston and New York as it spoke of old in Ephesus and Sardis and Laodicea, would make some comment upon these facts in the life of the churches, and make it in that very vigorous and unmistakable manner of speech with which we are familiar in the pages of the Scriptures.

On the other hand, I have an earnest desire to believe that the world is growing better, and that the Christian churches are assisting it in that direction and keeping easy pace with it. Certainly, there is a kindness of heart, and a strength of sympathy, and a breadth of understanding, and a gen-

erous endeavor rather to appreciate than to assail those who are different from ourselves, to which the world of the first Christian century, and afterwards of the middle ages, and, even more recently, of the days of our own immediate ancestors, was for the most part conscientiously opposed. Religious tolerance, for example, was for centuries put among the vices. In spite of our widespread industrial and social discontent, and of the sufferings of the very poor in factories and slums, and of the separation which still exists between the privileged and the unprivileged, and of the idle and wicked divisions which part the church into the churches—in spite of all these evident evils, the Christmas of this present year will find us closer together, and more desirous to be of service one to another than any Christmas since the angels sang together in the anthem, and the little congregation of shepherds under the roof of the sky listened in amazement.

The message of the Christmas spirit to the churches is an order to march. It is a summons to a better meeting of opportunity. It is a call for more unconventionality and more simplicity and more fraternity among Christian people.

II.

Unconventional was that initial Christmas, to the last degree. The nativity pictures have done their best to bring the scene into line with the ecclesiastical proprieties. The stable is made to look wonderfully like a church, the holy mother wears the garments of religious women, the Christ-child has a glowing halo at his head, and there are attendant angels kneeling in adoration. Sometimes saints and doctors yet unborn are brought in to bow in reverence before the altar of the manger. Yet, after all, the primitive rudeness of the real fact appears beyond disguise. The conventionalities are altogether disregarded.

One might naturally wonder, in the sight of the Bethlehem stable, what may be the opinion of the Christmas Spirit touching our well-ordered religious arrangements. It is possible that we make too much of organization and of rubric. There is danger, as Professor Drummond says, lest the church, instead of being a beautiful garden in which the Christian graces grow up out of the ground free and fair as the flowers, be rather a machine shop, where the wheels are whirling, and the air is filled with dust and clatter, and men work by the day and for the pay.

There is some truth in the Chinese idea that a right angle is the signature of the devil.

It is possible for a church to be so thoroughly organized and rubricised that spiritual religion will be driven out. Indeed, exactly that has happened in the history of the Christian church, and, in fact, in the history of all religion. When Jesus came he found the church in just that situation. There was not a clergyman in the whole ecclesiastical establishment whom he chose to be in the company of his apostles. The church people were the persistent enemies of religion.

Jesus Christ was amazingly unconventional. Not only was he born amidst conditions at which the ecclesiastics of his day would have shuddered, but he lived and spoke and thought throughout consistently with that beginning. What he wanted was to get close both to God and to his brother men, and he put aside every hindrance which stood in the way of this divine and human intimacy. No ecclesiastical ordinance did he permit to stand as a barrier between him and God; he entered directly into the divine presence with filial confidence; he spoke to God and God to him without interpreter. And no prejudice nor social tradition kept him from the company of those who were in need of him. He was as much interested in the publicans as he

was in the Pharisees, and more. It was characteristically noted of him that he preferred the society of sinners to the company of saints. The social classes of his generation could not understand it. They did not try to understand it. They called him in all honesty and justice by a name which he fully deserved, and which he desired to deserve: they called him "the friend of publicans and sinners."

The impression which one gets from reading the records of his life, seeing where he went and what he did and hearing his conversations and watching him in his dealings with the church life of his time, is that nothing could have been farther from his purpose than that Christianity should become a hard-and-fast system, an ecclesiastical institution in which the letter should be exalted above the life, and personality should be depreciated and individuality discouraged, and emphasis should be set upon the way of doing things rather than upon the things to be done. It is not the doctrine of Jesus that man is made for the church, but that the church is made for man.

The Christmas Spirit, then, calls us back to the unconventionality of Jesus, to the original freedom of the spiritual life. For spirituality is forever free. The ideal Christian life is compared by the Master himself to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, which may, indeed, be kept out by a diligent shutting-to of doors and windows, but which cannot be imprisoned. We make too much of rules and regulations. We set too large a store by constitutions and by-laws. We must painfully and elaborately arrange things. We must meet all conceivable contingencies long before. We must see ahead. We must be provided with a chart. We will not venture into the undiscovered country until we have a map.

And thus some good work goes undone, and some is hindered in the doing, because the workers are stricken with a paralysis of the spirit;

and the kingdom of God delays its coming.

We need the naturalness and the fine unconventionality of Bethlehem. We need to emphasize the out-door side of Christianity. We will do well to get out of the close and heated churches, where the air has a narcotic in it, and the light is dim, and the spirit of ancient and sombre respectability pervades the place, into the open sunshine where the wind blows in the trees. The churches may properly ask themselves,—some more than others—if it may not indeed be true that their services are somewhat slow and gray, and without the breath of life, and that their sermons are somewhat monotonous and commonplace and unhelpful and preached in a tone of voice to correspond. Among the many reasons which are given to account for the absence of men from the services of the churches, may it not be conjectured that some of them stay away because they infer from various experiences that it would not do them any good to go?

It is possible, also, that the week-day life of the church may be too institutional and systematic, may be a bit over-organized. It is plain to the most uninitiated observer,—more plain, perhaps, to him than it is to others,—that the conventions of the churches are inordinately devoted to the prosecution of routine business and to the transaction of affairs which have but a telescopic relation to religion. We need the blowing of the Pentecostal breezes and the clear shining of the Christmas stars; we need the blessed unconventionality of him who was cradled in the manger.

III.

The Christmas Spirit brings also to the people of the Christian churches a counsel of simplicity.

Jesus comes as a little child, born in poverty. He grows up in a country village, working every day with saw and hammer in a carpenter shop.

He never owned a house, nor is it likely that he ever had any money beyond what was essential to his immediate needs. The details of his life are not, indeed, set forth for our imitation. We are not following him by living in his way, any more than we would be like him by wearing his oriental dress or by speaking in his oriental speech. Because he had nowhere to lay his head we need not set out upon a pilgrimage, abandoning our homes. The real thing is to shape our lives according to his spirit. And that was the spirit of entire simplicity.

We are tempted to believe that the over-elaborate life which we customarily lead is essential to decent existence. Anything less, we think, would be a step towards a lower plane of living. Edward Fitzgerald, in his letters, wrote of one of his friends that he was "a very civilized person." We somehow feel that in order to be civilized it is necessary for us to have our manifold possessions.

But Jesus lives, for our example, a life in which all things material are reduced to the lowest terms. And it is not only a helpful but a blessed life; it is rich in the most adequate enjoyments; it is as full of genuine happiness as a life may be in a world where men have want and sin for next neighbors, and where opportunity and temptation are waiting at every corner of the street.

The initial need to enjoyment is not many possessions but much appreciation. The Japanese way is wiser than ours, when they adorn a room with a single article of beauty, a vase or a picture, and really delight in it, looking at it day after day, giving it entire attention, and presently taking it away and putting something else in the place of it; while our houses, some of them, are like the show rooms of shops. The simple life may be the richer for the smallness of its possessions. We may be impoverished by our wealth.

It is necessary, also, in order to get sincere enjoyment out of life, that we be in a measure free from anxiety and have a little quiet time. And these are conditions which go only with a simple way of living. A good many people are so busy laying up treasure on earth and so worried in the hard task of keeping and defending it after it is stored away, that they have no leisure and no mind for the treasure itself. Here is one who owns a single book, and gets more light and help and blessed friendship and counsel out of it than his neighbor whose books are marshaled along a hundred shelves. Here is another with a single picture, and that but a photograph or print, who sees more in it than his acquaintances see in all the masterpieces framed in gold which glorify their walls. It is what the Master said, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses.

The best wealth, after all, is out-of-doors, and costs nothing. The poor man, unless he live in a particularly narrow street, may extend his hand and take it any day. The best pictures are those that live and move, or across which the real clouds drift before the wind. And to possess these pictures of the sky or of the street we need pay nothing but attention.

*"A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot.
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within."*

*"Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth his unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again
With glancing sun, with falling rain."*

Life is very rich and beautiful, if we would but open our eyes and our ears. The Christmas shepherds lying in the chill fields, under the stars, with their sheep about them, see heaven's

golden gates ajar and hear celestial harmonies. And so may we, though we be poor as they.

A good many people have an idea that one must live in a good house, and wear good clothes, and be well waited upon, and have money in the bank, in order to be happy. Some of these mistaken folk are already possessors of these privileges, and ought to know better by the testimony of their own experience. Some of them are poor folk who are genuinely unhappy, and are in search of causes and of remedies, and who are led by what they see to believe that the gaining of these material things would bring everlasting joy into their lives. To both may be presented that blessed Bethlehem Christmas, the little village, the stable and the manger, the cattle in their stalls; the peasant mother with her husband, the carpenter, men coming in out of the fields in their working clothes bringing their shepherd's staves in their hands, and the December stars shining over all. Life is here at its simplest. An example is here set which we will some day—either because we must, or because we will—be wise enough to follow. The richest life that was ever lived was lived by one of the poorest of the sons of men.

IV.

Jesus Christ, on Christmas Day, is born what for? Ask him the question which St. Bernard had written on the walls of his monastery cell,—*"Ad quid venisti?"* (Why have you come?) What is the answer?

He came that he might live our life, and thus be our example, meeting our manifold temptations, encountering our daily opportunities, entering into our relations, thinking our thoughts, teaching us how to live. Yet one can hardly think of him as consciously determining with himself to be our example. The idea is out of accord with his unconventionality, his absolute simplicity, and the

beautiful human and fraternal naturalness which he showed always.

Jesus came also that he might manifest the Eternal God, that he might make plain and sure to us the supreme reality of the love of God for the individual and of the life of man in the world beyond the gate of death. There is no assurance in answer to these deep questions in nature or in philosophy; only dim and unsatisfying guesses, growing pleasantly in the light of the sun and perishing in the stress of the first hard storm. Jesus Christ came to tell us. Yet this, too, is but a partial understanding of him. He laid great emphasis on truth, but more on life. Truth, in his teaching and in that of his apostles, is for the sake of life. His example and his doctrine find their fulfillment in his establishment of the kingdom of heaven. He came that he might set up here amongst us a kingdom of heaven.

And what is the kingdom of heaven? It is the ideal social state. It is the application to human life, in all its details and in all its relations, of the principles of heaven, so that the will of God shall be done here as it is there. For in the Lord's Prayer, the two petitions, "Thy Kingdom come," and "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," belong together, and are mutually interpretive, like the similar phrases in the creed, "the Holy Catholic Church," and the "Communion of saints." What is the Holy Catholic church? It is the communion of saints, having for its ideal the realization among men of the two characteristics of fraternity and sanctity. And what is the kingdom of heaven? It is that condition of good living in which God's will is loyally and lovingly done. It exists wherever men meet in the name and the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ. The heart of it is unselfishness, fraternal ministration, brotherly love.

When, therefore, the Master says of the rich man that his way into the kingdom of heaven is beset with diffi-

culty, and that he must enter by the camel's gate, he is thinking of the remote distance between the position of one who is trying with conspicuous success to get all that he can out of his fellowmen and of one who according to the will of God is intent on giving all he can.

When Jesus meets the scholar, the same alternative is in his mind. He tells him at the start that in order to obtain admission into the kingdom of heaven he must undergo a change in the whole attitude and intention of his life. The only way of expressing the nature of the change is to liken it to being born again. Nicodemus must be born again. He has been interested in himself, in the enjoyment of his cloistered life, in truth for truth's sake; he must turn about, and be interested in his neighbors; he must enter into the fulness of the fraternal life, he must seek truth for life's sake. Only in this manner can he enter into the kingdom of heaven, because that celestial commonwealth is made up of people of that kind, and of no others.

Jesus directed the attention of his disciples to the religious people of that day, to the most eminent representatives of the contemporary church, and told them that unless they were more righteous than these they could not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Because theirs was a personal and selfish righteousness, a culture of religion upon the individualistic side, such as made it possible for them to make long prayers in the morning and to rob widows' houses in the afternoon. They were unfraternal folk. That was what was the matter with them. And they could have no entrance into the republic of humanity, into the coöperative commonwealth, into the kingdom of heaven.

Jesus Christ came, then, on Christmas Day, that he might set on foot here in this selfish world a new brotherhood, a bond of universal fraternity. "Glory to God in the

highest," sang the Christmas angels, "and on earth peace, good will towards men."

That ideal, Jesus intended should be realized in the Christian church. We may judge for our own selves what the Christmas Spirit sees; we may hear in our own consciences what the Christmas Spirit says.

For a few weeks, at least, we take the Christmas lesson into our lives. Men and women and little children go about thinking what they can do for others. The streets and shops are full of people whose arms are full of bundles. There are domestic conspiracies in every household. The idea possesses the community that the right thing to do is to make somebody happy. For a little while, as the year draws to its close and we look across into a new time, it seems as if the old manner of living were being put away—with all its narrow-

ness and pettiness and jealousy, with its self-seeking and its vicious self-content, and as if the dawn of the blessed millennium were already shining upon the summits of the mountains.

For a few weeks the Christian religion animates the churches; the Christmas Spirit, the spirit of fraternity, prevails; and the kingdom of heaven comes. What we want is to have this fraternal time continued. What we need is Christmas every day. If that blessed kingdom is ever to be established here; if the will of God is ever to be done by the employer and the workman, by the landlord and the tenant; if the present discontent, wide-spread and well-founded as it is, menacing our national and social life, is ever to be met and ministered to, it must be by the obedience of the churches to the counsels of the Christmas Spirit.

CUSTARDS.

By Frank Roe Batchelder.



UNT Ruth's cup-custards were justly celebrated. They were custards that melted in your mouth—but not before; that is to say, you never got half way down into them and found them turned to whey. They were never pale, weak-looking things, but a rich, inviting yellow all the way through, and on top they were speckled with the brownest and most sweetly odorous of nutmeg. Eaten out of one of the old-fashioned blue china cups that had been Aunt Ruth's grandmother's, with a silver spoon dating back to George the Second, they left little for the custard epicure to desire.

On Thursday evening, once in two

months, with the calendar's own regularity, Aunt Ruth and Aunt Rachel entertained the minister at tea. Dear gentle souls! the kindest of women, the very elect of the saints, were they. For years they had kept house by themselves, in the old home where they were born and from which, one by one, the other members of the family had gone forever. The Winthrop sisters were as well known as the minister himself, and he had grown gray in the pastorate of the orthodox church, while they had been passing from youth into spinsterhood. No one ever thought of saying "those old maids," when they spoke of Aunt Ruth and Aunt Rachel. The roughest boys in town had at some time been their debtors. No one ever turned hungry from their door. Of

course they were imposed upon, but their motto was, "Better give to the unworthy once in ten times than deny the deserving once in a thousand."

Parson Wetherby had a weakness for cup-custards, very likely because his taste for them had been cultivated by Aunt Ruth ever since—oh, too long for me to remember. Every time the minister took tea at the Winthrop place Aunt Ruth set before him the choicest products of her art. To have changed the menu would have been almost as much of a shock to him as leaving the wine out of a communion service. Aunt Ruth always made those custards in the morning of the day when the minister was coming,—four of them, in beautiful old blue cups which ought never to have been asked to do duty in an oven. But Aunt Ruth was not a connoisseur in blue china—only in custards.

When taken from the oven, the custards were invariably set to cool on a shelf which ran across the window in the buttery; and they were put in the usual place on this particular morning. It was July, and the buttery window was left wide open. Tea was always served at half past five o'clock precisely, and the minister invariably came half an hour earlier. He sat and chatted with Aunt Ruth while Aunt Rachel made ready the table and after tea he had a similar chat with Aunt Rachel while Aunt Ruth cleared away. There was no variation from the usual program on this July afternoon until Aunt Rachel went into the buttery to get the four cup-custards. But for the first time since the minister began coming to take tea, Aunt Rachel found no custards on the shelf.

Where could they be? She called Ruth from the parlor. "Where are the custards?" she asked.

This preposterous question dazed Aunt Ruth. She never had been asked that before. But she recovered sufficiently to say, "Why, Rachel, on the shelf in the buttery, of course."

"No," said Aunt Rachel, "you must have put them somewhere else. Are they in the cellar?"

"Mercy! In the cellar! I always put them on the shelf in the buttery."

"But," persisted Aunt Rachel, "They aren't there."

This intelligence had much the same effect on Aunt Ruth as an announcement that there was no hell would have had on John Calvin. Without a word more she hastened to the buttery. Truly the custards were not where she had placed them.

Thieves? Nobody ever had stolen the value of a pin from the Winthrop sisters. The few lawless individuals in the town would as soon have stolen from their own mothers. Tramps came only at rare intervals, but when they did come they were too well treated to be tempted to steal. Even Tom, the big Maltese, was above suspicion, especially as he never had been suspected of a predilection for blue china—and cups as well as custards were gone.

The minister had no custard that night. The sisters' larder was always proof against the few emergencies which taxed it; but although the minister did not go hungry, the charm of the repast was lacking. The mysterious disappearance proved a fruitful theme of conversation as they supped, and it was Parson Wetherby who suggested as they rose from table that an effort be made to find out where the custards had gone. It happened that the buttery window looked out on Aunt Rachel's garden, and the first few minutes' examination revealed tracks in the soft earth below the window. They had been made by bare feet, and small feet at that. Clearly the thief was of the human species. The tracks led straight down the garden to the wall which divided it from Neighbor Chesley's hayfield, and on the farther side of the wall they found a piece of "evidence" in the shattered remains of one of the precious cups, while the wall and turf were spattered with custard.

They had not much farther to search. At the end of the field, behind a haycock, lay the culprit, fast asleep. He was a ragged, dirty-faced urchin, perhaps ten years old, and evidently not a "native." He had borrowed an iron spoon from the dish in which the chickens' dough was mixed, when he took the custards, and he had cleaned out two of the cups and made a beginning on the third.

When Parson Wetherby shook the boy, he woke and sprang to his feet, looking about in surprise and fright and evidently anxious to run. They plied him with questions, which he answered readily. He had walked from a near-by town, and was going "anywheres." He had been tramping from Boston with his father. They had slept in a barn three nights before, and in the morning his father was gone. Since then he had been tramping on his own hook.

The boy had been abandoned. He was shrewd with the shrewdness of premature sin, yet he had a frank way with him which made him seem not wholly bad. He said his name was John, but his surname or the whereabouts of his former home he persistently refused to tell. He was not sullen, and apparently told the truth when he talked at all.

As soon as the boy found that he was treated with kindness, he showed no disposition to run away. He seemed to have no concern as to what became of him, provided he was not handed over to the police. They took him to the house, and on declaring, in spite of the custards, that he was hungry, he was set down to a generous repast at the kitchen table, while the spinsters and the minister discussed his case in the next room.

Parson Wetherby was not merely an expounder of the Bible: he lived in the present rather than in the future, and he had a notion that it was useless to feed the soul while you starved the body. It was his suggestion that the Winthrop sisters keep

the boy until something could be learned of him. Aunt Ruth demurred a little, being the more cautious, but Aunt Ruth's warm heart needed no persuasion. When the young purloiner of custards was again hauled before the tribunal and asked if he would like to stay and do chores about the place and wear whole clothing and go to school, he appeared lost in wonder. As he grasped the situation, he said with a grin, "Say, is this straight yo'se givin' me?" But even this shocking language did not disconcert his would-be benefactors.

In clean clothing, with his skin scrubbed to a natural color and his hair trimmed, he was not a bad-looking boy. He was sent to the village school and instructed in petty duties about the place. The waif justified the kindness shown him. He was tractable from the first, respectful, prompt and willing, obedient and honest. But all attempts to get him to talk of his past failed utterly. He would not speak of his former home nor of his parents, except once when he declared vehemently that his father was "a bad lot." Such inquiries as the sisters set afoot came to nothing. When he had become a settled member of the family, he took the name of John Winthrop. The village boys, however, who had heard his story, invariably called him "Custards," a nickname which greeted him about as soon as he made their acquaintance. He pommelled the first boy who called him "Custards," rather from old habit than from resentment, but after that it did not seem to trouble him.

"Custards" grew to be a strong, hearty, handsome boy. Gradually he outgrew the taint of his old life. He could not have been of blood wholly bad. Eager to learn, he became the most apt pupil in school. His favorite amusement was drawing. With a shingle and a scrap of pencil he produced sketches showing surprising skill. Rough cartoons chalked on the old red fence by the schoolhouse

were the envy and delight of the boys. To induce "Custards" to draw his profile every boy in town at some time performed wonderful services and offered valuable rewards.

In the sixth year after "Custards" had been reclaimed to civilization, a New York artist spent the summer in town. The boy came in his way, and Hetherington took a fancy to him. Some of the boy's rude drawings pleased him, and one day he set him down at his easel and bade him outline an old mill which he was about to sketch himself. As the boy worked along, Hetherington threw in a suggestion now and then, and occasionally took the pencil and showed him how this line or that should have been drawn. The upshot was a warm friendship between the two. All the vacation, "Custards" was off trudging the roads with the artist, helping to carry his paraphernalia and taking an occasional lesson. The boy almost worshiped the artist, and the artist grew fond of the boy and proud of his chance pupil. So the artist came to be welcomed at the sisters' house; and one day he had a long conversation with them, to which "Custards" was not admitted.

"The boy is a natural artist," he said; "you ought to allow him to cultivate his gift. Send him to a school where he can learn the principles of the art, and he will give you cause to be proud of him."

This was a bombshell in the spinsters' camp. The young tramp who had robbed the buttery six years before was now a fixture in the place. They had grown fond of him. The maternal instinct which no child of their own had awakened bloomed in their hearts for this waif who had floated up from the great sea of humanity and stranded at their door. They tried to convince themselves that to send him away would be to expose him to temptations which might revive in him the evil of his childhood. But self-sacrifice was not the least of these good women's vir-

tues, and it was decided that he must be allowed to improve his talent.

The boy's delight at the prospect opened to him was unbounded, though he was not so ungrateful as to leave his home without regret. "I shall come back to see you sometimes?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes, in vacations," said Aunt Ruth, wiping away a tear. So her own brothers had gone away, and, alas! some of them had never come back.

In New York, John applied himself diligently to his work, and when not at work he studied from books. At no time would the spinsters have felt shame or fear for him. His cloudy antecedents apparently had no influence on his life. He went home in vacations, and was satisfied to be at home. Of course, Paris became his goal. The means were found for him to go abroad. The two simple women believed in all his dreams and approved of all his projects.

Even the blandishments of Paris did not seduce John Winthrop from his work. In five years spent there he had made an impression. People stopped a moment to look at his pictures and hunt up his name in the catalogue. At the end of eight years appeared individuals who were willing to part with their money to possess specimens of his work. It was in the tenth year that his star reached the zenith. He was the hero of the *Salon*; and his fame crossed the ocean to America. The school in New York where he had been a pupil took pains to advertise his former connection with it. The newspapers sounded his praises.

In all these years no week had passed without bringing to the quiet old town a letter with the Paris postmark on it. Aunt Ruth and Aunt Rachel were growing old. They had been but middle-aged in that far-back day when "Custards" had rifled the buttery; but now their hair was white and their steps were growing slower. Only the sunshine in their hearts

never grew less. Their boy's letter was the weekly event of their lives. Modestly he told of his own successes and earnestly he asked after their own welfare, always looking forward to some day "coming home."

But now, in the very acme of his success, when they were glorying in their boy's triumphs, there came a Monday without bringing the Paris letter. The steamer might be late. But Tuesday passed, and Wednesday. Was he ill, that he had not written? A thousand conjectures of tender solicitude filled their minds. But on Thursday morning something happened. The sisters' fears were at their height, when the front gate swung back, and up the graveled walk, radiant on either side with hollyhocks and geraniums, came a tall, well-dressed stranger with a foreign air. He did not stop at the front door, but kept on around to the side entrance, where he knocked. Aunt Ruth opened the door and looked at the man inquiringly. He had a tawny beard, trimmed nicely to a point. He lifted his silk hat and bowed, but said not a word. Aunt Ruth was amazed at this greeting. A second time she inquired his wish.

"Do you happen to have in the house," he said, with a twinkle in his blue eyes, "any cup-custards that you could spare a hungry man?"

Aunt Ruth was not of the kind that faints. She gave a great cry of joy, and in a moment all her nice fresh laces were hopelessly mussed and crumpled, and about her in fond and filial embrace were the arms of Artist John Winthrop. A moment later Aunt Rachel shared in the embrace. A happy scene it was. And in the long, long talk which followed, his story had to be told many times.

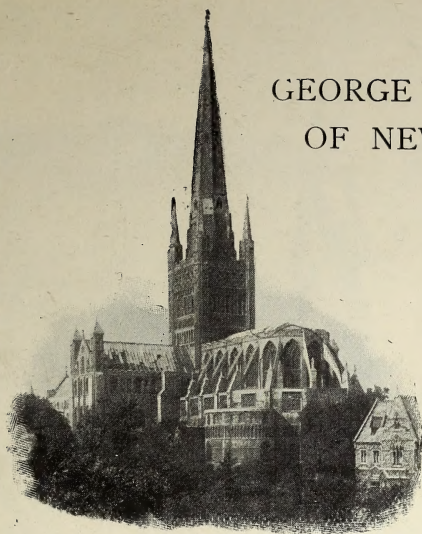
There was to be a little surprise, however, delayed only until the home-comer's traps should come. The baggage came in the afternoon, a mighty lot of it, plastered all over with foreign labels and big red "W's" from the steamer. The people about the little railroad station never had seen the like.

The aunts were carefully excluded from the parlor that afternoon, while the artist arranged his surprise. They sat upstairs and talked over their lives and what they had tried to do for this homeless boy, and their happiness was complete. Late in the afternoon they were bidden into the parlor. Near one of the north windows stood an easel, holding a picture over which a curtain was drawn.

"Dear aunts," said the artist, "this picture I painted in Paris for you. A rich American who saw it and said it reminded him of his boyhood in New Hampshire offered me a great sum for it; but I would not sell it at any price, because it was painted for you. It is a token of thanks for your love and care for me in all these years, which I never can repay."

His voice was shaky as he pulled the curtain away and the picture was exposed. The sisters looked at it earnestly. Aunt Ruth turned away, sobbing for very joy. Aunt Rachel murmured, "If only Mr. Wetherby could be here!" Six years the grass had been green over the good parson's grave.

It was a picture of a small boy, sleeping by a haycock, with a kindly man and two sweet-faced women looking down upon him; and beside him lay three blue china cups, in one of which was the remnant of a yellow custard.



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, THE PAINTER OF NEW ENGLAND PURITANISM.

By William Elliot Griffis.

throughout all the maritime East and to take its place in worth and dignity among the recognized literary languages of the world. Perhaps we are to have a distinct class of Anglo-American annihilators of difference between speakers of the same language and inheritors of the same traditions, all led by King Shakespeare and Prince Milton.

Americans claim George H. Boughton as a fellow citizen of the Empire State and of the United States. The English consider that he is of them and among them. As matter of history, he opened his eyes first within sight of the Norman spire of Norwich in Norfolk, England. He spent his days of babyhood in that noble eastern county of England whence emigrated so many to become New England's sons and daughters. When but three years of age he too be-

WHEN, as late as the spring of 1896, English-speaking people all over the world read that George Henry Boughton had been elected a member of the Royal Academy, they were surprised. The feeling was not one of disappointment, but of almost incredulous astonishment that he was not already a fellow of that august institution. The popular verdict had long ago been pronounced. The feeling in 1896 was like that engendered when a man long known in saintly life and Christian graces is announced as publicly entering the church. Since that ancient and historic epoch, "the war," George Henry Boughton's works have made for their author a name and a place in American homes as that of the painter of early New England life and, especially, of the more lovely side of the Pilgrims and Puritans.

What is his nationality? In China the natives suppose that "pidgin English" is the English language, while some British and Americans who use it imagine they are speaking good Chinese. Not a few men capable of judging think that this is the germ of a language yet to be spoken



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.



"THE TWO FAREWELLS." *

came a latter-day Pilgrim, crossing the Atlantic with his mother and father. They settled in Albany, that city of eastern New York where Puritan and Knickerbocker stock have mingled so happily together.

A Japanese traveler or gazetteer, in describing a city gives first place of importance to its "sceneries." In variety of landscape the environs of Albany are very rich. I do not know how the boy George Boughton looked upon the daisy-spangled meadows which swell upward from the Hudson riverside and back of Greenbush to the glorious hill-slopes to the east, but in my early days of travel with college chums they seemed to be among the fairest that earth could show. Not very far away from the capital city are the glorious waterfalls and exquisite beauty of the Mohawk River and valley and the grand hills and gorges at Indian Ladder. In front of the city, occupied in turn by the four nationalities,

Indian, Dutch, British and American, flows the Hudson River, while running through its southern suburbs is that stream with unnumbered beauties, Norman's Kill. At the junction of flood and affluent is Tawasentha, so celebrated first in Indian legend and then by Longfellow in his Song of Hiawatha as the initial scene of that culture-hero's mighty exploits. A rich crop of legend belongs to each epoch of the changing lords of the soil.

That this stimulating environment was utterly without influence upon the sensitive spirit of a lad destined to become a subtle interpreter both of nature and man, and a master illustrator not only of landscape but of the human figure and of history, it would be absurd to assert. The boy grew up fond of outdoor sports and amusements, delighting in those wonderful effects of light and shade, aerial perspective and "the pomp that brings and shuts the day" which, unless nine years of personal enjoyment of this region with experience and comparison of other lands and continents be of no avail in forming of judgment, are ex-

*The illustrations of "The Two Farewells," "The Return of the Mayflower," "Evangeline," "Priscilla," "The Pilgrim Exiles," "The Kissing Bridge," "Rose Standish" and "Katrina," are reproduced from steel engravings published and copyrighted by Knoedler & Company, New York, by whose kind permission they are used.

celled in few places on earth. In its commercial relations Albany has always been noted, from the days when it was the centre of traffic with the Iroquois to the present time, for its knack of dressing and dyeing furs and for furnishing the material for hats as well as making head gear. While still a youth the future artist began self support in the hat factory of his older brother. Yet even amid felt, pasteboard and shellac he became more proficient in his pen and ink sketches made in odd hours, in

which he saw on a shelf above him. Between the barbed iron and its possible spoil and the tin foil with its precious contents there was a struggle for decision; but the money went for the paint. Securing a piece of old canvas, the boy began, teaching himself. He soon was able to cover woven hemp in a way to attract the notice of friends.

It was in 1834 that George Boughton was born; and by 1850 he had set up a studio and determined to make his way in the world with art as his



"THE RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER."

graphic fun and pictorial jokes, than in mastering the mysteries of hat manufacture. He seemed destined, even then, to succeed better in conveying impressions of beauty and emotions of pleasure inside of men's heads than in making covers for their outside.

Either during this experience of manual labor or, more probably, before it, an incident occurred which foreshadowed his future career. Coming one day into one of Albany's general shops, intent upon the investment of pennies in fish hooks, his eye caught some tubes of oil colors

pilot. He made a set of illustrations of Shakespeare and sent them to a New York publisher. They were not accepted, for there was no contemporaneous purpose to print a new complete text, but the merit of the pictures was warmly recognized. By 1853 he had sold some of his pictures and held a little sum of money in his pocket, which he determined to invest in travel and study in Europe. His earliest works were bought by the American Art Union. Among his first pictures was "The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," owned by the late August Belmont, son-in-law of



"EVANGELINE."

Commodore M. C. Perry of Japan fame.

The next best thing, after the rapture of first earnings from success after long preparation, is to spend the cash so that its investment will ever

be a joy to remember. Crossing the ocean, young Boughton made a sketching tour in Great Britain, emptying his purse into his head and making of his memory a picture gallery of pleasant experiences, withal



"PRISCILLA."

seeing some of the wonderful works of the old masters in his native country. When funds ran low he crossed the ocean again and settled in Albany, thence going to New York, where he remained two years.

At the National Academy, in 1858, he exhibited his "Winter Twilight," and the next year went to Paris. In that modern art centre he spent two years of hard work in painting pictures of subjects which he selected.

Patiently, and with tremendous industry, he mastered the secrets of those who for centuries have delighted the world with their thoughts told on canvas. It was at this time, probably, that Boughton saw

clearly that in certain lines of endeavor, both as to technique and conception, the modern painter could not in any race or competition "touch" the great ones of the past, but that there was room for new effects and methods, while, furthermore, life all around us ever waits a fresh and loving interpreter. He perceived that in the field of American history neither poets, romancers, artists or any other kind of interpreter of beauty had yet become

too many. In 1861 Boughton settled down in the most interesting city on earth, because richest in all human interest, and he has since made London his home. He found his wife, also, in England, and for thirty-five years has called "the right little, tight little island" his home,

though spending much time on the continent. His favorite fields for artistic campaigns have been Normandy and Netherland. When, in 1863, he sent to the British Institute his "Passing into the Shade," and to

the Royal Academy "Through the Fields" and "Hop-Pickers Returning—Twilight," it may be said that his general style was already clearly indicated.

The list of Boughton's paintings includes several score. They deal with a pleasing variety of subjects, but the style, a very happy and a very pleasing style, is one quickly recognized as that of a master who has purposely chosen to work within limits. We should be far from saying that Boughton's



"ASHES OF ROSES."

pictures do not show growth in personal culture, increasing mastery of technique, acuteness of mental penetration and depth of judgment. Rather would we say that there is distinctly noticeable a change, but it is the change of the flowering sapling into the ever fruitful



"THE HOME LIGHT."

tree and not of the clouds into the fantastic forms or vanishing air. Delicacy and grace, sympathy and power are Boughton's characteristics. In "Passing into the Shade" he shows a woman who has left her beauty, strength and overflowing animal spirits in the past. She appears walking out of the sunshine into a space or shadow. In a certain sense, this picture is an allegory; and in his first manner and period Boughton appears to have been very fond of painting similar allegories, such as the average mind could quickly discover and in discovering feel a gentle glow of delight at a success not wholly its own. His "Through the Fields" and "Hop-Pickers Returning" won much merited attention, and so did "Bearers of the Burden."

Looking back now to the perspective of the artist's honorable career, one sees the Albany boy's sympathy with labor. He knows the pathos of toil. He has often chosen rustic subjects which show grace, sunny patience and contentment in hard work. Sidney Colvin has said,

"What Boughton does best in figure painting is women and children, his types being never without grace of figure and gesture, and having often for sentiment something of that reserved gentleness which belongs to lives that have to be passed less in pleasure than in patience."

Boughton possesses in the highest degree the secret of putting natural feeling into rustic figures, which is a trait almost entirely wanting in English painting. Indeed to Boughton belongs in a very high degree the credit of making English art a minister in the average home and the interpreter of lowly life.

If we compare the spirit and history of pictorial representation among the nations of Europe, we shall find vast differences in the spheres selected and in the method of treatment and interpretation. In Italian art we are brought before dogma and mystery personified. We are lifted among traditional angels and heavenly beings,—even God the Father, "whom no man has seen nor can see," being represented as a venerable man, with accessories of popes, monks,



"THE PILGRIM EXILES."



"THE KISSING BRIDGE."

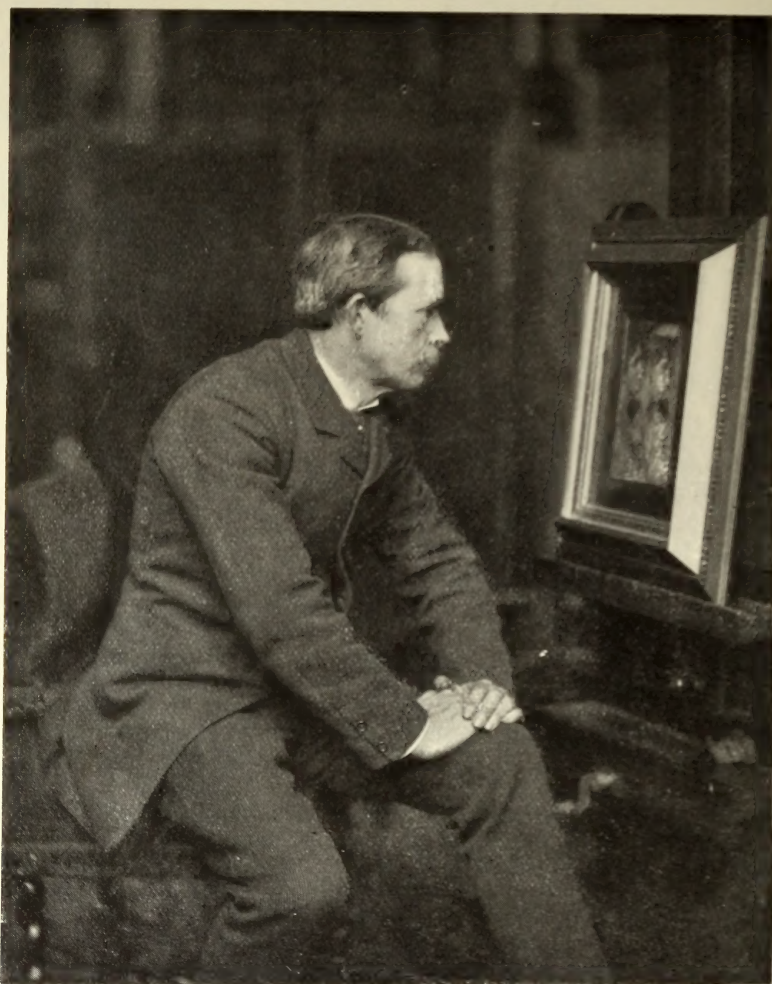
nuns, church dignitaries and all that array of homeless and celibate personages, supposed to be holier than people who make homes and earn their living by honest work. In Holland, on the contrary, where "the first smile of the Republic was art," the illuminated canvas glorifies marriage, industry, the home, the wife, the child, the man who earns his own living, the things of honest and honorable citizen life. Even the miracles, parables and things of divine revelation are represented as freshly studied from the original texts and made clear to intellect, not as legend but as reality that needs no impertinent and unnecessary accessories in the form of monks, nuns, priests and other homeless creatures. In England also, which, broadly speaking, had no art until the coming of the Flemish and Dutch painters, the subjects in general are those of high life, of kings, queens, mistresses, nobles, lords in silk and ladies in jewels. Rare indeed is the old English painting which represents, in any honorable way, the workman at his bench, the toiler in the fields, or the

pathos of the plain man or woman's daily life.

Boughton came forward in English art choosing subjects which concerned mostly the children of toil, dignifying labor with a charm of touch which was in itself distinctly graceful, a charm and an elegance rare among British painters. Most of his subjects during his first decade of work were of this nature. Yet a student of his repertoire, familiar also with the careers and styles of other artists, sees that Boughton might soon reach the danger point of "emolument and oblivion" in ministering only to a certain class of buyers, of arresting his own growth by starving his mental forces, or of keeping to the same general line of subjects without progress in vision or power. The tendency to make a picture merely sentimental, or to let one's feelings, even of sympathy, run riot, is destructive of all true art. Too much pathos palls, and even of the sadness and gloom of monotonous labor one may hear too much from the same interpreter. In repetition one expects soon to find insincerity.

Above all other craftsmen in the fine arts, the painter who would hold his admirers and keep aglow the pupils of his spirit must show in himself reserve and sincerity. Even in oil painting there must be what the

the human interest in his figures is none the less compelling, his landscapes are more candid and direct. He depends less on cheap illusiveness, and rather avoids emotion. The common artifices of composition be-



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON.

From a photograph kindly loaned by S. P. Avery, Jr.

Greeks call *'εγκρατεια*. Now, it is our belief that Boughton has shown this Greek virtue in his career. With maturity he avoids excess of sentimentalism. He is not so anxious to put an allegory on canvas. While

come fewer with the passing of the years. The impressions sought to be made are more direct and genuine. We discern more of originality and less of the perfunctoriness of the ordinary painter. Does he turn a

poem of Longfellow or a chapter of Irving into color and drawing? It is with his own interpretation.

For those who cannot afford oil paintings, but who love to have the artist's message speak eloquently from their home walls, Boughton is, literally, a god-send. After his first ten years of experiment, he seems to have settled it to himself that his best effects would be within chosen limits. While, therefore, able to use all the tints on a palette masterful with colors, able to paint gold, sunshine and the whole gamut of Iris, he generally chooses to work subtly within the narrow limits of gray effects. These and his pearly and silvery hues lend themselves admirably to engraving. Hence it is that his figures and landscapes, which in themselves might be difficult to reproduce, are, when transfused from Boughton's oil colors by the burin and the steel plate, almost as powerful to the intellect and stimulant to the imagination as the original paintings themselves. The delight which color effects give and in which some souls revel are absent, but the thought, the message, is there. Furthermore, like the late Du Maurier, Boughton excels in titles and names. The legend under each picture usually tells finely the story on canvas.

It is no wonder that Boughton is so popular all over the English-speaking world, but especially in the northern United States. Take for example his "Dancing Down the Hay, Orkneys." Nothing can be more true, sensitively felt and delicate in color. His winter scenes—always a favorite subject with the artist—are delightfully suggestive of fun, health and enjoyment. Those who remember his painting at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876, "The Primrose Gatherers," will recall a group of girls surprised by a light fall of snowflakes among primroses in a budding wood such as the English call coppice. The girls are covering their heads by tucking up their

dressings from the expected shower of snowflakes, with which they have been surprised.

It has been well said that Boughton takes equal place among painters of nature and of men, and that often "his canvases show with especial delicacy in a rather violent Academy." While he tells a touching story naïvely, and has mastered, as perhaps few modern painters have, the draped female figure, yet his landscapes are always true and genuine. He must see and know the background in or against which he sets his men and women, whose story almost invariably bears close relation to the ground on which they stand.

If we examine the work of landscape painters, we may perhaps distinguish three classes. The first of these paint the forest, mountain, meadow or seashore, apart from man and without any relation to his work or interests. The second delight in the ground as subdued and replenished by man and the fields subject to his labor and success or failure. The third represent the earth as a garden made to reflect man's artifices and whims. One who studies Mr. Boughton's pictures in contrast with those, for instance, of Elihu Vedder will see that the Albany painter cares little for nature apart from man. Boughton will always show you a story of earth fashioned by man's toil and groomed to suit his fashions. One almost expects to see the glistening of drops of sweat or tears of sorrow; but since in him there is a large vein of both wit and humor, we find ourselves smiling too. Before a collection of his works it is April day with us, between his pathos and humor. We must include him worthily in two classes, rather than in only one, of the landscape painters; and in his pictures, "The Heir Presumptive," "The Waning of the Honey-moon," "The Age of Gallantry" and "The Departure of the Mayflower," one may see illustrations of this statement.



"ROSE STANDISH."

The English critics never cease discussing the question whether Boughton is an American or an Englishman. They know he is a subject of the Queen, a Londoner by residence, breeding and culture; but they

have about settled to the conclusion that he is in art "distinctly an American, under foreign influences." He lived long enough in the United States, and during his most susceptible years, to have his spirit saturated



"KATRINA."

with the beauty of the American landscape, the glory of our skies and their intense repose of light on our many cloudless days. He learned that grace of the American touch which Englishmen recognize without liking

to acknowledge that it springs from our ancestral composite,—our cosmopolitan inheritance. Furthermore, as even in our own country a western man is more apt to understand the eastern or older America than is



"CHRISTMAS EVE."

the eastern man to appreciate or understand the West or newer America, so this New Yorker, by early residence, comprehends the Englishman and our old home better than does the average Briton either America or Americans.

In England, owing to the almost omnipresent mediævalism, artists are as a rule either divided into two camps or the same artist will begin as a mediævalist in style and end as a modern painter, or vice versa,—or even, as in the case of the late president of the Royal Academy, exhibit progression and retroversion. But in America, the Germanic race having gained five hundred years of progress by crossing the Atlantic, there is no mediævalism,—the result being that what Englishmen call "the Anglo-Saxon characteristics" are much more thoroughly rooted out from the Amer-

ican mind than in artistic England. The promise of artistic America is directed by Paris or Munich. Although Boughton is an Englishman by birth and environment of mature life, he is certainly an American in his art instincts. Hence his ability to interpret the Pilgrim and Puritan life of early New England so truthfully, his power to appreciate the broad humor of Washington Irving, and the genuine republican character of his art which expresses the pathos of toil and the native dignity of man apart from rank or hereditary fame. Had Boughton been a painter of Scottish life, he would have gloriously represented Robert Burns, making for his poems an immortal and an illuminated commentary. Had he been the military painter of the English Commonwealth, he would have shown the moral glory, as well as,

we suspect, the humor also of the "Private," where the ordinary English artist would have represented the "common" soldier only.

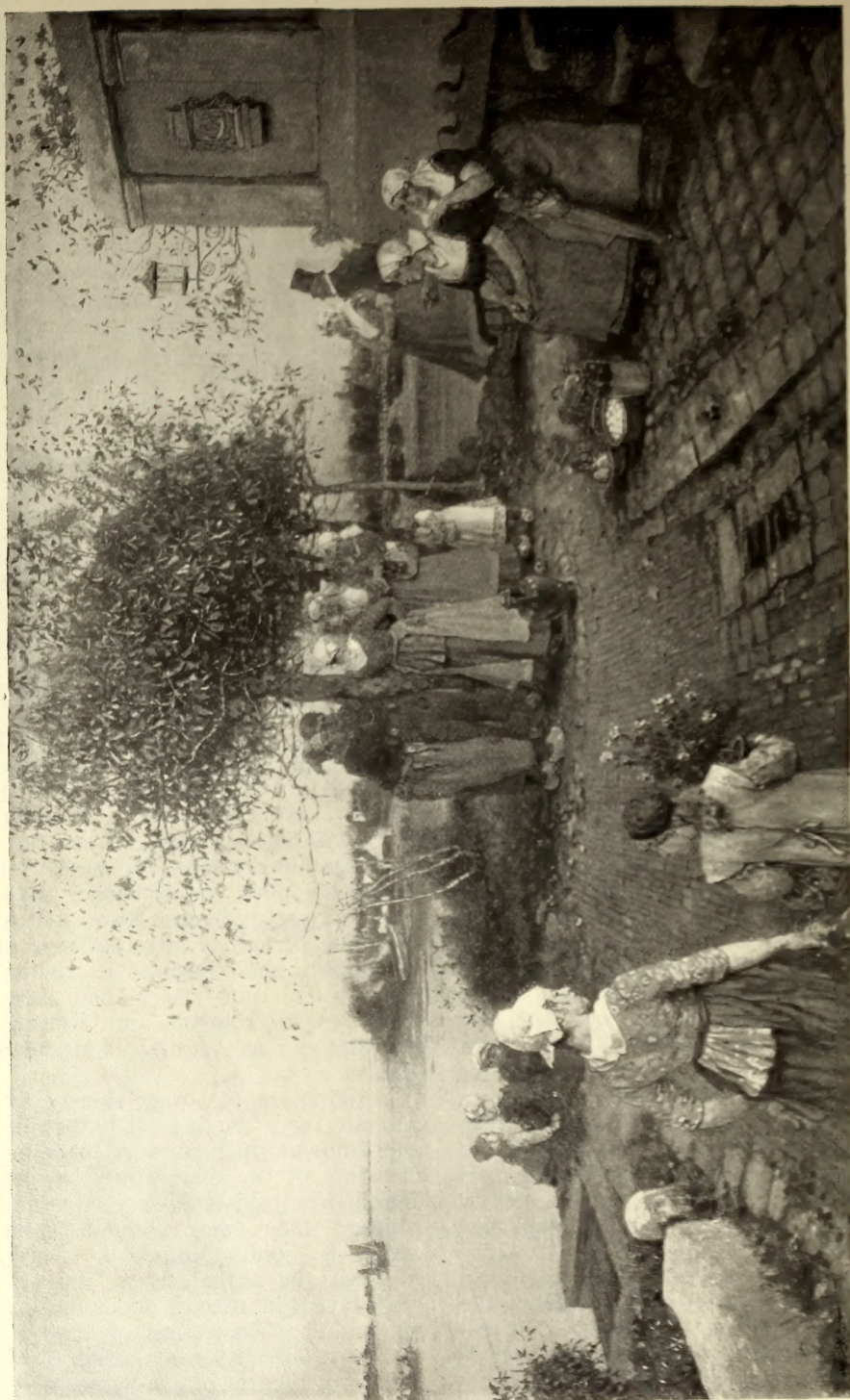
In another mental equipment most necessary to the artist, Boughton is the superior of the average Englishman. He has not only wit, but humor, with the American ability to see a joke quickly. No appreciable time need elapse between his seeing or hearing what is funny and his understanding of it. Both the space and the time, however, between a joke and the Englishman's appreciation of it are apt to be considerable; for the British brain is not so good a conductor of humor as the American. The difference in potency seems to be as between copper and lead in the electric circuit. One cannot look at many of Boughton's pictures without noticing the artist's love of merriment. He seems to be behind us with his eyes twinkling, watching whether we catch at once the point of the story. As a boy he was bubbling over with fun and always loved a joke. By actual study on their soils, few men are better qualified to distinguish between the American, English and Dutch varieties of fun and the measure of conductivity which each son of the soil possesses. What becomes genuine fun to one, easily percolating into the volutions of his brain and relaxing the face muscles, is shed as the duck's feathers shed water and becomes lost, inert and oblivious to the other.

Few artists have studied the three countries and nationalities more than Boughton. In his early days, at least, he enjoyed the mild malice, common to most Americans, of "taking off" the traveling gentleman of yellow gaiters, hip bath tubs, Murray's red books and the unstable H. A story is told of him that, when he was a young man painting in one of the Paris galleries, a typical British tourist with monocle, checked traveling costume and insular "atmosphere" entered and stood before Delaroche's

Hemicycle. Noticing that the Bard of Avon was left out of the picture, he cried out in a tone which made him understood at a distance, "All the great men are here except Shakespeare. Confound these infernal Frenchmen. It is an insult to England." He then moved off in high dudgeon. Boughton, coming near, looked all over the painting, calling out in voice sufficiently loud, "They have left out Washington. It is an insult to the United States!" and resumed his seat before his easel amid the roars of spectators who understood the joke only too well.

It is now nearly thirty years since Boughton became the interpreter and we may say illuminator of New England life in the seventeenth century. His first pictures were "The Early Puritans of New England," exhibited in 1867, and "The March of Myles Standish" in 1870, other pictures following in later years. Roughly speaking, may we not say that the renaissance of the Pilgrim's story in art, prose literature and poetry dates from the discovery of Bradford's manuscript history, printed in 1856? After Hawthorne and Longfellow, Boughton deserves to rank as a true illuminator. As there were before the poet and romancer those who in verse and prose attempted to tell more or less vividly the story of Plymouth and Salem, so before Boughton's time there had been paintings of Pilgrim and Puritan, and at these we may for a moment glance.

Looking on the other side of the Atlantic there are at least two paintings known which purport to depict the start of the emigrating Leyden church from old to New Netherland whither they were bound. One which is contemporary or nearly so with the actual event itself at Delfshaven, in 1620, is of Dutch origin and may have been painted by the artist directly from sight; or, if not, from reports of eye-witnesses of the scene represented. The painter



"A DUTCH FERRY."

or rather painters, as art experts now feel sure, were none other than Jacob and Albert Cuyt. Of this curious old Dutch picture on wood, 13x23 inches in size, discovered recently by Mr. Boughton, we may speak hereafter.

The second painting, which illustrates forcibly the confusion in the modern English mind about England's outcast children, hangs in the Peer's corridor in the House of Parliament in London. The picture was painted by Charles West Cope and fixed on the wall under oversight of the committee, Lords Stanhope and Macaulay. It was labelled "Departure of a Puritan English Family to America." The ship is represented as leaving Delfshaven, Holland, with the name "Mayflower" painted near her bow. Only after strenuous representation of the facts was the legend under the picture altered to explain that these were Separatists and Pilgrims, not Puritans or upholders of the State Church. Nevertheless the name "Mayflower," instead of "Speedwell," still remains. This remarkable illustration of inaccuracy and indifference to, or misunderstanding of, historic truth, is on a par with the most recent blunder perpetrated at Stratford. In the stained glass window put up a few weeks ago in the parish church, as the offering of Americans, Archbishop Laud is praised as the promoter of American colonization and the friend of the Pilgrims! The wolf and lamb are associated together in a way which knocks all historic distinctions into a cocked hat. The putting together of the Pilgrims and their persecutors, in a way to attract more American subscriptions, is droller than any catch-penny "happy family" yet got together in a menagerie.

On this side of the Atlantic the favorite subject of artists and draughtsmen is the landing of the Pilgrims, though the departure from Delfshaven has not been neglected. It is amusing to see how quickly my-

thology grows and how the Plymouth Rock of reality—an erratic boulder brought down long ago by some glacier or ice floe and easily measured with an umbrella—becomes on canvas and the imagination of orators on both sides of the Atlantic a background of hills, a beetling precipice, or a mighty landmark. The rhetoric of after-dinner oratory and Mrs. Hemans's "stern and rockbound coast" have had much to do with this, notwithstanding that the fields around Delfshaven are lower than the river level and without a rock or hill within probably a hundred miles, while on Plymouth shore the scarcest thing, probably, is natural rock. Mr. Boughton has avoided the hackneyed themes and drawn his inspiration and information not from fervid orations and rhetoric which makes old things loom, but from actual relics and costumes and study of the landscapes in the Pilgrims' three homes.

Though Boughton's pictures do not reveal him as a close and critical student of literature in general, he has evidently been a diligent reader of the writings of the American Puritans, of Bradford and of Longfellow's "The Courtship of Myles Standish"—a poem which, despite its anachronisms, reflects finely the nobler and gentler side of the founders of Massachusetts. If Mr. Boughton has slipped as to historic fact, in point of time, by mounting Priscilla upon the milk-white steer, as her palfrey homewards on the wedding day, he has done no more than did Mr. Longfellow. The cattle were not landed until many months after the marriage ceremony in 1622.

Boughton has evidently been a reader of Hawthorne, and has painted one picture, that of Hester Prynne, from "The Scarlet Letter." Yet the artist is no mere copyist of the romancer. He imitates Hawthorne very much as our Constitutional fathers imitated the Dutch republic,—by avoidance of a good many of the

worst features of that political conglomeration. In general, may it not be said that Longfellow and Hawthorne in depicting early New England life run parallel, like those two province-circuits in Japan, one of which is named "mountain-sun road" and the other "mountain-shade road?" Longfellow, rising on his rhythmic numbers to this great range of foundation history and ideas, shows us human life in its sunny phases, while Hawthorne, along the path of his matchless prose, leads us into the dark shadow and the terrible gloom. Boughton's presentment is of what is pretty, quaint and idyllic in American Puritanism, which, says an English writer, "is mainly a romance of spiritual agony and the remorse that comes of sin, and the horror of the powers of the Air, and in which the main elements are grim intensity and passion and dread."

All this may be true, but as a matter of fact, despite the altitude of the moral heroisms, there was a great deal of the comic and amusing in the story of those who were first outcasts from England, then denizens of Holland and finally emigrants to America, both Pilgrim and Puritan. Had some Washington Irving first of all, in advance of poets and glorifiers, taken hold of the situation, the latter-day popular impressions and field for the artist might have been very different from what are now prevalent notions. As it is, Boughton has found a great deal that is lovely and attractive which, even to those who know little and care less about the history of the New England founders, has under his interpretation become beauty and delight. Artistically he is much better equipped for the work than were any of his predecessors. By his education in early life and by the environment he has made for himself, having thoroughly studied the Pilgrims' three homes, England, Holland and America, he has a firmness of touch and warmth of coloring which make his pictures seem so

natural. Less fitted perhaps for the Capitol Rotunda and Greenback vignettes, they appear more lovable and human. Though his "March of Myles Standish," "Early Puritans of New England" and "Milton Visited by Marvell" are, in both drawing and color, striking specimens of modern art, I confess to enjoying more his female figures. In correctness of costume, in poise and grace, in the dignity of simplicity, in harmony of figures with their surroundings, in that expression, so difficult to obtain, where the face is not a portrait but a type, yet wherein shall be expression, spirit and feeling, Boughton certainly excels. His "Priscilla," "Rose Standish," "Evangeline" and "Hester Prynne" are noble works.

What suggestive differences there are in the happy face of his "Rose Standish," the refined flower of old world life, and of his "Evangeline," the sunny daughter of service! The one is in the forest, the other in the harvest field. The first moves with grace of the highest fashion allowed in her relatively eminent sphere, in all the glory of natty cap, handsome hair and the affluent splendor of white linen,—then a comparative novelty,—her hand clasped before her, while her short dress brushes and her shoes tread upon the wild wood flowers. Contrasted, but akin in happy early womanhood, is "Evangeline." In Boughton's picture, the Acadian damsel does not answer to the traditional Evangeline of deep black eyes and well-smoothed hair, clad in a mantle and with her hands clasped in pensive leisure across her knees; but arrayed in the costume of the busy and happy country girl, she becomes the minister of refreshment to the summer laborers. See, too, the joyous and gay "Priscilla," of whom he makes "a kind of Mayflower Dolly Varden." In these three typical figures the painter seems to feel with his characters the joys of feminine life to the full; but in his picture of Hester Prynne he shows woman living

under an awful shadow. With great reserve and delicacy, Boughton has pictured as powerfully in color as has Hawthorne on the page, the woman who bears the sword in her heart. There on her bosom burns the scarlet badge of shame, the letter "A." Like the old Greeks, Boughton has a horror of the too much. He knows when to stop. His picture of Hester Prynne, in its perfection of just enough, showing the artist's superb self-mastery, reminds one of a Grecian temple. The accessories are most appropriately few. The face, the figure, the doorway, the wintry snow, the passing adult and child and their expressions tell the whole story. The fiery core of the picture is the initial letter of the alphabet. It is the red letter not of a happy day, but the scarlet substitute for a branding iron heated in the furnace of society's wrath.

Critical readers of Hawthorne and antiquarians have long asked the question whence Hawthorne derived the idea of the Scarlet Letter and of the pillory or judgment-seat upon which the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale sat as self-condemned culprit. Hawthorne indeed tells us that he found the badge of infamy in a bundle of old relics,—“a certain affair of fine red cloth much worn and faded This rag of scarlet cloth,—for time and wear and a sacrilegious moth had reduced it to little rather than a rag,—on careful examination assumed the shape of a letter. It was the capital letter A. By an accurate measurement, each limb proved to be precisely three inches and a quarter in length.” In a quite Hawthornian manner, he further tells us how, while speculating upon its use or purpose, he happened to place it on his breast, when he “experienced a sensation not altogether physical, yet almost so, as a burning heat, and as if the letter was not of red cloth, but red-hot iron.”

Antiquaries have not been able to find in England evidences of law or

custom which required the *continuous* wearing of a public badge of shame; but in Holland it was quite otherwise. During the summer of 1895, while studying in two of the provincial archives of Netherland, I found it to have been the custom, in both the Hollands and in Over-Ijssel, until well into the eighteenth century for convicts of both sexes to wear a circle of stamped linen or embroidered cloth, whereon was the initial of the crime of which they were accused, such as incest (I), adultery (A), theft (T), blasphemy (B), etc. Furthermore, in Leyden, Hoorne and Alkmaar, I found still remaining the *Kaak-steen* or judgment-stone on which persons convicted of certain crimes were required to sit for hours. This, though connected with the pillory and stocks, was something different from it. One can see also in U. Robert's little book, *Sur les signes d'infamie portés au Moyen Age* (Paris, 1891), other illustrations of how Jews, criminals, outcasts and persons with contagious diseases were compelled to wear certain marks upon their clothing.

In the Plymouth Colony Records, Vol. III, pages III-III2 (1656-7 March 5th, Bradford, Governor), it is told how a certain female blasphemer was branded with a letter in red cloth. I use the word “branded” purposely, because in the history of Dutch criminal law and custom it may be shown that the wearing of a scarlet letter or other badge of shame was in reality a merciful evolution. The cruel custom was long prevalent in many countries to brand criminals by red hot irons either with the town arms, an emblem, or the initial letter of the crime of which the victim was accused. Gradually, in the lessening vigor of law and public sentiment, in place of the agony of torture and a permanent stigma upon the body, a painless and temporary substitute was made by a mark sewn on the clothing. The Plymouth record reads as follows:

"Att this Court, Katheren Aines, for her unclean and lacivious behaviour with the abovesaid William Parele, and for the blasphemous words that shee hath spoken, is centanced by the Court to be forthwith publickly whipt heer att Plymouth, and afterwards att Taunton, on a publicke training day, and to were a Roman B cutt out of ridd cloth and sowed to her vper garment on her right arme; and if shee shall bee euer found without it soe worne whil shee is in the goument to be forthwith publickly whipt."

Mr. Boughton has not confined himself in his historical painting, if we may so call it, to scenes on this side of the Atlantic. He has also been interested warmly in English history and English Puritanism. Two of his most important pictures are "The Canterbury Pilgrims" painted in 1875 and "Milton Visited by Marvell." In preparation for both these works he has been well assisted by the verse of Chaucer, father of English poetry, and by Professor Masson's biography of Milton.

Suggestive is his painting of the visitation of Cromwell's Latin secretary and defender with the pen of the Commonwealth by the political satirist, sweet verse-maker and "British Aristides," Andrew Marvell. Mr. Boughton shows the aged poet's house in Bunhill Fields. The blind bard is seated on the porch, with his third wife, Elizabeth Minshull. Marvell is attended by two or three other figures and is bending forward to speak to Milton as he takes him by the hand. Yet excellent as the picture is, it compels the thoughts to travel in admiration to the artist's other triumphs, in which he shows his peculiar mastery of the clothed female figure.

Boughton has also tried his hand at representing the legendary lore of New Netherland. It is not indeed history which he paints; rather is it the humorous but not luminous glow which Irving cast over the early life

of New York state, which he transfers to canvas. He paints what may be called the Knickerbocker cycle of stories and that general view of Dutch-American life which may be said to have been wholly created by the caricaturist, Washington Irving. It was the stylist of Wolfert's Roost who invented the name "Hendrick" Hudson (for there is no name but Henry Hudson on the pages of Van Meteren), who selected the term "Knickerbocker"; and who brought old German (not Netherlandish) legends to America and re-told them amid Dutch-American surroundings. Irving's view of real Dutch life becomes still further errant in Joe Jefferson's matchless histrionic art, for which the text was written by an Irishman, who puts into the mouth of Van Winkle and "Hendrick" Hudson's crew, and that unmistakably, the dialect of Pennsylvania Germans.

Boughton has read his Irving well, and in his picture of Ichabod Crane reproduces a phase of that legend of the headless horseman which is told all over the world, but told inimitably in English only by Irving. The artist's famous picture of "The Testy Governor," painted in 1877, and a truly wonderful technical triumph, has never been exhibited outside of the Corcoran gallery in Washington, where it still hangs. With wonderful mastery of the varied hues in the thicknesses of tobacco smoke, knowledge of seventeenth-century costumes, and of nineteenth-century Dutch faces, especially among the lower classes, Boughton has transferred to canvas that famous Sixth Chapter of Washington Irving's "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York." The artist represents poor old Kieft besieged by defiant smokers, who, standing on foot, sitting on baskets, lounging against trees and house fronts, gather around the gubernatorial door, making chimneys of their throats and a volcano-cloud of smoke, braving without fear his well-shaken walking

stick as well as his wrath, while showing no sympathy with the grief of his venerable, well-costumed and immaculately white-aproned wife. An American professor of Greek who had studied long in Germany once told me that a learned Teutonic professor had read Irving's chapter about the Short Pipes, Long Pipes, Quids and the Great Pipe Plot. "Hoisting it all in," with faith in its literal exactness as sober history, the pedant quoted Irving's incident to illustrate some question about the rise of parties in ancient Greece. In a word the German had actually swallowed Irving's yarn as fact and gave the substance of his sixth chapter in a learned Latin note.

Boughton has studied long and lovingly in Holland, not merely to admire the famous masters of the Republic, and to see the triumph of her modern artists in oil and water colors, but to sketch in the various provinces. In company with his friend Edwin A. Abbey, he rambled up and down the kingdom, and then made a delightful book entitled "Sketching Rambles in Holland," he furnishing the lively text and both artists the pictures. The book, published by the Harpers, shows how thoroughly Boughton has studied the pearly grays, the aerial perspective and the ever-changing lights, even more than the shadows, in the watery land, which like the other little water-soaked and once republican sister-land, has produced so many wonderful colorists. To him the Dutchmen are the founders of genre painting in northern Europe.

Some of Boughton's best pictures, especially during recent years, concern themselves with things quaint and curious in this land below the sea level. He excels in picturing the square-built and many-petticoated women of Scheveningen, the fat-armed girls of Zeeland, the helmed

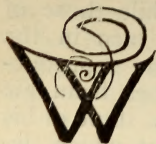
cherubs of Friesland. In studying his Knickerbocker pictures, one can easily see that he has drawn his faces and figures of magistrates from the classic canvases of Rembrandt, Hals, Van der Helst, etc., while those of the young women and men in the humbler walks of life are reproductions of his own sketches from life in the Holland of to-day. One of his strongest pictures is that which depicts old "Silver Nails,"—the wooden-legged governor, Petrus Stuyvesant,—coming into the council chamber. By simply placing his staff upon the table, he so awes his counselors that they show positive alarm. The action thus represented makes us feel there is to be a storm and affects us in much the same way that Rembrandt's faces do; whereas in the picture of "The Testy Governor," the faces and pose of the defiant vulgar smokers, who distress the governor's wife as much by their littering up of the street as their anarchy irritates the governor, seem to have been borrowed only last week from Oudewater or Wijk bei Duurstede.

One of Boughton's late pictures is of a Dutch seaside resort, where the loungers are "Discussing a New Arrival." Rustic characters are not exaggerated by any suggestion of rudeness or insult to the stranger. The English visitor is portrayed true to life, but not caricatured.

It is said that if a wild bull were let loose in a gallery where any of Landseer's pictures hung, the bovine horns would at once perforate the right canvas, for there is always a mass of red which betrays the style of the great animal painter. In any of Boughton's paintings made after his style had been formed, it would be hard to find one, probably, in which the silvery grays and neutral effects are not discoverable, if not indeed prominent; and within these limits Boughton is a master.

THE PROMOTION OF CADET NORCROSS.

By Norman Hapgood.



WAR Cry!"

The sound seemed to ring out into the storm. The rain was driving, the wind roaring, and I was the only traveler. I looked across Second Avenue, and saw only deserted windows. North and south there was nothing moving in the storm but two vanishing cable cars. Yet though my reason told me it was an illusion, my ear had heard the clear voice of a girl. In the saloon on my right, which I entered to make sure, I found only a crowd of loafers.

Strong as was my interest in the Salvation Army, it was far from my thoughts at the time. "Little Italy" had absorbed me, and just then the picture of the play in the Italian theatre the night before was in my mind. It was called "Per l'Honore ovvero Maria Barbara," and was supposed to be for the benefit of the condemned murderess. All of Little Italy had seemed to be packed into the room, applauding the sentiments of Maria, yelling "Silenzia!" smoking, perspiring and drinking. It was because the picturesque slum had shown itself to me in a new light that I had come again, this Sunday afternoon. When the storm burst I went into one of the cafés for a meal of macaroni and California wine. The patrons were huddled in the front, talking of the storm. Their melodious Neapolitan slang, their excitement, volubility and good humor had charmed me again. It was the outwardly picturesque that had won my heart. Why then did I seem to hear that cry? I have never known. My mind went back to the first time that it had sunk into me. That, too, was on a rainy night, when I had walked up Broadway without

an aim, unwell and sullen. The sidewalk was almost deserted. Suddenly I heard the low call, "War Cry?"

"Surely," I said, without looking up, as I felt under my rubber coat for some silver. As I turned to receive the paper, my spirits rose. "Ah, is it you?" I exclaimed. "I did not recognize you. It is a bad night. You look tired. Will you not let me carry your papers?"

She was cheerful and heedless of the rain. "Oh, no, I am going into the saloons, to sell 'War Cries.' Will you not give yourself to God?" She had asked so many times before.

"Lieutenant," I said, "I hate to disappoint you. But I can't see these things as you do."

"Have you read the Bible as I asked you?"

"Yes."

"Have you prayed to God to give you light?"

I explained all over again the impossibility of that.

"Ah, but you must. You can do nothing unless you ask Him to help you. Will you pray to-night?" Her thin, sweet face looked up under her big bonnet.

"I will try, Lieutenant, for your sake."

"No, no, not for my sake,—for your own soul's sake."

"Well, good-bye, Lieutenant."

"Good-bye. God bless you!"

However, that was months before. To-night my determination suddenly altered. I stepped into a doorway and looked at my watch. It was half past seven. In Harlem I knew there were two army corps. For hours I had hovered about D, thinking of one face, but I had kept away for nearly three months. To-night I took the first backward step.

A small flight of steps led me to a little room. A few men and women in Salvation dress were on the platform, and a dozen persons were scattered about. Under the draped flags of the army and the nation was the motto, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Soon the room was full, and I picked out the types again which always interested me. There was the typical leader, a major, educated and practical. There was native candor in a sergeant, struggling to put into words his spiritual experience. There were conventional "testimonies," full of Army phrases repeated in a parrot fashion. There were men who looked like hypocrites and men who looked like fanatics. A boy spoke with horror of his former wickedness, which consisted in "a haunting of the dime show and the theatre with a crowd of godless boys, smoking cigarettes." A man with a strong face choked a little as he told of the death, that afternoon, of his best friend, and said, "If I had not been brought into the light I should have sunk deeper than ever into sin."

The policeman at the door said one of the speakers about whom I asked was a well known tough who used to haunt the North River wharves. Going into a meeting of the Salvation Army one winter night for shelter, before the end of the evening he knelt at the penitent form. Then he came regularly and testified, until he was finally invited to join the Army. He was sent to a neighboring town, given two suits, and set to work as a War-Cry sergeant. One night a few months later he met the policeman on the wharves. "I was broke, so I worked 'em, see? I got some food and clothes to carry me over. Now I'm in de game agin. I got a job, \$1.50 a day." My policeman friend said he "did not blow on him."

I left him and returned to my seat, to pick out freaks of expression. A little girl next to me pleaded with me

to go to the penitent form, offering to accompany me. An eloquent negro exclaimed that he had his grip on heaven. A dreamy good boy gazing blankly anywhere told how little he now minded the taunts of his fellows. Old men and women testified fervently about nothing. A heavy Jew, who looked like a hypocrite, described heaven as "a place where de purity existed to such an extent dat dere ain't no trinks, and I ask any moral-minded shentleman or people or man or lady to say if he is really happy in sin." And over the whole scene hung the device, "Harlem for God."

When, finally tired with all this crudity, I was leaving the hall, I was struck by the look of a man sitting alone on one of the long benches in the rear. He wore an absent, hard smile, a look at once weary and earnest, weak and rugged, interested and bitter. His body was stout but lean, his eyes deep with dark lines, his cheeks hollow, his hair unkempt, his whole bearing careless and yet cultivated. As I stood in the door watching him, he leaned forward impatiently as if to go, and then stopped, burying his head in his hands. Finally, as if with effort, looking almost defiant and scornful, he left his seat. As he passed, looking at me vacantly, a vague memory of him came over me, and I bowed. He looked back coldly and stepped on, but turned impulsively in a moment and held out his hand. "I beg your pardon," he said, "I did not recognize you. I remember you now. You used to go sometimes down on the Avenue, didn't you?"

I remembered him then, and connected him with the story of a conversion of which my Salvation friends were especially proud. "Yes," I said, "I like your drawings in the papers."

"Oh," he said lightly, "you know all about me. Perhaps they told you."

"Yes," I said, laughing too, though

hardly knowing why. "It was very affecting."

"Did they tell the sequel?"

"No."

We had begun to walk on together. As we passed a vacant lot he stopped to laugh at some goats who stood motionless on the rocks, one white one with a long beard studying us cynically, his face lighted by the rising moon. He began to describe the qualities in the face of the goat, quoted literature, talked about the scene in the terms of art, and then said suddenly, "It is funny you knew about me."

"Oh, yes, I used to watch you down on the Avenue. You interested me because you were so silent on the platform until the Ensign called on you to speak, and then you used such good English. You were Brother Stapleton, were you not?"

"Yes," he laughed; "I still am. One keeps that title even when he backslides. Tell me what they said about me."

"They told me how you came to join the Army."

"I suppose they made it good hot melodrama."

"Wasn't it true—all about Sister Norcross?"

Stapleton still laughed, but with a return of his bitter look. "Tell me," he said, "and I will say how much is true. Let's walk part way down."

"Well, they drew your former life in striking colors,—an artist of ability, living a jolly life, successful, but of course, you know, feeling that need of something else underneath."

"Of course," said Stapleton coldly.

"Then they said Cadet Norcross, who was an 'outsider' then, followed you into a saloon because you looked like her father who was dead, killed by drink. You were lifting a glass, and she tried to stop you. Is that right?"

"Dead right. She said, 'Put that down.' I was full and I hit her. She fell on her back across a chair. I turned away; the bar-keeper said

to her, 'Who are you anyway?' and as she picked herself up she cried and answered, 'I am a child of God,' as promptly as if she had been raised in the Army. Is that the way they told it?"

"Yes. Then you joined the Army."

"Yes. I was on a three days' bat. Sunday morning I was sobering up, walking down Broadway, feeling desperate. I saw a girl go into the barracks; Lieutenant Graves was her name and she was fetching. I followed her into the meeting, a 'holiness' meeting. That girl I hit was there, pale and all that sort of thing. The lieutenant got hold of me, played on my nerves, and I broke down. I was a soldier for two months. About a month ago I was walking past a saloon, after a dull Salvation meeting, with my Army cap on, and I went in, got drunk, and wrote a letter of resignation to the lieutenant. Are you sleepy? Will you have something?"

He took me to a saloon which had a veranda, on a quiet alley. Stapleton soon grew talkative. He ate and drank with an air of luxury. He seemed to be loving an escape from unpleasant things. Finally the subject of which I was thinking came up of itself.

"It surprises me," he said, "that sometimes when a man feels these things he suddenly throws them over. Three months ago I was making money, lots of it, drawing for the papers. I had a fine time with other young artists. The Sunday that I changed there was no reason for it. It was the same way when I came back to my old life. Before I saw that saloon I had no idea that I might not stay in the Army. I seem to be settling since then. Perhaps I shall go to work again next week. Life wants some stuff from me. I was ambitious once. I feel it coming on again. It really bothered me all the time I was in the Army."

We met again several times, as we

had the same interests in art and liked to talk and walk together. We strolled for hours in Central Park, watching the couples, holding our faces up to storms, following the vistas, the freaks of light, the moving figures beyond. After losing ourselves in the irregular paths we usually came by accident to the menagerie. Stapleton would stand entranced by the picturesqueness of the beasts,—the grace of the great cats, the satire of the monkeys. An enormous hippopotamus looking vacantly off through the rain was a picture that filled him with excitement. Scenes in the busy city he felt with the same emotion. I remember one day we were walking down Broadway, in the early evening. The rain had stopped, but the streets were as full of shadows as a stream. The cars stole by almost in silence. An occasional star shone among the clouds. The moon, high in the west, threw a tinge about the sky. In the street below the windows were brighter than by day. A gayly dressed negro came by laughing with the negress on his arm. An old woman, all in black, her face to the wall, slowly turned with her left arm a machine that made no sound. As we began to speak of these people we heard the distant beat of a drum. Stapleton stopped.

"Is there still a little emotion?" said I.

"Not so much for the Army," he said, "as for that girl."

"Did you like her?"

"Like her! Oh, I beg your pardon, you mean the cadet. I thought you meant the lieutenant. No, I never cared for Cadet Norcross. I always think of her, because I hurt her, but I never liked her."

"And the lieutenant?"

"Sometime, not now. Let's follow the drum. That was a bad fall little Cadet Norcross got when I hit her. The lieutenant wrote me about it twice. She urged me in that connection to repent of my sins."

"The lieutenant can be cruel, then."

"In more ways than one."

"You do not mean—?"

"Nothing definite, of course. But she did count with me, emotionally,—once."

"I used to know her."

"Did you love her, too?"

"Oh, only so so, as one does a dainty girl in such a striking setting."

"Of course, that is all," said Stapleton.

The procession was marching up Broadway, headed by the standard-bearer and a band, after whom came two other officers, and then Lieutenant Graves and a cadet. The lieutenant's eyes roamed over the rabble of men, women and children who crowded along the sides of the procession. She was beating a tambourine and smiling. Stapleton kept back of the crowd, in order to be unseen.

Stopping before a saloon they formed a circle. The silly old standard-bearer held up the United States flag and the yellow, blue and red of the Army. They knelt and the crowd pressed close about the circle to hear. Boys came running from the neighboring streets, jeering. "What's de matter wid New York? She's all right! God bless you!" A drove of horses being driven by made such a noise that nobody heard the prayer of the old man with the flag. The faces of the Salvationists and the gazing crowd were lighted by the electric lamp. After the prayer came the usual Salvation songs, interspersed with short "testimonies," all telling the same story of former sin and unhappiness and present inexpressible joy.

I turned toward Stapleton. "It is a pale looking crowd of girls," I said. "Poor food, exposure, and excitement. A few girls are killed, a few drunkards saved, some superstition and some truth spread. I wonder what the balance is."

He did not answer. A song had just ceased and Lieutenant Graves

had stepped into the centre of the circle. Stapleton's eyes were fixed on her. She looked about at the curious faces under the light.

"Friends," she said, "I ask you every night to throw away your sins, to come to God. To-night I know more of you will follow us into our hall than ever have before. Night after night I ask you to come to the light, and you remain in darkness. You are not happy now and you will not accept the perfect peace. All day I pray for strength to help you, and night after night I see you turn away. Yet Christ came to save you, most of all people like you. To-night you will come in where we can tell you all about life with Him. Staff-Captain Watkins, whom you all know, the Welch nightingale, will sing to you, and there will be lots of interesting testimonies. And later there will be what we Salvationists call a promotion to glory. Do you know what that means? If you knew all it means you would be happy as we are. You have noticed a little cadet, very young and very frail, who used to march and pray with us. She is not here to-night. She has been promoted to glory, for she died for Jesus and for the world. We will have her funeral to-night. She was my dearest friend on earth, little Cadet Norcross."

Stapleton started, then stiffened himself and bent his head. The lieutenant went on: "She had a most beautiful death. She was saved only a few months ago, in a most wonderful way, by the power of the cross. She came to me one night and said, 'Lieutenant, I am saved at last. I can kneel with you to-night at the penitent form. Last night a man struck me in a saloon, when I wanted to help him, and I prayed all night for him, and by the glory of God I saw that I needed redemption as much as he.' She was saved, well saved. Will you not help us with her services? You do not know how gladly she died for that man whom

she loved, her poor backsliding brother in the Lord, or how gladly she would have died for any one of you. Will some of you kneel now, and pray with me?"

The Salvationists sank upon the ground, some kneeling, many lying on their faces. The crowd pressed closer to hear and see. The lieutenant prayed for the people present, for the work, and then went on: "Help us to carry on the saving of souls the better from the memory of our dead comrade who has died in the fight. May many be saved through her. May the hearts of her family be turned toward Thee. May the unhappy brother whose hand was the cause of her salvation, through Thee, and of her promotion to Thee, be led by repentance to thy feet. We pray especially this night for him."

Many arose and marched away behind the band, the crowd following. Stapleton, when I put my hand on his, said brokenly, "Will you go to the funeral? I can't."

"Yes," I said, and I turned away.

"No!" he exclaimed, "not yet. It will begin later. Take me to your room."

He lay sobbing on my sofa. Soon I left him to go for some crackers and whiskey. No word had been said by him, but I had tried to soothe him now and then with a little reason. While I was away he turned his face from the back of the sofa and sat up, looking at me as I returned. He had the dependent look of a child. I put the little table before him and arranged the glasses and plates. He drank and ate and said a word about the crackers. His voice was clear and weak.

"Will you go to the funeral?" he asked, again.

"Of course I will."

"She was a happy girl. I never liked her. Don't you think we might walk out?"

He steadied himself and refused my help, holding the railing. In the street he put his hand in my arm,

walking slowly, looking up and down the street as though he had never seen it. In a gentle, broken way at intervals he talked about his life in the Army. The sarcasm of his tone on the only other occasion when he had said much of the Army, the night of our meeting, was a contrast to his sentiment and affection to-night. He talked with the sweetness of a person to whom something final has happened. He said that since his back-sliding he had often walked past the garrison in the evening, longing to go in. It was especially in times of ennui or discouragement that he felt the attraction of the social, simple, monotonous routine of the Army life. The quaint efforts at expression, which he repeated now, he dwelt on fondly. He drew a picture of a noble, awkward captain, a creature of crude, hard-working vigor, and then passed on to the lieutenant who had won him with her girlish power and skill. He seemed too stunned to realize fully what had happened. He was almost cheerful, but his wide eyes frightened me. Suddenly he said, "It is time now."

I turned away toward the barracks, went in and took a seat in the rear row. The lieutenant was speaking. Her voice again sank into me as it had the first time I ever heard it. It was the voice of a believer. It was poured out with no phrases, with a motionless body, in soft tones. Her hands were by her side, her whole body bent forward, her eyes closed, her dark, thin face set in a black bonnet. Her words of faith and hope were simple. It was the old fascination taking hold of me again. I drew a breath of relief as the young officer sat down and pressed her hands to her face. When she took them away others were speaking. She did not look at them. She did not look at the captain. Her eyes roamed serenely over the visitors, often smiling, sometimes stopping for a moment on some one in the rear rows. Sometimes she shook her head in

sympathy or said a low "Amen!" Before the platform was a coffin, black, covered with oak leaves and a few roses. The coffin was partly draped in the stars and stripes and the yellow, blue and red of the Army. On it lay a Salvation bonnet.


The soldiers were scattered about, with "Victory!" on the white ribbons which took the place of the customary red. There was little joy, little sorrow, only blankness or curiosity. The regular meeting soon ended and the services began, with the entrance to the beat of a drum of some of the Salvation leaders. Brigadier Evans led with a song which he said had been a favorite of the dead cadet. Then Staff-Captain Dunham made a short address about promotion to glory. The captain of the corps told of the faithful work of Sister Norcross. During the talk Stapleton slid in, sat down, pale and trembling, and buried his face in his hands. The officers evidently saw him. The captain's expression grew more severe and she went on in her description of the devotion of her dead comrade. As the lieutenant glanced at Stapleton her face lighted.

After another song the lieutenant stepped forward. Her talk was of the inner life of Sister Norcross, her intimate friend. She talked on what the sacrifice of her family love meant to her, on her constant work in the garrison, of her courage with "War Cries" in the saloons. Then she told how happy the girl had been in all this, how joyfully she had looked forward to years of labor, and how peacefully she had resigned it all. The charm, the honesty, the patience of her young friend were drawn with winning eloquence. Many wept. Stapleton was leaning forward, staring at the speaker. She went gradually on to the invitation to sinners to come forward. "Thank God for one soul saved!" It was a woman who had knelt at the penitent form. "Is there another?" No more came forward. The lieutenant

branched off to tell what death is to the saved and to the unsaved. "Is there not another sinner? Is there any backslider? Any sister? Any brother?" She paused, to look at Stapleton. "Is there any fallen brother who will return?"

Stapleton bent his head. Another penitent walked to the form. "Is there no other?" pleaded the lieutenant. "Is there no brother who is wrestling and needs help?" She motioned to the captain to continue the entreaties from the platform. Then

she walked down the aisle to Stapleton. A heavy feeling came over me that I had seen the last of him. She sank upon her knees beside him. He raised his hands to his forehead. Others were going forward at the call of the captain. An intense excitement hung over the room. Stapleton finally looked into the eyes of the lieutenant. His face was drawn. Suddenly she arose, threw back her shoulders, and smiled. She held out her hand. He took it, and together they walked down the aisle.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

“**W**HAT the Christmas Spirit saith unto the Churches,” and “What the Christmas Spirit saith unto the Nations” are subjects treated in preceding pages of this Christmas number of the magazine. A subject which all of us might also profitably consider at this time is what the same Spirit says to this nation in particular—what the Christmas Spirit saith unto the United States. There were three thoughts, three great ascriptions or injunctions or prophecies, in the song of the Christmas angels: glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men. The Church has needed to be called back constantly to a remembrance of the high and true object of its glory—not creeds and catechisms and articles and orthodoxy and vestments and ritual and architecture and pope and bishop and synod and rich pew-holders, the objects of glory which do so easily beset it, but God—God, who is Truth

and who is Love. The nations of Christendom have needed to be reminded all through the Christian centuries that the founder of their religion was the Prince of Peace; and all the remembrance of it seems as yet but a farce, with every Christian nation armed as never before and our own republic at last falling into line with its multiplying gunboats, amidst the popular plaudits. “Good will to men” has been the burden of the songs and sermons of nineteen hundred Christmases; and Lenox and Mulberry Street, the Metropolitan Club and the fifty thousand New York children with no place for them in the schools, the miners’ strikes and the barons’ deals, the amenities of elections, with the spokesmen of six millions of our people hurling at the opposing five millions the epithets of “anarchists” and “thieves,” and these retorting in kind,—these are some of the antitheses which in that particular Chris-

tian nation for which we are chiefly responsible register the degree of good will and brotherhood yet attained.

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We think that if the Christmas Spirit, from the top of some Olivet or Sinai,—for the Christmas Spirit haunts both mountains,—were at this time to address itself particularly to the United States, it would begin directly with the political situation, with the political campaign just ended and the immediate future to which it is the threshold. It would say: Why do you talk and why do you think so of each other? You are brothers, set by God in one family. Act then like brothers. If there are differences between you, do not hurl epithets, do not proceed straightway to hate each other, but seek, as brothers and not as jealous partisans, to find out the true grounds of difference, to find out what evil there is in the nation, what source of discord or of danger, and remove it.

* * *

We believe that there is possible to this nation at this time a genuine "era of good feeling." If we do not misread the economic signs, we are at the beginning certainly of a period of prosperity. It is in such a period that it is possible for men to approach each other, to take time for broad considerations, to plan positive and constructive measures, as it is not easily possible in times of hardship and of strain. The first necessity is to face like scientific men and not like passionate boys the industrial conditions which precipitated a national campaign so different from anything which the masses of our people foresaw six months ago. While this campaign was in progress we wrote in these pages the following words; and now that the campaign is over we would repeat them:

"If the free silver effort is defeated,—as it will be overwhelmingly,—it remains for the statesmen who are opposed to it, almost all of whom, Democrats and Republicans alike, are on record as condemning the system of finance under which we with the nations of western Europe are now living, to show whether they were sincere and earnest in their strictures and whether they are able to submit to a discontented people some positive program for the future. It remains for all progressive men who take part in defeating it to bethink themselves of the tariff history of the last ten years and the watchfulness and courage demanded for the situation which will result. It remains for the people of New England and the East to study more responsibly and searchingly the social conditions of the West and South—and not to cease to study them when the campaign ceases, for that will not greatly change the problem. And it remains for every one of us to take to heart that the issue of the campaign is chiefly significant as the sign and symptom of a discontent which will not be allayed until wealth everywhere is the true servant and not the enemy of the commonwealth and until an industrial equality is achieved in the republic commensurate with that political equality which it is our pride to claim to enjoy."

It was not chiefly a particular theory of coinage and the currency which—to the superficial eye in a summer, to the thoughtful and sober observer through the long, slow years—created in this intelligent and conservative republic a movement so powerful that at a blow it shattered one of the two great political parties and drew to itself the votes of almost one-half of our citizens. It was not any lack of "patriotism" or "honor"; were there such a lack in half the people of the republic, the republic could not live an hour. It was a profound discontent and wrath—sometimes ill instructed, but oftener, alas!

only too well instructed—at the injustice and the wrong which have been done and are being done in so many provinces of our industrial, commercial, political and social life by the power of money badly earned and badly used, the “tainted money” of whose menace Washington Gladden in the church has not ceased to warn the people—as Hale and Huntington and Moxom and Newton and Rainsford and a great company of preachers have also warned them, each preaching in his own tongue the doctrine of fraternity and the Christian commonwealth.

If we do not remember these things at this time, if we do not learn this lesson from the struggle through which the nation has passed, then are we fools, turning our backs upon the solemn pages of history as we move on to cumulating catastrophes. It is easy to harden the heart, it is easy to be complacent and proud, to exclaim when wrongs knock at the door for redress—one of our “journals of civilization” exclaimed it yesterday: —“The world has always been full of men who try to make the people believe there are wrongs when there are none.” No such subterfuge or solace can save us or help us. No man can help us but he who knows wrong when he sees it, who has an instinct for equality, a passion for justice, an imperious ideal which makes that which was sufferable yesterday insufferable to-day, a patriotism which makes the measure of his love of country the measure of his desire to make it a better country, an open eye and heart for the new democratic impulse and demand which is welling up, and ever welling up, into the nation and the world.

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From the preceding pages there look at us the faces of Channing and Emerson. From out of the years behind us sound their solemn words,

so necessary for this time. Through them the Christmas Spirit speaks to the United States to-day.

We can still hear Channing say, addressing himself to the exigency of his own place and time: “To me it seems that the great danger to property here is not from the laborer, but from those who are making haste to be rich. For example, in this commonwealth, no act has been thought by the alarmists or the conservatives so subversive of the rights of property as a recent law authorizing a company to construct a free bridge in the immediate neighborhood of another which had been chartered by a former legislature, and which had been erected in the expectation of an exclusive right. And with whom did this alleged assault on property originate? With levellers? with needy laborers? with men bent on the prostration of the rich? No; but with men of business, who are anxious to push a more lucrative trade. Again, what occurrence among us has been so suited to destroy confidence, and to stir up the people against the moneyed class, as the late criminal mismanagement of some of our banking institutions? And whence came this? from the rich, or the poor? from the agrarian or the man of business? Who, let me ask, carry on the work of spoliation most extensively in society? Is not more property wrested from its owners by rash or dishonest failures than by professed highwaymen and thieves? Have not a few unprincipled speculators sometimes inflicted wider wrongs and sufferings than all the tenants of a state prison? . . . Property is in more danger from those who are aspiring after wealth than from those who live by the sweat of their brow.”

How well for us all, at this Christmas time, to read anew those old addresses of his on “The Ministry for the Poor,” “The Elevation of the Working Classes,” and the rest, and to catch anew that fundamental con-

ception of the dignity and divinity of the human soul which, could we all hold it as he held it, would revolutionize our politics and business and settle every social problem before another Christmas comes.

"It is a joyful confirmation of my faith," let us hear him say to us once more, "to find in the human soul plain signatures of a divine principle, to find faculties allied to the attributes of God, faculties beginning to unfold into God's image, and the presages of an immortal life. In proportion as these views of human nature are received, they will transform essentially our modes of relationship, communication, and association with our fellow-beings. They will exalt us into a new social life. Indeed, they will give an entirely new character to social intercourse. That intercourse must be determined by the estimate we form of human nature. He who looks on man as little better than a brute, will live with men as brutes. He will be wanting in reverence for their rights and feelings. He will think only of making them his instruments. He will be anxious chiefly to raise himself above them by outward distinctions. He will care little how they are trampled under foot. He will scoff at the thought of living and dying for their happiness. Society is now degraded through all its laws, institutions and customs, by the blindness of men to the divine principles within themselves and one another. Once diffuse this great truth through society, and it will work a mightier revolution than politicians ever dreamed of. . . . It will bring an end to that outward, ostentatious, superficial life, on which so many squander time, means, thought, and their best powers. It will awaken an intense effort for distressed humanity. It will send far and wide a spirit of reform, from the nursery to the hall of legislation. It will substitute the holy tie of human brotherhood for all artificial bonds of social order."

What a Christmas message to us for this time are these words also, from Channing's last public utterance: "Mighty powers are at work in the world. Who can stay them? God's word has gone forth, and it cannot return to him void. A new comprehension of the Christian spirit,—a new reverence for humanity, a new feeling of brotherhood and of all men's relation to the common Father,—this is among the signs of our times. We see it; do we not feel it? Before this all oppressions are to fall. Society, silently pervaded by this, is to change its aspect of universal warfare for peace. The power of selfishness, all grasping and seemingly invincible, is to yield to this divine energy. The song of angels, 'On Earth Peace,' will not always sound as fiction."

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The same faith in the future, in the soul, in the people, speaks in every page of Emerson. How bold and buoyant, how sturdy and jovial and democratic are his words beside the timorousness and the awesome shaking in the shoes with which every serious crisis makes us so familiar! How fatally his finger goes to the sore, sick spot in our society, and how poor all the deprecations and the shufflings seem in the presence of the mere thought of him! The first principle of Emerson's political philosophy was that men are to be trusted. "I remember standing at the polls one day," he writes, "when the anger of the political contest gave a certain grimness to the faces of the independent electors, and a good man at my side, looking on the people, remarked, 'I am satisfied that the largest part of these men, on either side, mean to vote right.'" What earnest, impartial and intelligent man does not always feel this? No such man could attend the great mass meetings, on either side, in the national campaign just ended, without being sol-

emly impressed, amidst all the extravagance, the exaggeration and the heat into which strong partisanship carries men in fierce political struggles, by the elemental sincerity and anxiety on the thousand faces around him. This elemental sincerity and desire for truth in our democracy Emerson trusted absolutely. The fault which he finds is that there is not a sufficient reliance on the moral sentiment in man and a sufficient belief in the unity of things to persuade us that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, or that if we ground our politics upon a right principle we may trust society in operating upon it and be sure that it will ever return to its place, however sweeping its ellipses. He pleads for a humaner politics and more generous social institutions, and he already forefelt the better day. "There will dawn ere long on our politics," he said, "on our modes of living, a nobler morning, in the sentiment of love. This is the one remedy for all ills, the panacea of nature. We must be lovers, and at once the impossible becomes the possible. Our age and history, for these thousand years, has not been the history of kindness, but of selfishness. See this wide society of laboring men and women. We allow ourselves to be served by them, we live apart from them, and meet them without a salute in the streets. We do not greet their talents, nor rejoice in their good fortune, nor foster their hopes, nor in the assembly of the people vote for what is dear to them. Thus we enact the part of the selfish noble and king from the foundation of the world." Emerson was no alarmist, but he did not fail to warn America of the dangers ahead if glaring inequalities and injustices in our social structure are not somehow corrected; and "it is better," was his added warning, "to work on institutions by the sun than by the wind." "The State," he said, "must consider

the poor man, and all voices must speak for him. Every child that is born must have a just chance for his bread. Let the amelioration in our laws of property proceed from the concession of the rich and not from the grasping of the poor. Let us begin by habitual imparting. Let us understand that the equitable rule is that no one should take more than his share, let him be ever so rich." He felt that "the whole constitution of property on its present tenures is injurious and its influence on persons deteriorating and degrading." He gave to the socialistic thought and experiments of his time most earnest and sympathetic attention; and the significant closing words of his essay on Politics are a noble expression of the conception of the body politic as a true brotherhood: "I have just been conversing with one man to whom no weight of adverse experience will make it for a moment appear impossible that thousands of human beings might share and obey, each with the other, the grandest and truest sentiments, as well as a knot of friends or a pair of lovers."

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Shall not the people of the United States constitute such a brotherhood?—that is the Christmas question. If the Emerson spirit, if the Channing spirit, if the Christ spirit, can once possess the people, then they need dread the result of no election and no popular uprising. But where that spirit does not possess the people, then it bears among them not peace but a sword. That Christ sword shall flash so long as there is any false balance, any unjust judge, any extortion or oppression, any inequity or any lie. The sword shall be a rainbow whenever the hunger and struggle for privilege and advantage give place to publicness, good will and love.



MARY LYON.
THE FOUNDER OF MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.
From a miniature painting in 1832.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

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VIOLLET-LE-DUC.

By W. Henry Winslow.



UGENE Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc, draughtsman, designer, architect and restorer, was one of the unique personalities of our century, and surely ought to be better known outside his profession, not to say within it; though thanks to Mr. Van Brunt's excellent translation of his "Architectural Discourses," he can hardly be ignored by American architects.

He was born in Paris, January 27, 1814, his father being a poet and literary man of some ability who was supervisor of royal residences under Louis XVIII. In the light of the law of heredity, it is noteworthy that his maternal grandfather was an eminent master builder, so that his literary and mechanical talents are measurably accounted for. After a short period of schooling, he was sent to the College Bourbon in Paris, and a year later in 1830, we find him in the office of the architect Achille Leclerc. In the following year, apparently dissatisfied with the routine of an unpromising position, he set off, knapsack on back, a lad of only seventeen, to travel through the provinces, which he did until 1834, making sketches and studies of important architectural buildings on his way.

It was then that he learned that refined draughtsmanship which in its kind has never been excelled; and in the latter year some of his sketches in the *Salon* received a third class medal. In 1836 his journeying was continued, but now in Italy and Sicily; and for his drawings he again received, in 1838, a medal, this time of the second class.

For a period of ten years after leaving M. Leclerc, he maintained himself by his water-color drawings and by designing textile fabrics, furniture and theatrical decorations, until in 1840 M. Duban, the architect, struck by his great cleverness, employed him to superintend the restoration of the Sainte Chapelle in Paris, which was followed by other similar work in connection with various churches. In 1845, as the result of a competition, he found himself engaged with his friend Lassus in partially restoring the Cathedral of Notre Dame. A little later the government made an appropriation equal to about \$40,000, appointing a commission of eight persons to attend to the preservation of national historic buildings, of which commission the well-known man of letters, Prosper Mérimée, became secretary. V.-le-Duc with two others was named Inspector of Basilicas and Historic Monuments;

and the Abbey Church of Vézelay was his first important undertaking.

During his *wanderjahre*, he had been impressed by the injury done to the most interesting buildings by the revolution as well as by time and neglect, and not less impressed by the fact that for ten centuries, in different provinces, as many different architectural schools of a strong individuality and charm had independently developed. No better man than V.-le-Duc could have been chosen for the delicate functions of the restorer. The proof is to be found in the number and importance, as well as the intelligence of the restorations entrusted to him.*

Thirteen churches, seven great civil buildings and six military structures, besides many smaller works, were taken in hand by him, and though his colleagues, Duban, Lassus, Labrousse, Lenormant and others were in some respects his equals, yet it is not a little significant that as all Roman camps have come to be attributed to

* For example, the cathedral of Rheims, the church of St. Denis, the church of St. Servin at Toulouse, the Council Hall of Sens, the Montauban town hall, and the work of twenty years the rehabilitation of the fortifications of Carcassonne and the reconstruction of the Chateau de Coucy near Laon, and that of Pierrefonds near Compiègne, the latter under the auspices of Louis Napoleon assisted by his privy purse, at a cost of about a million dollars.

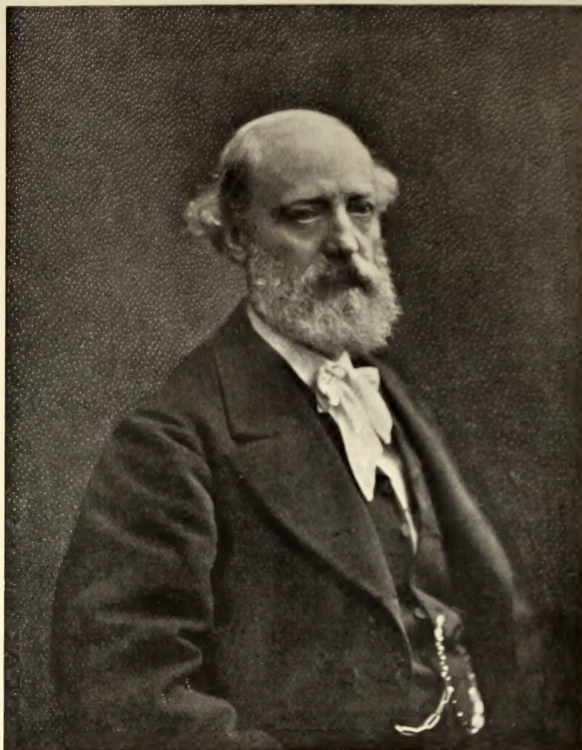
Julius Cæsar, and Romanesque churches of uncertain date to Charlemagne, so at present V.-le-Duc seems to be fathered with the whole body of French restoration.

But as if these labors were not enough for any one man our architect must needs turn his superfluous energy into literary channels, where it continued to flow for no less than

forty-two years, beginning with the *Letters concerning Sicily*, and ending with papers upon the *Decoration of Edifices*, contributed to *L'Art* during the very year of his death. His writings compose a veritable library,* apart from numberless papers and monographs contributed to periodicals.

Various writers,

notably novelists, have exceeded these works in number, but when



VIOLLET-LE-DUC.

* The titles of the principal works are: "*Letters Concerning Sicily*," "*Letters from Germany*," "*Models of Design*," "*Russian Art*," "*Notre Dame and the New Sacristy*," "*Architectural Discourses*," "*Descriptive Dictionary of French Architecture 11th to 16th Centuries*," "*Dictionary of French Furniture to the Renaissance*," "*Intervention of the State in Teaching the Fine Arts*," "*Answer to M. Vitet*," "*History of a House*," "*History of a Fortress*," "*History of a Town Hall and a Cathedral*," "*Description and History of the Castle of Pierrefonds*," "*Description of the Castle of Coucy*," "*The City of Carcassonne*," "*History of Human Habitations*," "*Modern Habitations*," "*Description of Notre Dame*," "*Description of the Chapels of Notre Dame*," "*Story of a Designer*," "*Study of the Geological Formation of Mt. Blanc and Its Glaciers*," "*Memoir upon the Defense of Paris*," and three works relating to different phases of warfare.



LAUSANNE CATHEDRAL.

one considers the study of actual buildings and the inevitable researches in every accessible library, knowing also that seventeen years were required for the completion of the Dictionary of Architecture, and nine for that of Furniture, one begins to appreciate the activity of this untiring man.

But his many restorations added to his original works and the volumes of his literary productions do not make up the sum total of his labors. As architectural and free-hand draughtsman and illustrator of his own books, his fecundity is only rivaled by that of a Gavarni or a Doré, whose dashing sketches are as hasty and careless as V.-le-Duc's are the contrary. No less than three thousand drawings were needed for the "Dictionary of Architecture"

alone, all of which were done by his own hand on the block, with the greatest delicacy and yet with freedom. It is easy to understand why his pencil was often busy while he talked, and was not at rest even when he visited his friends.

The one re-



LA SAINTE CHAPELLE, PARIS.
Restored by Viollet-le-Duc.



CARCASSONNE.

grettable episode in V.le-Duc's career, for which he can not be held responsible was that which followed his appointment by Louis Napoleon to a professorship in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in November, 1863, which was resented by the students who were Republicans at heart, and almost equally by his fellow-professors when they discovered his opposition to their fixed academic methods, and who practically refused to discountenance the riotous demonstrations of their classes which fol-

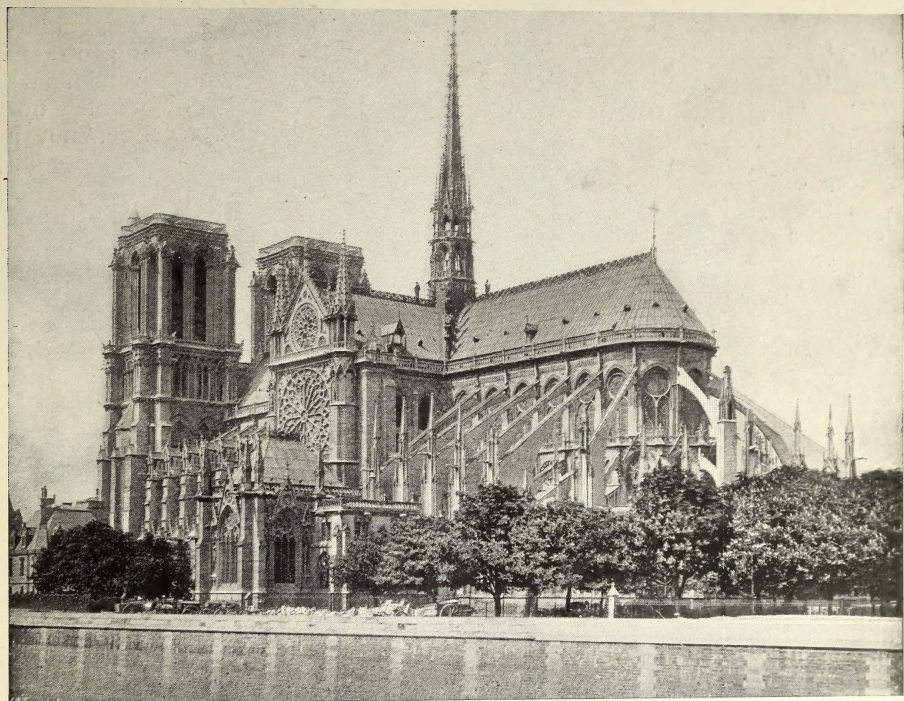
lowed. Thus after four stormy months, the new professor took the only dignified course open to him, and sent in his resignation. Surely never was a better teacher lost to unworthy scholars,—a loss which was not more

CHATEAU DE PIERREFONDS.
Court of Honor.

theirs than it was that of France. At this time appeared the "answer to M. Vitet, librarian of the Ecole des Beaux Arts," in reply to the latter's attack upon V.-le-Duc's position in relation to the intervention of the State in teaching the Fine Arts.

In 1870, when the Franco-Prussian war came, the architect's occupation, like many another, was gone; but the engineer was needed, and V.-le-Duc

A reminiscence of a visit to V.-le-Duc before the war, when he was living in the modest but original house he built in the Rue des Martyrs, may be quoted here: "He was readily accessible before ten A. M., but later only to be seen with difficulty. The early visitor found him in his dwelling with its air of the middle ages, amid a group of architects, contractors and mechanics, giving his direc-



NOTRE DAME, PARIS.

offered himself at once to his country, and was made lieutenant-colonel of the auxiliary corps of engineers, serving at the outposts near Paris from September to January 27, bearing cheerfully the hardships of that dreary time and, like so many others, suffering meanwhile losses which were irreparable. The experience of the last days of the ignoble Empire converted him to sincere Republicanism, in common with a multitude of men disillusioned like himself.

tions, examining sketches, making notes and corrections with his pencil, and speaking occasionally in a clear, measured voice. His little black beret cap and long cassock-like coat and his white hair suggested a canvas of Rembrandt. The accessories of the picture were, as may be imagined, massive oak-tables of antique form covered with sketches, maps and instruments, and shelves full of rare books, and several adjacent rooms contained a museum of Gothic relics

and other architectural remains."

About the year 1868 V. le-Duc bought a little estate at Lausanne on Lake Geneva, and thereafter occupied it a part of every year, taking great delight in Swiss scenery and meanwhile pursuing his geological studies. At the time of his death he was engaged in restoring Lausanne cathedral, and his first apopleptic seizure occurred as he stood within a few feet of the structure. He died on Wednesday, September 17, 1879, in his sixty-sixth year, and was buried at Lausanne, without any elaborate ceremony or monument, according to his request. Only a fortnight before his death he expressed

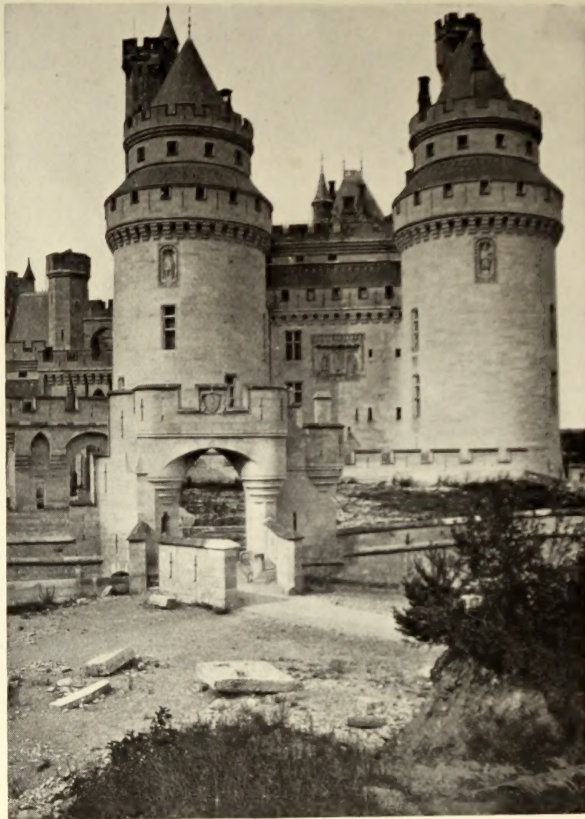
the hope that he might live twenty years, ten for work and ten for rest and leisure, and a few evenings before, he was heard to confess for the first time in his life that he was a little tired.

An exhibition was held in 1880, about a year after his decease, at the Hôtel de Cluny in Paris, at the instance of his friends and coadjutors, to represent in some sort his life-work, and his high accomplishment in so

many directions was made surprisingly evident.* Thirty-four water-color landscapes found in some old portfolios showed a phase of his talent of which the public was quite ignorant. Of the drawings he left behind him, it was observed that they were finished to the exact point re-

quired for their purpose, neither more nor less, showing no superfluous wash nor line, not a blot nor an erasure.

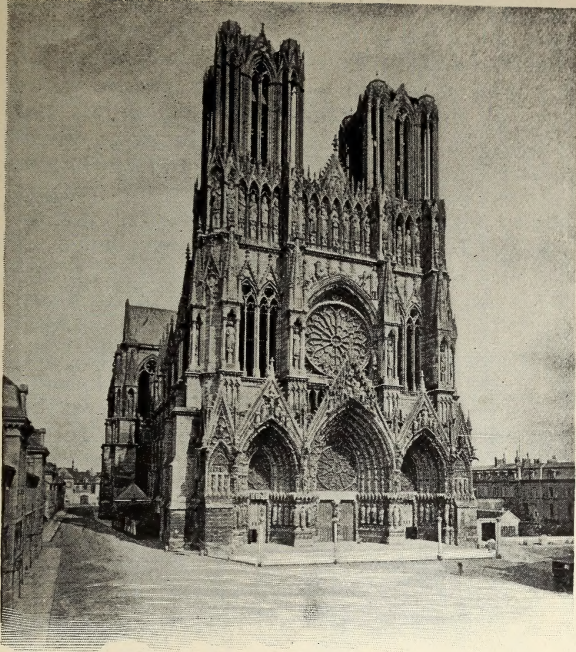
This leads us to the consideration of his comparative attainment as draughtsman and designer, architect and restorer; and the writer thinks his consummate skill and directness in the first capacity must above all



CHATEAU DE PIERREFONDS. THE TOWER.

be conceded. That penetrating critic, Charles Blanc, says: "He was a prodigy. Others show us a design; he shows us the thing itself. If it be a lock, one can turn the key in it, if a

*There were shown many original pen and pencil drawings, and water-colors, photographs of restorations, and book illustrations, a model of the finished Castle Pierrefonds, and twenty-six classic subjects drawn for the articles upon Decoration in *L'Art*, four hundred and sixteen mediæval studies and compositions, including studies of existing monuments made for the Archives of the Historic Monuments Commission, twenty-six designs for altars and church ornaments and utensils, and ninety-two geological aquarelles of Mt. Blanc. Many of these are in the Paris Trocadero Museum.



RHEIMS CATHEDRAL.

costume, one can wear it, if a charger, one can mount him. His pencil creates imagined depths in the smooth paper, where he constructs naves or aisles through which the spectator passes. Upon an ordinary sized octavo page a bird's eye view allows us to penetrate into the interior of a monastery surrounded by walls and intrenchments. It seems as if we had the prior's permission to enter the buildings of the brotherhood while he accompanied us. He conducts us through the lesser cloisters into the principal hall; he shows us the bakery, the fast-day and feast-day kitchens, the refectory, cells, gardens, fish-ponds, and porches; the cellars, laundry, in-



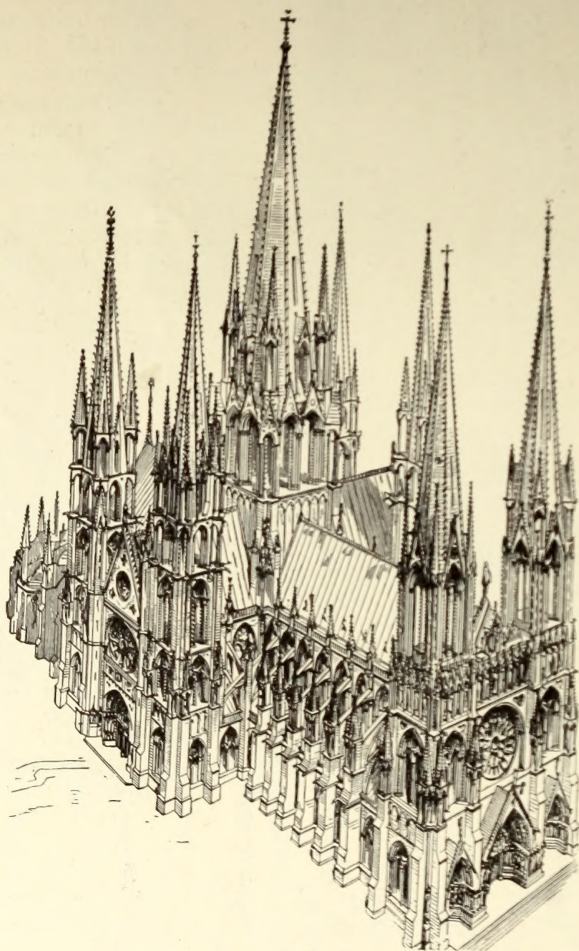
PIERREFONDS. COURT FACADE.

firmary, visitors' chamber and reception-room. One becomes a monk and lives in the hospitable, well-appointed monastery, and is contented to live there, inasmuch as he who does the honors is no other than Viollet-le-Duc himself. Each substance he indicates or rather specifies with incomparable ease and certainty. Cut and rough stone, bricks, mortar, oak, deal, lead, tiles and slates, as well as the gleam of a polished weapon, the nails of a door or wardrobe, the wool of a carpet, the massiveness of a portal,—all these are so discriminated by the designer's hand, that the graver had only to follow it upon the pear-wood block translating word by word the expressive indications, I had almost said the speech, of the pencil."

Not less emphatic are the observations of M. St. Paul, director of *L'Année Archeologique*, concerning his architectural equipment. "He had in a

remarkable degree all the knowledge to which the architectural profession gives scope, concerning the resistance of materials and methods of preparation, their qualities and current prices, the character of different quarries, means of transportation, ways of making and applying mortars and superficial coatings, the erection and use of scaffolds, excellence of

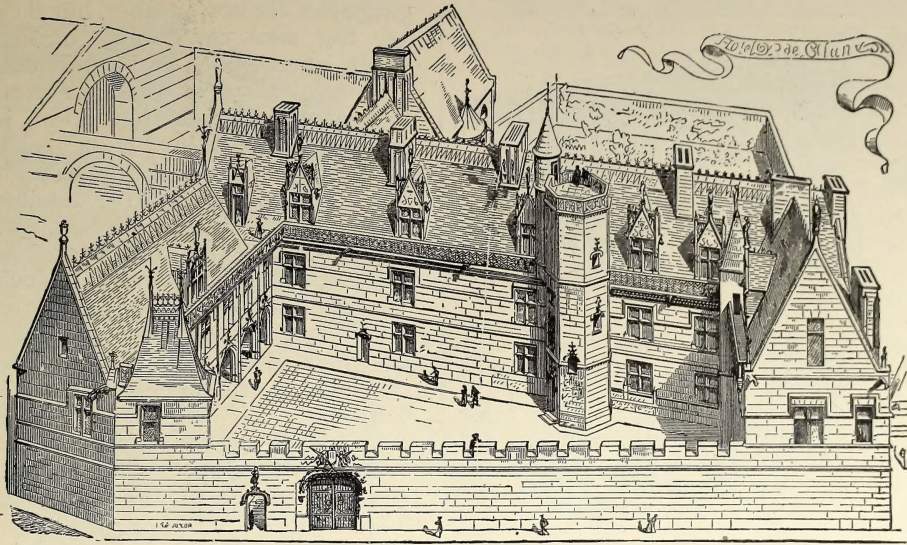
workmanship and the moral and material condition of his workmen. There was nothing he had not learned from his instructors, from books or his own experience. There was nothing he despised as useless, nothing at which he did not wish to try his own hand. Moreover no workshops were more alive or better organized than his. He often visited them, making working-drawings with his own hand, not



SCHEME OF A COMPLETED GOTHIC CATHEDRAL
LIKE RHEIMS.

By Viollet-le-Duc.

overlooking the least details and showing the men—who were attached to him—the reasons for what



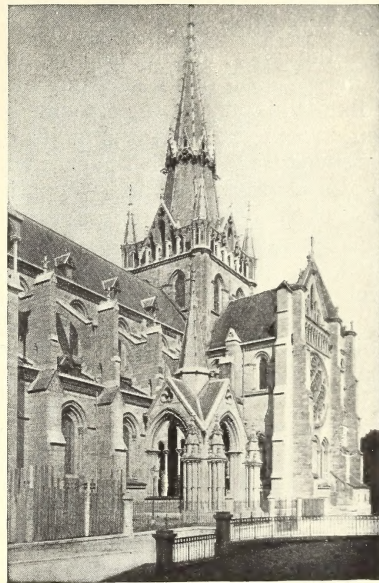
HOTEL DE CLUNY, PARIS.

A drawing by Viollet-le-Duc.

he did, using their own phrases and surprising them by his clearness and thoroughness.”*

Nevertheless, V.-le-Duc's complete adaptation for the practical side of his profession and his archæological erudition seem to bring out more fully the defects which such accomplishments usually imply. Though in his writings he condemns merely correct and technical architecture, such as that of the fifteenth century, one necessarily concludes from his reasoning, his illustrations, and his insistence upon the positive qualities of the master-masons of the thirteenth century, that he was indifferent to monumental forms which are not almost ostentatiously rooted in necessity,—an error on the right side, yet which must be held to be a mistake. He himself seems to have had misgivings concerning this weakness, as when he says in one of the “Discourses”: “It would ill become us to set ourselves against archæological studies; we even believe they should serve as the solid foundations of modern art; but

we ought not to conceal from ourselves their danger, inasmuch as for some time archæology seems to have influenced art only on its material rather than its intellectual side.”



A CORNER OF LAUSANNE CATHEDRAL.

*A touching token of this attachment is in evidence in a wreath from his Amicus workman to be seen in the view of his grave.



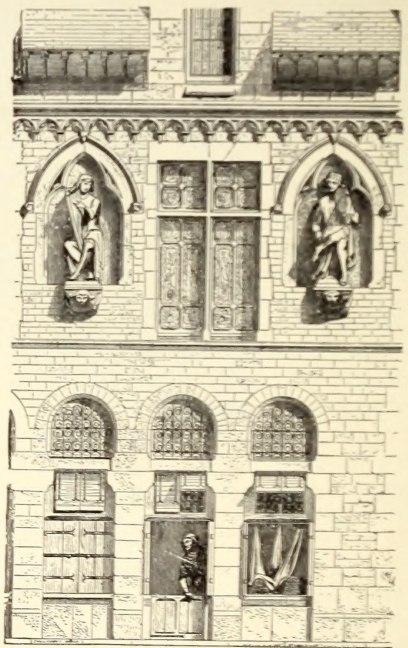
HOUSE OF A BOURGEOIS OF CLUNY.

Was he not in his own person an illustrious example of one of the principal drawbacks of our day, namely, that our transmitted knowledge overlays and chokes the imagination? At all events, much of V.-le-Duc's original work, though leaving nothing to be desired in point of logical construction, neither charms the senses nor takes possession of the fancy, leaving one dissatisfied in spite of one's self, notwithstanding the perfect agreement between its external forms and its organic structure. This is the case with the hospital at Carcassonne, the parish church of St. Denis, the presbytery of Notre Dame at Paris, so inferior to the magnificent cathedral, the churches of Aillant and St. Gimer, the castle of Arragory built for M. Antoine Abadie, a medley for which perhaps its owner is responsible, and not least, the castle of Pierrefonds, whose perfection of workmanship is only equalled by its lack of the feudal spirit, by its modern made-to-order look and the absence of those picturesque details which offer so many coignes of vantage to the imagination. The grotesque figures, the variously enriched capitals, the quaint

gargoyles are not wanting, but they are like wax counterfeits of life, which leave one at best indifferent.

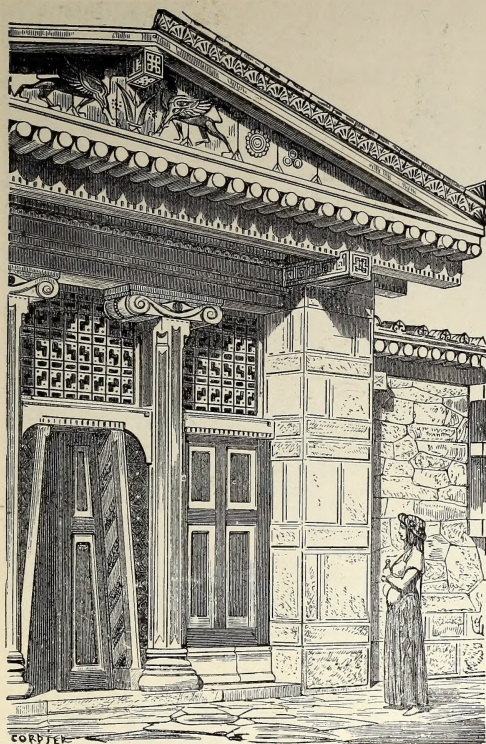
It may be said here that the question of architectural restoration is quite too large a one for an article like this; otherwise it would be of interest to inquire, if it be possible for a man of modern times, under any circumstances, to restore or recreate any great architecture such as that of the fourteenth century or to do more than to galvanize its dry bones into a tantalizing simulacrum of an organic life which has departed. Probably the only wise course is to religiously preserve the remains left us, just as they stand, and so stay a little the corroding tooth of time.

The little spire of Notre Dame, the nave of the cathedral of Moulins, and the principal front of the town-hall of Narbonne are much better than Pierrefonds, and the competitive design for the Paris Opera



"HOUSE OF THE MUSICIANS," RHEIMS.

Restoration of Viollet-le-Duc.



ENTRANCE OF IONIAN HOUSE.

Drawing by Viollet-le-Duc.

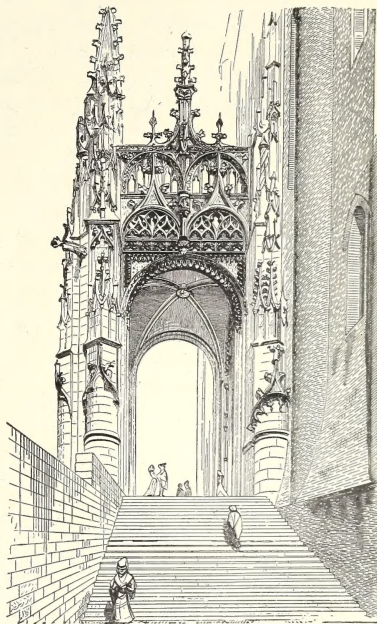
House, which has been accorded scant praise, is vastly better in its well-ordered simplicity than the meretricious ornament and overloaded masses of Garnier's preferred façade.

It is this successful competitor, by the by, who, alluding to V.-le-Duc's restorations, says: "In this direction he has done remarkable work. It is not necessary that the restorer should approve everything which has been done in any given case, or that it should be irreproachable as a work of art; but the original artist's intention once ascertained, he should even follow authentic errors. Between the desire to do the best and to do justice to his original, he should not hesitate. He has not to produce anything new, but to reproduce the old. Without doubt it cost V.-le-Duc something to leave barbarous sculpture and bizarre decoration untouched, but he had no

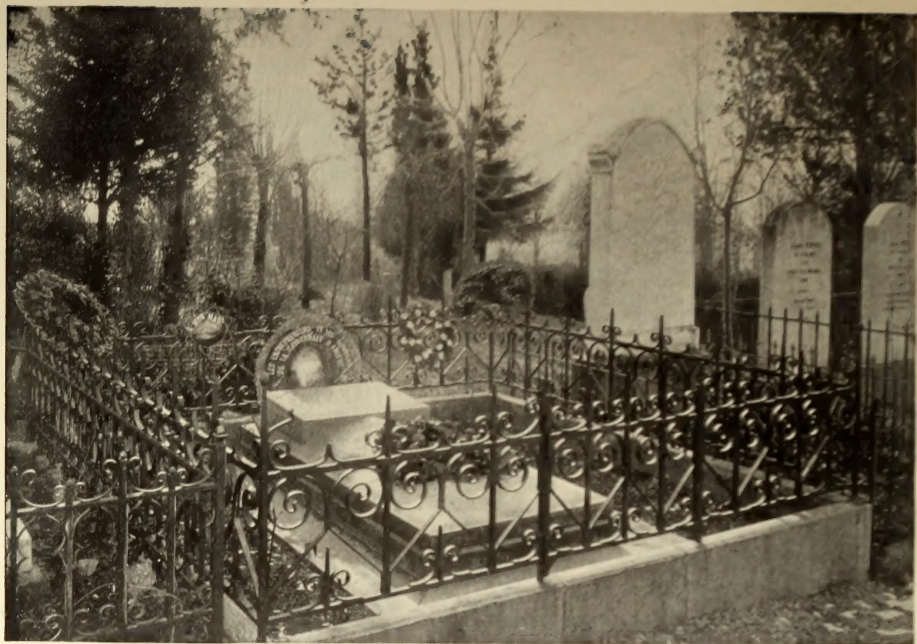
choice, . . . conscience and the devotion to truth must override the love of beauty."

If, as has been claimed, V.-le-Duc was above all preëminent as a draughtsman, he was only less accomplished as a restorer, not alone for his conscientiousness, but for good judgment in construction and self-restraint in not attempting more decorative detail than the funds he could command justified. The study, preservation and exposition of that infinitely rich and varied architecture of France must be considered as the dearest interest of his life from which his other undertakings sprang, and to which they all lent themselves, his writings, his drawings and even his original buildings, being so many commentaries and illustrations, tending to the better love and knowledge of the national architecture.

As an instance of his unerring hand and eye, and of his command of his favorite twelfth and thir-



ALBI CATHEDRAL. SOUTH PORCH.



THE GRAVE OF VIOLET-LE-DUC.

teenth century styles, it is related that one day toward evening, he was overlooking the work of restoration, at Pierrefonds, which was rebuilt from almost hopeless ruin. His time was limited, but a certain plan of the guard-room was needed for the next day. Asking for pencil and paper, V.-le-Duc with great rapidity made the drawing without the least inaccuracy then and there.

At another time, he had directed the workmen to dig to a certain depth, at a definite point, in order to find the old choked-up well, and on the same occasion the profiles of some missing window columns and their capitals were required. He drew the shafts and the right and left profiles of the capitals separately, on the spur of the moment, which being brought together corresponded exactly. The well was found where he had indicated, and within it parts of the lost

columns, whose diameters were precisely those of his drawing.

It is easy to imagine the feelings of the patient restorer, the patriotic man, when not only the main work of his life but the very integrity of his country was threatened during the German invasion. It is not unlikely that the following noble words were written by him then: "Contemplating immutable nature clothing the ruin made by the fury of man, one is filled with deep sadness, and says to himself: 'What is the good of it all?' 'What good,' replies the inward voice, 'What is the good of independence, of the love of country, the memory of sacrifices?' Blaspheme not, philosopher of egotism! Be silent in the contemplation of these centuries of struggle, these beds of human bones, these remains, of which are composed the very soil of your native land."

UNDER "BIG BEN."

By Alice D'Alcho.

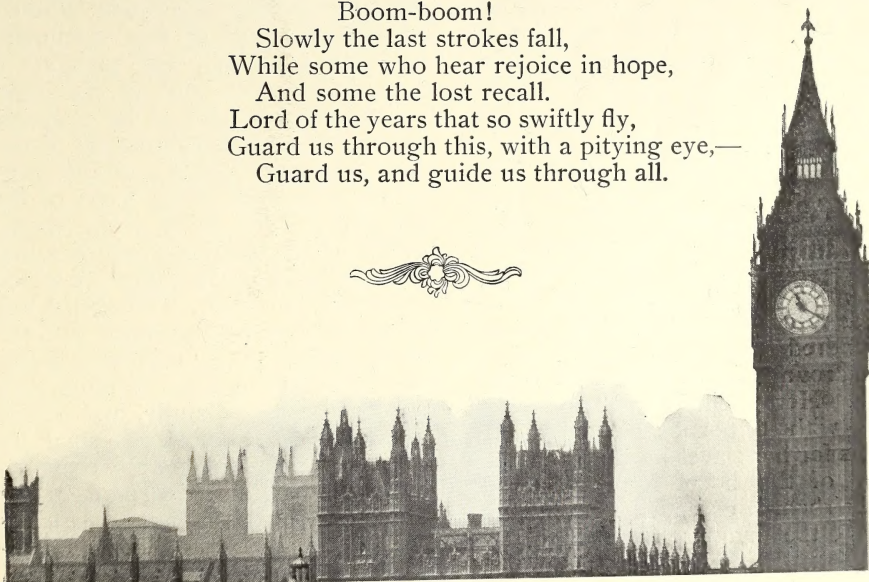
BOOM-boom!
Solemn, and deep, and clear
The tones of the monster bell ring out
The knell of the dying year.
Trembling, the air vibrates,
And each measured stroke awaits,
Like one in mortal fear.



Boom-boom!
Solemn, and deep, and slow,
Over the mighty city
And the river dark below.
Over the homes of the rich and great,
Over the homes where Death holds state,
In the haunts of want and woe.



Boom-boom!
Slowly the last strokes fall,
While some who hear rejoice in hope,
And some the lost recall.
Lord of the years that so swiftly fly,
Guard us through this, with a pitying eye,—
Guard us, and guide us through all.



AUNT ELIZA AND HER SLAVES.

By Elmore Symmes.



FEW miles south of Louisville, Kentucky, is a negro town called "The Wet Woods." The pioneer of this settlement was Aunt Eliza, a thrifty, industrious old colored woman, who for years owned slaves and hired them out to the farmers of the neighborhood. She was freed by her master, John Hunley, a negro trader, whose farm was on the border of the Wet Woods forest. Before this gentleman's death he became a Presbyterian, built a church, gave ten thousand dollars to a college and left a will in 1830 which freed his negroes. After this date Aunt Eliza became her own mistress. She made money in various ways, and was assisted and encouraged by the Hunleys, who seem always to have regarded her as a worthy family servant. They gave her presents, remembered her in their wills; she received from them money, furniture and a house and lot in the city.

The first slaves that she owned were children; some were given her, others she bought for a trifle. Later on she paid as high as six hundred dollars for a woman, five hundred for a man, three hundred and seventy-five for a boy, and one hundred dollars for a child of ten. In 1838 she located in the Wet Woods, bought there forty acres, and built her log-house, which stands to-day most prominent among a hundred others which have clustered around this nucleus of the negro town. Her dwelling was two stories high, with a portico in front, and cabins for her slaves in the rear. The walls of the house were plastered, a chairboard extended around the rooms, the mantels were high, the

fireplaces large, such as to accommodate great backlogs behind the andirons. Some of her furniture was even handsome; a mahogany bedstead willed her by the Hunleys had large posts carved with fern leaves overlapping one another at intervals from floor to tester. She had a Dutch clock six feet high, a cherry bureau, a chest of drawers, chairs with twisted legs and rungs; and on the floor one saw a rag carpet here, an oil cloth there, and a big-figured, old-time velvet in the best room.

During her slave days she married John Williams. He had a difficulty with his master, and the latter threatened to sell him south; to avoid this calamity John escaped to Canada, and Aunt Eliza heard nothing more of him. Her next husband was Tevis, a free man of color, and on the day before her wedding with this negro she deeded all her possessions in trust to her lawyer, James Guthrie, he who was Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, under President Pierce. A certified copy of this document was found among her papers; it gives an accurate idea of the number of her slaves and of her property at this date, and also shows her disposition to manage her own affairs without the assistance of the party of the first part. Tevis lived some twenty years after his marriage, and occupied himself chiefly with the farm, of which he owned one half. The slaves not hired were kept busy at home with the out and indoor work; some were given the children to care for or obliged to sew for the large family, and others again were made to practice small industries. Corn-husks were prepared for mattresses, and doormats of the same were made in large quantities by half grown negro children. Feath-

ers were sold for beds, and peacock plumes for fly brushes; turkeys, geese, ducks and chickens were dressed and sent to market. Aunt Eliza would buy an orchard of apples at a time for the manufacture of cider and vinegar. The mill to grind the fruit was worked by horse power, and the primitive press was a hollow square of split logs lined with rye straw, and a weight of stones to extract the juice was piled on one end of the lever.

Her home was near the border of the Wet Woods forest. When she first went there it was a wilderness of hundreds of acres, so dense and vast that hunters were frequently lost there for days. A story was told in those times of two gentlemen who could not find their way out of the woods and in consequence were nearly starved to death. Late in the evening they came upon a creek, built a fire on the bank, and determined to rest there for the night and follow the stream to its mouth on the morrow; for they knew it would bring them to the Ohio or to a tributary of that river. While they were wondering what they would have for supper, their dog treed a 'coon; they felled the tree, and grew impatient at the prolonged combat between the dog and the 'coon, especially as there was danger of the latter being the victor. One of the men, frantic with hunger, threw himself into the fight, caught the 'coon by the leg and cut the leg off, skinned it and roasted it over the fire as the fight still continued; indeed the leg was nearly eaten before the 'coon was vanquished. The stream which they were on proved to be the Beargrass, and it brought them out at Louisville.

This same Wet Woods, even in recent years, has been a place where robbers and criminals of every sort have hidden from the officers of the law. Shooting affrays, murders and coroner's inquests form a large part of the history of the district. From 1833 to 1856 there lived on a farm at one corner of this forest a man who

was said to be a lawyer and who was practically one of the most expert lawyers in Kentucky; he so outwitted all judicial restrictions that he lived the life of a highway robber unmolested for twenty-three years. If your horses were taken from your stable, your cows from their pasture, your pigs from their pen, and you informed the police, they would say with unconcern:

"Ah! you live three miles from Craddock—you will find them in the thickets of the Wet Woods. We advise that you go hunting with a party of friends well armed. When you come across your property, take possession; if any one stops you, show your revolver and claim your own fearlessly; if it is the proprietor, be not alarmed; he will express with great grace and suavity his surprise that that which belongs to you should be found so far from your home, and in ten minutes or less he will convince you that there are ten others more likely to have been implicated than himself."

He frequently fixed his thefts upon his negroes or those of his neighbors. He was accused of being a counterfeiter, and for this was once arrested, but nothing could be proven against him. Years after his death, when his house was torn down, counterfeit coins were found in his cellar, and the tools used for their manufacture. He was known to have taken at one time forty head of hogs from one neighbor and sixty head of cattle from another; he even kidnaped negroes, imprisoned them on his place, then sold them South, reported them dead, and proved in court the truth of his statements. The farmers finally concluded they would stand this state of affairs no longer, and a document was drawn up and signed by thirty of them ordering Craddock to leave the state in one month or suffer the consequences. He paid no attention, refused to believe the signatures genuine, and laughed at what he called the "impertinence" of those who thought

to terrify him. His wife begged him to sell out and go away, but he stubbornly refused. On the last night of the thirty days, at eleven o'clock, there came a message calling him to a neighbor's a mile away. The stallion was saddled, the one he always rode, and he left home alone. In less than an hour the riderless horse returned; his master was found in the lane a mangled corpse with a dozen bullets in his body. It was never discovered who fired them. Indeed there was only the widow to care; she had no children, her father and mother were both dead, she herself had been an only child, and after marriage was ostracized from all society. Her efforts to punish the murderers of her husband were fruitless, those who were suspected and arrested declaring their innocence and proving an alibi. The darkies of the settlement believe that the old man still haunts the place where he was killed, and will continue to do so until his death is avenged. At midnight no negro of this locality could be persuaded to ride through that lane. The ghost is variously described, generally as a white object the size of a flour sack hidden under the hedge and resembling in form a huge grub-worm. Those who have seen it say that it terrifies them and renders the horse unable to move; he stands and waits and waits, while the crawling, hideous worm comes towards them. The rider becomes more and more terrified; he drives his spurs into his horse and uses his whip in vain; finally he loses his temper and swears an oath; instantly the "hant" jumps upon the horse's back, puts his claw-feet on the rider's shoulders, and the head, like that of a gigantic caterpillar, stares the rider in the face over his shoulder, the jaws emit an unearthly and appalling chuckle, and the horse dashes forward at a breakneck speed. When he reaches the end of the haunted district, the great worm relaxes his clutch, drops to the ground and disappears.

This is but one of the many ghost

stories they tell of this man, who once was such a terror to the neighborhood. His poor widow has never heard any of them and seems to know but little of the opprobrium he cast upon the name. She is a white-haired old lady of ninety, with eyes which have their second sight. She is as much alone in this world as a creature can well be, and the second-sight which has come to her is a blessing upon her declining years; her glasses are no longer needed, and her eyes are strong enough to stand the hours of reading which she enjoys every day. Her companions are all in books, her friends in fableland. Her intercourse with those of this world seems to be confined to an occasional visit from the minister of her church, a charitable acquaintance, or a former slave. This old lady knew Aunt Eliza well; she always called her the "Queen of the Darkies," and when told of her death she went to her bureau drawer and took out three pretty white caps such as old ladies wear.

"These I made for Aunt Eliza; she always wore white caps you know. So she has gone! I shall not need caps much longer myself," she said as she closed the drawer. "Eliza had a long, long life. Mine, too, has been long—so many changes! I was rich once; now I am living in one room. All my life I have been fighting to have things different. If I could go over the past, I would be different. There is so little in this world that is worth while! So Aunt Eliza is dead! She was a remarkable old woman; bought and raised in all forty-five negro children, endeavored to make of them well-trained servants. To me she was as fine a character as I ever knew, and her morality was exceptional. So she died in September of '87, and was only ninety-one! I thought she was four years older than my husband,—and he was born in 1791."

Perhaps the old lady was right, and the other calculations wrong. If so we can add nine years to the ninety-

one; and during those years, no matter how many there be, Aunt Eliza made her influence felt, not only in her own household, but in every cabin of the negro town. She seems to have gained her great ascendancy over these people through a certain respect the negro everywhere entertains for power. It is a sort of adoration for one who holds a bank account and lives in better style than his neighbors. I remember an efficient servant who won the good will of a gentleman on a New Orleans boat. He asked the negro what wages he received, and with the steward's permission tendered him an advance if he would come to his house and serve at his table. He evaded the offer, and finally when forced to reply said he "didn't like the color of the house."

"What do you mean by 'the color of the house?'"

"It strikes me it's red brick, and I can't leave this fine old boat fur nuthin' less'n a stone front."

They like to live with the first in the land; wealth and position always command from them deference and respect. Aunt Eliza was an aristocrat in their Wet Woods town, and her house in their eyes, had palatial appointments. They were proud too of her fine appearance. Her figure and head were shapely, the face well featured, the eyes large and intelligent. She dressed always in black, with white apron, fichu and cap.

It required of course tact of no mean order to hold such a position as Aunt Eliza's for half a century in a colony of negroes. They are not always easily governed; the younger ones are troublesome, mischievous and at times wicked, and the older ones commit misdemeanors and cause dissensions of a serious nature. There was a little creature hired from this house who in many things resembled the "Topsy" of Mrs. Stowe. She would play all sorts of pranks when not watched, go down stairs astride the banisters, balancing on her head in her rapid transit whatever she had

to carry. In the negro quarters she mimicked every one who came to her mistress's house; and when an amateur operetta was rehearsed time and again in her hearing, she learned it by heart and was able to burlesque the whole. She would masquerade as a ghost and scare the other "darkies"; would dress as a boy, whiten her face with chalk, dance clog dances or jigs, sing comic songs, and, amidst a volley of applause from her associates, whirl out of the room, and return in a few moments in her linsey dress and gingham apron, as solemn and demure as though quite ignorant of her own performance.

It was always a matter of wonder how Aunt Eliza managed a number of such urchins. Many of the negro men and women of the settlement disobeyed the laws and were brought into court. Some of them had strange notions of jurisprudence. The best of them considered it a disgrace to be summonsed up to "Co'te" on any account.

As an example of their misdeeds:—a colored girl stole the child she was nursing, brought her to her home in the Wet Woods, and kept her from Thursday until Monday, when a reward of five hundred dollars caused some one to notify the police. Many of the negroes of the neighborhood were subpoenaed to appear at the trial. Some were indignant at this, and could not understand why they should be thus disgraced.

"They'd better let me alone," said one old woman. "I had nuthin' ter do with the stealin' of that thar white chile. I got no use nohow for no co'te house, jailyard, city hall; they'se all alike—and them lawyers aint no better. You don't ketch me a talkin' to none of them. When they axes me what I knows about that white chile, I'll up and tell 'em I knows 'nuf to 'tend ter my own business, and no mo'; and ef they keeps on wid dere queschuns, I'll 'tend I aint got a darned bit of sense. I'll jes make 'em believe I'se idjet. A fussen' and sputen' in de co'te, nigger

talk and nigger mess,—I've been larned ter keep out ob such."

And in truth, when she was called upon to testify, all the information she had to give was: "I knows nuthin', shape nor form." The girl who did the kidnapping was adjudged crazy and sent to the lunatic asylum. Among the witnesses there were various opinions as to her sanity. One old creature said: "I know nuthin' 'bout crazy—she's flighty, sir, flighty." Another informed the young lawyer for the defense that the "gal had jes' good sense as he had."

Aunt Eliza was never called upon to appear in these courtroom scenes, and adroitly kept aloof from all troubles of this nature. She had little to do with family quarrels, and was charitable and kind to all alike. After the war many of the negroes were poor and old with no one to care for them; and in Aunt Eliza these unfortunates had a generous friend. Yes, they said, there was always more to be found in her three-cornered cupboard than in the Freedman's Bureau.

She was kind to the sick, and nursed or superintended the nursing of many who suffered. She had a certain knowledge of medicine which came from her long experience and occasional association with physicians. She was partial to the allopathic treatment. "You might as well send for a glass of water," she would say in speaking of the homœopaths. Her remedies had a great reputation in her negro town. They tell of her herb teas, powders and salves. To keep away chills and fever she gave them red-pepper tea every morning; and when ague attacked them vervain was the cure,—or "bervine" as the darkies call it; a tea made of this herb will induce a profuse perspiration—and frequently after one day's treatment the chills never returned. For a headache, bruised horse-radish leaves or red-pepper pods were soaked in vinegar and bound on the forehead; for a sore throat, a boiling tea of sage, red pepper or yellow root,—and the pa-

tient was to inhale the steam. Mullen and vinegar for a swelling,—or blue clay and vinegar. For nausea, a teaspoonful of wood ashes in a cup of boiling water taken as hot as possible. Instead of having a decayed tooth pulled, she pulverized some kind of bark, wrapped it in cotton, and put it in the cavity. This caused a rapid decay of the roots, and in a few weeks it came out a piece at a time. Many sores they say were healed with her salves, and many lives saved by her good nursing. She gave food to the starving and dainties to the sick; and they call her "a good old lady," "a blessed old soul," "the best old mammy in the world," "a captain of a woman." Of the children she raised you will hear them say "she raised 'em good, gave 'em many a whippin', but never a lick amiss."

Her house was a sort of headquarters for servants, for her recommendation was a sure guarantee. Even after her slaves were freed she was in the habit of finding them work, collecting their wages and giving them what she thought proper. The war made but little change in her household. Some of the negroes of this locality enlisted, but they were comparatively few. There was one, Sam Clark, who joined Gilbert's corps of Buell's army as it passed by Aunt Eliza's house on the way from Louisville to Perryville. Sam was carrying water to the gate for the soldiers to fill their canteens, when one of the officers, noticing his quick movements and intelligent face, asked him if he would like to join the troops. He accepted with alacrity, was told to drop his tin cup and bucket and fall into ranks, and was given the gun and accoutrements of some weary soldier. His comrades shouted to him, as he passed by the way:

"Say, Sambo, whar's you gwine?"

"I've jined the troops; I've gwine ter fight fer freedom," yelled the proud negro.

They were two nights on the way; and when the forces rested, Sam de-

lighted in showing of how much service he could be. Finally came the battle of Perryville. Bragg's troops started up one side of the hill, and Buell's on the other; they fought for the summit. The first shots frightened the negro nearly to death; he deserted, ran half way down the hill, and there hid under a tobacco barn; but a cannon-ball struck it, and he abandoned his position. His next refuge was a sinkhole. Here he felt sure of his safety; he could hear the balls and bullets whiz over his head; when suddenly a bomb burst in front of him and completely covered him with earth. "My Lordy!" he said, when he told the story on his return, "I thought I'se done killed sartin, done buried alive; but I scrummided and I scrummided tell I got outer that thar hole and then I up and lef—I jes' cut and run, and I runned and I runned, and I jes' never did stop tell I got home; and if any you fool ignunt niggers want to jine the army, go, jine it—this here nigger won't be so spry agin soon."

Something more was learned of this Sam Clark and the other slaves of Aunt Eliza from the letters which were found among her papers. In hiring her servants she always agreed to take less wages when they were taught reading, writing and arithmetic. After they were married and went to homes of their own, they were thus sufficiently educated to keep up a certain correspondence with her. In these letters they sometimes tell of their misfortunes and troubles, or again of their prosperity. The spelling is often original, the writing stiff and awkward, but legible. They call her "Ma," "Mammy," and sometimes "My dear Maw." After this generally follows, "I seat myself to inform you," or, "I take my pen in hand." One continues:

"Me and Sam is well at present, hoping these few lines may find you the same. I have rote to you, but haven't got any answer yit. Mahaly and Honorah is well and send ther

love. Rite soon, Maw, for I want to here from you, you are all I have to look to for I have no friends here. Give my love to Parmele.

Maximilla Coleman."

Another runs thus: "*Dear Mother:* I have rented a house with ten rooms for \$6.00 per month, bought four dozen chickens, bought a new Singer Sewing Machine and a new set of furniture. Tell Sis and Honorah howdy. Remember me in your prayers. Your son
Loyd Riggs."

A letter dated 1823 is from Aunt Eliza's sister, Mary, a slave in Washington city, and was probably written by one of the young mistresses of the household. The sisters had been separated eleven years without hearing from one another, and a great many family changes are found recorded in these few pages:

"Our mother has been dead four years, our cousin William is dead, Aunt Nellie's son is married, your brother George lost his wife, your brother Charles is living in Brookville, your father married again and has one son. I belong to old mistress yet, she is the same she was when you left her. Miss Caroline is married, Miss Emmeline is still at home in Washington and is improving very much. Write and direct your letters care of Edward Dier at the corner of F and Fourteenth Street. I have no more to say at present. Affectionate sister,
Mary.

"Washington City, March 20th, 1823."

Other letters tell of presents sent Aunt Eliza, a cap, fichu, apron or dress, and often ten cents was enclosed for the postage of her reply. She was always asked to name their babies. They considered that she had an especial aptitude for giving the unusual cognomens which please the fancy of the negro. Judging from some of these, there is no doubt that she had a fine vocabulary; it is strange where she found such names as Alonzo, Zerald, Talleyrand, Bertrand, Columbus, America, Lisha,

Venus, Priscilla, Vennetter, Daphne, Clarissa, Lenith and Polyphemus. The names which went forth were alone sufficient to have immortalized the house. She had a great deal of naming to do in her ninety-one years, as she lived to see the great-grandchildren of the children she had raised, and some of the women had as many as nineteen to add to their generation.

Across the way from Aunt Eliza's house was the church. A party of us thought of photographing it one Sunday while the negroes were assembled for service. We sent word to the minister requesting that the congregation group themselves about the doorway while the picture was being taken. The message was delivered, and the preacher rose in the pulpit with a troubled mien. He said that there was some ladies and gentlemen as wanted to "draw 'em off." He didn't know as 'twas any harm to be "drawed off"—he had never heard the subject discussed. He was mightily troubled, for 'twas Sunday and he knowed not what ter do. He picked up the Bible and opened it here and there, laid it down, and continued, "that he disremembered as the Bible said anything bout being 'drawed off'; he didn't believe the Lord was ever drawed off, and yit, if possible, he was in favor of obleeing the ladies and gentlemen." He then proposed a prayer for inspiration, which was rather long, and excited the congregation; one could hear murmurs all around the room:

"O, Lord!—Is it right, Lord?—Drawed off, O Lord!—Show us, O Lord, Thy will!—Thy will be done!—Drawed off, Lord!—Is it lawful on the Sabbath day, O Lord?"

They quieted down as the inspired negro arose and said in firm tones that the Lord had revealed to him that there was no harm to come to no one, no harm, no evil, no sin, in being "drawed off," providing there was a collection took up before they "disbursed." He seated himself at a table

in front of the pulpit, and the congregation filed up one at a time and "disbursed." The money was placed upon the table, and if change was needed it was made; thus if twenty-five cents was laid down, the minister offered to return twenty cents. While this was going on, he chanted appropriate quotations from the Scriptures: "He that giveth loaneth to the Lord." "Blessed is the cheerful giver." "He that soweth bountifully shall reap bountifully, and he that soweth sparingly shall reap sparingly." "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

As they came out, it was amusing to see them group themselves about the church, each anxious to be conspicuous. There was a well-dressed woman who was proud of her black velvet bonnet and four feathers, a fond father who had a "gal" who he said looked "rite peart," and a man who insisted upon standing in the doorway and made threats that it would not be well for those concerned if he was not "drawed off" in "that thar potocrack."

Before we left the negro town, we called on Aunt Eliza, who was then quite feeble. After our visit we occasionally inquired about her. Sometimes we would hear that she was "middling and sorter toler'ble," and again that she was "poorly and mighty down-hearted."

The end of the long life came in the autumn of 1887. She was buried from Forest Church, the meeting-house near her home; and they interred her in the family graveyard under her own cedars.

She never had a child; her slaves had been to her as children, and she willed her property to such of these as had been kind to her in her old age. The funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Hicks, a colored minister from the city, who took as his text, so he said, "She did all she could." In his simple way he enumerated her good acts, and told them that he knew the Lord had "raised her colors." It is the negro belief that after a well-spent

life they are no longer of dark skin in the next world. He said that she was the "openest-hearted" woman he ever knew, that there was "nuthin' too grand" to be said of Aunt Eliza. He held her up to the congregation as an example of every virtue. Among other things which he commended was her dignified behavior in church. He disapproves of the excited way of "gittin' 'ligion." He obliges his converts to tell their "sperience" in a quiet way or not at all. When discussing the subject, he said: "It is mostly dreams anyhow. The ignunt nigger dreams many things the intelligent mind knows nuthin' of. Niggers is natcherly superstitious, they comes from Afriquay whar thar's nuthin' else, and that disease is in 'em yit."

Among the contemporaries of Aunt Eliza, two deserve mention—an old fiddler, John Williams, and Charlie Saunders, the sesquipedalianist, who will long be remembered because of his fondness for many-syllabled words. He did not misapply them quite so hopelessly as Charles Reade's Vespasian, who confounded anomaly with analogy, anatomy, and even anemone. Uncle Charlie might be considered more of a rival of Mrs. Malaprop and Mrs. Partington, for his unintentional witticisms were of their order. For several years he presided at an artesian well in Louisville owned by Mr. Du Pont. Here the old negro would delight all who came for baths or to drink of the water by his scientific discourses concerning the same. It spouted forth from its wonderful cavity in crystal jets, balloons and liquid lilies. Uncle Charlie, with a most profound bow, would hand a glass of it to a lady and insist that she drink "spontaneously," as it would make her "harmoniously salubrious." To another he would say that it "corrugated" the complexion and rendered ladies entirely "superfluous." Salubrious, circumlocution and concatenation were Charlie's three favorite words:

"A fine day, Charlie."

"Yes, sir, quite salubrious."

"A pleasant morning, Uncle Charlie."

"Yes, sir, de circumlocution and de concatenation of de tunder and de lit'nin' las' nite dispelled the hilarity of de atmosphere and made tings salubrious."

A gentleman once said to him: "Charlie, if the majority was overruled by the minority, what would the majority do?"

"Jes' circumlocute, concatenate and circumnavigate till dey got back whar dey was befo', and den all 'll be salubrious."

He called Henry Clay an old "reminiscence," and said it was "salubrious" to talk to him; spoke of the weather as being "variegated" in April, and said of the sky in June that it was "humane and bountiful," and that the earth was "odoriferous" and "salubrious."

He was asked by a gentleman at the artesian well if there was anything deleterious in the property of the water.

"No, sir, no, sir!" was the quick reply, "de property of de water b'longs to Mr. Du Pont."

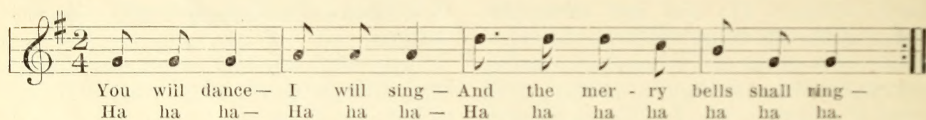
The gentleman replied that he knew the water belonged to Mr. Du Pont, he merely desired to understand how it affected the system, if it had in it anything deleterious."

"Yes, sir! it hab plenty ob deleterious, and am much complimented. Dar's also de soda, de sulphur, and udder gradients, an' when taken in de system de circumlocution an de concatenation ob de water on de risual organs clars de destruction an' leaves de system salubrious."

He no doubt added "deleterious" to the "gradients" when the next visitor came along. There was never a big word used in his presence that he did not appear to perfectly understand it, and he would always reply with readiness. After leaving the well, he was employed in a bank, where he learned a few more big words, and sometimes

applied them aptly. One day he was sent on an errand and failed to return promptly, possibly circumlocuted and circumnavigated more than was salubrious. When he came back, his indignant employer kicked him out with unmannerly words. Charlie felt insulted; he was not accustomed to the etiquette used towards a slave. He found work elsewhere; and when asked why he left the bank, he said he "repudiated" it because Mr. Dash was too spontaneous.

The other friend of Aunt Eliza's was the older fiddler, Henry Williams, who led a band at fashionable parties and gave dancing lessons to the children long ago. He played entirely by ear, and was especially partial to square dances, the "Virginia Reel" being his favorite. He had his peculiar way of calling the figures in a quadrille: "Balance de ladies!" "Swing your corners!" "Chevalier all around!" Frequently he would sing two lines that rhymed, and the band would come in with the chorus,



One cotillion figure was called "Fire." Williams sang the two lines that rhymed, and the chorus gave the

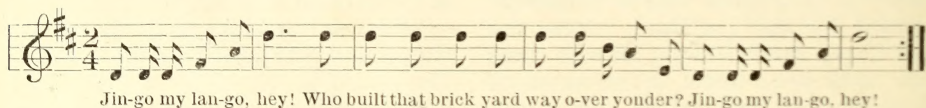
stormy night, and the dawn brought a blizzard. The old fiddler took cold on his homeward ride; he had pneumonia and fever, and in his delirium he imagined he was still leading the band:

"You will dance and we will sing,
And the merry bells will ring,
Ha! Ha! Haw! Ha! Ha! Haw!
Ha! Ha! Haw! Ha! Ha! Haw!"

He would laugh in his ravings; then again he would scream: "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!" "Balance de ladies!" "Chevalier all around!" "Swing your corners!"

These hallucinations excited him and made the fever worse. His last words were "Promenade all!" The dance was over, and he fell into his last sleep.

In learning particulars of Aunt Eliza and her slaves, an effort was made to obtain some of the old darkey songs they once sang. Those they composed were generally destitute of rhyme, and after every line there was



cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire!"—and the dancers were set moving to very fast time, the figure terminating when they were almost out of breath, with "Promenade all!" or "Lemonade all!" as he frequently rendered it.

The last time Williams played was at a country party. The dance music lasted from early in the evening until four in the morning, when the guests went home. It had been a windy,

a refrain, as "Jango, my lango, hey!" or "Ho, Jamboree!" repeated some five or six times.

For their plaintive airs they used "Heyho! Higho! twing, twang de banjo!"

"Far' well Miss Julia, far' you well,
Heyho, Higho, twing twang de banjo!
De nigger-trader's got me!"

"Far' well old Missus, far' you well,
Heyho, higho, twing twang de banjo!
De nigger-trader's got me!"

"Far' you well, old Marster, far' you well,
Heyho higho, twing twang de banjo!
De nigger-trader's got me!"

Far - well, Miss Ju - lia, far - well, Far - well, Miss Ju - lia,
 far you well, Far - well, Miss Ju - lia, far - well, Miss Ju - lia, far you well.
 Hey ho High - o twang twang de ban - jo, De
 nig - ger tra - der's got me, Miss Ju - lia, far you well.

They would continue in this way, saying farewell to all at the Kentucky home. The song originated with those who were sold South.

The cornshucking songs were also destitute of rhyme, and frequently celebrated some remarkable feat of "Brer Rabbit," running into some such chorus as

"Oh! shuck dat corn, you niggers.
 Oh! Ho-o-o-oh! Ho-o-o-oh!
 And pass dat jug around lively,
 Oh! Ho-o-o-oh! Ho-o-o-oh!"

The custom of having corn husked on a moonlight night by all the darkies in the neighborhood making of it a frolic has passed away with the slavery, and the songs are remembered by but few of the old negroes who have not yet "got ligion"; after one has "jined de church and is professed," it is impossible to make him sing anything but religious songs; he insists that "de Lord's done forgot dat he sung dem songs what's not his'en, and he's gwine ter forget 'em too," and "Them as 'members 'em will go to torment sartin." The present generation of Aunt Eliza's negro town have no characteristic songs. Minstrel ditties and popular ballads of the day seem to be their choice.

A few years more, and the Wet Woods settlement will have under-

gone changes. The "Woods" has already been cleared away, and the "Wet" is not destined to remain much longer. An enterprising stranger from the North has discovered that the clay in this locality is just the thing for making drain-tiles; he has built his kiln on the border of the Woods, and before long his pipes will be draining the land. Besides a kiln on the border, a railroad is being built through the heart,—a railroad made by "de converts from de penitencery,"—"what dey brings out in a package car,"—so these poor ignorant people say. But a little while, and they will know the difference between converts and convicts, package and baggage. The education that will come to them will improve them of course, but we may doubt if there will ever be among them another Aunt Eliza. She encouraged their learning, and at the same time she tried to make of them an honest, faithful people, content to be cooks and coachmen, and not fine ladies and presidents of the United States. Aunt Eliza was well fitted for her life work, and has left an example and a reputation few of her color can claim. She will long be remembered by the negroes of the Wet Woods as the first who built a house there and lived as a queen among them.

AN AMERICAN LOVE STORY.

By Dorothy Prescott.

III.

"I read you, by your bugle-horn,
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn,
To keep the king's green wood."
"A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
But 'tis at peep of night;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night."
Yet sung she: "Brigal Banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there,
To reign his Queen of May!"

THE next morning was Sunday, and Mr. Mills, who rose late, pleased his sister by accompanying her to church; and at dinner, Mrs. Farwell and one or two other relations dropped in,—not Perry Cutter, who had received a hint to keep away. There was no opportunity for private conversation, but John Mills had a sense that something was in the air. Probably they expected him to begin on business, and he was quite ready to do so when they were by themselves in the evening. But as soon as the last guest had departed Harry began: "There is something I wish to say as soon as it is convenient to you."

"Any time."

"Then, if you will come out now?"

"Very well," said Mills, taking the hat Harry handed him, and walking down the porch steps, anxious to get the talk over. The young man, of course, was going to ask some favor, and if it were anything in reason it must be granted; but it is not agreeable to have one's good intentions forestalled, and he had come prepared to do as much and more for the Browns than they had any right to expect. No words passed till they had left the precincts of the farm, and walked out on the wide open floor of

the valley. Flat as it looked from above, it was yet broken by many an outcropping rock, tufted and circled round with shrubs, and many a brook, cutting deep through the rich loam between fern-fringed banks, or spreading out over the pebbly reaches; it was dotted with scattered large trees and crossed by natural hedge-rows between the fields; and at every turn some grouping of these made a study for longing eye and eager hand, had trained eye and hand ever come to the farm. But now that the crops were harvested, there were wide open spaces altogether bare of cover; and on one of these Harry paused and said quietly, though he had grown a little paler than usual:

"I ought to tell you that Gertrude and I love each other."

"What!" cried the father, growing pale in his turn.

"I mean I have asked her to be my wife some day; and she says she will—if you consent."

"But I never can consent," said John Mills, his face now flushing crimson, and his words forcing themselves out in a confused stammer. "I never heard of such a thing! It is too—absurd. Don't let me hear another word about it."

"That would not be right. I ought not to win Gertrude's love, and then hold my tongue to you about it."

"I don't believe it! It was abominable in you to speak to her about it. You know I should never have let her stay here if I had dreamed of such a thing! I thought better of you, Harry!"

"There was no need of speaking. We knew it long before that."

"It is impossible! I don't believe it!" cried Mills again, though a warning recollection of something in his

daughter's eyes and voice caught at his heart. "Why, Gertrude is a child—a baby; the bare idea of marriage is ridiculous at her age!"

"How old do you want her to be before she marries?"

"I don't know—I never thought of it. I couldn't hear of her marrying anybody for seven years at the least of it."

"If I come and ask you for her in seven years, then will you listen to me?"

"No, indeed! Why, the whole idea is perfect nonsense. How could you support a wife?"

"I hope to be able to in seven years."

"The devil you do!"

"There are ways to be made in the world. How did you make your own?"

"That's no rule for any one. I had exceptional success. I worked hard enough, I can tell you—harder than you ever will, or can; and it grows harder and harder every year."

"It may be done. In seven years' time, I think I can be in a fair position to marry."

"And do you expect her to sit waiting for you all that time?"

"I thought you said you did not wish her to marry before then."

Mr. Mills, stunned and bewildered, while his companion was calm as ever, gasped for breath, and like a lion in the toils, burst out angrily with: "I will not have her live like a beggar!"

"I shall never ask her to."

"I suppose you expect to get some of my money with her; but if she marries you, you shall never touch a cent of it."

"I don't want it."

"Do you expect to be able to support her as she is now?"

"Very likely not. She would not care for it—she does not care for such things."

"She doesn't know what she does care for! She is a child,—and you are, too. You don't know anything

about the world, nor what a difference there is. My Gertrude! you don't realize what a different position she has a right to expect."

"I do realize it. I can fully understand how you feel about this. I know Gertrude is above any man's deserts, were he a king. I will say nothing about mine. But she loves me—we love each other so much, that we can be very happy in a simple way of living, and I do not doubt that I can give her the comforts of life by the time you mention, or sooner."

"And meanwhile she is to waste the bloom of her youth waiting for you!"

"She will be happier waiting for me than waiting for nothing."

"You needn't think I am going to let her see or hear anything of you!"

"You have a great deal in your power, sir, I know; but I don't think you have the power to prevent our hearing of each other."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!—to go and persuade a child of my daughter's age that she is in love with you, and then lead her into a clandestine correspondence against her parents' wishes!"

"I have done no such thing. I never persuaded her. We could not help loving each other; we cannot give each other up. As soon as I had a chance I told you all about it. You have insulted me in a way I could not have borne from any other man. But I can bear that, and more, from Gertrude's father; and I can allow for your being surprised and disappointed. I do not want your money. You think too much of it when you imagine that every one else is thinking of it too. I will not stoop to anything clandestine. I want Gertrude to marry as she should, with your consent, and for you to keep your place in her heart. You do not need to give her a single penny to do that. We are willing to wait; but when I am able to maintain her in a way that will content us both, be it in seven years, or, I hope, in less, I shall come

and ask you again for her, and you will have no right to refuse."

Mr. Mills caught at his last chance. "Very well. In seven years' time—no less, mind you—if there is nothing against you, and she is set upon it, I will not refuse you, if, in return, you will promise me not to attempt to see her or hold any communication with her."

"I do promise it. I will sacrifice a great deal that Gertrude and I may feel that I do not deserve the things you have said about me. I presume letters will occasionally pass between the families, as before. If I can hear she is well, now and then, and she can know the same of me, it is all I ask."

The worst of rarely losing one's temper is that, once lost, it is almost impossible to recover. Mr. Mills was conscious that he had lost his well-guarded temper for the first time for years; and, baffled, angry and wrathful against himself and all the world, he burst forth in spite of himself: "She'll have forgotten all about you in six months—see if she doesn't!"

"If she does—there will be nothing more to be said about it."

Mr. Mills, checkmated without knowing how, raged inwardly, but regained his outward calm with an effort. "We will go to-morrow—if you will please to take us over to the Point."

"Very well. I must see Gertrude once before she goes."

"Not till I have spoken to her myself."

"As you wish; it can make no difference," said Harry,—and for a moment their eyes met. Mr. Mills was the first to turn away. Mechanically he retraced his steps toward the house. He did not wish to encounter any of the family, and kept out of the way of the coming and going at the back door, along the bank below the road, where he came suddenly upon his daughter, standing close by her favorite seat near the brook. Aster and golden-rod were withered now, and even the feathery clematis had

shrunk away, so that the little pools reflected back the sunset glow. So did Gertrude's face, which wore the rapt, far-away look of one who listens to running water.

"Gertrude!" It gave him a pang to see her, for the first time in her life, start at his voice. "Gertrude,—my dearest child,—my darling,—don't think I am angry with you!"

Gertrude, slipping her hand through his arm, nestled close to him and raised her face with a look of loving trust; but even while he kissed her rosy lips, "I suppose that young fellow kisses her whenever he likes," he thought, bitterly; and the kiss was like Dead-sea fruit to him.

"You are not angry with Harry?" she murmured, gently.

"I am more angry with myself,"—with a heavy sigh; and as she said nothing, "I was a fool to leave you here!"

"Dear, dear papa, don't say that!" Tears were on her long eyelashes, and never from her babyhood had he borne to see Gertrude cry. He was silent in his turn, and she wound her arms about his neck.

"Harry could not help loving me any more than I can help loving him," she said; "but I love you just as much—oh, more than ever!"

"You are but a child—you have no business to think of love at all."

"I never did think of it," said Gertrude simply.

"Well, my dear, as I said, I blame myself the most. To give you pain is no more of a punishment than I deserve; it's the heaviest one I can have. I cannot think of allowing you to marry this young man. In the first place, I don't approve of cousins' marrying—"

"I am sorry; but you said you saw no objection to Lily and Horace—"

Mr. Mills was aware that she referred to a highly approved match among her mother's closely related connections. He was startled at finding her capable of arguing the point, and interrupted her with: "You

are too young to understand how wrong it would be in me to let you. He has positively nothing to support you on."

"But, dearest papa, I don't care to be rich. I do not want a large house, or fine things. I like to work, and Harry thinks that in six or seven years' time—"

"And do you think that I am going to let you wait all that time?"

"Why not? We know that we are both too young to be married now. We expect to wait. I shall not mind that."

"You may change your mind before the waiting is over."

"Oh, no, I shall not!" said Gertrude, caressingly coaxing. "I have so many things to learn and to do before I am ready! The time will go very fast. You mustn't think I'm in any hurry to leave you, dear!" she went on, stroking his arm with her disengaged hand. "And I want you and Harry to know and love each other. No, I shall be very happy waiting, and so, I know, will he!"

"He may change his mind," said the father, driven to his feeblest argument. He felt it so as he saw the sudden dimples play round Gertrude's sweetly serious lips, and hurried on, "And he very likely will!"—recognizing his folly yet more, as her dimples broke into a smile and she threw back her fair head with, "Well, then—let him!"

The father said no more, for fear of saying too much. He could not bring himself to tell Gertrude that the seven years of which she spoke so confidently must pass without any intercourse between her and her lover. He left that for Harry, though despising himself for his cowardice and fully aware of the advantages he gave the young man. He would not stay to be petted and perhaps coaxed over, but turned abruptly and walked off, without looking back. He knew she would not be long alone; and following the road toward the house, he came upon Isaiah Brown, in his

old blue frock, with a stick in his hand, slowly pottering across the road toward the hill pasture.

"Going after the cows?" said Mills, turning with him up the well known way; and they walked in silence to the bars. Then, as Brown let them down, and the lazy herd who waited there like statues slowly filed through the open space, Mills said: "I must go to-morrow in the early train."

"Is not that rather sudden?"

"You'll send us to the Point to take the stage, and see that Gertrude's trunks get over."

"I hoped you'd stay longer this time, and look a little about the old place."

"No—I have no time; and then, my wife is in a hurry for Gertrude to get back. You have had a long visit from her, at any rate."

"She is a dear child!" said the uncle, "a dear, good child! I love her as if she were my own—better than if she were my own. I didn't feel as if 'twas right, somehow, to love her better than I do my own girls; but lately I've begun to think that she and Harry have thoughts of each other,—and then there'd be nothing wrong about it. There are not many young men good enough for her, I know; but Harry is—he's good, through and through. I can't tell you what he's always been to me."

"There had better be nothing said about that; they are both too young."

"Yes, yes—I know it. But by the time they are old enough to be married, I guess Harry'll be able. He is a very uncommon boy, Harry is. He has only two years more in college, and then all he need do here is to get that mortgage paid off. I won't ask him to help me on the farm, so long as I have life and strength. Perhaps you can find him some place, such as we talked about in the spring; for I suppose you will wish to have Gertrude near you, and he'll want to have her live well. He'll be ambitious for her, though I am sure the child herself would be very

happy here. She loves the place, and we would never let her work hard."

John Mills, half disgusted, half amused, wholly scornful, held his tongue, while he remembered how he and his old friend used to build their air-castles together when he was as young and as simple as Isaiah Brown. His country bringing up he always felt had been an advantage to him. It was well to start with simplicity, though it did not do to stay simple. If he had known beforehand how hard it was to struggle with the world, he might never have found courage to try. It made him shudder to think how many times he had nearly slipped before he felt himself secure, if one ever is secure on those dizzy heights of success, while still new prospects rise before to tempt the climber on and up. Even supposing Harry Brown—a most extravagant supposition—to get on half as well as John Mills had, how utterly out of the question would a marriage with him be for Gertrude in seven years, when Mills himself would have gone on so far that the distance between them would have widened instead of narrowing!

"I have told Harry my intentions on that subject," he said, coldly. "Of course it is of no use to say more at present. It will not be time to think of it seriously for years; we will not discuss it now."

The cows had all filed through the bars, one by one, and Isaiah put the bars up, and silently followed the line down the bank. For many years, as he hoed his corn or turned his hay alone on his wide fields beneath the wider sky, thoughts would come to him—strange and beautiful thoughts, such as had kindled his boyish soul and made him feel that, could he tell them to the world, they might do good work. All that hope was over now, but the thoughts came still. There was no one of his family to whom he could breathe them, not even Harry. He used to treasure

them up to tell his old friend John Mills, if he and John could ever take one of their old walks about the place again; but now he felt, with a wound that was cut deeper than he knew, that this was never to be.

John Mills, left alone on the high bank in the evening glow, knew the bitterness of his own heart too. He stifled one sigh, and, scrambling down as quickly as the gathering darkness would allow him, met Harry and Gertrude coming along the road together. They stopped when they encountered him, and Harry quietly began without letting go her hand:

"I have been telling Gertrude what you said to me; and we are willing to wait for seven years. We will neither see nor communicate with each other, except as you give leave, if you on your part will promise us that when this time is past, if I am in a situation to offer her a home, you will not refuse it."

"I will promise that, certainly; but you must not bind her in any way."

"I do not ask you to. Dearest, I am as sure that you will love me when seven years are past as that I shall love you,—as we love each other now. Don't promise me anything; only say: Harry, I love you."

"Harry, I love you!" cried the girl, throwing herself into his arms; and as he bent over her, their lips met in one long kiss. "We do not want to hide anything from you," he went on, turning to her father. "I have only kissed her once before. I am willing to do what you think right, while she is still so young; but you must know that we have rights too. Good-bye, my darling! If we live, seven years will not seem long; and if one of us goes first, it will only be a little longer. There is a great deal to do for each other till then. Keep well and happy for my sake, and I will for yours. There is nothing in this world that can keep us apart, while we love each other."

One more long embrace, and he strode off into the darkness. Ger-

trude stood trembling all over, so that her father feared she would fall. He put his arm around her, and she sank on his shoulder, sobbing pitifully. Every sob cut to his heart; and yet, what was he to do? What father of any common prudence would consent to an engagement between two babies, to end in a foolish early marriage,—for that was what it would end in, no matter how finely they might talk; nay, he supposed that even now they might be reckoning on the impossibility of his seriously keeping to his word. Well, let them wait and see! He had come back brimming over with good intentions; and here was this foolish childish love affair to frustrate them all and put an everlasting barrier between him and his old home—even worse. He had not been more or less scrupulous than the usual run of men who make great fortunes; but in his private dealings he prided himself on always having borne himself like a gentleman, and a liberal one. Now he must do the meanest thing he had ever done in his life, a thing he must feel ashamed of as long as he lived; but there was no help for it. Anything must be borne rather than extend a particle of help to serve as a stepping-stone to Gertrude!

All the evening was a confused scene of packing and farewells. Harry did not appear, and Gertrude was pale and quiet. No private interviews were possible, and nothing was said but on the business of the hour. John Mills lay down to sleep under his father's roof for the last time in his life, and dreamed that he and Isaiah were boys again, fishing in the Ellis; and how his sister—only she wore Gertrude's form—brought them luncheon, and how she cried to see the little speckled trout floundering together in the basket, and begged them to catch no more; and how Isaiah put up his rod at her entreaty, and he, jealous of her rewarding smile, walked off alone, unheeding her call, at first soft, then a wild cry, to come back—only come back; and

then someone was knocking at his door in the dim twilight of early morning: "Time to get up!"

The leave-taking passed like a dream itself, and the hurried good-bye to home and family gave no chance for indulgence of sentiment. Mr. Mills had the satisfaction of knowing that if Harry and Gertrude exchanged any farewell words unheard by him, they must have been brief indeed. Harry brought down the luggage and harnessed the horse, but deputed the task of driving the parting guests to the Point to the farm boy. Father and daughter had but few words to say to each other during the short drive, or the longer one to the Pond; but at last it was over, and they were seated in the train and leaving the Pond behind. The whole summer's tale might be a dream indeed to John Mills, as he settled himself comfortably in the high-backed cushioned seat and looked at Gertrude opposite to him, dainty and exquisite as on the day he had brought her there, more beautiful still, in spite of pale cheeks and reddened eyelids. But these were trifles that would pass. He leaned forward suddenly to say:

"Gertrude, I don't wish you to say anything to your mother about this. There is no use in troubling her with it now."

Gertrude was astonished, but relieved. It had never occurred to her that her mother was not to be told everything. But Mrs. Mills was an anxious, careful parent, always thinking of her children's future, and never satisfied with their present; and however much they might love her, their confidence did not flow freely to her. She rarely allowed herself to express so much unalloyed satisfaction in one of them as she did when she welcomed back her daughter in increased height and health and beauty. She said so much that her husband regarded her almost scornfully. Was that, then, all a woman—even a mother—knew?

Life ran on in its old way. Ger-

trude wrote the notes which politeness demanded to her aunt's family, and they answered with more or less promptness, though at no great length. Even her uncle's answer, though affectionate, was short. Mrs. Mills, in her gratitude for the care they had apparently taken of her child, spoke of return visits from them; but her husband very decidedly negated the plan, and Gertrude appeared so indifferent that Mrs. Mills, ceased to press the matter. Evidently, she thought, the cousins were not very congenial, and doubtless it was best. She amiably spent some hours of her valuable time in choosing the very handsome wedding presents for Angelia, with which her husband tried to salve over his regrets,—for he knew that these could in no way forward any pretensions of Harry's; and then, in the rush and hurry of her crowded daily life, forgot that the Browns existed.

Gertrude went to school and learned her lessons, and joined in the

few mild gayeties her mother considered proper. Mrs. Mills's ideas on female education were strict, and she felt that her only daughter must be the subject of extra care. She saw that the young girl gave promise of beauty in no common degree, and her friends were not slow to confirm her opinion. She was a good woman, and tried hard to be unworldly, but she could not help indulging in a few ambitious dreams for the future of her lovely child, and determined that she should be launched from previous seclusion on the world with every advantage of surroundings. She was rather surprised that her husband did not respond more warmly when she would dilate to him on these air-castles, and still more when he asked her, once or twice, if she thought Gertrude looked happy—was she sure that she was well? Well? Happy? Mrs. Mills laughed at the absurd question. Did he ever see a girl look more blooming—more beautiful? Mr. Mills was silent.

(To be continued.)

VANISHED.

By Emma Endicott Marcan.

WHEN brave men starve in silence, seeking still
 Some strange, far goal to crown an Arctic quest,
 Before they yield themselves to final rest,
 They dream of bread, abundant to their will.
 Nor wine nor golden fruits have power to fill
 Such measure of imagined joy, unguessed
 In days less stern, before their hearts confessed
 The call that makes men heroes, scorning ill.

Love is the wine of life; why should one care
 That wine is spilled and wasted, when he dies
 In bitter hunger for a piece of bread?
 I long to see your face,—my only prayer,—
 To meet once more your grave and tender eyes,
 Then know my dream is mockery instead.



THE MAIN DORMITORY, RECENTLY BURNED.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE.

By Henrietta Edgecomb Hooker.

EVER since Darwin's "Origin of Species" turned the trend of the world's thought into new channels, it has been more and more the fashion to study everything with reference to its development. Among the questions with sufficient data to make their evolution interesting is the rise of the college idea as it affects the education of women. Essential links in this evolution are Mount Holyoke and Mary Lyon's work for it.

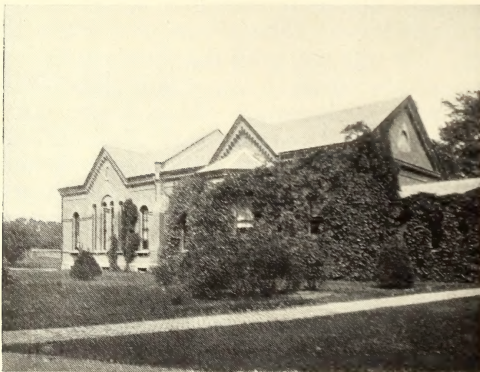
There has been a dark age for women, even in good old Massachusetts, and that hardly more than a century ago, when educational advantages for children were construed to mean boys, when grammar schools fitted for college, and colleges for the ministry, as the colonists dreaded leaving "an illiterate ministry to the churches when our ministers shall lie in the dust." The reading of the Bible by both boys and girls, among

a people who cared enough for their own conceptions of it to be exiles from a land they loved, was speedily provided for. This with the catechism learned from the New England Primer was for decades almost the sum total of book lore for girls. Such knowledge was all that was needed for good listeners at the Sunday sermons, and could be acquired at the wheel and loom. Those were days when all that was worn by the family must be produced at home, and girls were necessarily busy. True, there were occasional dame's schools, out of which girls came with samplers and manners, and for years they were content; but about 1790 Boston girls began to attend the public schools—in summer—and Boston fads then as now would creep into the suburban districts. Soon girls as far away as the Connecticut Valley began to sit on the schoolhouse door-



THE SEMINARY IN 1836.

steps to hear the boys recite, and one town which, in 1788, had voted "not to be to any expense for schooling girls" was obliged by law to recant. About the same time the increase of public schools made the legal recognition of women as teachers necessary, though all they were required to teach was reading, writing (if stipulated) and manners. Then as now every true woman who became a teacher longed to be a better teacher, and the demands for facilities brought in the academies, seminaries and private schools which late in the last century and early in the present one arose sustained by private capital. The first academy for both sexes was incorporated in 1761, at South Byfield.



THE LIBRARY.

The first for women was Adams Academy at Derry, New Hampshire, in 1823; the first in Massachusetts, Ipswich, in 1828. The seminary of Rev. Joseph Emerson at Byfield from 1818 to 1824 was the school which perhaps more than any other had to do with the rise of the Mount Holyoke idea. Among Mr. Emerson's one thousand pupils, mainly teachers, the two whom he considered the most remarkable were Miss Grant, early the principal of Ipswich and of Barre, and Mary Lyon, so closely associated with her.



THE OBSERVATORY.

There were many reasons why a new school, one of a different type, was needed. The only institutions sufficiently endowed to give them permanence, having property in buildings, libraries and apparatus, were the colleges. Of these, the only one open to women, the Oberlin Collegiate Institute in Ohio, founded in 1833, was practically closed to almost all New England girls because of its remoteness. Unendowed schools to pay expenses must charge high rates. This made everything beyond the limited public school education for girls, in the eyes of those who did not consider it an absurdity, a luxury to be enjoyed only by the rich; for the price of

a girl's board and tuition for a year was often twice that of a whole college course for her brother. Results, too, were discouraging, as in many private schools what was taught was so superficial and aimless as to make the acquirers vain, frivolous and discontented, or, as one put it, "less healthy, less domestic, less useful." The demand for schools and teachers was constantly increasing, and with it the responsibility for the right teaching of students. Then came Mary Lyon's part in the history of education.

A deserted spot in Buckland, in the hill country of Massachusetts, to which Holyoke girls make summer pilgrimages, is now marked by a bronze tablet with this inscription: "Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke Seminary, was

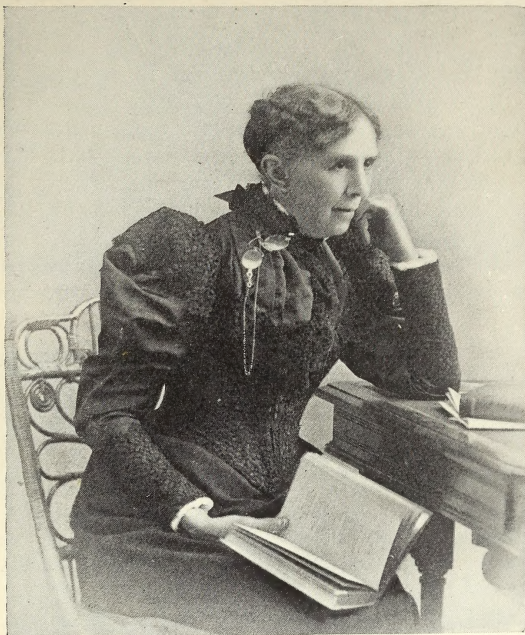
born here February 28, 1797." Known to the world mainly as the woman of faith and good works, whose life has been called an added verse to the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, a picture of her at home and at school will not be uninteresting*.

"Nurtured in rural simplicity and Christian sincerity, unfettered by custom and fashion, inhaling strength

* From the admirable history of Mount Holyoke Seminary, by Mrs. Sarah D. (Locke) Stowe, and her sketch of Higher Education in Massachusetts, the material for this sketch of Mary Lyon's life has been largely drawn.

with the fresh mountain air and gathering stores of wisdom from her mother's Bible, this blue-eyed girl, with fair skin, rosy cheeks, broad, high forehead and masses of curling auburn hair, was laying up invaluable resources for after years"—for those days of which her mother wrote: "Mary will not give it up; she just walks the floor, when all is so dark, and says, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall

bring it to pass.' Women must be educated, they must be!" At school "she was of buoyant temperament and showed intense energy of body, mind and soul; she had a great warm trusting heart, a keen sense of the ludicrous, a power of humorous description combined with overflowing kindness, and although she



MRS. ELIZABETH S. MEAD.
President of Mount Holyoke College.

outstripped her schoolmates in their studies they admired her more than they envied her, 'she was so full of benevolence.'" That she was skilled in the household accomplishments of her time is testified by "the two blue and white coverlets spun, dyed and woven by her own hands, with which she paid for a winter's board at Ashfield," by the "blue fulled cloth habit" she wore at Ipswich and Derry, and by the fact that she was her brother's housekeeper at fifteen.

She represented the best culture which the schools of New England and New York, at that time, could produce. After exhausting the lim-

awakened." It was here that she performed the feat of committing to memory the Latin Grammar in three days, and that she calculated eclipses and made an almanac.

Previous to her attending Mr. Emerson's school at Byfield, the true aim of education had been in a degree lost sight of in the pure pleasure of acquiring knowledge, which she had enjoyed with all the intensity of her nature. Ever after, for herself and for others, added opportunities for culture meant only added power for usefulness; and that every woman might have this, her birthright, she labored, planned, and prayed. The plans were years in maturing. While associated with Miss Grant she was enlarging them and testing their working power, in the academies of Ipswich and Derry.

Miss Lyon has been called by a recent writer "the heroine of altruism,



ONE OF THE COTTAGES.

ited advantages of her own town, we find her at Sanderson Academy, Ashfield, at Amherst, Conway, Troy, N. Y., Byfield, Derry and Ipswich, wherever the best facilities seemed to



THE RUINS OF THE MAIN DORMITORY AFTER THE FIRE.

be offered for the branches in which she sought training.

Of Sanderson Academy she said: "Here I was principally educated, here my mental energies were first

the last and highest type." No one can deny her this honor who catches the spirit of the words which expressed her purposes concerning Mount Holyoke: "A permanent insti-



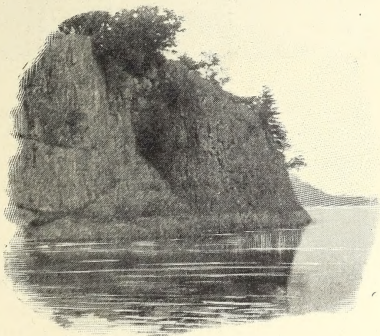
THE LYMAN WILLISTON HALL.

tution consecrated to the work of training young women to the greatest usefulness. . . . Designed to be furnished with every advantage that the state of education in this country will allow. . . . To put within the reach of students of moderate means such opportunities that none can find better ones." These words are on their way to their three score and ten years, yet they need no change to make them embody the advanced thought of to-

day; and Mount Holyoke can never hope to attain worthier purposes than those here expressed, of training young women for the greatest usefulness, to this end giving them every facility the state of education in this country will permit, and at such rates that even those of moderate means can enjoy them.

As a result of the forces whose history has thus been outlined, it came about that just two hundred years from the founding of the first college for men, and when one hundred and twenty such colleges existed in the United States, the first institution designed exclusively for the higher education of women was chartered by the Legislature of Massachusetts. It was known for fifty years as Mount Holyoke Seminary, became in 1888 Mount Holyoke Seminary and College, and in 1893 Mount Holyoke College.

The work was not done with the granting of the charter. "Prejudice was to be removed, indifference overcome, philanthropy roused, benevo-



TITAN'S PIER.

lence called into action." The names of Edward Hitchcock, Andrew Porter and Daniel Safford, who had themselves first to be won, were the names of powerful allies who gave, besides what pecuniary help they could, time and influence. The funds for the building, \$27,000, were collected in sums ranging from six cents, in three instances, to \$1,000, in but two, and there were eighteen hundred subscribers.

Miss Lyon's policy was threefold: to secure the funds from many people,

in the first catalogue: "It is no part of the design of this institution to teach young ladies domestic work. Home is the place for the daughters of our country to be taught this subject. Some may inquire what is the design of this arrangement? It may be replied that the family work must be performed, that it is difficult to find hired domestics and to retain them any considerable time when found, and that young ladies engaged in study suffer much in vigor and intellectual energy and in their future health for



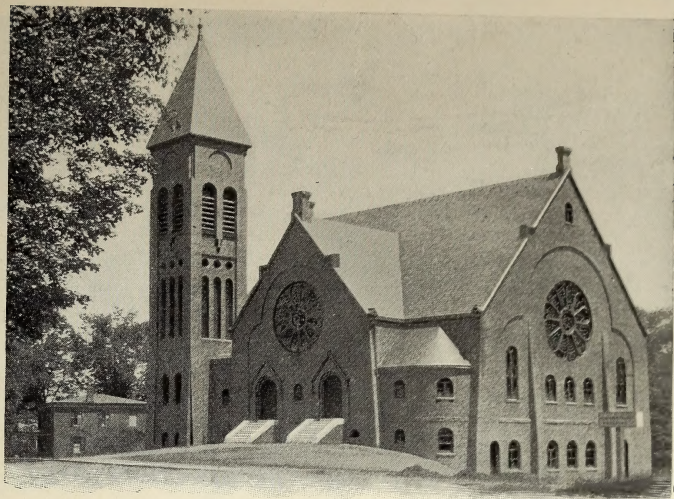
LAKE NONOTUCK AND GOODNOW PARK.

in order to gain a wider interest in the work; to obtain teachers who, though well equipped, should from love of the work be willing to take small salaries; and to introduce among the students the idea of self-help, in giving to each a part in the economy of the household by sharing in the household work. Her reasons for this unique feature of her school were thus stated

the want of exercise. Daughters of well-bred families in New England have independence enough to engage in any business which will promote their own best interests and the interests of those around them, and for such families this institution is designed, whatever may be their circumstances in other respects." Miss Lyon retained the system because of

what it accomplished in the abolition of caste, in the dignifying of labor, in giving executive ability, habits of promptness and efficiency, and as a factor in the power of adapting one's self to circumstances, for which Mount Holyoke women at home and abroad have always been noted. So great has been the misconception of this idea

that even to-day and in towns within a radius of twenty miles of the college there are occasionally found those who suppose the students are largely occupied in learning domestic accomplishments. All that Miss Lyon ever required of her pupils was seventy minutes a day, which has been gradually reduced by the use of modern appliances and by help hired for the harder and less agreeable du-



THE VILLAGE CHAPEL.

ties till an average of thirty minutes daily from each accomplishes all that is desired.

Tuition during the first twenty years of the institution was about sixty dollars. It has been successively raised to eighty dollars; one hundred and twenty-five, during the war, when decreased numbers made the struggle for existence the closest; one hundred and fifty; one hundred and seventy-five; two hundred dollars; and, in 1892, two hundred and fifty dollars. This covers all expenses of board and tuition, except for music, which is the only extra.

On account of a debt contracted in war times and which in 1868 had become \$25,000, the trustees asked aid of the State, which was granted for the following reasons: "The high standard of scholarship and of character; the great number of teachers trained; the value of the household work in honoring labor and forming habits of system, fidelity and self-help; the low



PASS OF THERMOPYLAE.



LIBRARY AND MAIN BUILDING.

charges for so superior advantages; and the liberality of the State toward its colleges for men,—citing, as late instances, Tufts, Williams, Amherst, and the State Agricultural College.”

The first entrance requirements were Arithmetic, Geography, History of the United States, English Grammar and Watts “On the Mind.” Those interested feared that sufficient numbers could not be found to pass the examinations, as they were beyond what was generally considered a finished education for girls. But in the senior, middle and junior classes of that first year were one hundred and sixteen students, of whom four were seniors. The second year four hundred were refused for lack of room.

Up to five years ago students entered, as at first, only by examination. At present certificates are received from the best preparatory schools.

Latin and French were taught every year after the first, and Miss Lyon looked

forward to the addition of Greek and Hebrew, though the former was first included in the curriculum in 1872 and the latter not till 1895, nearly fifty years after her death.

The requirements for admission have been steadily increased, with corresponding changes in the curricu-

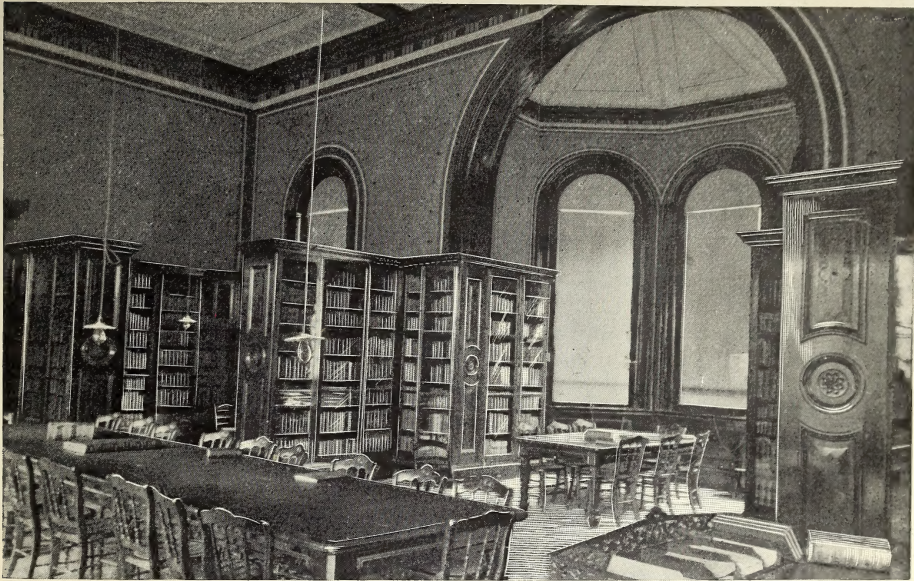


A CORNER IN THE BIOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

lum, for which the way has been paved by the following policy: work beyond requirements has been offered as elective and readily taken by those who either added a year to their course or took post-graduate work. In 1885, eighty were in such work; in 1886, one hundred. Members of the faculty also, seeing the direction of affairs, were asking leave of absence for advanced work in the colleges and universities of this country and of Europe—this while Mount Holyoke

being done outside it and to make the further requirements necessary to warrant asking the Legislature for the change of name, and with it power to give degrees. This was granted during the blizzard of March 8, 1888, when it took the news two days to reach South Hadley.

There were those to whom the name Mount Holyoke Seminary, and the culture it had given, seemed sufficient, who said: "Secure the power to grant degrees for your higher



IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

was yet under a Seminary charter. Then came the demand from the alumnae for recognition by degrees of work done, as a necessary help toward further professional study upon which they wished to enter and to which, though they were otherwise prepared, the lack of a degree presented a hindrance—for in later years colleges for women had risen and the name Seminary had come to represent a secondary culture. Mount Holyoke could not be true to her birthright in giving or seeming to give anything but the best. It was not found difficult to include in the curriculum work already

course, but keep also the old course for those who prefer it." As a compromise the name in the charter read Mount Holyoke Seminary and College. But the Seminary course in time died a natural death, being used merely as a stepping-stone to the broader work; and as no preparatory school attachment was desired, the Legislature again responded to a petition to cut out the "Seminary" from the title, and Mount Holyoke again stepped out upon the platform of "the best culture the state of education in the country will allow." Mount Holyoke Seminary gradu-



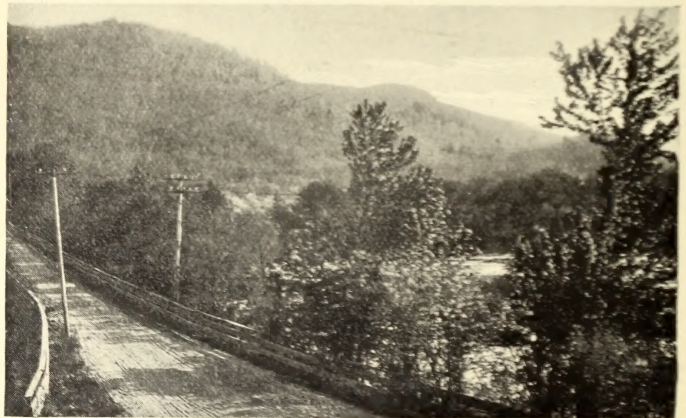
ON THE NORTH CAMPUS.

ated about two thousand students. Mount Holyoke College will, in June, 1897, have given degrees to two hundred and ninety. There have been connected with the institution, in the sixty years of its history, eight thousand students.

Among the names of those who will always be remembered in this important change for the College, and who gave all their energy to its accomplishment, in arranging the schedule of studies for students, in securing funds for extra study, and most especially in planning for work of advanced character by the faculty, are those of Miss Elizabeth Blanchard and Miss Anna Edwards. The former was principal from 1883 to 1888, the last year acting president; the latter was vice-principal.

In 1837 there

were in the faculty the principal, associate principal, two teachers and three pupil assistants. To-day, with three hundred and fifty students, the faculty numbers thirty-eight, with seven library and laboratory assistants. For many years the teachers were all chosen from Mount Holyoke graduates. At present, though all are women except the one at the head of the school of music, Professor Alfred M. Fletcher, they represent in graduate and post-graduate



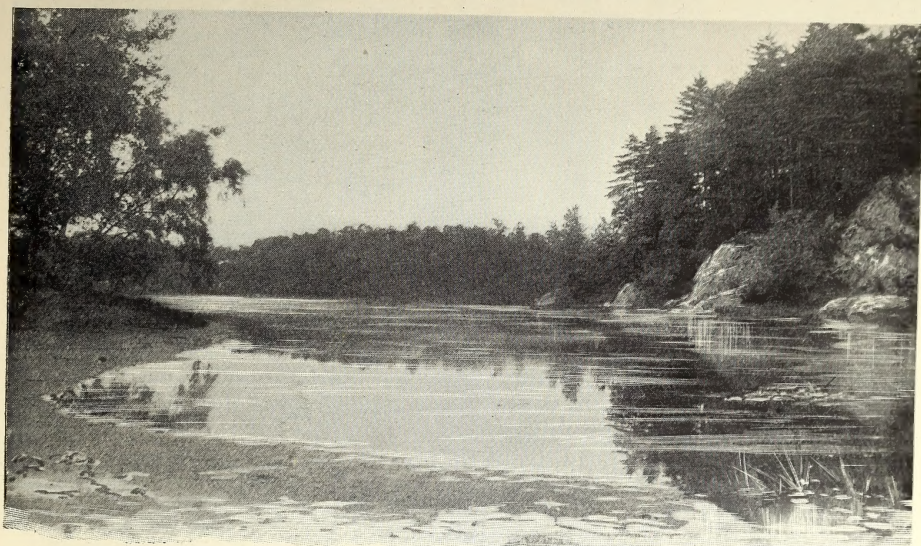
MOUNT NONOTUCK.

work the culture of Smith, Wellesley, Oberlin, Hartford Theological Seminary, the Universities of Syracuse, Chicago, Michigan, Berlin and Cambridge, and the American Classical Institute at Athens.

From Miss Lyon's love for science a stimulus was early given in this direction, which has never been lost. This was rekindled at the Agassiz school at Penikese, of which three of the Mount Holyoke teachers were members. In all these later years the

Botany and Physiology everything in the way of laboratories, lecture rooms and department libraries which they at present need, with opportunity to extend the crowding museums and collections, as the new buildings planned shall offer more desirable lecture rooms to those in other lines of work, now near neighbors.

The building, costing \$50,000, recently erected for the sole use of the departments of Chemistry and Physics, is in every



THE COVE NEAR TITAN'S PIER.

presence of increasing numbers at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Wood's Holl, where the College from the beginning of work there has been represented at an investigator's table and later with private room for research, has helped toward keeping the College in touch with latest scientific methods. These influences, with the coöperation of the trustees and alumnæ in furnishing appliances for work of high grade have resulted in an equipment to which Mount Holyoke is glad to call attention. The Lyman Williston Hall, built and enlarged at a cost of \$80,000, gives to the departments of Zoölogy, Geology,

respect up to the demands of the times. It was the proposition of the alumnæ to honor Miss Lydia W. Shattuck, for forty years a teacher, by furnishing the funds for this building and calling it by her name. Miss Shattuck was best known as a botanist, but was for many years the instructor in Chemistry, and in money left by her to the college the two departments shared alike. There is no one connected with the labors of the past years who is better known or more beloved. With a sturdiness of character born of her early struggles in the New Hampshire hills, a courtesy that meant large-heartedness,

making every one at ease in her presence, a genuineness born of her love of nature, and an acuteness that made nature's secrets hers, her snowy hair

ments to make its equipment complete selected by the eminent Princeton astronomer, Dr. Charles Young, whose biennial lecture course at



THE FACULTY PARLOR.

and kindly face were a benediction in any place. Her death, in 1890, removed from the faculty the last one who had ever seen Mary Lyon's face. Emerson's words on Thoreau paint more clearly than any others to the alumnae of Mount Holyoke the picture of Miss Shattuck:

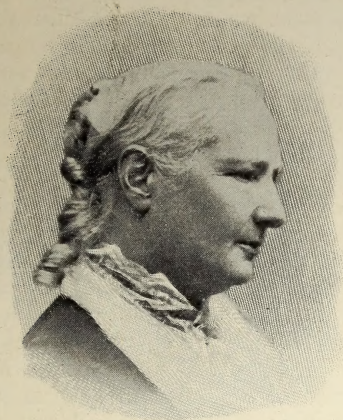
"A lover true, who knew by heart
Each joy the mountain dales impart;
It seemed that Nature could not raise
A plant in any secret place.
In quaking bog, on snowy hill,
Beneath the grass that shades the rill,
Under the snow between the rocks,
In damp fields known to bird and fox,
But he would come in the very hour
It opened in its virgin bower,
As if a sunbeam showed the place,
And tell its long-descended race.
It seemed as if the breezes brought him;
It seemed as if the sparrows taught him;
As if by secret sight he knew
Where, in far fields, the orchids grew."

Of the John Payson Williston Observatory and the work for which it was designed, it is only necessary to say that it was planned and the instru-

Mount Holyoke, in addition to the regular college requirements, is one of the treats looked forward to by the



IN THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY.



MISS LYDIA W. SHATTUCK.

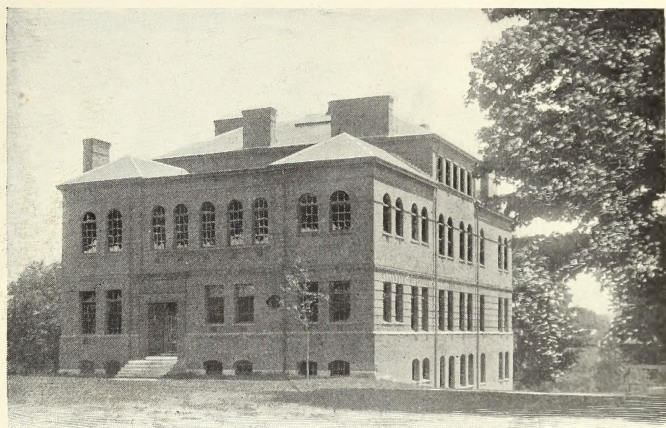
students, and for which all plan their work.

That zeal for knowledge and modern methods for obtaining it are far from being the exclusive property of the departments of Science the full elective courses along all other lines testify. Seminary methods obtain everywhere, stimulating to original work, and progress is just as evident as if in each charts, models and instruments acquired could show tangible results. In the departments of mathematics and Latin during the past year new courses were necessarily added to satisfy the demands of classes which had exhausted all those previously offered,—and these were not meager.

The school of music provides generously for those who make this branch a specialty, and shares its lectures gratuitously, with those of all

courses; also its concerts, which are given throughout the year by the best artists the College can command. In the department of Art, besides opportunities for practical work, the lectures by Professor Louise Randolph, from the historical standpoint, illustrated by pictures collected in years of foreign study, are eagerly attended by the students. These afford a liberal culture and the best possible preparation for future study and travel.

The original building, erected in 1836, for all dormitory and school purposes, was ninety feet long by fifty feet wide, with four stories and a basement. This was architecturally of a type severely plain, but later it was much improved by the addition of a cupola and piazzas. In 1841 it was extended seventy feet, and a south wing one hundred feet long, also four stories high, was added. In 1853 the north wing, of similar dimensions, was finished. In 1865 the completion



THE HALL FOR CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS.

of the gymnasium connecting the free ends of the wings enclosed the plat of ground known as the quadrangle. This hollow square of buildings, together with the adjoining water tower, boiler works, electric light plant and greenhouse, all later additions, constituted the fuel for the recent fire of

September 26, leaving the picturesque ruin shown in one of the illustrations.

Perhaps nothing could testify better to the continuous growth of Mount Holyoke in temporal things than a rapid survey of the acquisitions of the last thirty years in buildings and in the improvements made in them. The "steam letters" written by the students soliciting funds, with some aid received from other sources, resulted, in 1868, in the abolition of Franklin stoves and the anxiety attendant upon the care of them and in the introduction of steam heating. In 1870, the library was erected, costing \$18,000, from funds raised because of the promise of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Durant of Boston, afterwards the founders of Wellesley College, to give \$10,000 worth of books when a fireproof building was ready to receive them. That this was all which

What this was in its provision for the intellectual progress of the college, the elevator and the artesian well, the products of 1880, were to the physical comfort of the household. In 1881, the Observatory, costing \$10,000, provided amply for the needs of the department of astronomy. The greenhouse given by the Misses Dickinson of the class of '66, in 1882, added much to the facilities of the botanical department and enabled the botanic garden to include specimens from floras needing winter protection. In 1883, the pressure for more dormitory room led to the purchase of the Dwight homestead, adjoining the library, which was named North College. In 1884, the Pavilion in the park and many other improvements in walks and drives made the grounds more attractive. In 1887 the library doubled its size, and the



THE BROOK PATH IN THE COLLEGE GROUNDS.

the architects planned was lately proven by its standing unharmed when the four stories of brick walls with which it was connected by a wooden corridor melted in fervent heat.

In 1876, the Lyman Williston Hall was erected, at a cost of \$50,000.

addition of West Hall, from the Allen estate opposite, provided more generously for the growing numbers of students. 1892 brought the electric light plant; 1894 the hall for Chemistry and Physics, costing \$50,000; 1895 the skating rink, the gift of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and 1896



THE WALK BY LAKE NONOTUCK.

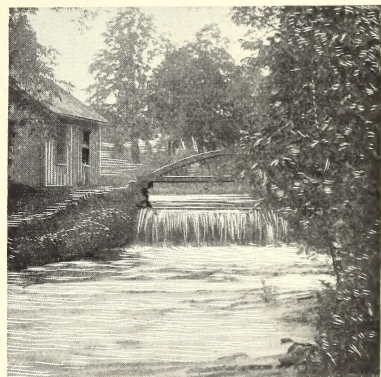
the Estabrook house, now South Cottage.

The original ten acres of land, purchased when the offer of \$8,000 by the town of South Hadley led the first trustees to locate there, have increased almost entirely since 1880, to about one hundred acres. This has been in large measure due to the generosity of Hon. E. A. Goodnow of Worcester, for whom the park, containing about forty acres, is named. His gift, besides this land, includes a fund whose income is to be used in caring for it. The grounds include, outside the park and botanic gardens, lawns, tennis courts, cycling and coasting grounds, and Lake Nonotuck for skating and rowing, though the use of the Rockefeller skating rink in the last winters has made the lake look lonely. A lady who has traveled much, and whose opinions in her writings the world respects, said while enjoying the view from Goodnow Park: "Why do you not say more about your grounds? There is not a college in the country which has such views from its campus."

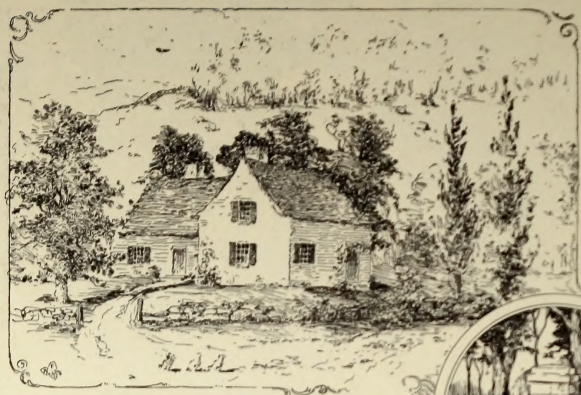
The College expenses have been mainly met by the tuition fees, with no Department endowment before the

semi-centennial gift in 1887 endowing the President's chair to the extent of \$20,000. Latterly a small fund has been accumulating which before the present movement to secure the Parsons fund amounted, all told, to less than two hundred thousand dollars. This includes scholarship funds approaching sixty thousand dollars, the income of which is for deserving students of limited means.

The statements concerning recent acquisitions would hardly be complete without appreciative mention of the untiring labors of one who, as



THE BROOK.



BIRTHPLACE AND GRAVE OF MARY
LYON.

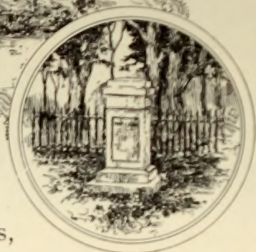
treasurer of the Board of Trustees, has had to meet the questions connected with the financial situation of the College. The buildings recently destroyed were the only ones upon the campus not erected or purchased under his personal supervision, and even these had been so remodeled for comfort and convenience at the suggestion or with the approval of himself or Mrs. Williston, that they were as conversant with every part as if they had helped plan the foundations. The observatory in memory of their son was their gift, as were ten thousand dollars to begin Williston Hall. These and other investments in almost every enterprise started by the College since their connection with it testify, as do the time and thought they give to all plans for improvement, the depth of their interest.

The present administration, that of President Elizabeth Storrs Mead, has been remarkable for its liberality. Beginning as the institution was entering on full College work, there was opportunity for decided changes and improvements, for which Mrs. Mead has been ready. Among those of vital importance have been the broadening of the curriculum by the adoption of many electives, the introduction of the group system of studies,

and the granting of the one degree, B. A., for all courses, in place of the three degrees formerly given. The semester plan has succeeded that of three terms of work, and the larger liberty with which older students of higher training may well be trusted has not been withheld. The recently added chairs are those of "Biblical Instruction and Semitic Languages," and "Constitutional History and Civ-

ics." Teachers' courses have been planned to meet the demands of those who wish to use a leave of absence from their schools for preparation along special lines.

Among other proofs of the qualification of President Mead for her position should not be forgotten her labors that the inner and outer life of the students may develop symmetrically. Every morning at chapel the fundamental truths of religion are presented in an earnest way, emphasizing the worth of character and the high privileges and duties



A CORNER OF THE BOTANICAL GARDEN.

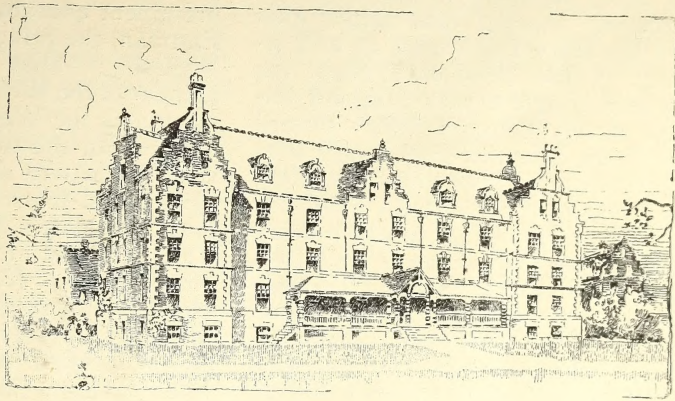
of every conscious child of God.

An increase of holidays and especially the observance of Founder's Day have been pleasant features of these later years. The object of the latter has been to keep up the traditions of Mount Holyoke and to acquaint the students with the work of the founder. Two speakers have been appointed yearly, one from the alumnae, another representing some phase of advanced educational thought. This year, President G. Stanley Hall represented the educational world and Mrs. Moses Smith of Chicago, President of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior, the National Mount Holyoke Alumnae Association. Twice the laying of a cornerstone has added pleasant features to the exercises; on the first occasion the new building was for Chemistry and Physics, and this year the Mary Brigham Hall.

To make college life combine other features with the intellectual, and to make these both delightful and profitable, are the problems of the various organizations in which college girls band themselves together. The Young Women's Christian Association in its inter-collegiate and home relations, gives enlarged views of life and work, is a rebuke to selfishness, and an introduction to interests in which out in the world the students will concern themselves. The members conduct Bible classes, hold services in remote districts, and lead the college prayer-meetings. They also enhance social features in their domain, and the first reception of the year is given by them to the Freshmen class. Other organizations

working in harmony with them are the Somerset Y., the Mount Holyoke Missionary Association, and the Student Volunteer Band. Delegates are sent yearly to the Northfield Conference, with inspiring results.

The literary societies are the Sigma Theta Chi, Chi Phi Delta, the Shakespeare Club, and the Journal Club. The first two are the more thoroughly organized and have done much to further the interests of the College. The Sigma lately furnished the reading-room handsomely, and both are working heroically in the interests of endowment. Among the social or-



THE MARY BRIGHAM HALL.

ganizations, for mixed purpose, but especially for good fellowship and mutual help, are the clubs which, from the "Pine Tree Club" to the "We Westerners," represent the different states. Of similar aims, but not sectional in membership, is the Anti-Monotony Club.

The college spirit could hardly thrive in these days without athletic interests; and that this is felt at Mount Holyoke is testified by the General Athletic Association, the Polo, Rinkle Polo, Basket Ball, Tennis and Boating Clubs, and no less by the "Views Afoot Club" and "The Pedestrians." The Gorge, the Bluffs, Bittersweet Lane, Indian Head, the Pass of Thermopylae, Titan's Pier, the Ferry, the Mountain Pasture, as well as the

higher view points of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, have asleep in them echoes of cheery voices and good times which are food for happy meditation all the years.

Among the most prominent factors in the well-being of the College are the Alumnae Associations, or "The College in the World." Their purpose is provision for the increased well-being of their Alma Mater. If there is an endowment fund to be raised, the Alumnae speed it; if there is a new measure that will affect deeply the interests of the College, the Alumnae discuss it. They are represented by three members on the Board of Trustees. Among their larger gifts are the Mary Lyon fund, as endowment of the President's chair, for something over twenty thousand dollars; fifteen thousand dollars toward the Lydia Shattuck Hall, which they are laboring to make thirty thousand; and besides the effort for funds for immediate rebuilding, in which every Mount Holyoke woman is interested, they are striving toward the one hundred and fifty thousand dollar endowment for the Professors' chairs, to which when secured Dr. Pearsons offers to add fifty thousand dollars. Nearly ninety thousand of this sum are already promised. The Turkish Alumnae have for some time sent a yearly contribution to the botanic garden in memory of Mrs. Millingen, one of their cherished members. A chair of pedagogy is the object toward which the Philadelphia Alumnae are now working. Although the dollars come in slowly, the College will never be poor while the loyalty of the true hearts of her daughters continues.

There are few whose records are more carefully kept than are those in the College Quinquennial of the eight thousand students whose names have for a longer or shorter time been enrolled at Mount Holyoke. This catalogue is the outgrowth of the old Memorandum Society publication of the first fifty years. The publications of the undergraduates are *The*

Llamarada, an annual, by the junior class, and the *Mount Holyoke*, issued monthly. The alumnae as an organization are represented in the College Settlement work to which they subscribe annually; they also give to the College the privileges of the American School at Athens by contributing yearly to its support. This is a great incentive to work in the department of Greek, as graduates have free tuition there.

The names of Mount Holyoke women on the lists of those interested in philanthropic and benevolent work have been many; nor have they been wanting in professional life. Among prominent educators are Miss Sarah Eastman, the principal of Dana Hall, Wellesley; Miss Helen Peabody, founder of the Western Female Seminary, now the Western College, Oxford, Ohio, the first school founded after the pattern of Mount Holyoke; Miss Laura Watson, principal of Abbott Academy, Andover; Caroline Yale, principal of Clark Institute for Deaf Mutes, Northampton; Miss Mary Evans, principal of Lake Erie Seminary, Painesville, Ohio; Mrs. Susan Tolman Mills, president of Mills College, Cal., and Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, the founder of the International Institute of Spain, from which, during the last three years, the students have received the degree of B. A. from the Government Institute. Among those who have made a name as physicians are Dr. Mary Smith, prominent as a surgeon, connected with the New England Hospital in Boston; Dr. Elizabeth Peck, once resident physician at Mount Holyoke, now consulting physician of the Woman's Department of the Philadelphia Hospital and on the faculty of the Woman's Medical College, and Dr. Mary Dole, one of the first to receive a degree from Mount Holyoke, who after some time in the New England Hospital and in study in Germany and in the Pasteur Institute in Paris, returned in 1895 to Greenfield, where she has a large practice and is

connected with the Greenfield Hospital. Among those known to literature are Mary O. Nutting, librarian at Mount Holyoke, whose fame as an author rests principally on her carefully written histories, including "William the Silent" and "The Days of Prince Maurice"; Ellen C. Parsons, the editor of "Woman's Work for Woman"; Miss Mary Henry, a writer of girl's books, among which "Quiet Corners" and "Hope Reed's Upper Window" are remembered; Edna Dean Proctor; Anna Reed of "A Single Strand" fame; Marietta Kies, whose latest work, "Institutional Ethics," shows her line of thought; Miss Mary Wilkins—at Mount Holyoke in 1871, and Mrs. Lucy Wright Mitchell, whose "History of Sculpture" still lives, though she has passed away.

Sixty years of Mount Holyoke's life have passed away, and with the last days of them the building whose cornerstone Mary Lyon laid. But the forces for good that have here had their origin live in results that can only be known when we see as He does, to whom causes and results read in succession as from an open book.

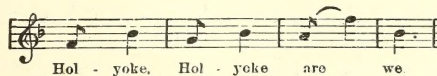
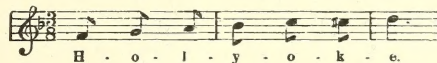
But the future. Already three dormitories are planned. The Mary Brigham Hall even now raises its walls, the gift of the New York and Brooklyn Alumnæ, in memory of a cultivated and consecrated woman, elected to the first presidency of the College, but whose death, before she entered upon the duties of her office, came as a providence inexplicable and so difficult to receive. Dr. Pearson of Chicago, than whom Mount Hol-

yoke has no truer friend, besides ten thousand dollarstoward the latter cottage, has given forty thousand dollars for another; and his promise of fifty thousand dollars toward permanent endowment—already made half good waits till the Alumnæ shall have one hundred and fifty thousand dollars ready to put with that sum.

For all the rest, dormitories, chapel, gymnasium, reading rooms and greenhouse, all of which recently disappeared, for added art gallery, lecture rooms and music hall, which before seemed necessary and now are imperative,—all these are to be secured and furnished and in part the land on which they are to stand secured, from the one hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars, the insurance on the old building and its contents.

The Alumnæ are loyal, but they are women; and whatever may be said of the rights of women in these days they have not always the power to turn the keys in the larger treasuries of the world. There are those, however, who can make this, Mount Holyoke's extremity, as it is also her opportunity, an occasion to erect memorials of good women with the confident expectation of making all women who use them better. Work may increase at Mount Holyoke, methods may change, but ideals must remain the same while on the College seal is written: "That our daughters may be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace"; and while the students still sing:

"Holyoke, Holyoke, tried and true,
We will love her ever,
Alma Mater and the blue
We'll forsake, no, never."



THOUGHTS ON THE TRANSCENDENTAL MOVEMENT IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Louis James Block.



HE condition of our literature seventy years ago was not such as to inspire the patriotic American to enthusiastic expression. The names upon whose high sound we now depend to carry our literary renown beyond the limits of our shores had not then begun to be musical and impressive. What was to be expected from names so unpromising as Cooper, and Longfellow, and Poe, and Whittier? The mediocrity and middle-class flavor of a country which built its commonweal upon the supposed equality of every one of its members rested upon them all, to the alien mind. Here were no class distinctions, no aristocracies to speak of, whether of rank or wealth or learning. The young aspirant for literary honors was indeed born into traditions and scholastic habits to which he was expected to pay a certain homage; but the example of his forefathers in making light of similar bondages and prescriptions, more sacred, time-honored and obligatory, filled him with a sense of his own importance and a determination to accept of the old as much as commended itself to his needs and permit the remainder to find its way to the limbo of forgetfulness. It may not be undesirable, however, to inquire what those traditions and habits were, as a sort of analysis of the soil from which the later and more luxuriant literary growth sprang, dissipating the mists which overhung the new nation and obscured us from the understanding of nations not prone to look with favorable eyes upon a

political attempt which, if successful, would leave them the representatives of a polity outlived and doomed to dissolution.

Such literary activity as America had during her colonial period was perforce a reflection of the literary activity of the mother country; yet there were some differences and peculiarities. The traditions of an elder period remained longer with the colonists; and a certain Elizabethan savor was perceptible here when all traces of that great age had vanished from the polished periods of the wits and essayists who succeeded the great poets and dramatists in England. The so-called quaintnesses of New England speech are directly derived from the speech then in vogue in the parent land, and one often has only to turn to the pages of Hooker, or Beaumont, or Fletcher, to discover there in classic usage what has been thrown up to us as a reproach. The absence of established organs of criticism and a generally cultivated auditory gave rein to individual caprice in expression; the fantastical element, a heritage of the Middle Ages, subjected to artistic control by Shakespeare and his contemporaries, burst all fetters and revelled in the productions of weaker men. Grave theological writings masqueraded under such titles as "Nails Fastened or Proposals of Piety Complied With," or "Ornaments for the Daughters of Zion, a Discourse which directs the Female Sex how to express the Fear of God and obtain Temporal and Eternal Blessedness." With the French influence in English literature, the clearness and directness of prose took the place of the splendors of poetry. English prose, aware for the first time of her important separate

existence, achieved the most vivacious steps of her progress. Clearness, simplicity, and manly expression of emotion took the place of obscure and far-fetched allusion, and the often ludicrous intrusion of the lofty extravagance admissible only to poetry. The language of the time was full of vigor, alive in all its syllables. These qualities were repeated in such essays in literature as our forefathers made. Moreover, the conquest of a virgin wilderness and the reclamation of a continent for civilized needs heightened these qualities and imparted to them a novel intensity. The circle of ideas within which these writings moved was a narrow one, although divided into several segments. The gloomy Puritanic theology brightened into a more genial spirit in the middle colonies, and abandoned the field, beaten, before the joyousness and elegances which the warmer gales of Virginia inspired. The poetry which enlivened the leisure and adorned the lighter moments of our forefathers was of a sufficiently ponderous and utilitarian kind, little obnoxious to charges of seducing the spirit into flowery paths or forgetfulness of the responsibility of this existence in its perilous suspension between condign darkness and monotonous blessedness. Mrs. Anne Bradstreet, the tenth muse, rarely condescended to those elemental emotions out of which the texture of our daily lives is woven; that was altogether too familiar, too much involved in the darkness of naturalness, too interesting to our human affection, to receive the irradiation of her muse; nothing short of the conflicting potencies of the four primary elements, Earth, Air, Fire and Water, or the doings of men in ancient Babylon or Assyria, were worthy of her efforts. As Professor Tyler says, such poetry could be read "without any twinges of self-reproach; it was not too pleasant; it was not trivial or antic or amusing; men were in no danger of losing their souls by being borne away on the vain

and airy enticements of frivolous words."

But the effect of all this activity was to lay the foundations of a style divergent far enough from that of the mother country to give it a character of its own, a style combining the lucidity of prose with an imaginative coloring that was a heritage of earlier and Elizabethan times. Literature in the true sense did not exist, but the preparation for it was strenuously going on. The mixture of nationalities, each embodying aims and aspirations of its own, began to modify the seething mass; a new type of character and a new form of expression were rapidly coming to the surface; the solidity of English manners and English expression were in process of transformation to something more gracious and adapted to airier and lighter conceptions. The liquor of a new inspiration was fermenting in the hearts of men, and a new literary product was on the way to make its claims upon human attention. New climatic influences furthered the creation of a new physical type; and the effervescence promised something rich and strange.

But there was yet needed a national sentiment which should furnish a background and support for all such new literary endeavors. The successful revolt of the colonies and the magnificent spectacle of a nation forming itself into a genuine political unity supplied this desideratum. The elements were mixed in something like due proportion; the times were propitious, and the result was at hand. Moreover, a whole phase of national existence had passed away into a remoteness which gave it the romance needed for successful application to artistic purposes. Modern scientific realism was a thing yet undreamed of; the immediate fight with the wilderness was over; wealth and leisure were beginning, and the higher nature of man demanded sustenance. The heroism of the men who had abandoned ease and comfort and happiness for the sake of a freedom which they

could not find at home, the vigor which had converted a barren waste into a smiling expanse of field and village, the courage which had inspired a cause apparently hopeless and forlorn and led it to victory, evoked an answering response in souls alive to nobility of purpose and greatness of execution. The poet Clough wonders in one of his lyrics

"How in heaven's name Columbus got over,—
Cabot and Raleigh too, that well-read rover,
Frobisher, Dampier, Drake and the rest,"

who came after. But the passage had been made, through greater difficulties than the weltering waste of ocean; through hunger and poverty, through religious and political strife, through bloodshed and battle, the way had been followed,—and the wonder of it all was plainly to be seen. Then the great future which loomed in the opening heavens of achievement, the promise of a destiny vast and mysterious, exercised a controlling fascination. The rise of the colleges, the spread of the newspaper and periodical literature, furnished incentives, and promoted common sympathy and feeling. The morning red hovered upon the horizon, and the voices of song birds awoke to greet the increasing glory.

Here then was a public unanimous for a time and ready to listen, a vehicle of expression plastic, fine and gracious, a stock of ideas ranging from the gloomy religious musings of Puritanism to the impulses inherent in the effort to establish freedom for every man, something very like a legendary lore to draw upon for materials of story, and above all the determination to subject all the achievement of the past to re-investigation before the bar of the individual judgment. Freedom in the state found its counterpart in freedom in the use of man's reason. Besides all this, there was the red man, about whom it was so easy to weave a halo of story and mystery, and who had a whole treasure house of legends

and marvels of his own to explore and draw from.

But the new literature yet worshipped at the old shrines; it made pilgrimages to Europe, and sought satisfaction in the old splendors, but with a freedom which savored of newer realities. If Irving lingered in the shadows of Westminster Abbey, and laid the tribute of his gentle humor and fine literary workmanship at the feet of Addison, other writers deserted the shores of England for pilgrimages through sunny France, or wanderings up and down the byways of legend-haunted Germany, or amid the heroic imaginings of Spain. Plainly the old seriousness was giving way to a lighter touch, and even to a levity which made mirth at what had been held in soberest reverence. Men took to story writing, an amusement not to be contemplated without many misgivings, and to be pursued under many reservations. Brockden Brown published his weird and melodramatic romances. The poetry became marvelously sentimental; there were mysterious invocations of the muse and flutterings of nameless bliss at the sight of golden sunsets. But one deeper and more genuine result of poetic striving soon began to manifest itself, a profound sympathy with Nature in the novel aspects in which she presented herself to the western eye and heart.

The effects of all these influences on young and ardent minds in New England were magical. An era of the greatest import to mankind seemed opening, and the efforts of those taking part in it were of the largest scope and grandest intention. That the country needed a literature which should express what it had already accomplished and what the future promised was clear to the bold spirits who were prepared to plunge into any speculations. This literature should bear upon it the impress of genuine originality, should be the result of lonely ponderings and novel discoveries, should robe itself in draperies

not woven in any looms of the old world. The whole past should be called to the witness stand, and divulge before a new tribunal what it had of permanent value and eternal worth. The conditions upon which society depends were to be investigated anew, and if possible a nobler order of things was to be inaugurated. The skepticism which assailed the loftiest convictions of man was to be met in daring wrestle and floored forever. Religious faith, no longer dependent upon outer and mere historic authority, was to be built upon the indestructible foundation of the transcendental vision of God. What vistas of achievement unfolded themselves to young and ardent spirits!

The beginning of such movements who shall discover? The influence is in the air; the seed has been sown in the soil; and the plant and flowerage spring up at once everywhere. The Unitarians of New England had broken away in a greater or less degree from the bonds of authority and had accustomed the minds of men to a freer discussion of questions ordinarily supposed beyond the pale of question. But in 1832 Ralph Waldo Emerson preached the "epoch making" sermon which made him no longer the mouth-piece of a creed or doctrine, but the voice of a new effort at self expression. The revolt against the merely traditional was fairly inaugurated. It was a renaissance of the Protestant movement. The earlier one had not gone far enough. What was humane and rational proclaimed itself as identical with the divine in life and thought. In the sermon of 1832, Emerson laid down his priesthood and raised issues to whose settlement on the free platform of thought he devoted the remainder of his life. In 1836 appeared "Nature," in which the whole system of Emersonian thought received exposition as systematic and complete as in anything to be found in his later writings. In 1838 came the wonderful address before the Harvard Divinity School, which aroused all the latent

enthusiasm of young hearts and made the older ones aware that their opinions were to be assailed in a hand-to-hand conflict. James Walker welcomed the new philosophy. The wrath of the conservative was aroused, and the sensationalism of the time, the sense-thought, felt itself tottering in its hitherto seemingly unassailable preëminence. Andrews Norton and the rest arose in defense of the assailed positions, but the attack went bravely on. George Ripley and Theodore Parker joined the ranks of the new school, and both showed the skill and learning of practiced thinkers and fearless controversialists. In 1840 appeared the first series of essays by Emerson, containing the characteristic and incomparable essays on "Self-Reliance," the "Over-Soul," and "Circles."

But there were other adherents of the new faith. It would be a great mistake to consider the transcendental movement as solely a theological one. It had by this time swung loose from all theological moorings and was sailing on the free ocean of rational investigation, bound for such ports as the freest of speculations would lead the reason to rest and abide in. Orestes Brownson started the *Boston Quarterly Review* in 1838. That restless and audacious intelligence swept from sphere to sphere of thought, and planted itself wherever its changeful experiences led it. He studied whatever came in his way, and believed with all his strength whatever he had come to see. But no doctrine satisfied him long, and it is not strange that he reverted at last to a more dogmatic point of view than the one from which he originally revolted. He is a significant figure, and illustrates some inevitable tendencies of all intellectual movements, as well as of those in New England sixty years ago.

The organ of the New England transcendental movement was the *Dial*, begun in July, 1840, and ending in April, 1844. Its chief editors were Margaret Fuller and Emerson. Its

contributors constituted a band of scholars and thinkers whose superiors the country had not seen, and it may be questioned whether the country has seen since. George Ripley, James Freeman Clarke, Henry Thoreau, John S. Dwight, Bronson Alcott and many others filled its pages with papers which are not likely to lose their freshness. Of course it was received with a chorus of abuse, and a condescension which now appears to us more comical than the most mystical utterance of its own pages. The critics were quite unable to take the measure of the strange phenomenon.

The conversations of Margaret Fuller must not be omitted from an enumeration of the channels in which transcendentalism addressed the public and moulded opinion. Their influence was not less than that of all her published productions.

The effect of all these strivings on young and ardent minds it is easy to conceive. Amelioration of the unhappy condition of mankind, the righting of wrongs festering for ages, the establishment of the era of goodwill and peace on earth, at last seemed conclusions ready to descend from the heavens. The deepest problems of the mind and heart, the mysteries which environ the destinies of the race, seemed about to be solved. Nature was answering her interrogators as she had not done before; her high-priest, Thoreau, offered his prayers at her altar, and from under the shadows of the pine forest at Walden came responses whose music ravished the sense even if their purport was often as dark as that of other oracles. Literature felt the thrill of an awakening impulse. A new day of spiritual achievement was building itself up in resplendence before the eyes of men, and the first genuine literary epoch of America, uniting influences from so many sources, produced a flora characteristically differenced from that of all other climes and times. The golden breath of the early morning

filled all endeavor with its freshness and glory, and achievement seemed easy. It was the beginning of America and of things American in art and literature.

The thought of the period swiftly thrust itself into action. The claims made for the individual were to be seen in institutions which put no fetters upon the free march of his development but were only the indispensable instruments of lofty attainments. The revolt against institutions assumed various forms. In Thoreau the spirit asserted its strongest claims to be enfranchised from external forms with whose creation it asserted that it had nothing to do. The spectacle of his imprisonment for refusing to pay taxes wears unquestionably a comic aspect, and the Walden experiment to live at no charge to any one and be as independently related to Mother Nature as the primitive man, has the humorous element in it; but the undertaking had the noblest of origins, and its result is the bequeathal to us of an inalienable heritage. The mystical Alcott carried his reforms into his daily food and drink. The effort for the emancipation of woman need not be ashamed of its maternity in Margaret Fuller; her paper on the Great Lawsuit remains in the best literature of the movement contributed by America.

The Brook Farm experiment confronts us. The speculations of Fourier and Saint Simon had reached this country, and, with the minds to whom they commended themselves, to believe in them was to put them into practice. Not that the transcendentalists accepted these speculations in their entirety: they could accept no doctrines which infringed the individual rights of the individual man; but the establishment of an ideal society, a community in which brotherhood should be a real thing and not a glittering generality, a commonweal which should definitely accomplish the best culture of each member, was an ideal fascinating and irresistible to

the fraternity that adventured upon the Brook Farm endeavor. We know how Hawthorne in his diary threw over it the play of his delicate humor; and although he disavows the application of the "Blithedale Romance" to what he observed at Brook Farm, we cannot doubt that his last words upon such attempted ameliorations of social conditions are to be found in that book. We can see that such efforts are dependent for what success they secure on the very conditions which they impugn; the society from which they flee is the constant source of the blessing which they most prize and enjoy. Thoreau at Walden communes with the great writers of the Orient and wanders with delight through translations of Hindoo books which were made by help of that wicked wealth he would have no lot or share in. We are all at last obliged to confess our allegiance to that universal spirit of history which has through the ages built the institutions through which we attain the best that has been attained, and which are in truth the beneficent supporters of all we do; yet we cannot on that account withhold our sympathy from undertakings whose inspiration was to hasten the time when that which is now the appanage of the few shall be the daily bread and drink of all.

But the intellectual tendencies and developments of the movement are the most interesting and permanent. The influences emanating from the ardor of speculation and the resolute pursuit of ideas to their ultimate consequences, which were part and parcel of the transcendentalist's equipment, spread far beyond the confines of New England; and club after club, coterie after coterie, in larger cities, in villages and hamlets all over the land, owe their inspiration and continuity to Emerson and his compeers, so that his tours, and those of Alcott, seemed like the progress of some person possessed of reverence that belongs to power exercised for what is noblest and most elevating. Many a man, no matter

how far his present opinions may diverge, looks back to his first acquaintance with these names as the first splendor which arose on the night of his intellectual wanderings.

The life and spirit of the intellectual ferment of the time was liberty. Nothing accepted or generally believed was too sacred for demonstration of the grounds on which it rested; religion, art, philosophy, science, were passed in review, and each must listen to a verdict upon its claims. Boundless freedom and horizon,—that was the demand of the scholar, and every outward authority seemed almost an impertinence. This freedom was accompanied by boldness in the pursuit of ideas. There were no doubts expressed as to the power of the human soul; discussions of the limitations belonging to man's faculties were little to the taste of the fearless navigator to marvelous and novel spiritual realms; there were no problems placed beyond the pale of human investigation; indeed it was impossible that there should be, for with the postulate of absolute freedom comes another: this freedom is itself the deepest essence of the universe, and its own creations are the only realities. This freedom is no personal possession; it is the being and life of all men. To allow its unimpeded action, controlled only by the laws it frames for itself, is to conduct into all that is permanent and eternal. This has been the claim of idealism in all ages, and the New England idealists were not slow in making it. God, immortality, life, fate, substance, reality, were the themes most interesting and most discussed.

This method when applied to the study of nature was as fruitful and significant in its results. Nature was all alive; she was a symbol of the eternal mind that was mirrored in her. Every new fact, every new theory, every discovery—the more marvelous the better—was precisely what the transcendentalist wanted. To him nature was throughout her expanse the manifestation of spiritual poten-

cies,—mind infinitely divided, as Schiller says in his Philosophical Letters; every new law, every systematic procedure therein discovered, makes all the movements and periodicities of nature the more consonant to the movements and periodicities of mind.

The atmosphere in which the transcendentalists lived was tonic and inspiring. To them it would have seemed vain and impertinent to engage in speculations on the most profound subjects, if they had no relation to practice. The conduct of life was the subject above all other subjects. The Puritan remained in them in the steadfast regard to noble living and right doing. Morality has never had loftier teachers or more inspired prophets; but morality was not isolated from the beliefs which underprop it and alone make it possible. The universal and eternal law of right, as Kant had demonstrated, presupposes freedom as the basis of all responsibility, immortality as a field for its ultimate and perfect exercise, and a Lawgiver to afford it sanction and invest it with authority. Emerson in the wide range of his thought endeavors to do justice to its varied demands. In the Essays, the "Over-Soul" and "Circles" stand side by side with "Self-Reliance" and "Love"; the latter are based upon the former; action requires nothing less than the universal to give it spring and impetus; the merely expedient, the trivial, the transitory, cannot hold the fixed regard of mankind.

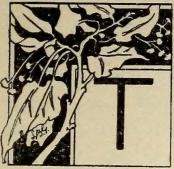
The charge of mysticism made against these writings is largely due to the expression. Yet we have no reason to quarrel with this expression. Every new literature is strange to the generation which bears it. If we take up the *Dial* now, we wonder that any one found difficulty with what seems so natural to us. Yet the delving in literary quarries disused for many years, the working in mines which had been long abandoned, gave to the diggers a somewhat uncanny aspect. A man who gave his days and nights to enthusiasm and the gorgeous Neo-

Platonism of Thomas Taylor might be expected to have something unusual about his modes of talking and thinking; devotion to Cudworth and Henry More might give the devotee a physiognomy somewhat unlike the ordinary. Still the strangeness is no greater than one will find in the most flourishing poetry of to-day. The writers were averse to systematic exposition; the logical method appeared to them not a means for attaining truth, but an attempt to put it into a straight-jacket and divest it of life and health. Philosophy when it drops out system and travels away from dogmatism cannot be otherwise than mysticism; it is the having of insights, glimpses of verity all the more dazzling for their isolation. Such writings have inconsecutiveness, but are like a succession of gems strung upon a golden thread. The objection has often been made against Emerson that you can read him backwards as well as forwards; but if we reach his plane of thought, we shall not find ourselves disturbed by the mysticism.

Thus the great men and women struggled and toiled. They attempted to fathom those problems of life and destiny whose depths no plummet has ever sounded, and which will forever remain abysses into which speculation will plunge and bring thence newer and nobler treasures. The fine enthusiasm which pervaded their circle may have led them into strange and difficult thickets of thought. They expected too much, perhaps, and hoped to ameliorate the world more rapidly than can be done with the good dame, used to the slow process of the centuries. But the spectacle of such single devotion to truth, of such inspiring hopefulness, of such vigorous thinking, stands supreme in the history of the land. When making up the record of what we have done in our brief experiment of establishing free institutions, we must not fail to award the proper place to what was done by these pioneers in the continent of free thought.

HIS GRANDFATHER'S SERMONS.

By Eliza Chester Atwood.



HE mind of the Rev. John Fairfield was a blank. He was conscious of no sensation but that of extreme exhaustion and of a dull feeling of the necessity of producing from a vacuum, for the coming Sunday, two sermons which would satisfy the requirements of a critical and fastidious audience. The sheets of sermon paper lay before him on his desk, smooth, white and unspotted. There was a massive cut glass ink bottle set in a richly carved silver standard, his initials in cipher on the silver top, and a silver penholder lying by it, both gifts from an admiring parishioner. But the Rev. John Fairfield felt no movings of mind or body to induce him to touch either one. He lay back in his chair, his eyes half closed, filled with a morbid consciousness of defeat and a paralyzing certainty that he had mistaken his calling, that what he had imagined was the voice of the Lord was a delusion born of his own conceit. The sweet stillness of the summer air filled the room. The odors from a field of clover, over which myriads of white butterflies fluttered away their brief day, made the air sweet and languorous. The fragrant spiciness of nasturtiums tempered by the passion of mignonette stole over his senses. There was a gentle twittering of the newly wedded lovers in the nest by his lattice window. But all the sweet blandishments of Nature, instead of inspiring him, depressed him and dragged him farther down in the dull slough of despair.

He had come into his parish fresh from the Seminary, radiant with first

honors in Greek and Hebrew, the glory of valedictorian in his college days still hovering over him, a Phi Beta Kappa key hanging on the silk cord which also held a golden cross, the sign and symbol of his religion; up in all the traditions and transcendentalisms of the day; ready to buckle on his sword and fight for the honor of the Church and the glory of God; to lift up the weary hands and the heavy heads; to comfort the widows and the orphans, and, above all, to write, twice a week, the brilliant essays which had delighted his professors—rather more than his classmates.

And now—before the fifth year of his rectorship was ended—he had come to a dead pause, and he felt that he was through. It was not so easy nor so delightful a task to visit the poor and the afflicted; there was nothing very inspiring in hearing over and over again the tales of woe and suffering which he could do little to alleviate; the repulsion of physical suffering and uncleanness overcame him, and he began to feel that, in addition to the discovery of a weak stomach, he must add that of a weak mind. It was rather hard for a young man who had held the most delicate ideas of the sanctity of love and matrimony to be consulted by a mother, in the privacy of his study, on the best method of bringing a dilatory lover “to time”; it was a revelation to have wives coming to complain, with bitter weepings, of delinquent husbands, and to have husbands exhibit the festering wounds of their domestic lives—lives which looked so smooth upon the surface—and ask his advice as to separation and the opinion of the Church on divorce. To a man of his

sensitive organization all this was slow torture; the wear and tear of these daily thorns and brambles had been too much for him and had gradually undermined his constitution, so that the tired body reacting on the tired mind had produced a form of mental coma, and the Rev. John Fairfield was physically unequal to the task which lay before him.

Up in the room above him he heard the low voice of his wife, singing over her needlework, and the patter of little feet and the laughter of a baby voice mingled with the sweet sounds of the summer air. These two were his own to care for and to nourish. If he broke down now in the beginning of his career there was no one for them to turn to,—for *he* had not married an heiress. His wife's pride in him and belief in his powers were unbounded. How could he disappoint and surprise her so unpleasantly? It was not possible, and it should not be.

He envied the clergymen who dared trust to the inspiration of the moment and go into their pulpits with only a text of Scripture and a vague outline in their minds, to pour forth floods of eloquence upon their congregations. He could never do that. His own sermons had been so far carefully written, models of diction and argument, and so far more than satisfactory; but he had exhausted thought and resources thus early in his career, and was too young to venture to repeat his sermons or to have the proverbial barrel to fall back upon. This must not—could not—be. He would not acknowledge himself beaten and drop out of the ranks so early in the battle. He roused himself and drew the fair blank sheets to him and hastily wrote down a text—the first which entered his mind: "Enter ye in at the straight gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."

He waited a moment for the ideas

to come, but they were slow in coming. The clear black lines stood out upon the whiteness and dazzled his eyes. He read them over and over mechanically until they seemed burned upon his brain. A sudden little wind stirred the honeysuckle at his window, and the fragrant perfume and the written words brought back to his memory the old parsonage where he used to visit his grandfather, and a Saturday morning when he stood at the study table, with a boyish petition, and heard his grandfather read to his wife this very text, from a sermon just finished. Strange that it should come back to him now! But there was no accounting for these brain waves. He wondered where that sermon was. It might be that he could get an idea or two from re-reading it. Of course he would never for a moment think of anything more, for of all contemptible things in this world stealing another man's brains was the most contemptible—even if it were all in the family. But in this crisis, when he was so exhausted, even the slightest idea might start him afresh, and it really seemed like a leading of Providence that this same text should occur to him. His grandfather had been a man of marked ability and eloquence in his day. It would be quite as suitable to draw inspiration from his sermons as from Jeremy Taylor's or any of the old divines'. He believed he had the box of sermons in the attic, where some old books and a few heirlooms too dilapidated to refurbish for the parlor had been placed. He would go and look them over. He rose from his chair and went slowly up the stairs, past the nursery door, a half guilty feeling in his heart that he was taking one of those steps to dangerous avenues which are so easy to take and so impossible to retrace. He stepped very lightly, and was glad that Ruth did not hear him.

Yes, the box was there, in a corner, behind an old flax wheel. He lifted

the lid gently and took out a pile of yellowed manuscripts in cramped, prim handwriting—the ink faded by years, but every word as legible as print. He turned the pages slowly, reading here and there a sentence, then, growing more absorbed, a page or two. Strange how up to date these words of half a century before were,—and how eloquent,—and really in his own style! They would need very little alteration to sound exactly like his own. Certainly, manner of writing was as distinctly hereditary as other traits.

He laid down one sermon and took up another. From its yellow pages a spray of honeysuckle, still fragrant with the odor of past ages, fluttered and fell in ashes at his feet. He opened the cover, and on the title-page the selfsame text which he had just written on his own blank pages stood before him. His heart gave a great leap; a strong temptation beset his soul,—and, closing the book, he threw it from him onto the garret floor. Then he sat for a moment, looking out from the attic window at the light, soft clouds on the dull blue of the summer sky and the purple mists of the distant hills, torn with temptation, weary and exhausted. He could see the tower of the church from the window—the church in which he must appear to-morrow, empty handed, empty minded, before a congregation that would not put up long with platitudes or repetition, and tacitly acknowledge his mental weakness and incapacity.

Could he bear this? Could he so shame Ruth and so mar his own career? It must not be! He set his lips firmly,—the lips pronounced so ecclesiastical and eloquent,—and, picking up the folio from the floor, put it into the breast of his frock and, hastily replacing the others, went down to his study and locked himself in. Then for hours he wrote rapidly, and when the sun went down in a cloud of glory and the sleepy

birds twittered good night to the world, he came out of his room with a flush on his pale cheek and a glow in his eyes, leaving a beautifully written manuscript in his sermon cover and a little heap of fluttering gray ashes in his grate.

The congregation of St. Mary's-by-the-Sea listened with breathless interest to the sermon, next morning. Never before had the Rev. John Fairfield been so fluent or so impressive. There were the dignity and thoughtfulness of maturity and the fire and enthusiasm of youth combined. Every sentence was carefully rounded, every gesture in the right place; and after it was ended a flutter of satisfaction, like a tiny wave, swept over the congregation.

Then came a long time of rest and increased usefulness for the rector of St. Mary's. There was no falling off in his manner of preaching. Indeed, as time went on, each sermon seemed ever better than the last. His fame spread far and wide, and he was asked to accept larger parishes and increased salary; but he preferred to stay where he had earned his first laurels. Relieved from extreme tension of mind, he grew stronger bodily and the pleasures of merely physical life were more alluring than in his ascetic youth.

The pile of yellow sermons grew gradually less, and the first pangs of conscience grew less also, until they finally vanished entirely. There was no possibility of discovery, and he began to feel that he was giving to the world the emanations of his own brain. Even his wife—his own Ruth—never suspected his honesty, but rejoiced in his success and sunned herself in the reflection of his glory. There was no intangible barrier between them, no shadow of doubt to mar their happy life.

The years went on and the drain upon the resources of the hidden treasure increased, and the Rev. John Fairfield began to discover that he was near the end of his rope; but it

disconcerted him very little, for he was so strong physically and so hardened morally, and he had made so little distinction between his adaptations and his actual stealing, that he had little doubt that when he had cremated the last relic of his grandfather's brains he should be able to write his own sermons in the same manner. But there was something else in store for him.

One lovely summer morning, when the birds were lilting in the honeysuckle about his window and the wind-swept meadow filled his room with mingled perfumes—a morning like the one on which his new career really began—he locked his door and began to examine his small remaining pile of manuscripts; for he had long ago, in his wife's absence, removed them to his own precincts and concealed them in his desk. He turned them over carefully, but there was not what he wanted for the next day. He was not feeling well, although the day was so sweet and perfect. He thought he must exercise a little more and perhaps diet a trifle. He stretched his manly figure a little and looked into the glass. Yes, he was certainly gaining in *avoir-dupois*, and his chin was perilously heavy. He picked up a pair of Indian clubs and went through a few motions. He did not like the dull little pain which the exercise gave him in his chest, and he sighed as he saw the white in the closely cut hair on his temples. There was a queer numbness in his right arm,—a mere trifle, of course, but he had felt it once or twice before. Could it be possible that his days of usefulness were threatened? Nonsense! he threw such foolish thoughts to the winds and, tossing

his clubs onto the floor, picked up the last sermon in the pile and opened its faded leaves.

Then the Rev. John Fairfield sank back in his easy chair as if he had been struck with a bolt from the smiling June skies; for clear and distinct were the first words on the written page: "Behold, ye have sinned against the Lord; and be sure your sin will find you out."

The day wore on; the bees hummed among the sweet peas and mignonette; the humming birds darted in and out of the scarlet trumpet blossoms and looked curiously in through the study windows; but nobody disturbed the silent inmate, for he had given orders that he was never to be interrupted at his writing.

The shadows came up in the west and deepened to heavy clouds; the sky darkened and there came a rumble of distant thunder; then a shrill calling of birds from different nests, a flash of lightning from a black cloud,—and the rector's wife tapped softly on the study door. But she did not rouse the gray sleeper in the easy chair. With the instinct of a true wife she did not call anyone, but ran around to the long window opening on the ground and, pushing it open, sprang lightly in and closed it after her. Then, in a moment, she knew it all. But before she unlocked the door and called any one to her aid, she finished the work which her husband had begun years before, and burned to gray ashes the tell-tale pages. She kissed the cold lips and whispered, "I forgive you, John"; and with a face from which youth and hope and life were forever gone, she unlocked the door and let the world in.

WRECKED.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

NO one dreamed of a wreck that night,
A hundred miles from sea;
The moon hung high her signal light
Above the lilac tree.

The tides of youth were hardly turned,
There was no warning frown
On Heaven's face,—while undiscerned
An out-bound heart went down!

Oh, sweet, old-fashioned garden balms,
A hundred miles from sea,—
How treacherous thy summer calms!
Mirage of memory!

THE BAY PSALM BOOK.

By Edmund J. Carpenter.

“THE Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfullness, but also the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance of singing Scripture psalmes in the Churches of God.

“Coll. III. Let the word of God dwell plenteously in you, in all wisdom, teaching and exhorting one another in Psalmes, Himnes and Spirituall Songs, singing to the Lord with Grace in your hearts.

“James V. If any be afflicted let him pray, and if any be merry let him sing psalmes.

“Imprinted, 1640.”

Such is the quaint title, surrounded by an ornamental border, of the first book printed and published in North America. It is a small octavo volume, as it appears in the few copies which are now known to exist. It cannot be truthfully said that this book, known to bibliographers as the “Bay Psalm Book,” was the first specimen of published printing in this country; for it was preceded in point

of time of publication by a broadside sheet containing the Freeman's Oath, adopted by the magistracy of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay in May, 1634, and by an edition of Pierce's Almanac. No copy of either of these publications is known to exist. So far, then, as the printing and publication of books is concerned, the Bay Psalm Book had no predecessor in the territory now known as the United States.

The printer of the volume was Stephen Day—or, as the quaint orthography of the time has it, Stephen Daye—of Cambridge. Thus Cambridge was given a prestige as the home of the typographic art in this country, which it still maintains and enjoys.

The preparation of the Psalm Book, in translation from the Hebrew into metrical English, was confided to Rev. Thomas Welde, Rev. John Eliot and Rev. Richard Mather, three divines regarded in their day as learned in all wisdom and well qualified for the task. There is a belief on the part of some bibliographers that Francis Quarles, a poet of the day,

was to some extent a contributor to its pages. The preface, or "discourse," to which the title alludes, was written, it is quite well established, by Rev. Richard Mather. The work of translation was begun in the year 1636, and occupied, it is probable, not far from three years. The method adopted by the board of translators is not known, internal evidence giving no clew to this interesting subject. We may be positive, however, that the translators were in one thing agreed: they resolved at the outset that the translations should be as nearly literal as possible and that resort should not be taken to paraphrasing save in cases of extreme metrical necessity. That this is true is not only shown by an examination of the translations themselves, but is made sure by the words of Richard Mather, in his preface. At the close of his long and carefully written "discourse" he says:

"Neither let any think, that for the meetre sake wee have taken liberty or poetically license to depart from the true and proper sence of Davids words in the hebrew verses, noe; but it hath beene one part of our religious care and faithfull indeavour, to keepe close to the originall text. . . . Wee have therefore done our indeavour to make a plaine and familiar translation of the psalmes and words of David into English metre, and have not soe much as presumed to paraphrase to give the sence of his meaning in other words; we have therefore attended heerein as our chief guide the originall, shunning all additions, except such as even the best translators of them in prose supply, avoiding all materiall detractions from words or sence.

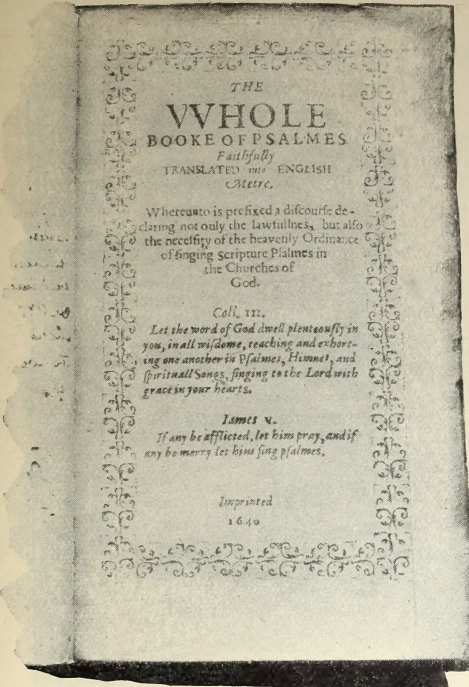
"If therefore the verses are not alwayes so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect; let them consider that Gods altar needs not our pollishings: Ex. 20, for wee have respected rather a plain translation, then to smooth our verses with the sweetness of any paraphrase, and soe

have attended conscience rather than elegance, fidelity rather than poetry, in translating the hebrew words into english language and Davids poetry into english meetre:

"that soe we may sing in Sion the Lords
Songs of prayse according to his owne
will; untill he take us from hence,
and wipe away all our teares, &
bid us enter into our masters
ioye to sing eternall
HALLELUIAHS"

The original edition of the book bears evidence of the most primitive ideas in the art of printing; and the science of proof-reading was then evidently in its infancy. The old book is filled with the most curious typographical errors, errors of which the merest printer's apprentice would not be guilty to-day. Especially amusing is the method, or rather lack of method, of punctuation—the commas, semicolons, and periods being sprinkled about in the most remarkable manner. For some reason, also, which it is now impossible to determine, the compositor in his headline upon every even page uses the word PSALM, but upon the odd pages the orthography is PSALME. This curiosity in composition obtains not in the headlines or running titles alone, but careful scrutiny shows that the same peculiarity is followed in the text as well. On the last page of the book are recorded some "Faults Escaped in Printing." These are only eight in number, and lest some errors should have escaped the vigilance of authors and printer, it is added below: "The rest which have escaped through oversight, you may amend, as you finde them obvious."

An "Admonition to the Reader," at the close of the volume, states that "The verses of these psalmes may be reduced to six kinds, the first whereof may be sung in very neere forty common tunes; as they are collected, out of our chief musicians, by Tho. Ravenscourt." It is probable, however, that the good people of the day did not aspire to use so great a



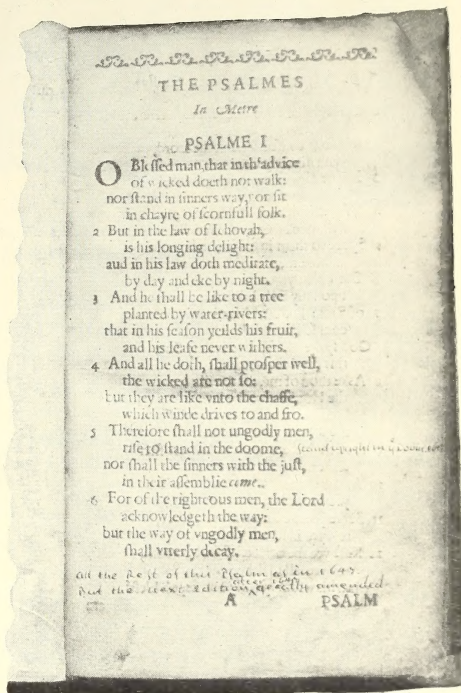
FAC-SIMILE OF THE TITLE PAGE OF THE
BAY PSALM BOOK.

variety of tunes in their worship as here indicated. Eight tunes were chiefly used by our Puritan ancestors in singing these psalms, namely, "Oxford," "Litchfield," "Low Dutch," "York," "Windsor," "Cambridge," "Saint David's" and "Martyrs." The ninth edition of the Psalm Book, printed at Boston in 1698 under the title, "The Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs of the Old and New Testament," contains the scores of these ancient tunes in the quaint notation of the day; and the scores are reproduced with this article.

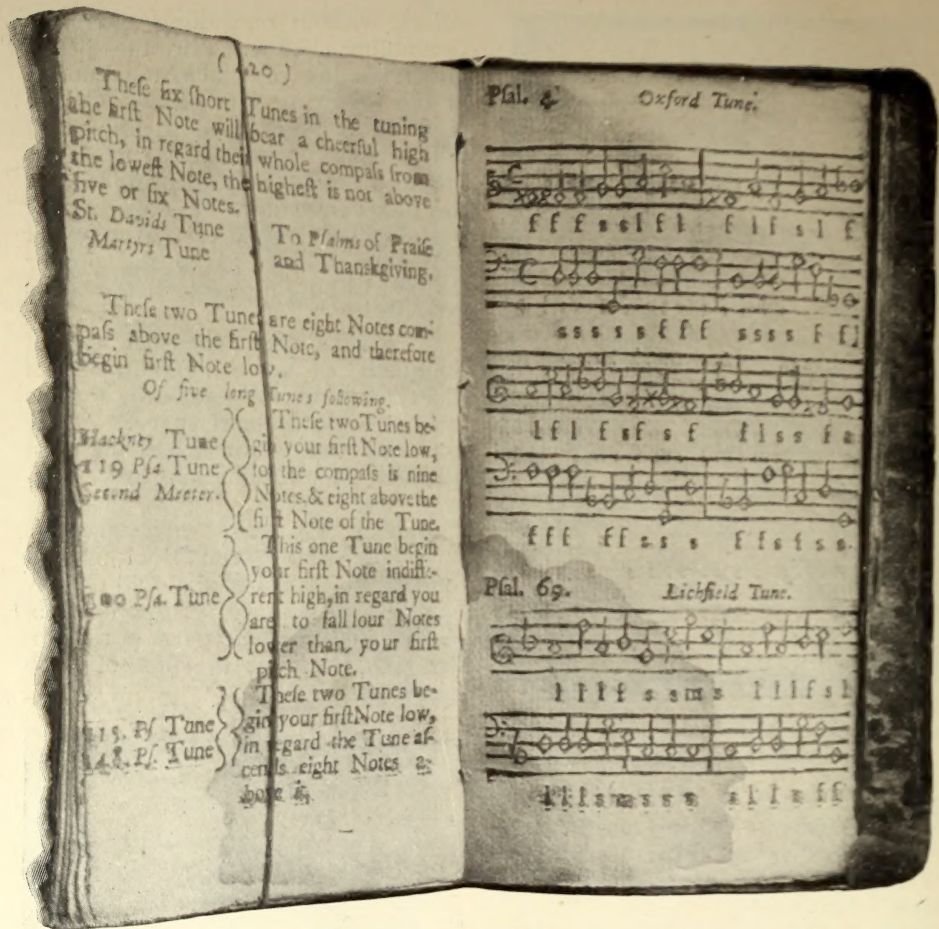
Annexed to these tunes are these "directions for ordering the Voice in Setting these following Tunes of the Psalms": "First observe of how many Notes compass the Tune is. Next, the place of your first Note; and how many Notes above & below that; so as you may begin the Tune of your first Note as the rest may be sung in the compass of your and the peoples

voices, without Squeaking above, or Grumbling below. For the better understanding of which, take notice of the following Directions. Of the eight short tunes used to four lines only, whole measure is to eight syllables on the first line, and six on the next; and may be sung to any Psalm of that measure." More exact directions follow, as to the proper method of singing each of the tunes in order.

To give a comprehensive idea of the quality of the rhyme and metre of this remarkable edition of the Psalms is impossible in brief space. A few extracts from one or two of the most notable of the productions may, however, be given. Two selections chosen by Mrs. Ward in her passage upon the Bay Psalm Book in her recently published book, "Old Colony Days," are, perhaps, as good examples as could be taken. A portion of the 58th Psalm is the first of these specimens:



THE FIRST PSALM IN THE BAY PSALM BOOK.



I. "OXFORD" AND "LITCHFIELD."

From "The Psalms, Hymnes and Spirituall Songs." Published in Boston, 1698.

The wicked are estranged from
the womb, they goe astray
as soon as ever they are borne;
uttering lyes are they.

Their poyson's like serpent's poyson
They like deafe Aspe, her eare
that stops. Thougħ charmer wisely charme
his voice she will not heare.

Within their mouth doe thou their teeth
break out, O God most strong,
doe thou Jehovah, the great teeth
break of the lion's young.

The 133d Psalm afforded to the
authors a rare opportunity for the
exercise of their gifts of versification:

- 1 How good and sweet to see
it's for bretheren to dwell
together in unitee.

- 2 It's like choice oyle that fell
the head upon
that down did flow
the beard unto
beard of Aron;
The skirts of his garment
that unto him went down.

- 3 Like Hermons dews descent
Sions mountains upon
for there to bee
the Lord's blessing
Life aye lasting
commandeth hee.

Not all of these psalms, certainly,
as versified by these three learned
men, appeal so strongly to the humor-
ous side of our natures. Many are



II. END OF "LITCHFIELD"; "LOW DUTCH," "YORK" AND "WINDSOR."

far more dignified, and some are even full of majesty, although the rhyming capacity in the translators is always sadly deficient. Here is their version of Psalm 46:

God is our refuge, strength and help
in troubles very neere.
Therefore we will not be afayd
though th' earth removed were.
Though mountains move to midst of seas
Though waters roaring make
and troubled be at whose swellings
although the mountains shake.

There is a river streames whereof
shall rejoyce Gods city;
the holy place the tent wherein
abideth the most high.
God is within the midst of her,
moved shee shall not bee;
God shall be unto her an help,
In the morning early.

In January, 1862, an exact reprint of this quaint old book was made under the editorial supervision of the late Hon. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, the distinguished antiquarian and ex-mayor of Boston, and published, in a limited edition, by Charles B. Richardson of New York. The composition and presswork of this reprint were done at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, then under the exclusive management of the late Henry O. Houghton. Of this reprint but fifty-six copies were printed. One of these was on vellum and was formerly the property of Mr. George Livermore of Cambridge. This was sold by Libbie of Boston, by auction, in 1894, for seventy-six dollars. Five copies were printed on India paper. One copy of this issue was sold at the

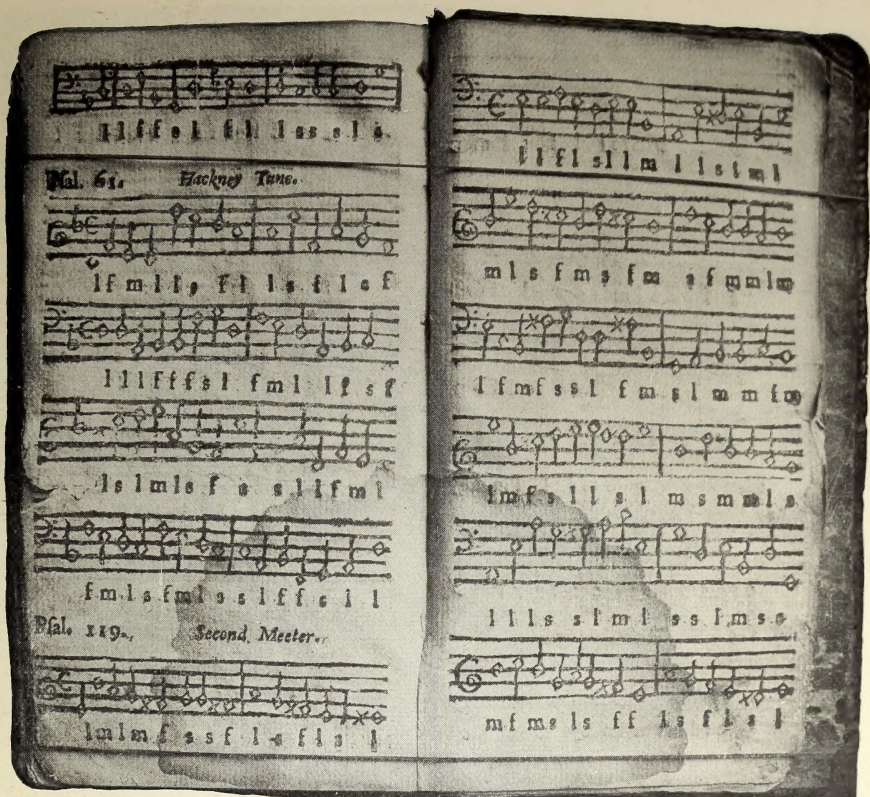


III. END OF "WINDSOR"; "CAMBRIDGE," "ST. DAVID'S" AND "MARTYRS."

same sale for forty-two dollars. The remaining fifty copies on thick paper were sold only to subscribers. Sales of this issue are quoted at thirty dollars. Mayor Shurtleff's preface to this book contains much important material concerning the history of the Bay Psalm Book.

The book was originally printed, as already stated, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. A second edition was printed in the year 1647, with some slight emendations in phraseology. In the year 1651, a more thorough version of the psalms, being a revision of the original Psalm Book, was undertaken by President Dunster of Harvard College, who was assisted in his task by Mr. Richard Lyon, both gentlemen being well versed in the Hebrew language. The labor of pre-

paring this revision consumed about three years, and the book was so favorably regarded that for many years it was the accepted metrical version of the Psalms, in general use throughout New England. Even as late as 1717 the Dunster version was in common use. Other editions of the Psalm Book followed in successive years. That of 1652 was printed in London. That of 1658 was printed in Cambridge, and published in Boston by Hezekiah Usher. An excellent authority in bibliography believes this edition to have been printed in the English Cambridge and not in its American namesake. In 1665 a fifth edition was printed and was published also by Usher, who was a Boston bookseller of prominence; and a sixth appeared in 1682. In successive years, at fre-



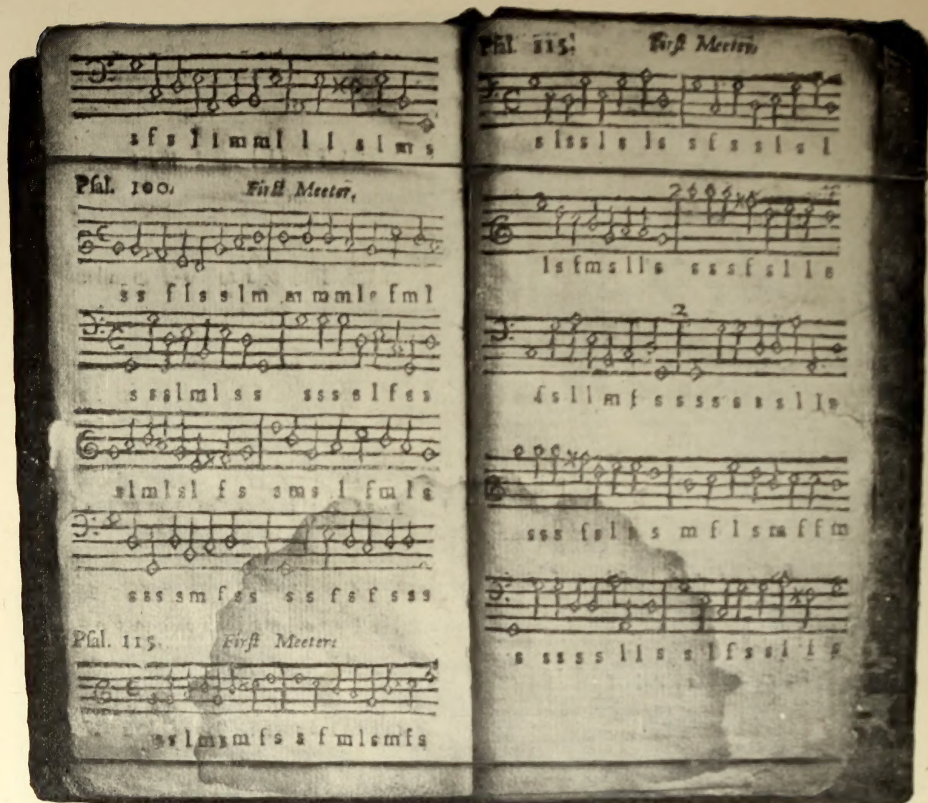
IV. END OF "MARTYRS"; "HACKNEY," "SECOND MEETER" (PSALM 119).

quent intervals, for the next century, various editions of the Psalm Book appeared, some in this country and some in London or in Edinburgh. One edition is on record as having been printed and published in Philadelphia, in the year 1733, by Benjamin Franklin.

In the year 1758 Rev. Thomas Prince, minister of the Old South Church in Boston, published a revised edition of the Book of Psalms, to which he added a collection of hymns on devotional subjects. These Psalms were from time to time changed and amended in phraseology, and were for many years in use in the Congregational churches in New England. In the work of revision Mr. Prince was assisted, as he explains in his preface, by various "ingenious gentlemen, who generously helped me with their acute

corrections." The work of revision was begun April 29, 1755, and completed March 20, 1757. To this revised edition Mr. Prince added a preface in which he gives a brief history of the original book. He says:

"By 1636 there were come over hither near thirty pious and learned ministers, educated in the universities of England; and from the same Exalted Principle of Scripture, Purity in Religious Worship, they set themselves to translate the Psalms and other Scripture songs into English metre, as near as possible to the inspired Original. They committed this work especially to the Rev. Richard Mather of Dorchester, the Rev. Thomas Weld and the Rev. Mr. John Eliot of Roxbury, well acquainted with the Hebrew, in which the Old Testament, and with the Greek, in



V. END OF "SECOND MEETER"; "FIRST MEETER" (PSALM 100), "FIRST MEETER" (PSALM 115).

which the New were originally written. They finished the Psalms in 1640, which were first printed by Mr. Daye, that year, at our Cambridge."

Ten copies of the original edition of the Bay Psalm Book are known to be extant, only four of which, however, are perfect. Five of these copies were at one time the property of the Rev. Thomas Prince, and formed a part of the "New England Library," a collection of books now forming one of the special libraries of the Public Library of the City of Boston. The ownership of these ten volumes is as here given:

(1) The Bodleian Library, at Oxford, England, bequeathed with Bishop Tanner's books, in 1735.

(2) The Lenox Library, New York, purchased at the sale of William

Pickering's stock of books in London, 1855.

(3) The John Carter Brown Library, at Providence, R. I. A Prince copy.

(4) Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York. A Prince copy.

(5) A collector residing in Brooklyn, N. Y., who does not wish to disclose his identity. A Prince copy. This copy was formerly the property of Mr. George Livermore of Cambridge, Mass., and was sold at auction by Libbie of Boston, in November, 1894, for \$425. An imperfect copy.

(6) The American Antiquarian Society, at Worcester, Mass. This copy, which is imperfect, was once the property of Isaiah Thomas, a Boston and Worcester printer of the last century, and contains his book-plate. A note in his handwriting on a fly-leaf, dated

The image shows an open manuscript. The left page contains musical notation for Psalm 148, with the title 'Psalm 148. First Meeter.' written below the first staff. The notation consists of several staves with notes and rests, and some letters (s, f, m, l) are written below the staves. The right page contains the text of Isaiah Chapter 26, starting with 'Isaiah Chap. 26.' and followed by several verses of text in an old English script.

END OF PSALM 115; "FIRST MEETER" (PSALM 148).

September 28, 1820, declares it to be the only copy known to exist, although the writer had diligently advertised for additional copies.

(7) (8) The Boston Public Library. Prince copies.

(9) The Library of Harvard College.

(10) Rev. Bishop J. F. Hurst of the Methodist Episcopal church. This copy, which is imperfect was found a few years ago in the stock of T. O. H. P. Burnham, a bookseller in the basement of the Old South Church, Boston. Its identity was established by comparison with the Boston Public Library copies, by Richard C. Lichtenstein, formerly an employee, and now the successor, of Mr. Burnham.

Some of these copies have a curious

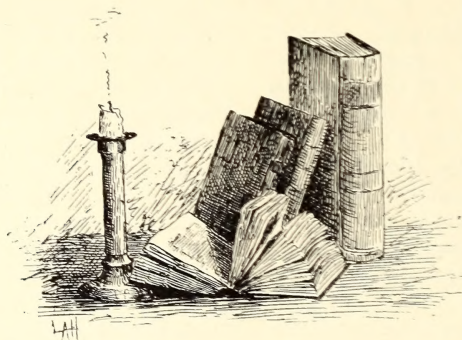
and interesting history. The John Carter Brown copy, as indicated, is one of the five copies formerly the property of Rev. Thomas Prince. At his death, Prince's library was bequeathed to the Old South Church, and remained in its possession for many years. Ex-mayor Shurtleff of Boston, being desirous of possessing a copy of the Psalm Book, bargained with the deacons of the Old South Church and obtained one of the Prince copies in exchange for two or three other rare books. It remained his property until his death, when, in 1875, it was offered for sale by auction, together with other books collected by him. During Mayor Shurtleff's possession of the book it had greatly enhanced in value and, the circumstances under which he had ob-

tained possession of it becoming known, a suit was begun by the officials of the Old South Church to recover possession of it. The sale was enjoined by the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and the case was heard by the late Chief Justice Morton, who finally decided in favor of the validity of Mr. Shurtleff's title to the book. It was then sold by auction to Mr. C. Fiske Harris, for the sum of \$1,025, and later came into the possession of Mr. Brown. It is now the property of his family.

Mr. Henry Stevens of London, in his lifetime a noted dealer in antique books, was the author of a curious book called, "Recollections of Mr. James Lenox of New York, and the Formation of his Library." In this book Mr. Stevens tells the interesting story of the Lenox and the Vanderbilt copies of the Bay Psalm Book. He relates the anxiety of Mr. Lenox to obtain a copy of this rare book, the only copy then known to exist being the Bodleian copy. In connection with William Pickering, another London bookseller, the search was kept up quietly for seven years, but without success. After Mr. Pickering's death which occurred in 1853, his stock of books was sold by auction. Naturally Mr. Stevens was present, and while examining a packet of old books tied together to be sold in one lot he discovered the object of his long

search. Pickering had possessed a copy, unknown to himself. Mr. Stevens's story of his careful and wary bidding for this particular bundle, and of his final purchase of it for 19 shillings, or about \$4.75, is of thrilling interest. The sale was held January 12, 1855. Later the book, elegantly bound, was sold to Mr. Lenox for the sum of £80.

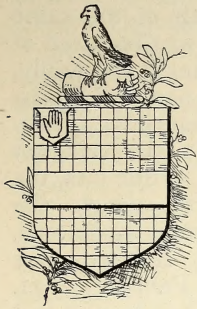
The story of the Vanderbilt copy is almost equally interesting. This was one of the Prince copies and was purchased, or obtained, from the deacons of the Old South Church by Mr. Edward Crowninshield of Boston, in a manner similar to that followed by Mr. Shurtleff. At Mr. Crowninshield's death, about the year 1860, his entire collection of books was purchased by Mr. Stevens of London, "mainly," as he says, "to obtain his perfect copy of the Bay Psalm Book." The price paid for the entire library was \$10,000. The copy of the Psalm Book was first offered to the British Museum for the sum of £150, but was not purchased. In 1868 it was finely bound, enclosed in a casket of blue levant, and sold to Mr. George Brinley, of Hartford, Connecticut, a famous collector, for 150 guineas. At the Brinley sale, in March, 1878, the book was purchased by Mr. Vanderbilt for \$1,200, the highest price ever paid for a copy of the Bay Psalm Book.



AN ENGLISH HEROINE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

By Frances B. Troup.

"It would exhibit if well delineated, an interesting Picture of the Spirit, the Enterprize, and the Distress of Romance, realized and regulated upon the chaste and sober Principles of rational Love and Connubial Duty."—*General Burgoyne's "Account of the Sufferings of Lady Harriet Ackland."*



WITHOUT attempting such a task as the General suggests, it would still be possible to sketch an interesting biography of Lady Harriet Ackland, who was looked upon in her own time as a particularly adventurous heroine. As we stand to-day in the dining-hall at Killerton, near Exeter, the present Ackland residence, and look out upon the broad stretch of rolling park land, with its deer and Exmoor ponies gathered beneath a venerable oak or scampering in herds across the smooth turf at some disturbing sound, we wonder that Lady Harriet, who had been brought up amid similar scenes and surrounded by every luxury, at one period by some of the very things which we see around us here, could leave these peaceful, cultivated scenes to join her husband in the rough campaign in the wilds of America more than a century ago; we marvel that one so delicately nurtured could voluntarily undertake to endure the fatigue and hardship she must needs encounter; and we can but admire the love and devotion which induced her to follow her gallant husband's fortunes in the New World.¹ We even pause to ask why Major Ackland should have volun-

teered to accompany the army into active service. But he came of a race active in their loyalty and prompt to defend with their lives and property that cause which they believed to be right. We find in his pedigree, traced back to the time of Henry II., a long list of high sheriffs, members of Parliament, Privy Councillors, soldiers and local dignitaries, who, in the events of their day and generation, each took a prominent part. Their old house of Columb John, not far distant across the fields from Killerton, built in the time of Good Queen Bess, was garrisoned for King Charles I., and was, it is said, at one period, the only place in the county loyal to the king, and its faithful owner was created a baronet by his royal master.² What wonder that with the blood of so zealous a loyalist in his veins John Dyke Ackland should desire to fight for the supremacy of his king over the rebellious colonies in America?

Standing in the Killerton dining-hall we turn from the window to look at the portraits of the Major and his wife, Lady Harriet, which hang above the massive sideboard. We scan them closely, for the master-hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds painted these portraits, and surely he would have caught any subtle line which would help us to form a judgment of their characteristics. Major Ackland is arrayed in the long-skirted scarlet coat of the uniform of that day. His is an aristocratic face, the mouth perhaps a trifle weak and the eyes inclined to be languid, but he has a fine forehead, from which the powdered hair is drawn back and, in the fashion of the day, tied in a queue. We trace, too, a strong likeness to his father,



LADY HARRIET ACLAND.

From a portrait at Killerton, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

"Sir Thomas, his honour," as his people loved to call him, whose portrait by the same artist hangs beside the other.³

In Lady Harriet's portrait we find similar aristocratic features. Her prominent nose suggests strength of mind and character, while her fine mouth and noble brow call forth our admiration. She is clad in a diaphanous white gown, which shows to advantage her slight and graceful figure. Her winning smile and sweet expression evidently made her a favorite with artists, as at least four portraits of her are known to be still in existence.⁴

She was the granddaughter of Sir Stephen Fox, a devoted adherent of Charles II. and the munificent founder of Chelsea Hospital. She was therefore own cousin of the famous Charles James Fox. Her

father, Stephen Fox, assumed the name of Strangways in addition to his own, in consequence of his marriage with the heiress of that family. He was created Lord Ilchester and Stavorale, and in 1756 was elevated to the earldom of Ilchester. Our heroine was born on the third of January, 1749-50, and on the sixteenth of the same month was baptized at St. James's, Piccadilly, by the name of Christian Henrietta Caroline; so she was not strictly entitled to the name by which she was familiarly known. Major Acland was born February 21, 1747-8,⁵ so he was two years her senior. Their marriage took place at Redlynch Chapel, November 5,

1770. John Dyke Acland is described as "of Pixton, Co Somerset," and it was at that beautiful place, Pixton Park, that most of their time in England was spent.⁶

After having been educated at Eton, John Dyke Acland "made the grand tour" with his intimate friend Thomas Townsend, afterwards Viscount Sydney, returning to England before 1769.⁷ In October, 1774, he was elected member of Parliament for Callington in Cornwall, and continued to hold this seat until his death, four years later. In February, 1775, he made his maiden speech on Lord North's "conciliatory bill." Mr. Acland, after considering the bill on the principle of accommodation and on that of enforcing the authority of this country, could not help, he said, declaring his opinion that, by holding out terms ambiguous in their sense

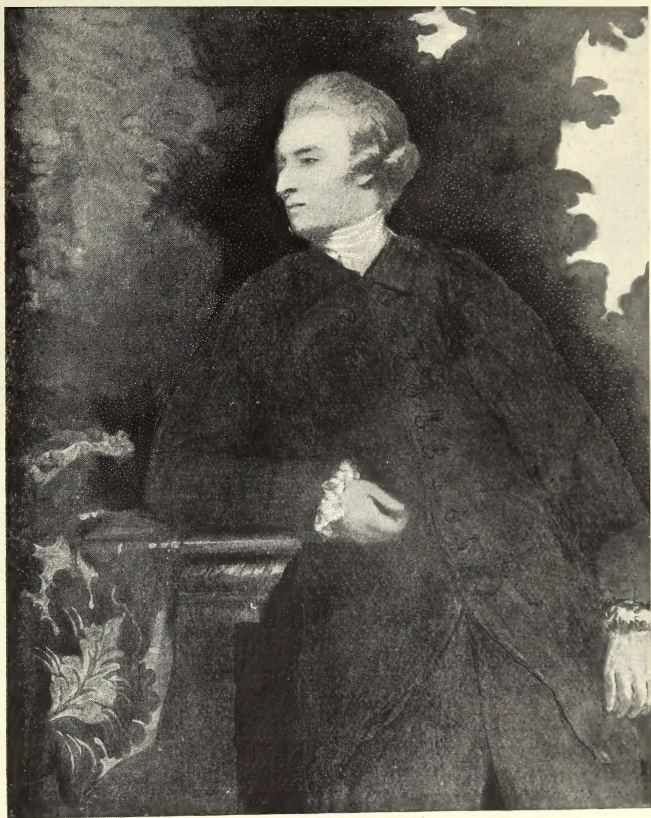
and nugatory in their effect, to men just declared rebels (the Americans), "the dignity of this country will be hurt and its government brought into contempt;" and continuing in a powerful speech condemnatory of the vacillating conduct of the prime minister, he asked, "if the people who deny all right of taxation will be satisfied with changing the mode of taxation? or whether the Americans will not feel themselves as much enslaved by the amicable plan of contribution, demanded with the bayonet at their throats, as by an Act of the British Legislature?"⁸

Shortly after this he purchased a captaincy in the Thirty-third Foot, and he appears to have occupied himself particularly about this period with the improvement of the militia. In connection with his efforts in this direction the King wrote to Lord North, August 18, 1775, commending Major Acland's "laudable sentiments as a citizen and a soldier," and adding, "The love he bears the military profession actuated me to encourage Lord Cornwallis to find an opportunity for Captain Acland, though so lately come into the service, to purchase a company." He suggested that Acland should try to raise 200 men in the West to increase his regiment. "It will be doing a signal service and make me more willing when I see the proper opportunity

to reward the activity of this deserving young man." A few months later the King wrote again in a different strain, complaining of the action of Captain Acland and objecting to the suggestion of raising new corps.

Meanwhile his parliamentary career was bringing him into prominence. In August, 1775, the conciliatory motion of Lord North was under discussion, when Mr. Acland exclaimed: "Sir, I have supported the Administration on every American step they have taken during the session, because I have approved them. But, Sir, I cannot approve this measure."

The struggle with the Americans occupied all minds. In the following October, at the opening of the new



MAJOR JOHN DYKE ACLAND.

From a portrait at Killerton, painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



A CORNER OF THE KILLERTON HOUSE.

session, Acland moved the address of thanks to the King in a speech highly commending the lenity and forbearance of government with respect to America, and enforcing the necessity of assuring his Majesty of the approbation of the measures already taken against the Americans and of firm support from his faithful Commons in the prosecution of the War. These remarks called forth an animated speech from Mr. Wilkes, who said, "The Hon. gentleman—had expatiated much on the lenity with which the Americans had been treated. Was your Boston Port Bill a measure of lenity? Was your Bill for taking away the charter of the Massachusetts Bay a measure of lenity, or even justice? I omit many other gross provocations and insults by which the brave Americans have been driven into their present state."

Shortly after this, as Colonel of the Devon militia, Acland presented an address from that body to the King, which occasioned an animated scene some time later when a bill relating

to the militia was under discussion; for Charles James Fox made some violent comments on Acland's action in presenting the petition, which called forth a protest from the latter, followed by insulting remarks from Fox, for which he was afterwards obliged to apologize.

In December, 1775, Acland was promoted to the position of major in the Twentieth Foot, and in the following March he sailed with the troops for America, Lady Harriet accompanying him. At some period after his arrival he was placed in command of the British Grenadiers, who were attached to General Fraser's corps, and consequently he was in the most advanced portion of the army.

Not very long after their arrival in America Major Acland was taken seriously ill and lay in a miserable hut at Chamblée. Lady Harriet, who had remained behind, presumably at Montreal, in spite of the inclemency of the season "traversed a vast space of country," to hasten to his bedside

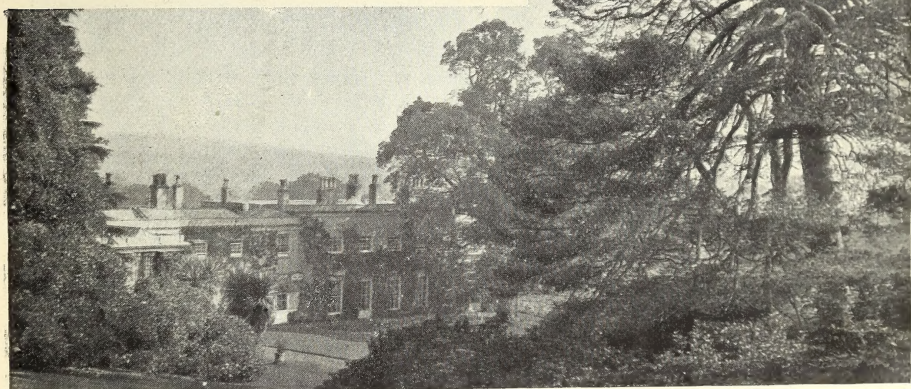
and nursed him tenderly. He had scarcely recovered when the campaign on Lake Champlain was begun by General (afterwards Sir Guy) Carleton and carried on by General Burgoyne. Major Acland advanced with the army, but commanded Lady Harriet not to accompany them. But on learning that he had been wounded the day after the taking of Ticonderoga, July 10, 1777, his regiment having been in the thick of that action, she crossed the lake and joined him at Skenesboro, and again acted as his nurse. She obtained permission to accompany him henceforth throughout the campaign.

His wound did not detain him long, for he advanced with the expedition that ended so disastrously at Saratoga. It is not easy now to imagine the many personal discomforts and troubles undergone by the members of the advancing army; but the descriptions published at the time show us how frightful were the hardships and difficulties encountered among the forests, the swamps, the mud and the ice. "An American campaign," said a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1777), "is in-

such a service, that he never carried out with him above one-half of the stock of patience he has brought back."

Many of these hardships Lady Harriet must have encountered, though naturally she profited by any advantage when the crooked ways had been made straight, and evidently whenever the roads permitted it she pursued her journey in a vehicle which has been described as "a two wheeled tumbril, similar to the carriage used for the mail upon the great roads of England."

Lady Harriet and the Baroness Riedesel, whose husband commanded the Hessian contingent, were the only two ladies of rank who accompanied the army during this campaign. The Baroness, who was Lady Harriet's senior by scarcely four years, has left a most interesting



THE KILLERTON HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

comparably well calculated to correct the wishes and new model the misshapen expectations of mankind, and an European may very safely be credited, on his bare word, returning from

account of her adventures, trials and misfortunes;⁹ and to many similar experiences Lady Harriet must have been exposed. Madame Riedesel, who was idolized by her countrymen

and admired by the Englishmen, had with her three little children, and for their better conveyance a light carriage was obtained. These two ladies must have found the companionship of each other some consolation amid their trying and dangerous surroundings. The Baroness was often fortunate enough to have the shelter of a house, but Lady Harriet almost invariably slept in a tent. On one occasion while she and her husband were asleep in their tent a pet dog overturned a candle, setting fire to the structure and they barely escaped with their lives. An orderly sergeant of Grenadiers rescued the Major while she crept out at the back, but the Major, ignorant of her escape, dashed into the flames in search of her and was again saved by the ser-

On the 19th the army advanced and was attacked by the enemy at Freeman's Farm, Major Acland's regiment being in the thick of the fight. Lady Harriet and the Baroness Riedesel were not far from the scene of action in a house which was soon turned into a hospital, but to their relief the Americans were repulsed and their husbands returned to them unharmed.

Two weeks passed slowly by in the camp near Stillwater, the British forces, what was left of them, lying surrounded by many dangers in the heart of the enemy's country, cut off from all communication with their friends to the north and unable to learn of the action of General Howe to the south. Their anxiety was intense; they were within earshot of



RUINED GATEWAY, CUMBER JOHN.

geant, but not without being severely burned. Everything they had with them in the tent was consumed.

On the 13th of September the army crossed the Hudson River, and three days later the advance was continued, Major Acland leading the right wing.

the *reveille* of the American camp, and on one occasion they could hear the shouting and rejoicing over some victory. There were constant skirmishes; indeed scarcely a night passed without an encounter between small detachments of the opposing



INTERIOR OF BROADCLYST CHURCH.

forces. To add to their discomfort, their provisions were running short, and every effort was made by the Americans to prevent them from obtaining supplies in the surrounding country. Early in October they were reduced to a pound of bread and a pound of meat per man.

On the 7th of October rations for four days were distributed, and on that same day a serious encounter took place near Bemis' Heights. In the morning fifteen hundred men, with eight cannon, under Generals Burgoyne, Riedesel, Phillips and Fraser, started on a reconnoissance and, dividing themselves into three columns, advanced to within a quarter of an hour's march of the enemy's camp. Having captured their outpost at this point, the British placed themselves in such a position that the smallness of their numbers was concealed as much as possible. The Grenadiers under Major Acland composed the left wing and were situated in a wood. It was upon this side that the Americans began their

attack with great vigor. In his description of this event General Burgoyne writes: "Major Ackland of the Grenadiers withstood the attack firmly, but it was impossible for him to prevent the enemy from extending his attack to the Germans, who were stationed close to the Grenadiers." Baron Riedesel gives a fuller account: "The enemy was seen in small bodies while we were waiting for the approach of evening. We were amusing ourselves by firing at him with artillery, when suddenly we heard the fire of musketry on our left wing, where Major Acland was posted with all the English Grenadiers. Shortly after this we saw the Grenadiers coming back in confusion, very likely discouraged by the loss of their brave commander, Major Acland, who had been wounded and captured." According to Sergeant Lamb, Major Acland made several unsuccessful attempts to reach the British camp after he was wounded. His intimate friend, Captain Simpson, of the 31st regiment, tried to assist him, but was



BEECH WALK AT KILLERTON.

obliged to desist in order to save himself; then the Major called to the flying soldiers that he would give fifty guineas to any one who would convey him to camp, whereupon a burly Grenadier took him up on his back; but they were overtaken and both made prisoners,¹⁰ though it would appear that the soldier had deposited his burden before they were captured.

On the other side we have Lossing's description of Major Acland's capture in these words: "That gallant officer was shot through both legs when Poor and Learned's troops assaulted the Grenadiers and artillery on the British left on the afternoon of the 7th. Wilkinson, Gates's adjutant general, while pursuing the flying enemy when they abandoned their battery, heard a feeble voice exclaim, 'Protect me, sir, against that boy.' He turned and saw a lad with a

musket, taking deliberate aim at a wounded British officer, lying in a corner of a worm fence. Wilkinson ordered the boy to desist and discovered the wounded man to be Major Acland. He had him conveyed to the quarters of General Poor on the heights, where every attention was paid to his wants."¹¹

This varies a little from the account given by General Wilkinson himself: "Turning my eyes it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, 13 or 14 years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honor to command the Grenadiers.' Of course I knew him to be Major Acland, who had been brought from the field to this place on the back of a Captain Shrimpton of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was here deposited to save the lives of both. I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed hopes that he was not badly wounded.

'Not badly,' replied the gallant officer and accomplished gentleman, 'but very inconveniently; I am shot through both legs. Will you, sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp?' I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Acland into his seat, and ordered him to be conveyed to headquarters."¹²

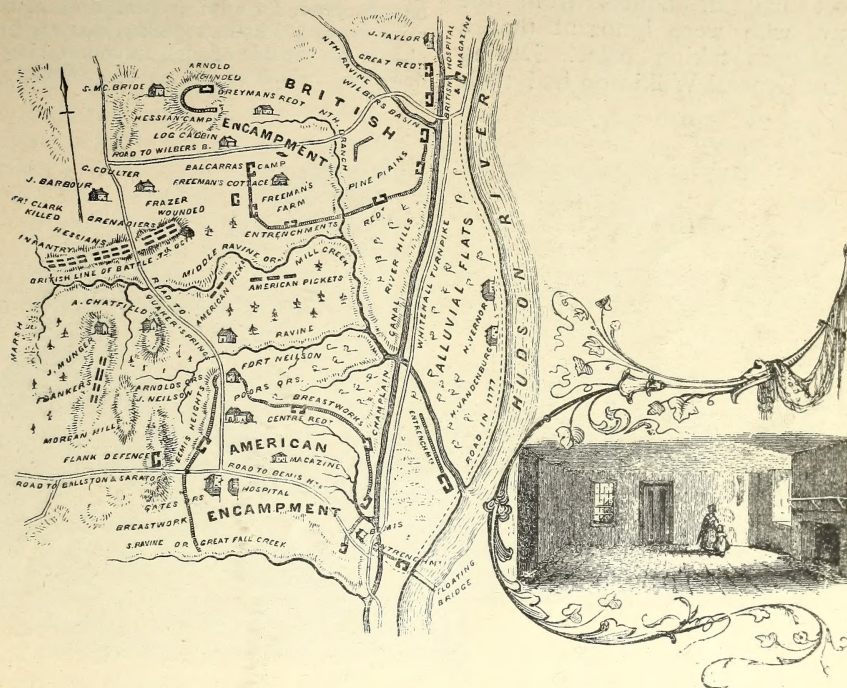
It was while advancing to the aid of the disconcerted Grenadiers that General Fraser received his mortal wound.¹³

Meanwhile the ladies who accompanied the expedition were not far distant from the field of battle. We can imagine with what fear and dread they listened to the sounds of the engagement. Madame Riedesel's account is so graphic that it is impossible to present the scene more vividly than in her words: "I had scarcely got back to my quarters

when I heard skirmishing and firing, which by degrees became constantly heavier, until finally the noises became frightful. It was a terrible cannonade, and I was more dead than alive. About three o'clock in the afternoon, in place of the guests who were to have dined with me, they brought in to me, upon a litter, poor General Fraser, one of my expected

which way to turn. The whole entry and the rooms were filled with the sick. . . . Finally towards evening, I saw my husband coming, upon which I forgot all my sufferings and thanked God that he had been spared to me." ¹⁴

But, alas, for our heroine, no such good fortune awaited her. With equal dread must she have waited



PLAN OF BATTLEFIELD AND ROOM WHERE MAJOR ACLAND LAY
WHEN WOUNDED, AT BEMIS HEIGHTS.

From "Lossing's Field Book of the Revolution."

guests, mortally wounded. Our dining table, which was already spread, was taken away, and in its place they fixed up a bed for the General. I sat in the corner of the room, trembling and quaking. The noises grew continually louder. The thought that they might bring in my husband in the same manner was to me dreadful and tormented me incessantly." She occupied herself, however, in doing her best to comfort the dying General. She adds: "I knew no longer

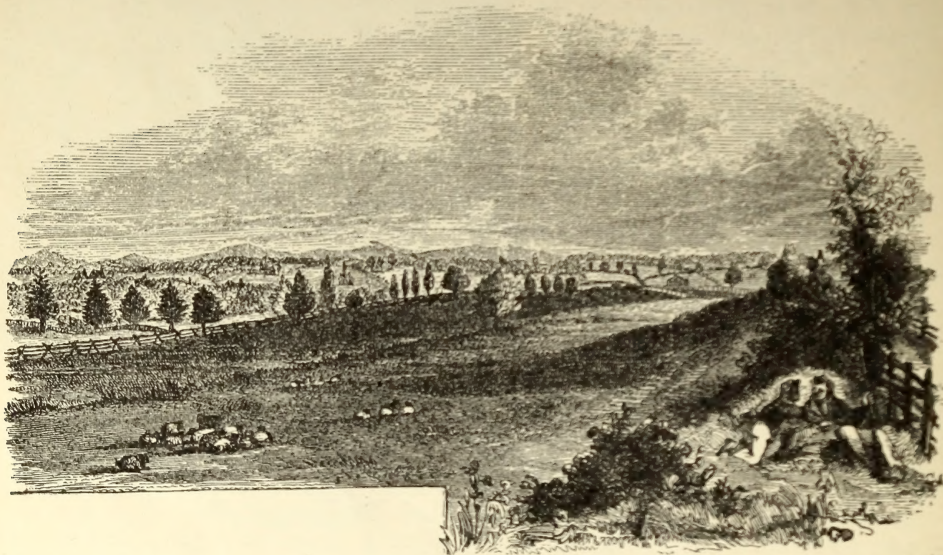
and listened, starting eagerly forward at the approach of every officer, fearing the worst, yet longing to have the unbearable suspense terminated, when, writes Madame Riedesel, "suddenly one came to tell her that her husband was mortally wounded and had been taken prisoner. At this she became very wretched. We comforted her by saying that it was only a slight wound, but as no one could nurse him as well as herself, we counselled her to go at once to him, to do

which she could certainly obtain permission. . . . I spent the night in this manner—at one time comforting her and at another looking after my children, whom I had put to bed.”¹⁵

The next day passed in a melancholy manner, and at six o'clock in the evening General Fraser was buried in the Great Redoubt, amid a perfect hail of bullets from the enemy, who were ignorant that a funeral was taking place. During the day General Wilkinson had made

the camp and attempt to pass within the enemy's lines. It was a hazardous undertaking. General Burgoyne, who had a great admiration for her, writes thus:

“Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree were to be found under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation of the spirits, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolutely for want of food, drenched in rains for twelve hours together, that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in



THE BATTLE GROUND WHERE MAJOR ACLAND WAS WOUNDED AND TAKEN PRISONER.

repeated uneffectual attempts, under cover of a flag, to forward a letter to Lady Harriet from her husband. That night the camp broke up and the retreat towards Saratoga was begun. The utmost silence was enjoined and efforts were made to mislead the enemy. But in the morning the column halted, only to resume its march later and then to come unexpectedly upon a small body of the enemy. It was about this time that Lady Harriet decided to make the heroic effort to join her husband. In order to do this she obtained permission from General Burgoyne to leave

the night, and uncertain what hands she might fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assistance I was enabled to give her was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer, but I was told she had found, from some kind and fortunate hand, a little rum and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat and a few lines, written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection. Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery (the same gentleman who had officiated so signally at General Fraser's funeral), readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant and the major's valet-de-chambre (who had a ball which he had received in the late action then in his shoulder) she rowed down the river to meet the enemy.”¹⁶

So she set forth towards sunset on her perilous journey, her dangers increased by a terrible storm that swept down the river, where the wind, blowing through the funnel-like gaps between the mountains, causes all navigation to be perilous at times. But the little boat kept bravely on its way and after darkness fell drew into shore near the American camp. The sentinel, hearing the splash of their oars, challenged them, and Lady Harriet herself replied. Her high-pitched, silvery voice sounded clear across the water. The sentinel doubted his senses and, believing the voice to have a supernatural origin, called a companion to his side. Nor could they have been reassured when she explained her errand; it was altogether such a strange story that they utterly disbelieved it and fancied it was but a mask for treachery. A flag of truce was displayed, but the soldier, faithful to his duty, forbade them to land or even to stir, threatening that if they did he would fire. Fortunately at this crisis Major Dearborn appeared upon the scene and, learning the cause of the trouble, allowed Lady Harriet and her party to land and escorted her to his quarters, where he gave her a most refreshing cup of tea, and she learned from him with utmost satisfaction that her husband not only lived but was believed not to be seriously wounded.¹⁷

When morning came Major Dearborn accompanied her to headquarters, where General Gates received her and treated her with "parental tenderness."¹⁸ In his reply to General Burgoyne, dated Oct. 11, 1778, he writes: "The respect due to her ladyship's rank and the tenderness due to her person and sex were alone sufficient securities to entitle her to my protection, if you consider my preceding conduct in respect to those of your army whom the fortune of war has placed in my hands."¹⁹

Under a suitable escort she went to join her husband, who was lying at General Poor's quarters at Bemis'

Heights. She now devoted herself to nursing him with such assiduity that when Baroness Riedesel met them in Albany, after the disastrous conclusion of Burgoyne's expedition, the Major had almost entirely recovered.²⁰ But this must have been a sad meeting.

Burgoyne was severely censured by his contemporaries, and even the softening influences of time have failed to eradicate the impression that he did not act at this crisis as he should have done. However, the Aclands' connection with the expedition ceased just before the worst disaster overtook the British forces at Saratoga. It is presumable that during their captivity at Albany the Major and his wife did not suffer any greater hardship than that of finding themselves prisoners in the hands of their enemies. General Schuyler's noble treatment and courteous attention to Burgoyne and the Riedesels was, in all probability, extended to them, as Lady Harriet's courage and unexampled bravery made her a centre of attraction, giving an added charm to her youth and beauty.

As Major Acland had been captured in a previous action, he did not come within the scope of the Saratoga Convention, and consequently did not accompany those prisoners to Massachusetts and Virginia. We learn from General Wilkinson's Memoirs that the Major had made preparations for remaining in Albany until the spring, but for some reason he was led to believe that, because of the severe treatment accorded to Colonel Ethan Allen, then a prisoner in British hands, the Americans might select him as a victim of retaliation. He therefore in November consulted General Wilkinson as to the advisability of applying for permission to go to New York on parole. The General, who had become greatly attached to the Aclands, strongly recommended him to carry out this plan, as he would then be nearer the commander of the British

forces and would stand a better chance of being exchanged, as well as be out of the way of the Americans and less likely to be the object of a retaliatory scheme. The General promised to use his influence to accomplish this end, provided Major Acland would do his utmost to procure Colonel Allen's exchange or, failing that, to obtain the exchange of General Wilkinson's comrade, Major Otho Williams,—to all of which the Major agreed most readily. His application was successful, and he shortly after removed to New York on parole, accompanied by Lady Harriet. During his stay in that city he appears to have made a point of seeing the American prisoners and doing what he could to alleviate their sufferings. He was a frank, outspoken man, and his position as an officer and a gentleman as well as a member of Parliament allowed him much license of expression, for on one occasion we are told the subject of the severe treatment of American prisoners was being discussed on 'Change, when Acland, after expressing his disgust, exclaimed, "But, gentlemen, inhumanity originates at headquarters and you all follow the fashion."²¹

As regards his promise to General Wilkinson, he fulfilled it to the letter and went out of his way to accomplish his purpose in a thorough and graceful manner. Finding that Major Williams was confined on Long Island, he obtained permission for him to visit New York and invited him to his own house and showed him every attention. On one occasion, the story is told that, after dining with Lady Harriet, Major Acland proposed to his guest that they should attend a fashionable "assembly." When they appeared at the gay scene, "the belles and beaux could not but be attracted by two such elegant figures as Acland and Williams, but the rancor of civil animosity prevailed over the obligations of good breeding, and Williams was

shunned as a pestilence. Acland made his introduction general, but without effect, and after sauntering across the room several times, "Come, Williams," said he, "this society is too illiberal for you and me; let us go home, and sup with Lady Harriet."

Eventually, finding his efforts on Colonel Allen's behalf unavailing, through Acland's good offices Major Williams was exchanged, it is said, for Major Acland himself.

It is evident that the time passed somewhat pleasantly in New York for Major Acland and Lady Harriet in social intercourse with the English occupants and in attempting to ameliorate the condition of the American prisoners. The city afforded many amusements, such as balls, theatres, tennis-courts and other frivolities, looked upon by the austere Americans bent on their country's salvation as inexcusable. So the winter slipped by, and on the 21st of March, 1778, their only son and heir, John Dyke Acland, was born.²² It is probable that after this happy event they returned to England as soon as practicable.²³

To the death of Major Acland a romantic story clings. Although some doubts have been thrown upon it, the evidence obtained in late years places it upon a firmer basis than mere tradition. General Wilkinson exclaims, "Unfortunate was the destiny of this gallant, generous, high-minded gentleman, and it cannot be listened to by an American without deep regret when it is known that he gave his life in defence of their honor."²⁴ The story runs in this wise: One night at a dinner of military men, a Lieutenant Lloyd spoke insultingly of the Americans and impugned their courage. Major Acland with much vehemence upheld their honor and valor. An altercation ensued, in which he gave Lloyd "the lie direct," and the consequence, according to the usage of the day, was a challenge to a duel. Bampton Down, not far from Pixton Park, was

the spot selected, upon which the duel took place. Tradition furnishes us with detailed accounts, which vary in many important particulars, one saying that in making a lunge with his sword Acland slipped and in falling struck his temple against a pebble, causing instant death,²⁵ while another says that he was shot in the head and killed instantly.²⁶ But the best authorities maintain that neither party was wounded, but that the Major on this occasion took a severe cold from which he died soon after.²⁷ Whatever may have been the facts, it is apparent that Major Acland's death was in some way the result of his enthusiastic defence of the courage of the Americans, and we may assume that General Gates had been able to accomplish the purpose he mentioned when writing to his wife of the Major: "He has been a con-founded Tory, but I hope to make him as good a Whig as myself before we separate."²⁸ At all events, we find him at first supporting strenuous measures to suppress the rebellion of the Americans and in the end risking his life as an ardent champion, upholding their honor.

His death occurred on Sunday, the 15th of November, 1778, at Pixton Park, and he was buried at Broadclyst, within which parish both Columb John and Killerton lie, on the 28th of the same month. An aged inhabitant of the parish, living a few years since, could recollect seeing the solemn funeral procession passing through the winding lanes at night, with flaring torches, on its way to the old church, whose hoary gray tower still looms above the thatched roofs of the picturesque village.

It is apparent from the accounts that have come down to us that Major Acland possessed many qualities which endeared him to his friends and even to his quondam foes. His abilities as an officer, his courage and his gallantry have been referred to frequently. General Wilkinson speaks of him as "that gallant officer

and accomplished gentleman," and as "this gallant, generous and high-minded gentleman," while General Gates, in a letter to his wife, quoted above, describes Acland thus: "He is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen, learned, sensible, and an Englishman to all intents and purposes." His commanding presence and elegant manners made him noticeable wherever he appeared.

Lady Harriet survived her husband many years. The story that she became a maniac on hearing of the fatal result of the duel and that she afterwards married Chaplain Brudenell is untrue.²⁹ She lived to see her little son, on the death of "Sir Thomas, his honour," on the 24th of February, 1785, inherit his grandfather's title and estates; but he possessed these for only a very brief period, not two months elapsing before he was laid to rest with his ancestors. She saw her daughter, Elizabeth Kitty, married to Lord Porchester, afterwards Earl of Carnarvon. She watched her grandchildren growing up around her, and perhaps to them she related her adventures in America. She even outlived the Countess, who died in 1813.

The death of Lady Harriet took place at Tetton House, near Taunton, on the 21st of July, 1815, and she was buried at Broadclyst on the 28th of the same month. In spite of all the sufferings she had undergone, which had in some measure undermined her health, she lived to the age of sixty-five years.

The obituary notices which appeared at the time of her death speak highly of her conjugal affection, her courage, her powers of endurance and her brave bearing in the face of danger and the many trials and adventures which she experienced. The Baroness Riedesel describes her as "the loveliest of women," and admires her wonderful devotion to her husband. Burgoyne praises her patience and fortitude. General Gates wrote to his wife shortly after Lady

Harriet delivered herself as a prisoner to him: "I hope Lady Harriet Acland will be here when you arrive. She is the most amiable, delicate little piece of quality you ever beheld."³⁰ General Wilkinson says: "The feminine figure, the benign aspect and polished manners of this charming woman were alone sufficient to attract the sympathy of the most obdurate." He also gives us a glimpse of her warm sympathy with suffering when he mentions that Major Williams's account of his own sufferings and those of his fellow prisoners often brought tears to her eyes. From the *Gentleman's Magazine* (August, 1815) we learn that "the person of her ladyship was highly graceful and delicate and her manners elegantly feminine;" while *Trumann's Exeter Flying Post* (July 27, 1815) thus eulogizes her: "Her exemplary attendance on her wounded husband, Major Acland, in Canada, in 1776 and 1777, are well known and

reflect on her immortal honour, and the courage with which she bore a long series of hardships, though a woman of the most tender and delicate frame, are almost without a parallel. Her character was indeed throughout life most amiable, nor were ever the duties of an affectionate wife more sedulously performed."

Her memory is still held in high esteem by American historians. We cannot do better than quote in conclusion Lossing's closing remarks on Lady Harriet: "When we consider the delicate form, the gentleness and refinement in which she had been nurtured in the lap of rank and fortune, the shining virtues of connubial constancy, heroic devotion and unbending fortitude stand out in bold relief in the character of Lady Harriet Acland: and these, in their practical development in her case, furnish romance with a stronger page than imagination can command and lend to poetry half its inspiration."

NOTES.

¹ She left her four-year-old daughter in England.

² The house at Columb John was destroyed towards the close of the last century and the family then took up their residence at Killerton. The ancient gateway, the only vestige of the old home, is here reproduced from a photograph taken by Capt. J. E. Acland, who has kindly furnished me with a view of Killerton, which is also given.

³ These portraits were painted by Sir Joshua in 1771, while the sitters were still very youthful. That of Sir Thomas was done in 1766-8. They have all three been engraved by Cousins and were among his first patrons, for Sir Thomas Dyke Acland was one of his first patrons. The present baronet, another Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, has kindly permitted the writer to photograph them and to use those of the Major and Lady Harriet as illustrations for this article. Unfortunately it is impossible to reproduce by this process much of their charm, which lies in their delicacy of coloring.

⁴ Lord Ilchester has in his possession two small portraits and a miniature.

⁵ The place of birth and baptism are not known, but I was fortunate enough to find in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1747 (p. 102.) the following entry under Births: "1747, Feb. 21, the Lady of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, Esq., member for Devonshire, of a son." As, according to the notes of the late Mr. Winslow Jones, there exists an entry on the cover of the Selworthy parish registers stating that "John Dyke Acland Esqre" was born in 1747, this notice in the *Magazine* must refer to the Major.

⁶ There is a drive between 3 and 4 miles from Pixton through the property eastward to Upton Lodge, bearing the name of "Lady Harriet's Drive."

⁷ After their return the two were painted on the same canvas as Archers, by Sir J. Reynolds, about 1769. In Leslie and Taylor's life of that artist the following comment is made, "Alas for mortal friendships they quarrelled before the picture was well finished and each declined paying for it and taking it home." Mr. Jones believed that Major Acland bought the picture and from him it descended to the Carnarvons, who now possess it.

⁸ Report in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1775, page 609.

⁹ See "Memoirs of Madame Riedesel," translated by William J. Stone, Albany, 1867.

¹⁰ See "Journal of Occurrences during the late American War," by R. Lamb, late Sergeant in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, Dublin, 1809, page 112.

¹¹ Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," 1, 67.

¹² "Memoirs of my own Times," by General James Wilkinson, Philadelphia, 1816, page 271.

¹³ General Fraser is said to have been heir to the title of Lord Lovat, who had been beheaded, and he hoped by bravery in the American War to obtain distinction and so bring forward his claim with better effect.

¹⁴ "Memoir of Madame Riedesel," page 119.

¹⁵ Ibid, page 120.

¹⁶ Annual Register, xxiii, 1780, page 64.

¹⁷ There is at Killerton an engraving representing Lady Harriet and her companions in an open boat. She is dressed in white with broad hat and long ostrich plume. An in-

scription is written beneath, which is evidently based on General Burgoyne's account of the scene. In this her ladyship is styled "Lady Harriett," her maid's name was Sarah Pollard. This picture was "drawn and engrav'd by Robt. Pollard, Nov. 15th, 1784." In the obituary notice of Lady Harriett, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, it is said that a painting representing this scene was exhibited at the Royal Academy and from it a plate was engraved.

¹⁸ Lossing observes that this event "gave impulse to the lyre of the accomplished Lady of Perez Morton, Esq.," and he gives an extract from her poem :

"To gallant Gates, in war serenely brave,
The tide of fortune turns its reflux wave;
Forced by his arms, the bold invaders yield
The prize and glory of the well fought field.
Bleeding and lost, the captured Ackland lies,
While leaden slumber seals his Fraser's eyes;
Fraser! whose deed unfading glories claim,
Endeared by virtues and adorned by fame.

* * * * *

"'Twas now the time, when twilight's misty ray
Drops the brown curtain of retiring day;
The clouds of heaven like midnight mountains lower.
Waft the wild blast and dash the drizzly shower,
Through the wet path her restless footsteps roam,
To where the leader spread his spacious dome.
Low at his feet she pours the desperate prayer—
Give me my lost husband to my soothing care,
Give me in yonder solitary cave,
With duteous love, his burning wounds to lave;
On the warm pillow which his breast supplies,
Catch his faint breath and close his languid eyes,
Or in his cause my proffered life resign—
Mine were his blessings, and his pains were mine."

¹⁹ "Memoir of Madame Riedesel," page 124.

²⁰ The Baroness was at Albany on Oct. 19; see "Memoir of General Riedesel," II, page 186, et seq., but it seems improbable that the Major had then so nearly recovered

²¹ General Wilkinson's Memoirs, 378.

²² His birth is mentioned in the Annual Register for that year in this odd manner: "1778, March 21, Lady Harriet Ackland, sister of the earl of Ilchester, of a son and heir." No reference is made to the place of his birth, but the late Mr. Winslow Jones gives excellent reasons for believing that he was born in New York, although no record of his baptism has yet been found.

²³ In a letter to General Burgoyne announcing that his passport had been sent, General Gates informs him that the Aclands were still in New York, and might possibly be in England as soon as or very soon after himself. As Burgoyne is said to have sailed the middle of April, we may take it that the Aclands returned early in the summer.

²⁴ General Wilkinson's Memoirs, page 377.

²⁵ Letter from Miss Warburton, quoted in "Political and Military Episodes, from the Life and Correspondence of General Burgoyne."

²⁶ General Wilkinson's Memoirs, page 377.

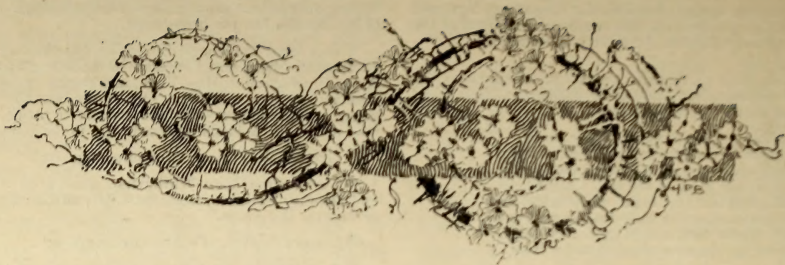
²⁷ A writer in Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography," volume 1, page 9, says: "He received a paralytic stroke on the 29th November, 1778, while directing some improvements about his place"; but this date is the day following that on which he was buried. Mr. Winslow Jones, from whose notes much of the above information is gleaned, commented upon the fact that the obituary notices in the local press made no reference to the duel. Mr. Lossing gives the tradition of his death in the duel, in his "Field Book," I, page 68, but he informs me that he corrected the error in his "Cyclopedia of United States History," in an account of Lady Harriet Acland.

²⁸ See "Memoirs of the Reign of George III," by J. Henage Jesse, 2nd edition, volume 2, page 180.

²⁹ There was a Lady Harriet Brudenell, daughter of the Earl of Cardigan, a contemporary of hers, and in one account of the death of Lady Harriet Acland her daughter's name is incorrectly given as Countess of Cardigan, and from this error the above story may have arisen. Mr. Lossing corrects this also in the article already referred to.

³⁰ Jesse's "Memoirs of the Reign of George III," volume II, page 180.





THE DEATH.

By M. A. DeWolfe Howe.

I SHUDDER not when back I bend
My thought on life's first painful breath;
Nor will I tremble for the end;—
The last is only death.

To fear this death would shame my birth;
Yet lowers a death I fear to die—
Even before our inn, the earth,
Has place for me to lie.

It shall o'ertake me when the face
Of spring or winter speaks no word;
When winds and waters stir apace,
And naught but sound is heard;

When, walking in the silent wood,
I find no spirit breathing there,
No presence in the solitude
Else spreading everywhere.

It shall befall when, deaf to hear
And dumb to speak what heart tells heart,
Through one long winter of the year
I fare from friends apart;

When noble music, tale or deed
Warms not the blood to swifter flow;
When, numb alike to art and need,
In dull content I grow:—

This were the dread and inmost fate,
And burial were the end thereof,
Should dearth of loving, known too late,
Lose me the way to love.

TYPES OF STATE EDUCATION.

By Lucy M. Salmon.



ON Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, stands a statue of Alexander Hamilton, bearing an inscription which commemorates his services to this nation as orator, writer, soldier, jurist, financier. The enumeration has one omission—it does not include the benefits rendered by Hamilton to his state, and therefore to the nation, in the cause of education. But when the statue was erected, in 1865, even in Massachusetts general interest in the subject of education was not as widespread as it is to-day, and the work of Hamilton in this direction may easily have been overlooked.

Hamilton's great rival, Jefferson, understanding only too well the lukewarmness of his own times in regard to educational affairs, but with a prescience of the estimate subsequent generations would place on educational progress, anticipated the judgment of posterity and in writing his own epitaph coupled with his services in behalf of political and religious liberty the proud statement that he was the father of the University of Virginia.

It is foreign to the purpose of this article to discuss whether it was the hand of Hamilton, Duane, or L'Hommedieu which drew up the act incorporating the Board of Regents in New York State; the act was Hamilton's in spirit, it contained the principles of government for which he had fought, and it stands fundamentally in opposition to the educational system inaugurated in Virginia by Jefferson. It is idle, too, to discuss the question whether the honor of first establishing a free pub-

lic school system belongs to New York or to Massachusetts. The importance of priority of claim sinks into insignificance before the fact that in each state from its earliest settlement the importance of the school system was recognized. Even more idle for the purposes of the present study is the speculation as to the extent to which the influence of Jefferson prevailed with Judge Woodward of Detroit, the author of the fantastic scheme known as the Catholepistemiad or University of Michigania, established in Michigan in 1817, two years before the University of Virginia was opened. The fact remains that to-day as always New York, Virginia, Massachusetts and Michigan have stood as distinct types in State education and have, with different histories, represented different ways of accomplishing the same end.

Any discussion of the principles underlying these four great systems of education must lead up to the question as to how far they are in harmony with each other and whether it is possible to form from them a federal union in education similar to the federal union that has accomplished so much in the political world. An answer to this question must be preceded by a brief discussion of the characteristic principles underlying the educational system of each state.

What are the characteristics of the educational system of New York? The first feature peculiar to the state is its dual system of supervision. This includes the power given the Board of Regents of examining into the condition of every institution in the University of the State of New York, including all universities, col-

leges, professional schools and incorporated academies; the power of granting and suspending the charters of colleges, academies, libraries and museums; the conducting of State examinations in academies and high schools; the control of the State library and the State museum; in a word, the supervising control of all means of higher education in the state. Higher education in the state is thus centralized in a negative rather than a positive form through this supervising and examining, but non-teaching, body.

Side by side with this State supervision of higher education in the hands of the Board of Regents is the supervision of everything pertaining to the public elementary schools, both graded and ungraded, given to the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. This includes the supervision of the ten State Normal schools, teachers' classes in academies and teachers' institutes; the conducting of uniform examinations for teachers' certificates; and most important of all his powers, that of final arbiter in all disputes concerning school affairs. The powers of the State Superintendent are thus very great and probably exceed those of any similar officer in the country.

But at certain points the two systems come into close contact and have concurrent jurisdiction. The Regents and the Superintendent have joint control over the New York State Normal College, both are brought into intimate relations through connection with the academic departments of union free schools, while the Superintendent of Public Instruction is *ex officio* a Regent of the University, a trustee of Cornell University and a trustee of Syracuse University.

The educational system of New York is thus unique in that it provides for this double system of supervision, giving to each supervising power absolute authority within its own sphere and making this author-

ity highly centralized, while at certain points it provides for concurrent jurisdiction. Yet so carefully is this mechanism of supervision adjusted that each part plays into the other without friction. In the relation between its two parts, the system of the state resembles closely the relation between the Federal and the State political constitutions. This complex mechanism working without friction has not been the product of a single hand; it is rather an organism that has grown with the growth of the state. It was not the creation of Hamilton, but it bears the marks of Hamilton's spirit and influence.

It is pertinent to ask what has been the result on the educational system of the state of these characteristic features. What has New York contributed to the general educational progress of the country? It has in the first place accomplished much in raising the standard of teaching by the encouragement it has given the professional training of teachers. As early as 1827 it added \$150,000 to the literature fund "to promote the education of teachers"; in 1835 classes for teachers were opened; the normal schools of the state have been efficient in their work and generously supported; while after January 1, 1897, all who are licensed to teach in any primary or grammar grade in the public schools of the cities of the state must not only have graduated from a high school, but also have received professional training.

It has again done much for the education of women. About 1820, the legislature of the state passed an "Act to incorporate the proposed institute at Waterford"—an act which resulted, however, not in an institute at Waterford but in the following year in the Seminary at Troy under the direction of Mrs. Emma Willard. The legislature passed in the same year "An Act to give female academies a share in the literary fund," an act believed to be the first

law passed by a state legislature expressly for the improvement of the education of women. Seminaries for young women sprang up and at once availed themselves of the literary fund. Troy Female Seminary, Fulton Female Seminary, Elmira College, Wells College, Vassar College and scores of other institutions show that New York has always been in the van in woman's education.

The first permanent Teachers' Association in America was organized in New York in 1794 under the name of the "Society of Associated Teachers"; while in 1812 the state first created the office of State Superintendent of Common Schools.

High testimony to the progress early made by New York is given by Horace Mann in his Ninth Annual Report in 1845, where he says, "The great state of New York is carrying forward the work of public education more rapidly than any other state in the Union, or any other country in the world." Similar testimony is given by Henry Barnard in his address before the First State Teachers' Association of New York, when he says, "I have watched the progressive improvement in the organization and administration of the school system of this great state with intense interest, and regard it at this time as superior to any other of which I have any knowledge, for its extent, its liberality, its efficiency, and the general intelligence and activity with which its widespread affairs are administered."

The early start taken by New York she has always maintained. No state to-day, in the opinion of the writer, is doing so much to popularize education and to place its accessories within the reach of all its citizens as is New York. It is doing it through its work in university extension, through the Chautauqua movement, through its traveling libraries and the encouragement given to establish free public libraries.

As New York State bears every-

where in its educational system the marks of the political sentiments of its citizens, so Massachusetts shows with equal clearness the effects on its educational system of the same political principles which have governed it in affairs of State. Massachusetts in its foundation and subsequent history has always stood preëminently for aristocratic individualism. Within the circle all have been theoretically equal, but many are beyond the circumference. Puritanism in State and Church has meant independence of action, restiveness under external control, influence through moral suasion and advice, but the absence of any final and ultimate court of appeal. Puritanism in education has meant the absence of recognized unity in the educational system. In the higher education each of the eleven colleges is absolutely independent of each and all of the other eleven except as they choose to unite by voluntary association. By tacit consent Harvard is recognized as holding the leading place; but Harvard has no jurisdiction over any other institution in the state—nor does any central authority exercise a supervising control over the higher institutions of learning. The same principle holds true in the secondary and elementary schools of the State. State supervision is not concentrated in a single person as in New York, but is given to a board of eight persons, who have the authority to appoint their own Secretary. The powers of the State Board of Education are indefinite, and are mainly the general power of acting "as adviser, friend, and helper in whatever affects the educational progress of Massachusetts." Some advance has been made towards state control, but each step has been resisted by every town and city in the state. They have all jealously guarded their own local privileges and have looked upon any advance by a central authority as a blow aimed at their special prerogatives. The unit in the educational

system practically until the last fifteen years has been the district. This meant at first an absolute lack of uniformity, and it has resulted in a narrow conception of educational conditions.

Another characteristic of the Massachusetts system has been its identification with the religious system. This came naturally from the early absolute unity of Church and State,—schools fostered by the one were of necessity fostered by the other. With the separation of Church and State, the schools fell under the special control of the State as regards support and legislation; but the Church did not relinquish its constant and vigilant supervision. To-day the higher institutions are almost without exception indirectly affiliated with the different religious denominations. Two sets of opposing influences have thus been always at work in the Massachusetts educational system—one civil and one ecclesiastical, both representing the characteristic features of the early colony. The opposing civil influences have been those towards centralization and towards decentralization. Until within fifteen years it has seemed as if the decentralizing tendencies would prevail. The district was the school unit until 1882; but with its legal abolition and the substitution of the larger political unit—the town—greater uniformity and a better system have resulted. The opposing ecclesiastical influences have been those towards complete identification of school and religious interests and the entire separation of these interests. It has resulted in the complete control by the civil power of the elementary and secondary schools and in the control of the higher education indirectly by the Church.

Thus the chief characteristic of the Massachusetts system of education has always been its lack of system. Individualism, competition rather than coöperation, independence of

action, have been the forces through which it has attained its deserved prominence. Even to-day, with the decentralizing forces weakened, Massachusetts stands as the opposite pole to New York. The supremacy of Massachusetts in the educational field has been due not so much to its characteristic features as to the great and abiding interest of its citizens in all educational affairs, an interest which has enabled them to achieve great results in spite of a lack of system that would have been destructive to education in any other state in the Union.

Thomas Jefferson wrote his own epitaph and has indicated the place in his interests held by education by calling himself the author of the Declaration of Independence and the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia. Had Jefferson's theories been fully carried out, his epitaph might have read "Father of the Educational System of Virginia." His ideal plan included three parts, distinct in themselves, but all working into each other and ultimately forming a perfect organism. The first part of his plan called for the division of the counties into school districts, or hundreds, as he called them, with the establishment in each of free schools for all free children, both boys and girls, where reading, writing and arithmetic were to be taught during three years. The second part included the establishment of grammar schools where Latin and Greek, English grammar, geography and higher arithmetic were to be taught. The counties in groups of three or more were to coöperate in establishing these schools at convenient points, twenty-four in all, while the expenses of board and tuition were to be borne by the patrons. On the recommendation of the overseers of the district schools, however, one promising poor boy in each district was to be educated at public expense at the nearest grammar school, and

through subsequent processes of elimination one boy "of the best learning and most hopeful genius and disposition" was "to be educated, boarded, and clothed, three years" at William and Mary College.

The third part of Jefferson's plan included the establishment of a State University. His first thought was so to change the charter of William and Mary College as to enlarge its powers and make it in effect a State university. This was to be accomplished through the election by the State legislature of five visitors and three chancellors, the latter officials to have the sole power to appoint and remove professors, while the income of the college was to be derived from certain imposts granted by the State. The curriculum was to be broadened, and through this change the institution was to become in fact a university. The capstone was put on his educational system in a bill establishing a public library.

Jefferson's plan was thus complete, including elementary, secondary and higher education, and a State library. It is the more noteworthy, as the bills were drawn up in 1779 in the midst of the Revolution. Had it been carried out, Virginia would have achieved the distinction of first establishing a perfect, organic system of State education. But Jefferson's thoughts worked more quickly than did those of slow-following Virginia. It was nearly seventeen years after Jefferson drew up his three bills before the legislature took up the subject and passed in 1796 that part of the first bill which provided for elementary schools. The law was, however, rendered nugatory by the insertion of a provision leaving it to the court of each county to determine for itself when the act should be carried into execution. Since one provision of the bill was that the expenses of these schools should be borne by the inhabitants of the county, and since the justices belonged to the more wealthy class, it is not surprising,

since the time at which the schools were to go into operation was left to the discretion of the judges, who presumably would not be in haste to tax their own class for the benefit of the poor, that the courts in every county in the state suffered the schools to go by default. The second part of the first bill providing for secondary schools was not acted on, while the bill amending the charter of William and Mary College and making "it in fact an University" was not taken up on account of religious jealousies.

Thus Jefferson's elaborate plan for an organic system of education covering the state at the time fell through. It was proposed in 1779, but it was nearly forty years before the legislature in effect acted on any part of it. It had taken forty years for Jefferson to educate his state even partially up to his own idea; but during this period of forty years his ideals were never lowered. He sought at different times to reach the end by different means, but the end—a comprehensive system of state education—never changed. It is interesting to watch the expansion of Jefferson's own ideas as the system grew in his mind and to see how he was educating not only his state but himself as well in all educational affairs.

The agitation and discussion maintained by Jefferson and his supporters with unrelaxed energy for forty years at last bore fruit. It was not the full harvest Jefferson had wished for, but it was much. In 1818 the legislature of Virginia granted for the first time an appropriation, \$45,000, for elementary education, which resulted in effect, however, in the establishment of charity schools; and in 1819 the University of Virginia was established. Well might Jefferson say in 1817, when the University bill was under discussion, "I have only this single anxiety in this world. It is a bantling of forty years' birth and nursing, and if I can once see it on

its legs I will sing with sincerity and pleasure my *nunc dimittas*."

The system which Jefferson thus saw inaugurated shortly before his death, though falling far short of his ideals, is practically the one which prevails in Virginia to-day. It may be represented by a broken pyramid. At the base is the common school system, poorly equipped with funds and therefore hampered at every turn by the effort to expand the system to meet the growing needs of the state without a corresponding increase in school revenues; at the apex is the University, doing a noble work in the cause of education not only in Virginia but throughout the South. But a great gap is found in the State system in that no provision is made for free county high schools and academies; there is no line of connection between the elementary schools and the University. In no way can a bright boy pass from the free district school to the University, as it had been Jefferson's idea that he should be able to do. Admirable as is the work of the University, it does not rest on the common school system of the State, as it should if the State system is to be a perfect organism.

The system as planned by Jefferson and as partially carried out to-day is in many respects, strangely enough at first thought, a compromise between one of extreme decentralization and extreme centralization. Jefferson attempted to square the circle by proposing on the one hand to imitate the New England town system and divide Virginia counties into districts. As he himself expressed it, his own *Delenda est Carthago* was "Divide the counties into wards." But this was an impossible scheme in Virginia; the method of settlement was entirely different from that of New England, and only where the conditions were the same could the New England district system prevail. But even in Massachusetts itself the district system, unknown to Jefferson, was an evil, and as has

been seen it was only neutralizing influences which lessened the harm it might have wrought. Jefferson on the other hand proposed a counter-acting centralizing policy in making all the educational lines of the State lead up to the University. But opposed as Virginia was to the breaking up of her counties into smaller political units, she was long quite as much opposed to the segregation of these local units into a centralized system of higher education; and thus the State worked against the third part of Jefferson's plan.

But if centralization was the principle in accordance with which the general system was planned, democracy was the moving force in the organization of the University itself. It has been characterized by absolute freedom of thought on religious matters; its internal government as regards both faculty and students is in accordance with the principles of democracy, since the University has no president and in all matters pertaining to the government of the students these are placed on the honor system, and the elective system of studies has always prevailed.

State superintendence of public instruction formed no part of Jefferson's scheme; but Virginia has followed the lead of other states and created a State Board of Supervision. Curiously enough no state in the Union has so centralized a system as regards means of administration. The State Board of Education, consisting of the Governor, the Superintendent of Public Instruction, and the Attorney General, has the power to appoint, discipline and remove all the county and city superintendents of schools within the state, while in other respects its powers are very large. The civil rather than ecclesiastical control of education is seen in the place of the Governor and the Attorney General on the State Board of Education and in the election of the State Superintendent by joint ballot of the State legislature.

Jefferson's plan bore slow fruitage in Virginia; but in a progressive Western state it took root at once and yielded in time a large and rich harvest. In 1817, when the population of Detroit was about eleven hundred and that of the entire territory of Michigan between six and seven thousand, the Territorial legislature under the influence of Judge Woodward, a Virginian by birth and residence until 1805, and a disciple of Jefferson's, passed an act "to establish the Catholepistemiad, or University of Michigan." It provided, "in language which was neither Greek, Latin, nor English," for thirteen professorships, the professors filling them to have power "to establish collèges, academies, schools, libraries, museums, athenæums, botanic gardens, laboratories, and other useful literary and scientific institutions consonant to the laws of the United States of America and of Michigan, and to appoint officers, instructors and instructri in, among and throughout the various counties, cities, towns, townships and other geographical divisions of Michigan."

The pedantry of the Catholepistemiad act and its accompanying legislation was sufficient to condemn it; but underlying its objectionable forms there are certain principles which have always characterized the educational system of Michigan. First, the State carries on its education at public instead of at private expense; second, the University is the head of the school system of the State—the first step after its founding was to be the establishment of schools and colleges which were to stand in intimate relation to it; third, the University is absolutely non-sectarian in character—but this has never meant the prevalence of irreligion and lawlessness; fourth, the course of study is made so complete that there is no necessity for those within the state to go elsewhere for instruction, even of a professional character; fifth, this instruction is

placed within the reach of all, by reducing the expenses to a minimum. Ample return for all that is given by the State it is hoped to find in the added intelligence of its citizens.

The chief characteristic of the system of Michigan has thus been its secular and unified nature. What Jefferson hoped in vain to see accomplished in Virginia has become a reality in Michigan. Even the country schools are becoming graded, and it is possible for a pupil to pass directly from them by successive stages to the University and through the professional schools. The educational system of the State is thus a living organism: the University as the head of the system sends its branches out in every direction. Everything in the education of the State leads up to the University, practically everything proceeds from it. It is from the University that this unifying influence flows; the University has been the head and the centre of the system since the inception of Judge Woodward's fantastic scheme. Thus the pyramid which exists in Virginia only in a broken, incomplete form has been built in Michigan into a perfect, symmetrical whole.

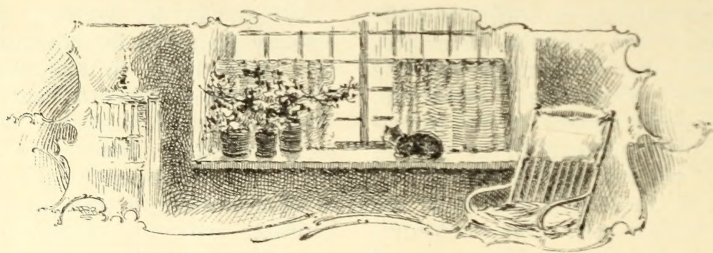
What can be learned from this cursory glance at the educational systems of these four great states? New York stands for centralization, Virginia for democracy, Massachusetts for independence, and Michigan for interdependence. From such diverse and conflicting principles can ultimate harmony of action be expected? Radically different as are these systems superficially, they have much more in common educationally than had the thirteen original colonies in their political origin. There is seen in each of the states a growing interdependence of the elementary schools, the secondary schools and the colleges, and thus a more perfect articulation of the entire educational system; in all, secular control is supplanting ecclesiastical control, and in

some this has already been accomplished; in each state a tendency towards internal unity is already seen—even in Massachusetts the unifying forces are prevailing over those of disintegration; all appreciate the fact that “educational forces pull from the top, they do not push from the bottom,” and are strengthening the higher institutions of learning; each is believing, with Huxley, that “no system of public education is worth the name of national unless it creates a great educational ladder with one end in the gutter and the other in the university.”

The unifying principle which has brought together different units in the same state must ultimately work throughout a more extended field. The educational unit, like the political and the social unit, is already becoming larger. Prophecy is but history projected into the future. The history of educational tendencies shows clearly not only the possibility but the extreme probability of the ultimate formation of a great and powerful educational federal union, similar in object, organization and

powers to that federal union which has accomplished so much for the states in a political way.

One hundred and four years ago the poet Goethe had wandered as a young man in the train of the German army that met the French forces at Valmy. After the triumph over the allied armies which meant the final overthrow in Germany of the disintegrating forces that had long been at work, Goethe and his young companions met in camp to discuss the events of the day so fatal to Germany. All were silent, until Goethe said, “From this place and from this day forth commences a new era in the world’s history, and you can all say that you were present at its birth.” The educational world knows few moments of extreme crises as does the political and the military world; but it is possible to see prophetic signs of the dawn of a new era in education, when from weakness, disintegration and disunion there shall grow strength, system, order and unity. All things will be possible for America educationally when that day shall come.



THE CHILDREN.

By George Herbert Stockbridge.

THEIRS are naught but mimic woes;—
 Mourner, say if this be true!
 Where's the lover's heart but knows
 Their pleasures are a mockery, too?



MAIN STREET.

GREENFIELD.

By Herbert Collins Parsons.

SOME bright newspaper writers, with a convenient color blindness, dulling their discrimination between green and blue, and with etymological learning making possible a confusion of "meadow" and "field," have pretended to discover that "Bluemeadow," a name with romantic suggestion to the *New England's* readers, covers but does not conceal a very real town in the Connecticut valley. The supposition finds support in the similarity of characters in "Charlotte Lyon's" charming Bluemeadow sketches in recent numbers of the *New England Magazine* to certain persons dearly remembered in the town which appears in the atlas as Greenfield. We will leave to the archæologist of a remote future the satisfaction of proclaim-

ing their identity. Bluemeadow may be Greenfield; at all events, Greenfield is interesting.

In the story of early New England days there are few single facts so suggestive of the heroic character of the settlers as this,—that within sixteen years from that December day when civilization took a precarious foothold on the unwelcoming shore at Plymouth, its advance had reached directly inland a hundred miles. Plymouth, 1620; Boston, 1630; Springfield, 1636. The dates suggest a volume upon the pioneer spirit, the uncalculating determination, the courage, the resources within themselves, of the founders of this new land. Should we ask what impulse moved them to push so fearlessly into the wilderness, out of the difficulties



THE DEERFIELD RIVER FROM "LUPINWOOD."

and dangers of the coast into the greater perils and darkness of the interior, we shall not find an answer so easy. The great purpose of the Pilgrim voyage was complete. The right to worship God in the way of their choice was secured. The Puritan colony had not yet occupied the land, and by no means exhausted the dangers, that surrounded Boston. Neither Pilgrim nor Puritan was ruled by the spirit of conquest.

In any calculation of the possible gain and the certain perils of a movement inland, the reckoning must have shown the price of colonization too dear for prudence. And yet the step was boldly taken. One historian tells us of the allurements of the rich lands of the Connecticut valley, of which some vague knowledge had been gained from the Indians; but the modern New Englander conceives with difficulty of this being inducement sufficient to offset the deprivations which dwellers in the neighborhood of Boston, even in the pre-Harvard days, would hesitate to incur. The pioneer spirit is not a strict accountant. It leaves much to hope, much to prayer if the pioneer is a Puritan, and in the wilderness gets

visions of its promised land. In 1636 the Connecticut valley became the frontier of New England.

Let another year be fixed in mind. To the writer this is easy, when he



THE HOVEY ELM.

remembers deciphering on a boyhood playday the rough inscription on a rock by the wayside in the street of one of the valley frontier towns, with the revelation that here in 1748 a man was slaughtered by the Indians. An impression that Indian massacres belonged to a very remote period, long, long before the Revolution, whose soldiers my father knew, was rudely shattered. Men killed by the savages within thirty years of the Declaration of Independence! The suddenly discovered nearness of that occurrence sent the boy running

homes out of peril, its people out of the shadow of savage hate and treachery; one hundred and twenty years from Springfield to the end of the warfare with France, in which the Indian was the instrument shamelessly employed upon the New England frontier settlements.

The advance of the little colonies up the Connecticut valley was gradual. Northampton followed Spring-



THE GREENFIELD TAVERN.



MANSION HOUSE.

home for shelter from a similar fate. It was indeed in 1756 that a personal combat between farmer and savage, with the farmer disabled and the Indian killed, took place in the same village; and in this same year we have the town protesting against the enlistment of its men in the service against the French and Indians on the ground that in their absence the town would be helpless against savage attack. In 1759, with the capture of Crown Point, the garrisons in the scattered forts of the valley were withdrawn.

Between 1636, then, and 1756, we have the heroic period of the historic valley: one hundred and twenty years, in none of which were its

field at a longer interval than Springfield came after Plymouth. Its name first appears in 1656; Hadley appeared in 1661; Deerfield in 1667; Northfield in 1672. But each of these was a heroic and costly step. The dangers of the frontier had developed. The Indian had become the alert foe of the settler, and he saw the rich lands along "the long river with waves"* passing from his hold with menace to his existence. The marvel is twofold,—that the settlers risked these steps into increasing dangers, and that the savage made them no more costly.

The present purpose, however, is not historical, further than to gain a background for a much later view of a town whose existence dates from this heroic period. Deerfield is a

*The Connecticut. See Sheldon's History of Northfield.



GREENFIELD FROM THE HILLS.

name closely associated in the mind of every student of the frontier annals with the most fearful suffering, the sturdiest determination to plant and hold a settlement, and the development of a heroism not excelled in the brave colonial days. Deerfield was rewarded for her sacrifice and woes by grants of additional territory, which by generous methods of survey came to include a great region extending up the river beyond the present Vermont line and westward into the unpathed wilderness. Deerfield was not a township name, but the name of a territory; and the brood of her offspring is numerous. Seeking favorable places for their homes, the settlers often selected the banks of the streams where the lands were productive and fish were abundant for a share of the food supply. Three miles north of the old village of Deerfield the Green River early attracted such a settlement, and in 1686 its neighboring lands were apportioned in lots of twenty acres each. Fifty years were needed to develop here a neighborhood sufficient in numbers to become independent, although a shorter period to persuade the old town to grant the new "street" the rights of a separate parish. It was in 1753 that Greenfield became a town. Meanwhile it had borne its share of the trials of the old town. Its few rude homes were the objects of attack. Its soil was traversed by the savages bearing from Deerfield the captives of 1704, and received the blood of Eunice Williams, the wife of Rev. John Williams, "the redeemed captive." The place is marked by a fitting monument bearing her husband's description of her death: "The cruel and bloodthirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke." The troops of Captain Turner marched across its territory to the famous surprise of the Indian village near the falls now bearing his name, and on their retreat, under pursuit, the soldiers were lost in the swamp within the later formed bound-



OLD BANK BILL, SHOWING BANK ROW, FORTY YEARS AGO.

daries of the town, and Captain Turner here met his death.

Greenfield was very reluctantly given her freedom by the historic mother town. The little settlement won independence by persistence, in 1743, then as a district, and ten years later as a town. Disagreement as to the boundary line began before the towns parted and continued until the present year, when the legislature ended a controversy of one hundred and fifty years' standing by an act which received Acting Governor Roger Wolcott's signature, May 2, 1896. This decrees that the Deerfield River, nature's dividing line, shall be substituted for an arbitrary one drawn in the early days. A compromise attached to the separation in 1753 gave the two towns equal share in the "improvement" of certain sequestered lands—meadow tracts lying on the Deerfield side of

the line, and set aside for the support of preaching. The Deerfield people claimed after a time that the Greenfield rights had expired, under a clause in the act which Greenfield declared in turn was interpolated without her consent. Deerfield denied the right of the younger town to take a share of the hay upon which the ministers were—indirectly—nourished. The mutual zeal in religion's cause was perhaps not the ruling impulse that led to a contest on the field, a pitched battle



GRAMMAR SCHOOL BUILDINGS.



FRANKLIN STREET.

in an unusual sense, if the tradition is sound as to the use of the haying tools for weapons. The courts and the legislature found Deerfield's claim technically sound, and Greenfield withdrew protesting against her mother's ill treatment and sharp practice.

"A crotched apple tree" was the key to the laying-out of Greenfield's street, easterly and westerly from this transitory starting point, in 1749.



PROSPECT HILL SCHOOL.

Four years later a solemn committee of the General Court went into the wilderness and drove a white oak stake at a point where the meeting-house should be built, and around which it was presumed the new town would grow. This imposing event was celebrated at a recent field meeting of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, by the reappearance of the dignified committee to drive anew a white stake on the ground, where a meeting-house is no more visible to-day than in 1753, the house of worship having come, served its time and vanished. With disregard of the oaken decree the town grew up elsewhere, and the meeting house built on "Trap Plain" was up to the day of its demolition in 1831 still a mile away from the extending "street."

Franklin County came into existence in 1812, and Greenfield, instead of Deerfield, became the shire town. This brought new dignity, but not great growth. The town continued the quietest of country towns, with a developing social character, given it

in no small degree by the presence of a bar at which practised men of high character, many of whose names have gained a state or a national repute. The influence can be conjectured of men like Benjamin R. Curtis, whose distinguished service on the supreme bench of the United States marked him as one of the first jurists, William G. Woodward, afterwards a supreme judge of Iowa, Samuel C. Allen, long in Congress and a lecturer at Harvard on political economy, Judge Daniel Wells, George T. Davis, Gen. Charles Devens, Charles Allen, now of the Massachusetts supreme court; while these names are no more significant than others to those who know of the worth of men only less conspicuous, such as Daniel Wells Alvord, James C. Alvord, a brilliant man whose death at thirty years occurred just after his election and before he



THE ASSOCIATION LIBRARY.

brother of George Ripley and a pioneer banker in the town, Judge David Aiken, lately deceased after a long life, a portion of which was spent on the bench of the old Court of Common Pleas and the larger part



THE BUSINESS CENTRE.

took his seat as a member of Congress, Judge George Grennell, a man of influence in Congress and of the highest character, Franklin Ripley,

as a practitioner of old-school thoroughness and character, Wendell T. Davis, brother of George T. Davis, a man of rare usefulness, and Whiting



"STILLWATER" ON THE DEERFIELD RIVER.

Griswold, long eminent at the bar and in political life.

Conservative, dignified, more proud than ambitious, the town awaited the impulse of the railroad to develop its industrial side. It was early, however, the business as well as the official centre of the county, and its merchants were men of high character and famed probity and ability in affairs. Near by, Cheapside, a little village, had grown up about the wharf a half mile up the Deerfield from the Connecticut, a veritable port of entry, in a measure the head of navigation. Here the flat-bottomed boats, poled up the river, and later a wheezy little steamer, built on narrow lines to pass the locks at Windsor, discharged their freight. The stage routes from Boston westward and the famous mail express from Springfield northward crossed their lines at Greenfield; and there is a wealth of tradition of their enterprise and difficulties.

The railroad came in 1843, first from Springfield, but not without protests against the innovation; then from Boston, as a branch of the Vermont and Massachusetts, whose main line turned northward at Grout's

Corner, east of the Connecticut, because Greenfield did not encourage its nearer approach. The railroad from Springfield extended northward through Vermont to Montreal. The Troy and Greenfield pierced the Deerfield valley. The pertinacity of a rare genius of railroad building, Alvah Crocker, drove a hole through Hoosac, thirty miles away. The Fitchburg railroad succeeded to the commonwealth's venture in the field of government ownership and operation of transportation. And by these steps Greenfield, the placid county town, found herself seated at the junction of two great thoroughfares of traffic, destined—some of her citi-

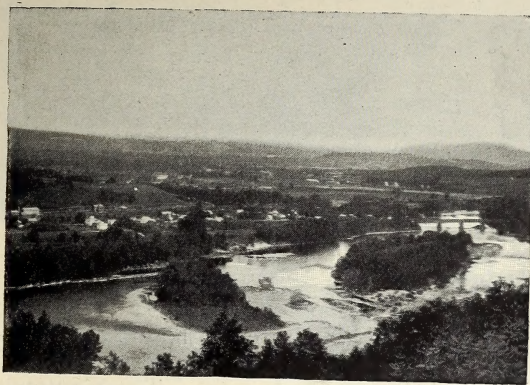


FRANKLIN COUNTY HOSPITAL.

zens would have said doomed—to become of industrial consequence.

We have now to picture the grafting of the later New England town, with its industrial life, upon the older New England town, with its conservatism, its quality, its proneness to quiet and comfortable ease. It is the transition most observers have had to deplore. Often it proves a serious impairment of the old time character

“to disfigure the beautiful ravines and to introduce into the community a class of people very different from the landholding descendants of the Puritans.”* That a transformation such as this has wrought deep changes in the New England town is not disputable. But that a New England type of town has been developed, with no reproach to the name, is proved here and there in Massachusetts, where we find a town with the impress of the old time character remaining to dignify it, with the historical connection not lost, with its



THE CONNECTICUT, FROM
“POET’S SEAT.”



ROAD TO “POET’S SEAT.”

of the distinctive town, much as John Fiske pictures it: First, the New England village where “the finer and the poorer houses stand side by side along the . . . wide, straight streets, overarched with elms and maples . . . with little green lawns in front, called in rustic parlance ‘door yards.’ The finer houses may stand a thousand feet apart from their neighbors on either side, while between the poorer ones there may be intervals of from twenty to one hundred feet, but they are never found crowded together in blocks.” Then, in place of this village, with its library, its high school, its independent citizen, whose daughter has baked bread in the forenoon and is ready to paint china in the afternoon, he gives us with sadness and foreboding, the farm life deteriorated, and the “ugly factories” come

industrial life not a destroyer of the ideals of living set up by another generation, but moulded in its new life by the traditions of the old—progress and conservatism balancing each other in a town character far from deplorable. It is as an instance of such development as this that Greenfield has an interest beyond the circle of personal acquaintance.

The town is set in the midst of scenes of fine natural beauty, which it is beyond the power of growth of population or change of pursuit to affect. It stands at the gateway of the Deerfield valley, here broad and calm, but in its upper course shut in

*“American Political Ideas.”



THE COLEMAN HOUSE, IN SERVICE AS THE LANGSTROTH SCHOOL.

From an old print.

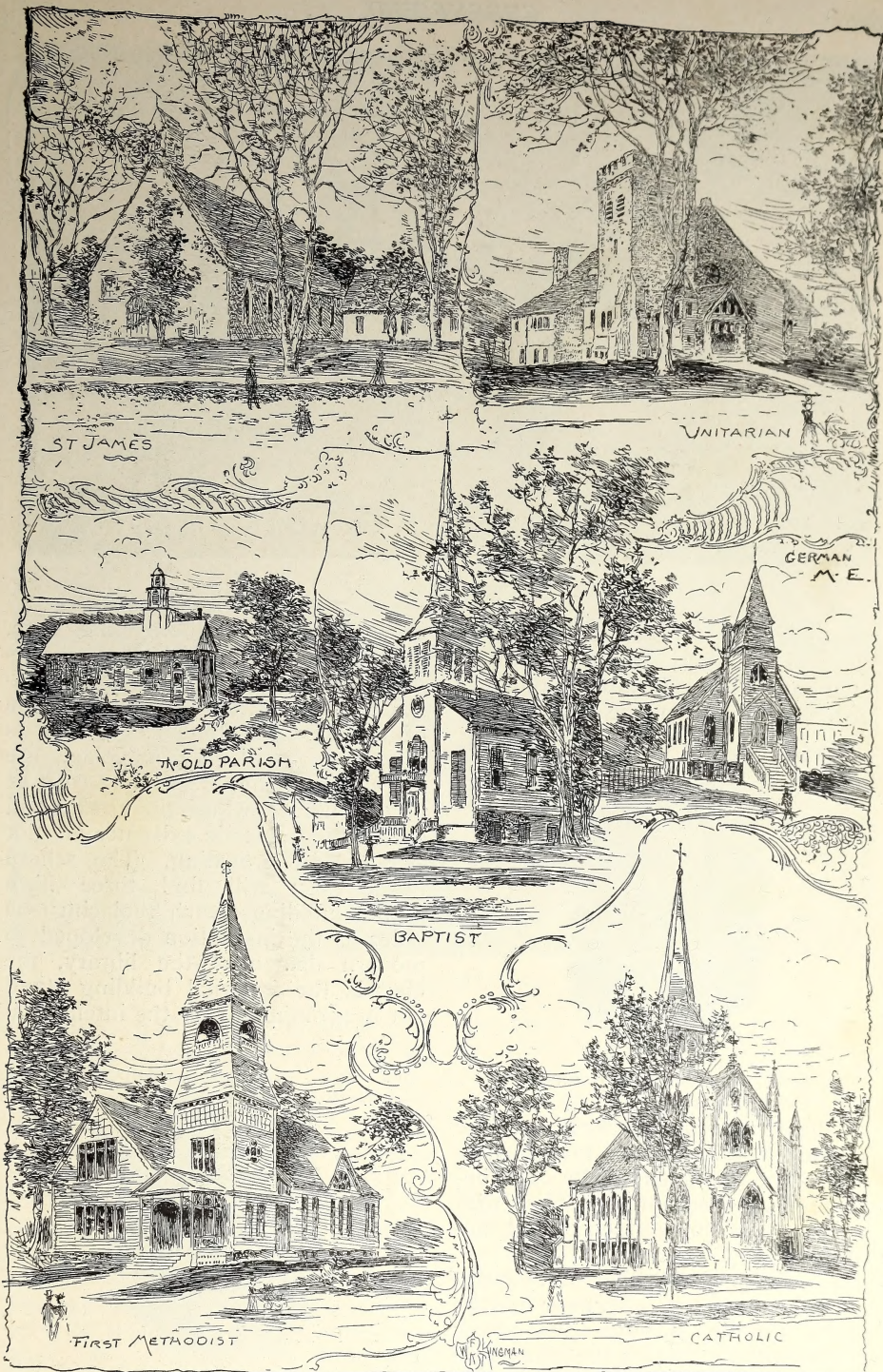
closer and closer by mountain sides growing higher and more abrupt as Hoosac is approached. A wide natural basin drained by the Green River gives Greenfield room for growth. The Shelburne hills form its one side, their deep ravines furnishing passageway for the highways keeping close company always with the rushing streams. On the other side rises a high ridge of rock with bold, bare sides, a wall thrown up in volcanic days and now separating the town from the Connecticut's immediate valley and furnishing a screen from the river fogs. To the south stands the Pocumtuck range, dividing with its wooded heights the Deerfield and Connecticut meadows. Mountain and valley are nowhere available for greater delights of country roads, while the hill-top scenery is endlessly diversified. "Poet's Seat" on the high natural wall commanding the Connecticut valley on one side and the town, almost lost to sight in green, on the other, has always charmed the visitors to the town.

The town shows its colonial origin

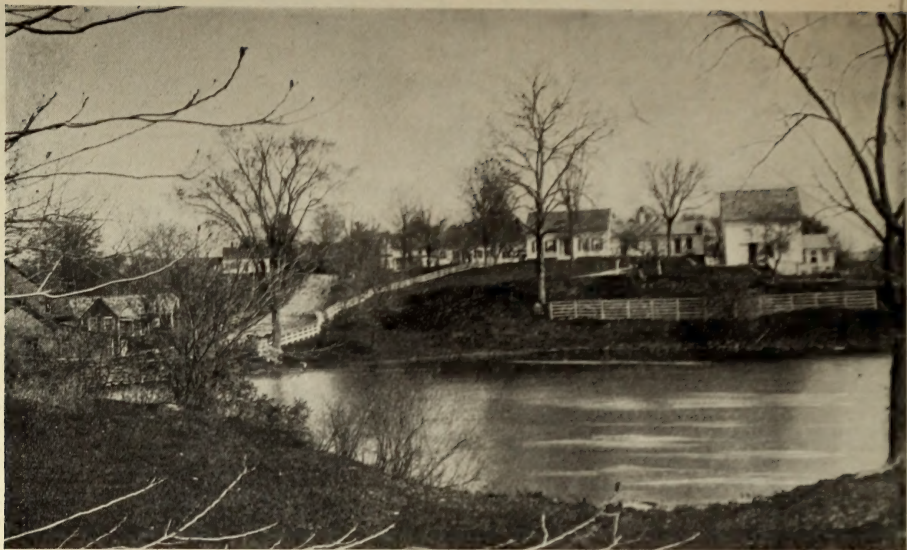
in the breadth of its main street now graced by the later than colonial belief in shade trees. The Common has been sacredly kept,—a triangle of green in the heart of the town, shaded by towering elms and marked only by the soldiers' monument, one



MAIN STREET SIDEWALK.



A GROUP OF GREENFIELD'S CHURCHES.



THE "NORTH PARISH."

of the earliest to be erected after the close of the war. About the Common range the substantial buildings of the county town, the court house,

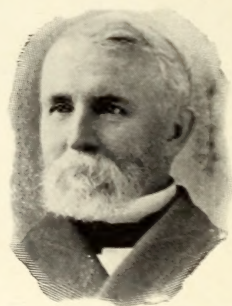


HON. WILLIAM B. WASHBURN.

the bank row, the modern successor to the old church, and the business and office buildings which have become condensed into "blocks" with gain to the town's substantial appearance.

The factory indeed has come, but it is not conspicuous. An hour may be spent driving through the shady streets without gaining the impression that the "shops," which give employment to the occupants of these hun-

dreds of little homes, exist here. They have taken,—by chance perhaps, but a lucky one,—the inconspicuous places, and the town is one of homes. The tenement house is blessedly absent. In its place are the cottages, the street after street of modest homes, where the virtues and delights of domestic existence are not blighted by crowding. The school house—you will find three high school buildings, each replacing the older as the institution developed to modern demands—the library, the church, the fraternal building stand out in prominence for the intellectual



JUDGE CHARLES ALLEN.

and social life of the town on its public side; and you will have to search for the industries which give support to the evident liberality of outlay for all this. The town is in fact self-supporting and can thank innumerable friends for the gifts they have withheld.

But there is an industrial story to be told. On the banks of Green River, John Russell laid the foundation in America of one of her great industries, the manufacture of cutlery. He employed, by necessity,

with its beginnings in a less favored town was brought to Greenfield in 1880, and is now a leading business, under the name of Cutler, Lyons and Field. Another factory for blacksmith's machinery, with a wide and growing business, that of Wells Brothers and Co., stands on the border of the town, where its buildings constantly increase in extent and are fine examples of modern factory construction, where the health and comfort of the operatives are not the least consideration. Also on the edge of



GREEN RIVER ROAD.

operatives from England, some few of whom remain to-day among the town's venerable citizens. Mr. Russell built up the business, introduced methods Sheffield had not known, and firmly established the industry. Upon the development of Turner's Falls for power the factory was transplanted to the new village, and there became the largest in the land. Its place on Green River was taken by the manufacture of machinery and tools by the Wiley and Russell Company, whose business is constantly expanding.

A shoe manufacturing company,

the town, with the edge fast dulling by increasing population, stand the substantial buildings of the A. F. Towle and Son company, manufacturers of sterling silver and originators of artistic forms for the manufacture of the white metal. The cutlery works of Nichols Brothers, the new factory for making hardware specialties by the inventors, Goodell Brothers, another establishment for producing specialties, that of B. B. Noyes and Son, another shoe factory, the Potter and Son's grain elevator, several extensive brickyards, the pocketbook factory of E. Weissbrod



THE COMMON, SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH AND COURT HOUSE.

and Sons, The Warner Company's cutlery and hardware factory at Nash's Mills," and lesser industries make up the fortunately diversified list. All this, and the town made none the less habitable, its social life not marred; and the expansion of its industrial interests, which its favorable situation ought to induce, is looked forward to with no fear for the character which is Greenfield's by honorable inheritance.

Naturally, in a town with a saving regard for the old-time standards of conduct in public as well as private affairs, the town meeting has retained its democratic character and dignity. It is still the school for budding oratory, the safety valve for public opinion, the corrective for every extravagance and arrogance. The voters rather carelessly a few years since lengthened the term of the selectmen to three years; but quickly discovering that these servants were made a little too secure from public chastisement and showed symptoms of a sense of authority not to be tolerated,

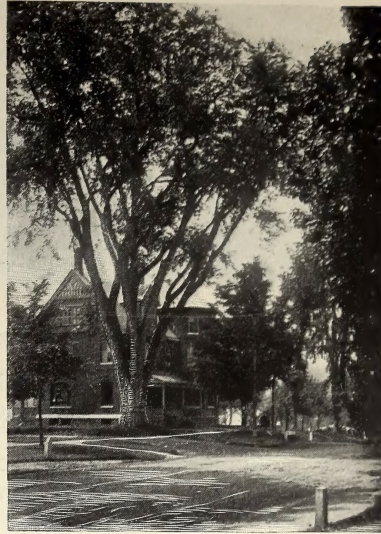
the voters at the earliest opportunity restored the old order of close responsibility. At the annual town meeting affairs are discussed with



LEYDEN GLEN.

ample freedom and often with an ability and vigor which would help clear the air in legislative halls. At the lesser meetings, frequently held on occasion, the town's officials are reminded that they are servants, not masters, and the atmosphere of town government is kept pure by discharges of oratorical lightning which are not chance bolts but directed at the mark. Quite recently a speech was made by a farmer in defence of the rights of the outlying portions of the town to a fair share of the expenditure for road-building, in which the superiorities of the "street folks" were ridiculed and exposed with a satire and passion of oratory which would stand the test of canons of good speech-making in any deliberative body.

In its corporate capacity the town is famously liberal. No appropriation for the public schools recommended as reasonable is ever refused. In consequence, the public school



AN ANCIENT ELM.

supervisor of the work, but has recently come to employ a school superintendent at a liberal salary; and the excellence of the schools keeps step

with the town's growth. School building has been notably progressive. A new high school building once in twenty years has become almost a fixed rule. Quite recently the improvement at the top has demanded a new house, and the high school has been furnished with a fine brick

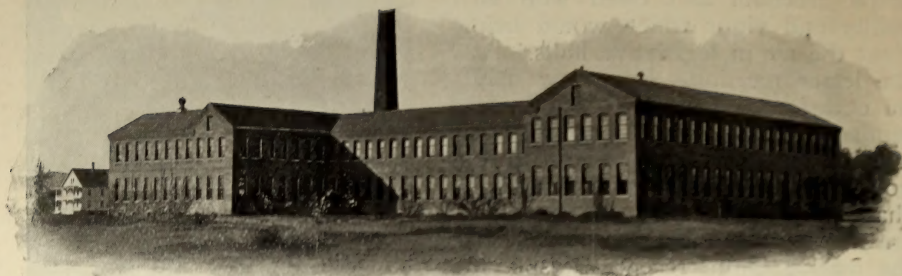


THE HOME OF JAMES S. GRINNELL.

system is hardly excelled in the state. In 1876, when Massachusetts made a memorable exhibit of her school work at the Philadelphia centennial exposition, Greenfield was selected as the model and her school buildings and work were displayed in models and photographs and specimen results. The town long clung to the school committee as the sole

and granite building accommodating two hundred pupils, with every equipment for the most thorough and advanced work.

Again in road building, the town has not awaited the aid of the State, the costly but perhaps not unwise consequence of the "good roads" agitation, but for many years has appropriated upwards of \$5,000 a year for



THE TOWLE STERLING SILVER WORKS.

the construction of macadam roads, quite outside the ordinary outlay for repairs and improvements.

A free public library of 10,000 volumes, with a free reading room generously supplied, is supported by the town's appropriation. It has just been removed into ampler quarters than those it had outgrown, and a special reference room added. This is aside from the Association library, a choice and well-balanced collection of books, which is open to the public on the payment of a trifling fee. This occupies a building presented to the Association by the late Governor William B. Washburn.

In the other essentials of a thoroughly modern town,—a water supply of rare purity; protection against fire by well regulated volunteer service, effective equipment and a new telegraph system of fire alarms; electric lighting of the streets; expensive and thorough sewerage; miles of asphalt sidewalks; free mail delivery, and in minor ways—the town is progressive. It recently ad-

mitted the electric street railway, with not a little reluctance, after much agitation, and with restrictions as to the streets to be occupied, which displayed all the conservatism which it is necessary the town should possess.

The absence of the tenement house from the town has already been noted. It is absolute. The factory operatives, in common with the people of every other employment, are house owners, or at least lessees of little cottages which have sprung up in recent years to be counted by streets. Not a little taste has been shown in this sort of building; but better than the attempts at varied architecture is the simple fact that with the ample room for physical growth the gaining population is keeping the household plan



THE WEISSBROD FACTORY.

with all it brings of better conditions of living.

The town is old and new. But there is no sharp line of demarcation. The plain building of the early days has yielded to the more ornamental and vastly more comfortable modern dwelling gradually. Mingling old and new, the architecture of Greenfield houses presents much that is of interest. The trail of the Queen Anne affliction is upon the town; but it might have been worse, and is not distinctive. Fine specimens of the late colonial order quickly appeal to the admiration of the lover of pure forms. One such is the Hovey house, built by one of the honored family of Leavitt a century ago. The house stands in the heart of the town, and with its well preserved outlines and detail is the object of admiration of every discriminating visitor. It is guarded by the grandest elms in the town, trees which have wide fame and a character sufficient to win their "portraits" a place in the collection in the Appalachian Club rooms in Boston. Back of the house, away from the street, are broad lawns, skillfully utilized by the landscape gardener, while the house, whose rear has no architectural apologies to make, presides over them with the dignity of years.

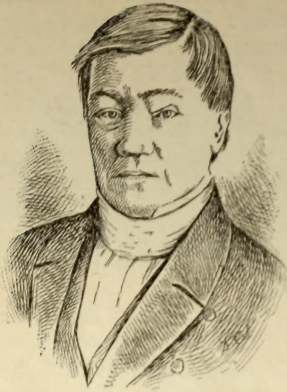
Another is the Hollister house. It was built in the last century by William Coleman, a lawyer of distinction, who won his learning in the office of Robert Treat Paine, the signer of the Declaration of Independence, and who after leaving Greenfield the better by many shade trees and a weekly paper, the planting of both instigated by him, practiced law in New York as the partner of Aaron Burr. The house is imposing. It is architecturally true to colonial ideas, and its outside panels decorated with festoons, the simulated pillars, the broad doorways and leaded glass, with interior carved mouldings and decorations, are fortunately preserved. After the days of its owner-

ship by Coleman it became the "Greenfield High School" for young ladies, an academy of the most select order, and at this stage had wings added altogether unangelic in their discord with the body to which they were attached. The wings have flown, leaving the house, and it is as fine as ever, barring some intrusion upon its grounds by the railroad concealed under the hill it has partly removed.

The day when Greek imitation brought to New England the massive pillars, heavy cornices and stern rectangular forms is well represented on Main Street by two places; one we may speak of as the Russell place, because it was built by John Russell, father of John E. Russell, and the other is commonly known as the Clapp place, Henry W. Clapp, a man of local usefulness and consequence, having developed its present imposing appearance from a plain brick house whose spaciousness gave a good foundation for the Ionic exterior.

At the head of Main Street, facing squarely down it, stands the interesting and beautiful house of Hon. James S. Grinnell. It was built by Mr. Grinnell's father, Judge George Grinnell, not quite sixty years ago, and while extensively changed by the present owner it is not modernized out of its original dignity. Mr. Grinnell, returning late last summer from an extended European tour, was asked what scene had most charmed him, and promptly answered: "That from my own doorstep as I stood here the morning after my return." It was a happy compliment to the street of which the town is proud.

A description of Greenfield street in 1725 would have pictured houses built of logs, and the forts which were the protection of the settlers, their shelter in times of more than usual danger. Within fifteen years of the present time there has been removed the old building known in those days as Fort Stocking, the name a corrup-



REV. TITUS STRONG.

tion, it is believed, of *stockade*. It was one of a rough system of defenses which the untrustworthiness of Indian neighbors made necessary. It stood not far from the present head of Main Street. Down the street where now the business buildings stand was the fort of James Corss, and at the westerly end another fort with an underground passage to the brook, that the inmates might not be cut off from a supply of water. Mr. F. M. Thompson, the present register of probate and a historian by natural inclination, tells of his discovery not many years ago of traces of this underground passage. The site of the fort gives its name to Fort Square. The first step in progress from the log houses was the larger farmhouse with its inevitable "lean-to"; and some specimens of this sort of dwelling stand now outside the village. Then came the more capacious farmhouse, with the ample rooms, the big fire-places, the famous garret, a rich storehouse of the relics of the early days, invaded in recent years by the antiquaries who organized themselves into the "Pocumtuck Valley Memorial

Association," and offered, at old Deerfield,—the fittest place in the world,—safer and permanent resting place for the treasures of the past. From these houses it is a gradual advance to the fine modern residences, where pasture paths have been replaced by Highland Avenues and the like.

The picturesque possibilities of the hill-tops about the town for residence are not exhausted. What they will prove is suggested by the beautiful place of Charles B. Peabody of Philadelphia, whose summer home "Lupinwood," is reached by a drive through a charming bit of forest, and is itself a fitting woodside house principally of stone and commanding the panorama of the valley.



GEORGE T. DAVIS.

The early church, which grew from the "white oak stake" of the legislature committee's planting, had for its neighbor a tavern of the old style. It stands yet, a survival of the stage days, and the training days, when the "military" surged about the hostelry with no menace except to its store of New England rum, whose virtues and comparative harmlessness

are still asserted by the men who drank and live at ripe old ages to tell



REV. JOHN F. MOORS.

the story. The dark room of the tavern, with no window to betray its nocturnal occupants in their revelry at the table, is a reminder of the innocence of the old-time sports.

Greenfield, while never distinctively a school town, has been in a considerable degree a centre of education for its region. Sixty years ago, "the Greenfield High School for Young Ladies," to which reference has already been made as an occupant of the Coleman house, was an institution of high quality. Its principal was Rev. Henry Jones, remembered as a man of fine educational abilities, his wife, spoken of in the catalogue as "the lady of the principal," being a daughter of Noah Webster, the lexicographer. The school drew many of its scholars from a distance, by its standing as one of the fine, high-principled New England academies. In the catalogue for 1832-33, for instance, we find the names of the Misses Austin of East Hartford, Conn.; the Misses Brown of Bangor, Maine; Elizabeth Day, Washington, D. C.; Julia and Mary Dupré, Charleston, S. C.; Sarah P. Fletcher, Woodstock, Vt.; Martha A. and Sarah J. Hale, Boston; Miss Sexton, Paterson, N. J.; Alice H. L. Shippen, Petersburg, Va.; Elizabeth Trumbull, Worcester; with the Ripleys, Alvords, Stones and Stronges from Greenfield, indicating the quality of its roster.

The "Outline" of the school is a fine example of the dignified language of its day. The young ladies were given "physical, intellectual and moral culture," the first chiefly "for its subserviency to the rest," and consisting of "battledoor and cornella, 'the graces,' the skipping-rope, the swing . . . while to those who dislike these modes of exercise, the occasional ride and ramble present their peculiar inducements." Geometry "in the rigid manner of Euclid" took first place in the intellectual branch because "it produces a familiarity with abstract thought, a clearness of conception and a preci-

sion of language, which tend to unseal the lips of the scholar in the expression of pertinent sentiments on all subjects, and to form a general character of reflection and self-reliance." Conferring "the power of tracing a course of logical argumentation," it had "important bearing on the art of Composition." The physical sciences were pursued because "they cherish a habit of minute and accurate observation." Particular emphasis was put upon rhetoric, with the chief reliance for the development of language on "the process of an unconscious induction." French, Latin and "the lighter accomplishments of Music, Drawing, Painting and Ornamental Needlework" were seriously taught. Religious training did not "involve the inculcation of speculative theological opinions," but appealed to conscience and heart. What wonder that the memories of that school are of young women of dignity, of character and accomplishment!

The school had a second principal, Rev. Lorenzo L. Langstroth, and only less palmy days. Later came the school conducted by the Misses Stone, of which the readers of "Blue-meadow" have knowledge. Its successor, but in a different home, was the Prospect Hill school, about which linger memories of Rev. John F. Moors, D. D., who restored its activity when it one time fell into disuse. This school remains, and its charming location, its high character and liberal management are of more than local knowledge.

An early experiment in industrial education was made here, sixty years ago. The "Fellenberg Academy" undertook the instruction of young men "in Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Practical Mathematics" by leading them "to use their own hands" and expecting them to "become much more familiar with them than by any course of explanations and lectures, however particular, from an Instructor." A farm of 160 acres

gave splendid opportunity for their "use of their own hands." The school was more local in its patronage than its contemporary, the high school for young ladies, but in its roll of a hundred or more boys there are names that have become familiar in more than a local way. James S. Grinnell, George Bird Grinnell, Charles Allen and his brothers, and the Ripleys were in the number who were put through the test of "forming their own opinions" on the subjects taught and expected to exemplify the soundness of the great principle of the school, "that knowledge should be applied as fast as gained."

The expansion of the public school system put an end to the palmy days of the academies and, generally speaking, to the academies at last.

The memories of the Franklin bar have been mentioned. In its eighty years these have become so rich that justice will not be done in the limits of this article. But a glance must be taken.

Benjamin R. Curtis, the great jurist, spent his first years at the bar in Northfield, and with his brother practiced in the Franklin courts. He came here fresh from Harvard, in 1832, and while he remained but two years, that short period was sufficient to leave memories which are cherished by the men still living who possess them. At the same period William G. Woodward was making his first steps in the career that led to eminent service in Iowa, where he became a judge of the supreme court. A bright ornament of a little later time was Charles Devens. His connection began in 1841, when, seeking a country settlement, he began practice at Northfield. In 1844 he came to Greenfield, and five years of the young manhood of this citizen, useful in varied fields, were spent here. The files of the *Gazette* reveal that in 1844 Charles Devens was elected third lieutenant of the Greenfield artillery. It was the beginning of the military

service which counted for much for his country and made him a brigadier general in the war for the union. He was associated with George T. Davis, and his brother Wendell T. Davis, in the memorable firm of Davis, Devens and Davis; until the reward for loyalty to the Whig party brought him from President Taylor the appointment of United States marshal. This led him away from Greenfield, and when he laid down the office in 1854 it was to resume practice as a partner of George Frisbie Hoar in Worcester. His political career culminating in a cabinet appointment, began in Greenfield with his service as senator in the years 1847 and 1848. An incident which marked the man was his purchase of freedom for Robert Wright, a colored cook at a Greenfield inn, to save his return to bondage.

Fuller claim has the town to the memory of Judge Daniel Wells, for ten years chief justice of the state court of common pleas; for this was his birthplace and here he spent fifty of the sixty-three years of his life. He was born in 1791, graduated at Dartmouth, was admitted to the bar in 1813 and was for thirty years its leader. He was a lawyer of deep learning and, in the language of George S. Hillard, "as a magistrate faithful, cautious, patient and courteous . . . ever thoughtful of the rights of others, and invariably loyal to duty." A son of Judge Wells, Col. Geo. D. Wells, was one of the sons the town sacrificed in the war of the rebellion, and his memory is sacred.

George T. Davis and Wendell T. Davis are names closely associated with Greenfield. The former was one of the most brilliant of the lawyers and public men of his day, and the compliment paid him as a converser by Thackeray, on his visit to this country, is so familiar that its repetition always follows the mention of his name in print. He came to Greenfield as a student of Judge Wells and long practiced here, be-

coming a leader in political and social life.

The list of judges from this bar is notable. It includes the name of David Aiken, judge of the court of common pleas in its last years, and throughout his long life of active practice and in his later retired days, a marked and respected figure. Judge Charles Allen, now of the supreme court of the state, and formerly for a series of years the attorney general, is Greenfield's by birth and years of practice here. He was a son of Sylvester Allen, a merchant of the fine old order, and a grandson of Jerome Ripley, who was the father of George and Franklin Ripley. Judge Allen is a frequent visitor to the town, where his brothers, William Henry Allen and Franklin Ripley Allen are honored citizens. For the superior bench the town has furnished Judge Franklin G. Fessenden, whose practice began here twenty years ago as a partner of Wendell T. Davis.

Greenfield notability in its public men does not end with the members of the bar. Turning from these, the first thought is of William B. Washburn, congressman for several terms, governor of the commonwealth by several elections and until chosen to the United States Senate. Gov. Washburn came to Greenfield early in his business life, was president of the Greenfield, later the First National, Bank for many years, and closely identified with the town's business development.

To the field of letters, the conspicuous contribution of the town was in George Ripley, the associate of Hawthorne and Dana and others of the transcendentalists in the Brook Farm experiment, and perhaps the finest of America's literary critics. Mr. Ripley was born here in 1802, and his biographer, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, says he "had pleasant memories of his

early life in this delightful region."

Peculiarly dear to Greenfield is the recollection of good Doctor Moors. No man was for a quarter century not long since ended a greater force for good in the town, and his eminence as a preacher and missionary spirit of the Unitarian denomination is not the sole reason of his mention here. He made the Greenfield Unitarian church, taking it in a state of suspended animation, bringing it to life and living to see it domiciled in a beautiful church, to the dedication of which he was borne on a bed and in which his was the first as it will remain the most touching funeral service.

Another pastor to memory dear was Dr. Titus Strong, of whom the author of Bluemeadow writes delightfully.

The beauty, the thrift, the character of such a New England town as Greenfield constitute a theme not easily exhausted. The clustered associations of years, the tradition and reminiscence crowd upon him who lends his pen to record even the fragment of them. Its hopes and ambitions, its problems and needs, its possibilities, with no extravagant dreams of greatness, offer almost boundless suggestion. The members of the *New England's* numerous family must learn the rest in the town itself,—must stand on Sachem's Head and study its physical charms, must meet its men in the comfortable quarters of "The Greenfield Club," observe its prosperity in the plethora of the savings banks, its industry in the factories, its fraternal activity in the substantial new Masonic and Odd Fellows' buildings, its charity in the Franklin hospital, its pride in the well-kept elm-shaded streets, its sober good behavior in the columns of the century-old *Gazette*, and know its people in their homes.

WORK.

By Sam Walter Foss.

THE Fiend that harries the souls of men
Came up from his lowest hell
To, fiendlike, play with the soul of a man
That he had pondered well,—
The soul of a man serene and strong,
Who had worked in joy his whole life long,
And who loved his work, as a strong man should,
And looked on his work and called it good.

And he smote from the man his friends. They turned
From his daily haunts and ways,
And they passed him by with a look of hate
Or with an averted gaze.
Then the friendless man, in his life apart,
On the love of his labor fed his heart,
And in the joy of his work no more
Remembered the scorn of his friends of yore.

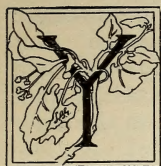
And he smote from the man his love. The heart
He had cherished as his own
Grew false to his love that was strong as life,
And the man was left alone.
Then the loveless man choked down his tears
And worked through the gloom of the lonely years;
With the dragon shapes of his grief he fought,
Upheld by the love of the work he wrought.

And he smote from the man his fame. The praise
Of his youth came not again,
And his name, that had blown about the world,
Was dead on the lips of men.
Then the fameless man with his dead renown
Grew faint with the weight of his iron crown;
But he turned to his work as a strong retreat
And forgot the shame of his great defeat.

Then the Fiend that harries the souls of men,
In the strength of a hate untold,
Despoiled the man of his power to work,—
And the heart of the man grew old;
And he raised his hands to the pitiless sky,
And he prayed to the heavens for the power to die.
And the Fiend grew glad and he laughed, "'Tis well";
And then he returned to his lowest hell.

THE FLOWERED TEA-SET.

By Sophie Swett.



YOU turn round by Aaron Tukey's blacksmith shop into a long, grassy lane, and by the time you begin to smell the sea there'll be the old Pory house, turning its back on folks—just like the Porys."

Those were the directions of the landlady of the Cataumet House, and that was how it happened that a buckboard load of gay summer people appeared suddenly to Miss Lucile Pauret, sitting upon her sunken doorstep that was flanked by tall-stalked burdocks and bristling thistles.

Miss Pauret—Pory, Lucilly Pory, she was called in Cataumet—was a small, angular woman; her little bony back was rounded pathetically and her sallow face was seamed, but her blue eyes still held a spark in their depths and her black hair had a youthful lustre; where it might have been gray, around the temples, she anointed it with beeswax and burnt charcoal,—even when troubles pressed heavily upon her she never forgot this rite.

"What a perfectly delightful old house!" exclaimed the enthusiastic young woman who alighted first from the buckboard; and Lucilly smiled grimly. She labored untiringly to cover the old house's grayness with the woodbine and hop vines of which the bleak sea winds made sad havoc. The summer visitors who had begun to frequent Cataumet admired the grayness, but Lucilly was mortified because the house was not painted.

"We have heard, too, that you have some beautiful old things—I beg your pardon!" When Lucilly Pory arose, in spite of her shabby

dress she looked a lady. "My aunt is perfectly wild over fine old things and if you would be so very kind as to show them to us—" Lucilly's grim face relaxed slightly. There was an unconfessed comfort in showing her treasures to people who appreciated them.

The visitors observed the softening and misunderstood it. What had the landlady told them?—that Lucilly Pory had lost her pension, through some technicality, and one of her arms was paralyzed and her nephew had gone off and left her; and the rocky farm was "all run out." Cataumet had no poorhouse, but the town was going to board her at Mrs. Ajax Robinson's, down at the Neck.

"And if you wished to sell any of them—" ventured the girl remembering this.

"They ain't for sale," answered Lucilly shortly. "But you can bring your folks in, if you want to," she added more graciously.

The gay party took possession of the great, dingy, low-ceilinged living-room like a flock of brilliantly-plumaged birds invading an ancient rookery. Lucilly stiffly took down from her old dresser some pewter pieces, a curiously-wrought silver tankard, a loving cup with a coat of arms engraved upon it, and what looked like an Apostle spoon, battered and defaced.

"I gave it to my nephew John when he was teething. 'Twa'n't any too good for him," explained Lucilly frigidly.

The young girl who had acted as spokesman recalled the landlady's further account of Lucilly Pory. "Her folks way back were some kind of French that fought for their religion. Huguenot? Well, maybe that

was it; folks never took much notice. Land, I don't think anything of what my folks was so far back."

The visitors went into such genuine raptures over a pair of slender gold candle sticks and the frost-like filigree-gilt of a mirror frame, that Lucilly thawed visibly. She was absent-minded while she showed the spindle-legged chairs and the exquisite *buffet*.

"I'm a good mind to show you my flowered tea-set!" She said it suddenly, impulsively, with a kind of wistful appeal in her eyes. "It hasn't been drunk tea out of for twenty-five years. Grandmother left it to me—while I live. Then it goes to the next of kin by the name of Pory—that was the way it was set down in grandmother's will. And that's 'Lizabuth Pory, down to the Port, that's like her mother's folks." Lucilly's voice faltered. "I'm going to show it to you," she added firmly, "though I haven't shown it since—since my own folks died."

She disappeared in the direction of the front hall, and soon returned with an ancient leather case.

The chaperon of the party—the aunt who was perfectly wild over fine old things—uttered an exclamation of delight when the dainty, fragile pieces of china were revealed.

"It is Sèvres! I am sure it is Sèvres!" she cried.

"It's real china," said Lucilly with anxious pride. "It belonged to my great-great-grandmother in France."

"It is worth a good deal of money," said the visitor, and she looked through her lorgnette at Lucilly.

"I never thought about that," said Lucilly simply. But suddenly she trembled.

She seized the pieces of china almost fiercely and thrust them back into their faded pink satin nests, her small, purple-veined hands shaking.

"I should like to have my brother see them; he is a connoisseur," said the lady. "He would know their money value."

"I don't want to know their money value," said Lucilly sharply.

A young man of the party tapped his forehead significantly behind Lucilly's back.

Lucilly showed her visitors out stiffly, receiving their enthusiastic thanks in constrained silence. But after the creaking buckboard had started the driver was forced to pull up his horses in response to the waving of Lucilly's sunbonnet.

"You can fetch him if you're a mind to," she called.

"She was only playing off a little," said the young man who had doubted her sanity.

Lucilly took the ancient case to restore it to its hiding place, but she sat down again and groaned. "I've got to gather them all together—all the old things—before the selectmen come. And if—if it's true that Mis' Ajax Robinson said that there wa'n't any room in her attic for my old rubbish—why I haven't got any place for the old things that seem to look at me with the faces of those that are gone—" she said it aloud as if her misery challenged the heartless dumbness of even insensate things, "of mother and Adely and— and little John." She liked to remember her nephew as a child, when he had not been indifferent to the fact that he was a Pauret nor wished to marry the blacksmith's daughter at Millbridge.

The town was to sell the old house, with its rocky acres, for taxes, the next week. Some one had proposed to purchase and renovate it for a summer boarding-house. Lucilly Pory would soon have been obliged to come upon the town, anyway, people said. It was suspected that she had now but scanty fare and scanty fuel. There would have been more sympathy if she had been less proud. There was a comfortable theory that she would be much better off with Mrs. Ajax Robinson.

"Folks think I'm crazy to feel so," continued Lucilly, aloud in the lone-

liness, as she sat clutching her ancient case. "They think they're only chairs and tables and dishes, and don't see what they mean to me. But I musn't feel so; it'll kill me—and then 'Lizabuth Pory will have the tea-set!"

A gleam of hope shone suddenly through her despair.

"Old Mis' Rummy Whiting, that I've neighbored with some, might give me a room in her house to live in and keep my things with me. I can use my hand better and better; 'twon't be long before I can knit for the store again. And there are my three cropple crowns laying steady, and there's berries, and I can live on such a little mite! I'll go right down and ask her. I couldn't for myself, if it wasn't for my things."

As she went through the lane she discovered two of her hens dead and mangled, and the third squawked faintly from behind the fence and was dead when Lucilly took it up.

"'Twas that fierce dog belonging to the man that's hired the summer cottage next to the hotel. I saw him following the buckboard," said Lucilly to herself. "Now I can't tell Mis' Rummy Whiting that I've got them for a mainstay." Her eyes smarted, though they were tearless, as she walked on; the sun as it glittered upon the sea was blinding.

Old Mrs. Whiting was evidently greatly surprised but she thought they might have got along real well, and she shouldn't have worried about the pay, but it had happened, kind of queer, that she had that day received a letter from her stepdaughter, Sophrony, saying she was coming with her three children to spend two or three months with her; they would take every mite of her spare room.

Lucilly was numb with despair as she walked homeward, although she told herself that she had not hoped. There was no one else whom she could think of asking to shelter her and her treasures until she could knit again.

Since she had received warning from the town of its intended sale of her estate she had resumed the habit, despairingly dropped in the last year, of walking to the postoffice, every night; to see whether her nephew John had written to her. It was a mile and a half to the postoffice and for two years she had walked there through wet and dry.

"There's that poor creature comin' again," said old Mrs. Calkins, the postmaster's wife, when she saw her coming. "It seems as if it would be only a kindness to give her a hint that 'tisn't any use. That nephew of hers wasn't going to stand it to be kept aloof from his mates and then to be hindered from marrying a good, likely girl. I expect he thinks it serves her right if she has got to be town's poor."

"No, Miss Pory, there isn't a mite of a letter for you." Old Mrs. Calkins' fat and comfortable face, appearing in the square aperture where letters were handed forth, was to Lucilly the awful visage of Fate.

"Young folks when they get a chance to go their own ways don't think much of those that are left behind. And things don't ever happen just in the nick of time."

"Then you don't believe in the Lord's providence?" Lucilly turned back from the door to say this, in a harsh, strained voice.

"I couldn't help thinking 'He resisteth the proud,'" said Mrs. Calkins, afterwards, "but I hadn't the heart to say it."

Some one was sitting on her door stone as Lucilly drew near it in the dusk. Her heart thrilled. She was a religious woman and she had hoped for "a special providence"; moreover, like all intense natures, she had felt that the extremity of her suffering must bring relief, as a child feels that its paroxysm of tears must change the course of events.

But it was 'Lizabuth Pory who arose from the doorstep,—a middle-

aged woman with a light juvenility of aspect and an airy manner.

She kissed her relative with effusion and Lucilly received the salute frigidly. She was inwardly resentful of 'Lizabuth's coming and of her pitying tone; but she brewed for her the precious little package of tea which she had reserved, in the face of keen temptations, for possible company, and boiled for her the last two eggs laid by her cropple crowns.

"Maria Simpkins was down to the Port, dressmaking, and she told me about—about how mean the town was acting." 'Lizabuth said this as she ate the last of the hard, dry, little caraway cakes that Lucilly had saved for a month. "Mother and I said, right away, that if we were only a little better off we'd be glad to offer you a homie; and, anyway, our house would be a safe place to put the old things——"

"I shall never be separated from my old things till the Lord separates me," said Lucilly, in a grim voice. "While I live they'll belong to a Pauret"—she gave her name its full French accent although she oftener corrupted its last syllable in the Cataumet fashion—"and after——" her voice trembled and broke.

"It seems as if you couldn't bear to think that I should have the tea-set," cried 'Lizabuth Pory in an injured tone. "I don't know who you do want to have it, now John has gone off and left you. I don't see how you can be so proud when you've got so put down."

The tears ran down Lucilly's hollowed cheeks. "I never was a mite proud," she said, "not a mite! folks don't understand."

"Mother was right in saying that she isn't fit to have the care of those things," soliloquized 'Lizabuth Pory in the seclusion of the spare chamber; "but it wouldn't be of any use to ask her to let me have the tea-set."

Lucilly set huckleberry biscuit grimly before her guest in the morning, a breakfast which she had lain

awake to plan and had achieved only by borrowing cream of tartar of old Mis' Rummy Whiting, a deed her soul abhorred; but she did not bid her stay. At the breakfast table she sat where 'Lizabuth could see her rigid reflection in the looking glass and she caught her scrutinizing it.

"She thinks I am going to die!" thought Lucilly.

She proceeded to gather her treasures into one room as soon as she had seen 'Lizabuth Pory off by the stage. Her knees were weak, but her soul was nerved to do battle with the town authorities and with Mrs. Ajax Robinson for her old things.

In the middle of the forenoon there appeared the lady with the lorgnette and her brother. Lucilly had forgotten the permission she had given; she opened the case reluctantly.

"Madam, the set is worth nearly a thousand dollars," said the connoisseur. "I myself would pay you seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Seven hundred and fifty dollars! More—*more* than the taxes due the town!

The tall clock courtesied to Lucilly and the row of poplars outside the window dipped into the sea; but when they had righted themselves she still sat rigid upon the sofa, and heard her own voice say harshly:

"It isn't for sale; there's more than a money meaning to some things."

She was in a fever of alarm after the visitors had left. What might not the town force her to do?—a pauper with such riches!

She was awake all that night, and before dawn she had dug a deep hole—and with one hand, she could not yet knit!—at the foot of the old storm-twisted pear tree in her garden. She brought seaweed from the beach and covered the fresh earth.

"Folks know I always put seaweed on my garden for dressing; they won't think strange of it," she said to herself. Neither the town nor 'Lizabuth Pory would have that tea-set.

She lay upon the haircloth sofa that forenoon, and at the noise of wheels she did not stir.

"I've wondered what kept the town officers; they've come now," she said to herself, inwardly gathering all her forces.

But the jingling of tinware mingled with a driver's cheerful whoa; the blessedness of relief was followed by a sickening pang of regret. How pleasant it had been, even sometimes after John went, in the sparkling mornings when the Millbridge tin peddler stopped,—a respectful man from whom one need not disdain to hear a little news.

Her lips quivered when she silently disclaimed the need of a new teakettle. The tin peddler burst forth sympathetically:

"I declare, Miss Pory, it's a shame the way this town's a-kerryin' on. We was talkin' it over in Jason Winchell's store down to Millbridge"—Lucilly winced—"and there was a stranger there from aboard a vessel, come to Millbridge to see his girl; some said 'twas your nephew." The tin peddler looked cautiously at her and was emboldened to continue. "He 'peared to be all struck of a heap. He was afraid his vessel would go off and leave him, but some said he come tearin' up here to Cataumet. Anyhow, he scribbled off something and asked me to give it to you."

Lucilly took the scrawl in a hand that shook like a leaf in the wind.

"*Dear Aunt 'Cilly:* I just wish I had known about that pension and the sort of luck you were having; but you know you said you didn't want anything more to do with me unless I would give up Kate and—well, you know what a Pauret is for setting his heart on a thing. I struck it pretty middling rich down in South America, and I'll fix things with the town so that the old place will be yours, all safe and clear. I had a pretty hard time the first two years, and now

I've got to go back to South America to look after my little pile. When I get to Boston I'll send you a remittance. When I come back I hope to stay on shore. Kate wants me to. I'll fix the old house up, and if you should *want* us to live there—why, Kate would be very nice and easy to get along with. And she'll be a Pory when she's my wife."

Lucilly started up. It had jarred upon her to read about Kate, even in her joy; but now a new hope thrilled her.

"She'll be a Pory! John's wife will be a Pory, and the next of kin!" she murmured. "I do want her—to live here!"

"Nephew gettin' married? Should think he'd better be lookin' out for own folks first," said the tin peddler, who did not wish to return empty of news to Jason Winchell's store.

"My nephew has paid the taxes; the house is mine; he will live here with his wife when he returns from South America," said Lucilly with dignity. In spite of the dignity, the joy of her heart bubbled in her voice. "I—I expect I shall want a new teakettle next time you come!"

She worked with restless delight restoring her relics to their proper places. But she went and stood doubtfully upon the seaweed that covered the hiding-place of the tea-set.

"Lizabuth Pory may say that next of kin means blood relation. I won't take it up till I find out how she's going to act," she thought.

She wrote a letter to 'Lizabuth Pory that very day, and in due time received this answer:

"I'm one that's always glad to hear of the good fortune of my relatives, whatever I may think of their deservings. You appear to think so much about that old tea-set that I might as well tell you that, come next fall, my name won't be Pory; and when I go to housekeeping I expect all my dishes will be nice and new-fashioned."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, in his remarkable book on "The Puritan in Holland, England and America," in which the extent and importance of the Dutch influence upon our history and institutions was claimed in so sweeping a manner as to provoke very sharp controversy, did not fail to notice the significance in the development of liberty and self-government of the Act of Abjuration of 1581—the Dutch Declaration of Independence—nor fail to remark, although his notice is a brief one, upon the genetic relation of this famous manifesto to our own great Declaration of two centuries later. "This Dutch Declaration of Independence," says Mr. Campbell, "is one of the most important documents in history. A translation of it was found among the papers of Lord Somers, and is published in his 'Tracts.' That great statesman used it as a model for the famous Declaration of Rights by which England a century later proclaimed the abdication of James II. and the selection of the Prince and Princess of Orange to fill the vacant throne. Again, after another century, it furnished the model for the still more celebrated Declaration by which the thirteen American colonies announced their independence of Great Britain."

We do not know how strictly true it is that this old Dutch Declaration of Independence "furnished the model" for our own. That would be an interesting subject of investigation. We commend it to the young ladies and gentlemen of the Old South Historical Society in Boston and to the members of the other historical societies. John Adams and not a few others of our political leaders in the

Constitutional period showed themselves very familiar with the republican and federal experiments of the past, and appeals to Dutch precedent are not lacking; Adams's own use of Dutch history, too, in the midst of the struggle will not be forgotten. But what evidence have we that Jefferson and the company at Philadelphia in 1776 were familiar with this old Dutch Declaration, with the historical circumstances under which it appeared, with its text, and with the general principles which it enunciated? What evidence have we of Dutch influence upon those minor declarations in the colonies, in the months before July, 1776, which appear like foothills of that dominating peak? Are we not to seek for the genesis of our Declaration of Independence rather in the long line of declarations which, from Magna Charta down, and especially in the period of the Commonwealth and of the beginnings of New England, had registered the development of the spirit of English independence, liberty and law?

Whether so or not, the analogy between the great Dutch Declaration and our own is undeniable, and it is inspiring to recognize and claim it. These Dutchmen fighting against Spain were fighting, like our fathers, for their ancient, chartered rights, against the assertion of tyrannical, intolerable prerogative, and they fought in the spirit which, in great exigencies, has inspired every branch of the Teutonic race. They proclaimed every inhabitant of the States absolved from allegiance, because the King of Spain had violated his obligation and his oath. They began, in their Declaration, as Jefferson and the men at Philadelphia began, by

laying down certain fundamental principles, "wholesome truths," as Motley says in his account of their proceeding, "which at that time seemed startling blasphemies in the ears of Christendom." "All mankind know," said this preamble, "that a Prince is appointed by God to cherish his subjects, even as a shepherd to guard his sheep. When, therefore, the prince does not fulfill his duty as protector; when he oppresses his subjects, destroys their ancient liberties, and treats them as slaves, he is to be considered not a prince, but a tyrant. As such, the estates of the land may lawfully depose him and elect another in his room." They then proceeded to a detailed impeachment of Philip the Second, very much as our fathers proceeded by and by in the case of George the Third, and concluded very properly that they were quite justified in forsaking a sovereign against whom this frightful impeachment could be brought.

Motley's whole account of the passage of this Act of Abjuration should be read, with his analysis of the Act. The essential part of this is included in the Old South leaflet in which this famous old Dutch Declaration of Independence has recently been reprinted. Motley everywhere recognizes, although he did not write, of course, with a purpose like that of Douglas Campbell, the community of spirit and the frequent similarities in circumstance and problem between the men who were successively the champions of freedom and independence in Holland, England and America. Thorold Rogers in a noteworthy passage on the Declaration in his "Story of Holland" says:

"The sturdy Hollanders, at a time when public liberty seemed entirely lost, and despotism had become a religious creed, began the political reformation. The teachers of Europe in everything, they are the first to argue that governments exist for nations, not nations

for governments. And as precedents, especially successful ones, govern the world, the Dutch gave the one for the English Parliamentary war and the English Revolution, to the American Declaration of Independence, to the better side of the French Revolution, and to the public spirit which has slowly and imperfectly recovered liberty from despotism."

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Let Holland have all honor as the author of the first Declaration of Independence, as being first in the modern world to recognize and to establish the principle that governments exist for the good of the people and that when they cease to serve that good the people's business is to change them, any "divine" or infernal "right" to the contrary notwithstanding. That honor we would not minimize. We do not write to minimize it, but, directing attention to it once again, to direct attention also to still another honor and still another service, which even Mr. Campbell, indefatigable and comprehensive as he was in his claims for the little republic, did not recognize, but which William Penn, in his remarkable "Essay Towards the Peace of Europe," written two centuries ago, which was our theme of discussion in these pages two months ago, did recognize so conspicuously, and which is of peculiar interest at this time of struggle toward universal peace and the federation of the world.

William Penn saw in the United States of Holland the prototype and promise of that United States of Europe for which he was pleading and whose establishment alone he believed would be the guarantee of the permanent peace of Europe. The federation of the Netherlands, the story of which had first been adequately written in England by Sir William Temple ten years before Penn wrote, showed to him "by a surpassing in-

stance" that that larger federation which he urged could be accomplished. "For the better understanding and perfecting of the idea I here present to the sovereign princes and estates of Europe for the safety and tranquility of it," he wrote at the conclusion of his argument, "I must recommend to their perusal Sir William Temple's account of the United Provinces; which is an instance and answer, upon practice, to all the objections that can be advanced against the practicability of my proposal; nay, it is an experiment that not only comes to our case, but exceeds the difficulties that can render its accomplishment disputable. For there we shall find three degrees of sovereignties to make up every sovereignty in the General States. I will reckon them backwards: First, the States General themselves; then the immediate sovereignties that constitute them, which are those of the provinces, answerable to the sovereignties of Europe that by their deputies are to compose the European diet, parliament or estates in our proposal; and then there are the several cities of each province, that are so many independent or distinct sovereignties, which compose those of the provinces, as those of the provinces do compose the States General at The Hague."

To have thus furnished to the first great thinker who comprehensively looked forward to and systematically planned universal peace and order and the federation of Europe, which meant ultimately and logically the federation of the world,—to have furnished to the mind of William Penn an earnest and model of the "Imperial States of Europe" for which he pleaded, the "cosmopolitical institution" of Kant, was indeed a service and an honor. And this is what the little federal republic of Holland did furnish. In this day of Mohonk Conferences, when we are dreaming the international dream again, when men are working as they never worked before to make the dream come true,

let the inspiration of the Dutch republic to the first great dreamer be piously remembered.

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Sir William Temple is known to most of us to-day chiefly—where not through the medium of Dorothy Osborne's love-letters—through the medium of Macaulay's familiar essay. It is one of the best of the essays, and doubtless gives on the whole a fair impression of Temple's life and services; although as one turns the pages of the old folios in which Temple's writings are embalmed in the libraries, thinking of the writer as a literary, garden-loving gentleman more than as a politician, it is certain that one feels a far stronger personal drawing towards him than towards the Sir William of Macaulay's essay. To his friends he was most dear,—and his friends were many. There is "a short character of him" written by "a particular friend," following the short biography of him in the old folio. "He had an extraordinary spirit and life in his humor," writes this friend, "with so agreeable turns of wit and fancy in his conversation that nobody was welcomer in all sorts of company, and some have observed that he never had a mind to make anybody kind to him without compassing his design. He was an exact observer of truth, thinking none that had failed once ought ever to be trusted again; of nice points of honor; of great humanity and good nature, taking pleasure in making others easy and happy; his passions naturally warm and quick, but tempered by reason and thought. . . . He had a very familiar way of conversing with all sorts of people, from the greatest princes to the meanest servants and even children, whose imperfect language and natural and innocent talk he was fond of. . . . His humor was gay, but very unequal, from cruel fits of spleen and melancholy, being subject to great damps

from sudden changes of weather, but chiefly from the crosses and surprising turns in his business and disappointments he met with so often in his endeavors to contribute to the honor and service of his country, which he thought himself two or three times so near compassing that he could not think with patience of what had hindered it or of those that he thought had been the occasion of his disappointments. He never seemed busy in his greatest employments, was a great lover of liberty, and therefore hated the servitude of courts, said he could never serve for wages, nor be busy (as one is so often there) to no purpose, and never was willing to enter upon any employment but that of a public minister. He had been a passionate lover, was a kind husband, a fond and indulgent father, a good master, and the best friend in the world."

This loving portrait is surely most attractive. Perhaps it is in no way incompatible with Macaulay's estimate. Trained as he was at Emmanuel College, with a father who sat in the Long Parliament, there was nothing of the Puritan about Sir William Temple. He was not of the heroic mold and he did not act in a heroic time; for although he was born in 1628, he did not in any way come to the front until the Restoration. It may not be much to say that he was better than his contemporaries; but so much Macaulay can say. Macaulay's judgment is that he seldom went below the surface of any question. His knowledge of Ancient Learning, upon which he wrote so pretentiously, was clearly of the superficial and false sort, which exposed him fairly to the shafts of Macaulay, as of Bentley before him; but his large diplomatic experience did at least give him important knowledge of contemporary European politics, and his long residence at The Hague, where he was intimate with De Witt, with the young Prince of Orange and with everybody whose acquaintance was

most valuable, added greatly to his qualifications for writing that work upon the United Provinces which so deeply affected the mind of William Penn. That Temple was a good observer Macaulay agrees with the friend whom we have quoted in stating; and of this work on the Netherlands he declares, amid his strictures upon Temple's other literary work, that it is "a masterpiece of its kind."

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Sir William Temple's "Observations upon the Netherlands" possesses high historic value, we have remarked, as being the first important English work upon the Dutch republic and its heroic struggle with the Spanish power, and as having furnished William Penn with the practical illustration which he needed of the policy whose extension he believed would bring peace to Europe. It is for the sake of noting its reinforcements for Penn's argument for peace and federation that we have been led to turn its pages. But we have found it a work of great intrinsic charm and value, and we hope that many who have become interested in the new discussions of the Dutch influence upon England and America may take it from its dusty place in the library and get pleasure and education from it. Written by one who was born while Bradford and Brewster were yet alive, its studies and impressions have a value for us greater in many important respects than that of any other English writing upon Holland. The history of the United Provinces, the government, the geography, the people, the religion, the trade, these are all studied carefully and sympathetically by an experienced diplomat and politician, a lover of liberty, at any rate of religious liberty, and an accomplished man of the world. Temple had an eye for the relations between Dutch and English institutions, and found many things in

Friesland especially which he "began to make reflections upon as the likeliest originals of many ancient constitutions among us," and which he suggested that diligent antiquaries might profitably look into further. Perhaps some of the graduate students in our American universities will begin with the concluding observations of Temple in his chapter on the government of the United Provinces and proceed to fruitful theses.

To most the chapter on religion will have as great an interest as anything in the work. Temple's own religious views were broad, so broad as to expose him to Bishop Burnet's charge of looseness, a charge from which his friends warmly defended him. "Belief is no more in a man's power," he says in this chapter, "than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinion for his because 'tis the truer and the better, without other arguments that have to me the force of conviction, may as well tell me I must change my gray eyes for others like his that are black because these are lovelier or more in esteem. He that tells me I must inform myself has reason if I do it not; but if I endeavor it all that I can, and perhaps more than he ever did, and yet still differ from him, and he, that it may be is idle, will have me study on and inform myself better, and so to the end of my life — then I easily understand what he means by informing; which is, in short, that I must do it till I come to be of his opinion."

It is easy, therefore, to divine the enthusiasm with which Temple recounts the noble history of the Netherlands in respect to toleration and pictures the rationality and breadth which marked men's religious dealings with each other in the republic at a time when in almost every other part of Europe narrowness, intolerance and bigotry were still supreme. "In this Common-

wealth," he says, "no man having any reason to complain of oppression in conscience and no man having hopes by advancing his religion to form a party or break in upon the State, the differences in opinion make none in affections and little in conversation, where it serves but for entertainment and vanity. They argue without interest or anger, they differ without enmity or scorn, and they agree without confederacy. Men live together like citizens of the world, associated by the common ties of humanity and by the bonds of peace, under the impartial protection of indifferent laws, with equal encouragement of all art and industry and equal freedom of speculation and inquiry, all men enjoying their imaginary excellencies and acquisitions of knowledge with as much safety as their more real possessions and improvements of fortune. The power of religion among them, where it is, lies in every man's heart. The appearance of it is but like a piece of humanity, by which every one falls most into the company or conversation of those whose customs and humors, whose talk and dispositions he likes best; and as in other places 'tis in every man's choice with whom he will eat or lodge, with whom go to market or to court, so it seems to be here with whom he will pray or go to church or associate in the service and worship of God."

Like citizens of the world! These were the people among whom our Pilgrim Fathers lived in Holland. It is not strange that they came out of Holland broader men than they went into it. It is not strange that a people who in that seventeenth century could attain to this position in religion should achieve a political constitution which should approve itself to the mind of William Penn as worthy of universal extension and in whose universal extension he should foresee the peace and hope of the world.



From a painting by William Hamilton Gibson.

THE EDGE OF THE WOODS.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

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WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

By John Coleman Adams.

I.

THREE men have done more than any others to inspire our generation with the love of nature. They are Henry D. Thoreau, John Burroughs and William Hamilton Gibson. Thoreau, when the generation was young challenged it to come out of doors, live in a shanty, and see as much of the world as he saw. John Burroughs, in later years, has acted as guide to a multitude of minds, eager to be "personally conducted" to field and forest. William Hamilton Gibson, besides winning many feet into the "highways and byways" whose charms he taught us to feel, was fortunate in his power to bring nature to our hands, in the works of his pencil, with which he made luminous—literally illustrated his lessons. It is with a sense of irreparable loss that one turns the pages of his books and tries to realize that they will have no successors, that the hand which made them is dead and the soul which inspired them has gone from us. He held a unique place in the interest and affection of the great public to which he addressed himself. While to those who were happy enough to have even a small place in his friendship his going away meant the depletion of life's enjoyment, the drying of one

deep spring of resource and inspiration. For such a personality as his, so simple, so frank, so spontaneous, cannot be lost from its activities and its intimacies without involving many hearts in grief.

II.

It is a matter for pride to every New England man that Mr. Gibson was of the best stock and the bluest blood of that favored territory. Chief Justice Richard H. Dana of Cambridge, a copy of whose portrait by Copley he owned, was his great-grandfather. His father, Edmund T. H. Gibson, was a Boston man, and his mother, Elizabeth C. Sanford, belonged in Sandy Hook, Newtown, Connecticut, where he himself was born, October 5, 1850. Sandy Hook was the family home of the Gibsons. When in later life his own country house was built in Washington, Connecticut, where he had been in boyhood a pupil in the famous "Gunnery" school, he was still in the same beautiful and romantic region of western Connecticut, in which he was born. He was a student at the Polytechnic Institute in Brooklyn, and there developed his talent for drawing, which was destined, though against the advice and wishes of his family, to determine his career for



WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON.

art. His father hoped he would follow in his own footsteps, and become a broker. It gives one a decided shock to think what America would have lost if William Hamilton Gibson had chosen the stock exchange instead of the studio and the field, commerce instead of art.

Brooklyn was his city home for many years; and here his studio, in the upper part of his house near the Park, gave him a broad outlook over the two cities, and glimpses of the Bridge, the bay, the highlands of Jersey, across whose distant crests he caught the glories of many a sunset.



MR. GIBSON IN HIS BROOKLYN STUDIO.

In this city studio he was always a busy toiler. It was a most attractive room, and full of comfortable furniture and beautiful objects. But it was an apartment whose belongings and whose atmosphere bespoke hard work. Mr. Gibson loved to surround himself with objects of beauty—tapestries, rugs, ancestral furniture, books, pictures and bric-a-brac. But his theory was that all such things were, for the artist, not a mere extravagance, nor an indulgence in luxury, but an element in his atmosphere which ought to help him to work more effectively, an inspiration and a stimulus. Nor was his practice inconsistent with his theory. One who was close to his life writes of him: "He seemed never to spend an idle hour. He was always arranging some new task. He was not done with one thing before he had begun another. Among his papers there are quantities of note-books and sketch-books full of fresh ma-

terial to be perfected before he presented them to the public." That was characteristic of the man. He loved work, and especially he loved his own work; and to be continually about it was his greatest enjoyment. Indeed, it was this tremendous pressure under which he continually kept himself, that too soon wore out the machinery of the body, and broke down the physical mechanism of the restless mind.

In the volume entitled "Pastoral Days," Gibson explains his presence in what he lovingly calls "Hometown," by saying: "My wife and I have run away from the city for a month or two. A vacation we call it; but to an artist such a thing is rarely known in its ordinary sense, and often indeed it means an increase of labor rather than a respite." It usually meant this last to him; for he was never so busy as when with the early days in May he shook off the dust of Long Island, and hastened to

Litchfield County, to the hilltops of Washington, where he built him a beautiful cottage among the old neighbors of his boyhood days, in the midst of the scenes where he first loved and grew intimate with nature. His studio here was an old school-house. It stood in the midst of a copse of sumac-bushes which he would not have disturbed, and after which his home was christened, "The Sumacs." The field in front of his cottage was no close-cropped lawn, trim and snug in the artificial fashion of city boarders' front yards; but the daisies grew there, and the clover, and the golden rod, and thick clumps of wild shrubs, where the birds he loved made their nests and the bees and the butterflies came to feed. Here, as one writes who saw his life in Washington, "he was the inspiration of this hillside town for years. His studio was the centre of inquiry

and interest in the natural world; and when any strangely beautiful or curious or wonderful thing was found by the inexperienced, it was gathered to be shown to Mr. Gibson. Even the farmers took a delight in his presence. Every lane and every drive has its association with him, and the dear people here say that they feel that he is still among them, and that the very hills are sacred to them."

It is a pleasant fact to record, and characteristic of him and of his work, that when he had about completed his lectures on the "Mysteries of the Flowers," he gave them first to his farmer neighbors, and was pleased beyond measure that these particular critics should find a keen interest and delight in the story he afterward told, amid wondering applause, to learned men and experts in natural science. Here, too, he found the liveliest enjoyment in the dear companionship



WASHINGTON VALLEY.



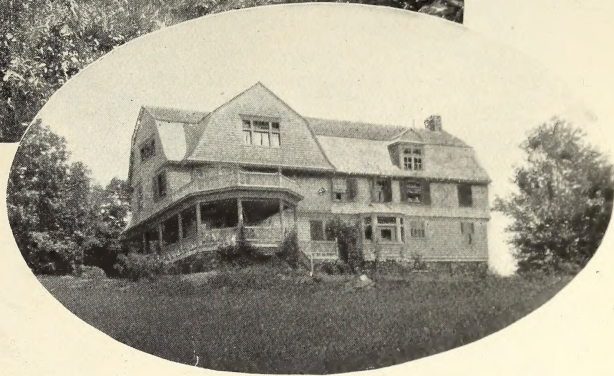
"THE SUMACS."

of family. He was the life of the home, the boon companion of his wife and sons, a boy with the little fellows, entering into all their sports, bubbling over with the spontaneous energy which kept him always youthful in his spirit. He traveled far and wide in Europe and in our own land, always with his eyes open, his ear alert for new or familiar things in the natural world, often with camera or pencil, noting and preserving what he saw. But he loved to come back to "Hometown," where the roots of his life had struck so deeply, and there work up for the delight and help of others what he had garnered in many fields.

III.

The list of his books is not a long one, but it is sumptuous, and to nature-lovers one of the most precious in all American literature. "Camp Life in the Woods and the Tricks of Trapping and Trap-making," is a book to fill a boy's mind

with resistless yearnings for the haunts of the rabbit, the mink, the fox and the ruffed grouse. But it is only a hint and a prophecy of those finer works to



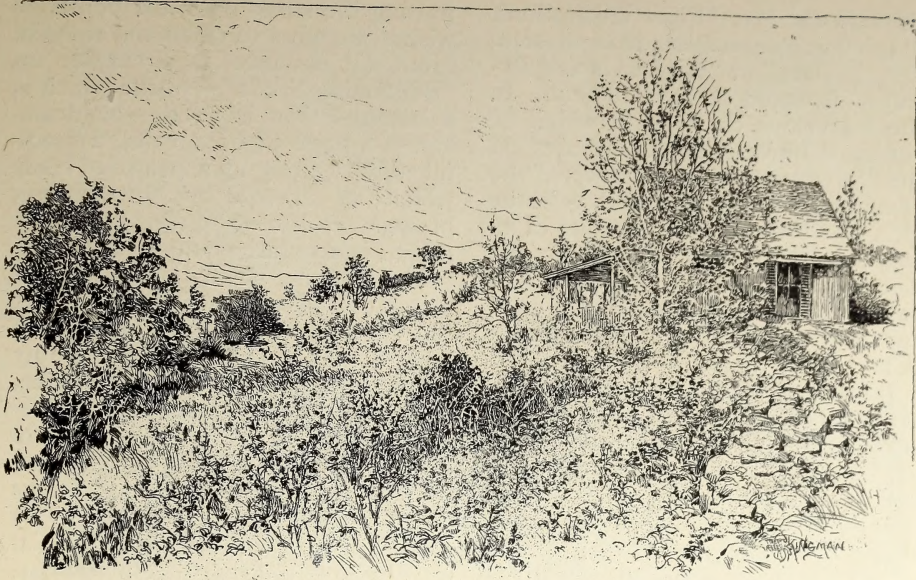
come in which one vibrates, bewildered, between admiration for the dexterous pencil, so perfectly facile in the expression of the most delicate aspects of nature, and wonder at the ready pen, running so freely in the service of a mind crowded to overflowing with the most interesting and stimulating knowledge of every form of animate life. "Pastoral Days," "Happy Hunting Grounds," "Strolls by Starlight and Sunshine," "Highways and Byways"; were ever titles more piquantly suggestive of the outdoor world and the study thereof! Then comes that marvel of delicate and poetic illustration, that compend of rare and fascinating facts, that glory of modern illustration and book making,—the almanac of the year he made up from his weekly observations of the blossoming of flowers, the movements of



From Harper's Round Table.

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A STUDY OF INSECT LIFE, BY GIBSON.



THE WASHINGTON STUDIO.

caterpillars, the fall of nuts, and the travels of squirrels and rabbits! "Sharp Eyes," he called it, and described it as "a rambler's calendar," and justified it as "a plea for the rational, contemplative country ramble." Nor must that last volume be slightly mentioned, and left for the gourmands and the market-gardeners, which is a loving study of neglected fields and an effort to bring the world of the edible fungi within man's knowledge and familiar interest. He who has all or any of these works has a wishing carpet more wonderful and more potent than any which the fairy tales describe, which will transport him into the most remote and secret fastnesses of nature and show him the very arcana of the Creative Power.

IV.

It seems strange enough to-day that his illustrations should ever have been sent back by publishers or editors. They are so fascinating to the eye of even inexperienced observers, they so impress and stimulate both

the memory and the imagination, that it does not seem as though, on their own merits, they could ever have failed to commend themselves as thoroughly "available" even in the commercial sense. But the artist has two tasks to accomplish before he can succeed in his mission; he must make his pictures, and then train a taste for them,—he must first interpret his own view of nature and then teach others how to understand him. The eagerness with which the public came to turn to Mr. Gibson's pictures, grew as they learned almost unconsciously to themselves to perceive the things in nature which he was always seeking, and so to appreciate the delicate, the sympathetic, the perfectly adequate way in which he revealed them. Then, too, his own hand became more cunning with practice, his methods more varied, his command of the resources of his art more complete; and with the improved processes of reproducing, in modern illustration, he was able to do himself greater justice, and make a stronger appeal to the imagination

through the eye. Finer illustrations, in spirit or in execution, than those of "Sharp Eyes," or "Highways and Byways," it would be hard to find. In the marvelous charts with which he equipped himself for the lectures on the "Mysteries of the Flowers," he assembled all his rare and versatile gifts, and brought the ingenuity of an engineer, the skill of a mechanic, the deft art of the draughtsman and painter, to the task of making a vivid and accurate transcript of the fertilization of the plants.

It would be hard to say which character predominated in him, the artist or the scientist, the naturalist or the painter. His art is pervaded with the accuracy of the lover of scientific fact, and his science glows with all the imaginative play of the artist's soul. His methods are a triumphant example of the "scientific use of the imagination," and of the imaginative presentation of science. The most hardened Gradgrinds of research could find no fault with his facts, but were astounded and put to confusion by his power to suffuse reality with the glow of a poetic fancy. He grasps the essential fact to be shown and then his nimble imagination and artistic resource furnish him with ample devices for

putting the stress upon the points he wishes the mind to catch and to hold. Here, for instance, in a chapter on "Ballooning Seeds,"—a title which is a botany-lesson in itself,—he draws across a page what he calls "a fanciful eddy" wafting up a swarm of seeds which fly abroad on the autumn breeze. Every form in the airy sketch is accurate enough for a textbook, yet the whole is fit for the illustration of a poem. Again, in "A Masquerade of Stamens," his pencil leads down the pages, out of a sunny meadow, a long procession which, beginning in the grasses of the foreground, develops into the exactly drawn forms of a score of curiously fashioned stamens. The illustrations for "Queer Fruits from the Bee's Basket," with its decorated initial showing just the right bee investigating just the right flower; the laden insects hastening from the clump of bushes in the foreground to the distant hives behind the farmhouse, and finally the sketch at the close, of a group of the odd forms of pollen-dust which the microscope reveals—these could only have been done by a man as familiar with the palette as with the magnifying lens, with as good an eye for artistic effect as for scientific fact. How vivid and

graphic this power of his would have made the illustrated botany which he had projected and partly completed—and which may yet be given to the public. All of his work is an emphatic refutation of the popular cry, as shallow as it is common, that as science advances art



VIEW FROM THE VERANDA OF "THE SUMACS."



From a painting by Mr. Gibson.

THE BROOK MEADOW.

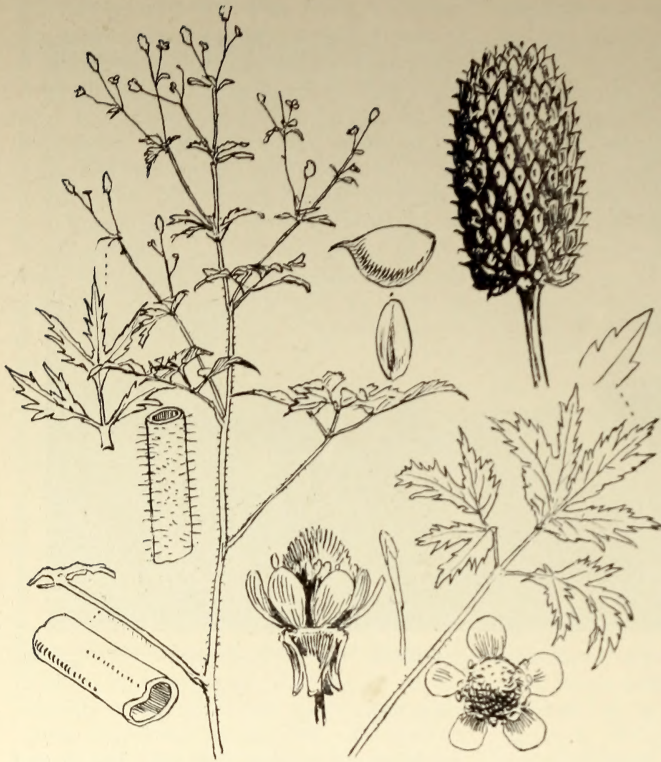
must decline, that a knowledge of facts tends to limit the play of the fancy, and that there is some irreconcilable contradiction between truth and imagination. His scientific knowledge was the material from which he wrought the creations of his imagination; and the more material he gathered from the world of fact, the larger was the world his artist hand made of it.

V.

This marked and powerful trait of his mind lies at the bottom of his faculty for *humanizing* if one may so term it, the life which lies below man's in the vital scale. What writer since the days of the primeval fairy tales ever brought the worlds of human life and other life so near to each other? He seems a modern Siegfried into whose ears the birds talk and the grass whispers as it grows. When he comes back from the woods and fields,

or from an exploration into the insect realm close by his own doorstep, he reports what he has seen and heard precisely as if he were recounting the talk and the doings of his own kind. Pencil and pen unite to interpret this life of beetle and spider and bee and ant and bird into the terms of human existence. He makes all life seem related to our lives, all being to appear of one substance, all to be worthy of interest, sympathy, love and reverence.

There are strange and beautiful stories told of his power to attract and to handle the shyest creatures. Once, it is said, he went to a public library, to make a sketch of some rare butterfly, and had found a book of plates from which he was copying his subject, when, lo! there floated into this strange, great room one of the very specimens he was picturing, fluttering down upon the open page, and at last alighting there beside its own portrait! On one election day, he went



*BRISTLY CROWFOOT.

to vote, and there came in at the open door, no one knew whence, a stray pigeon, which flew at once to him as to a friend, and perched upon his shoulder; and after he had caressed it and talked soothingly to it, the bird flew away again, no one knew whither. Once, too, he sat upon his piazza trying to describe to a visitor the peculiar markings upon the wings of a song-bird, when he suddenly arose, stepped to a neighboring bush, and coaxed into his hands one of the very kind he was talking of, which he brought to show his guest.

All this sympathy with the world of life outside of man fills his text and his illustrations to overflowing. He has a marvelous knack of putting a whole chapter of analogy and suggestion into a phrase or a title. He has

*The cuts of the Crowfoot and Columbine are from sketches by Gibson for his unfinished "Illustrated Botany."

a series of pictures in "Highways and Byways," describing the tragedies of the insect world, and he packs the whole story of the struggle for existence into such titles as "On the Scent," "The Insect Tiger," "A Prowler," "A Tyrant of the Fields," "Sunshine and Shadows in the Woods." He writes of the borer of the ichneumon-fly, in a chapter called "The Most Wonderful Drill in the World." He studies the fringe which in winter grows upon the partridge's claws, and sums up the results in a title, "The Grouse on Snowshoes." The seeds thrown out upon the snow from the dry and frozen pods are

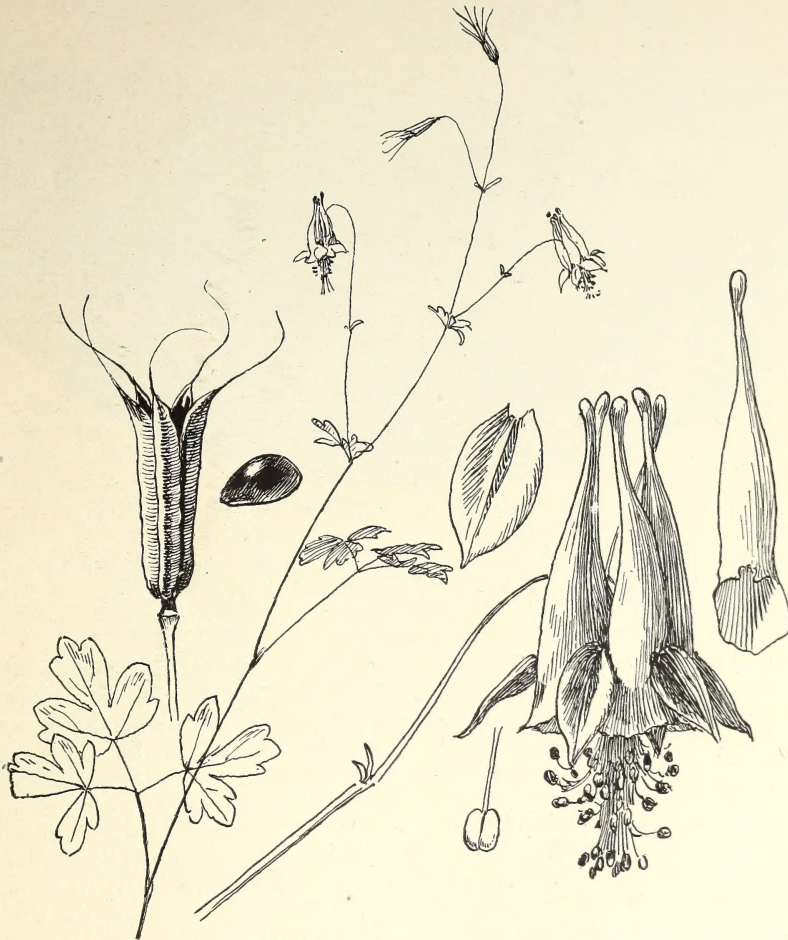
"Winter Grist for the Birds." He crowds the suggestion of a common device of nature into another heading of a chapter on "Seed Tramps." "Brownie dust-brushes" is his vivid, fanciful name for the white puffs of the groundsel-shrub. And the yellow winged sparrow, whose note so nicely counterfeits the common grasshopper's, he calls "a bird-ventriloquist," "the grasshopper-mimic." The same keen powers of observation which his talented kinsman, Charles Dana Gibson, brings to bear upon human subjects, in analyzing their weaknesses and satirizing their foibles, he exercises in observing and depicting the human side of plant and animal life. More than any mind of this generation, this naturalist-poet-artist makes men feel that kinship of all life which Drummond has asserted in "The Ascent of Life," and which

Professor Shaler has condensed into a phrase in calling it "The Bond of the Generations."

VI.

Another of Mr. Gibson's most interesting traits is his fondness for what many pass by, as the insignificant things of nature. He shows with the convincing eloquence of both pen and pencil the greatness of the little and the divinity of the commonplace. He finds a universe in a corner of the meadow. For him a cobweb holds the beauty of the world. He invests the feuds of wasps and spiders, the

doings of moths and butterflies, with all the interest of human wars and industries. He illustrates in a way never to be surpassed by any other the beautiful marriage-customs of the plants, the strange relation of bee and blossom, of the insect's anatomy to the structure of the flower. There are many of us who chiefly love him in his character of prophet of the common things, the everyday and the ordinary, the unnoted or the unprized; for at his appreciative word they straightway become noteworthy, brilliant, extraordinary. His reverent love insists upon all that is most picturesque



COLUMBINE.

in them; and at last we are ashamed that we, too, had not seen them as he does. He seems to find the whole of nature in her humblest parts. And, in all his knowledge and his eagerness to impart it, there is nothing pedantic, no arrogance of learning, none of the dogmatism of the superior. What he tells, he tells because he loves it, loves to tell it, loves to have others share it with him.

It was easy for a man with such discernment to discover in the back-

A man who thus appreciated the beauty-bearing resources of his own yard could be trusted to value at its fullest rates the larger world outside. I should attribute to this passion for finding beauty in things commonly slighted his love of night rambles among the flowers, to watch the habits of the blossoms in their sleep, the marvels of the dewdrops, the nocturnal labors of the moths. He brought back from these midnight explorations surprises as genuine as



THE CEMETERY AT WASHINGTON WHERE GIBSON IS BURIED.

yard of the metropolitan house the possibilities of the country meadow and the wayside flower-bed. It was he who counted in his own little patch of land sixty-four species of grasses, wild-flowers and blooms from the fields and hillsides. "At midsummer," he wrote, "my grass-plot might have been a detached segment of many a country slope upon which I have strolled, knee-deep in meadow flowers and herd's grass, with its daisies, clovers, white and red; thistles, wild carrot, blue-grass, chicory and moth mullein,—a veritable oasis beneath my window."

those from darkest Africa or the farthest north.

VII.

No notice of his work would be complete which did not include the mention of the astonishing lectures on the "Mysteries of the Flowers," which were the crowning achievement of his useful life. In them all his versatility seemed to culminate. They were exceptionally brilliant, in a day when high merit in lectures is the rule. They transported the mind into the fairy land of fact. They were a harmonious marriage of science and

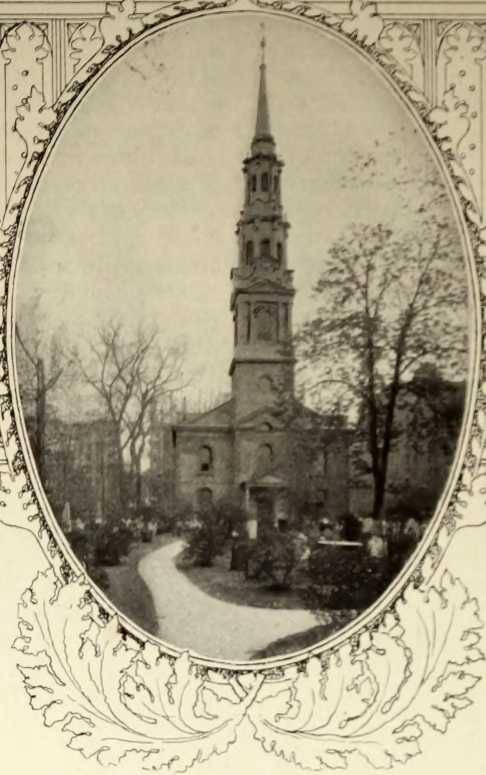
of art. They were at once accurate and beautiful. They enlarged knowledge and they stimulated imagination. They opened new possibilities for the lecture platform. And they bore above all things the marks of Gibson's own personality.

That personality will grow upon the American people, as time gives a true perspective to his life and work. But already we can see something of his conscience and his right to a place in the foremost trinity of our nature-prophets. In that great trio, Thoreau is the philosopher, Burroughs the poet and man of letters, Gibson the artist-naturalist. Perhaps he came no nearer to nature than the other two, but he knew how to bring nature nearer to us. Thoreau and Burroughs are close observers and close sympathizers, none could be closer; but they lack the gift which he has in full measure, of making the world around man seem one with him in the kinship of struggle, pain, and tragedy, in the partnership in the sport, the gladness, the ecstasy of living. Thoreau has a more philosophic

sweep, Burroughs the nicer literary touch, but Gibson has the livelier imagination, the more exuberant wit, the keener sense of the human aspects of life among the lowly bugs and blossoms. While his eye is almost microscopic in its power to follow the least things in the creation, it can also sweep the whole horizon in a fine mastery of the broader effects of light, color, and the spell upon the sentiments. He adds to his large endowments of intellect and moral nature a glad exuberance, a noble spontaneity, which seem to make him a part of the things he loves to interpret, a generous sharer in this world's goodly life. He is as simple and kindly and earnest and reverent as one could wish such a prophet of beauty and of knowledge to be. Nor will those who knew him ever again be able to look across New England's valleys and meadows without the pang which smote the poet's heart when he sang of his noble friends:

"Something is gone from Nature since they
died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be."





WATCH-NIGHT IN OLD ST. PAUL'S.

By Minna Irving.

When all the city roofs are white
 With snow on New Year's Eve,
 The belles and beaux of olden times
 Their lettered marbles leave.
 They make no footprints in the snow,
 No shadow from them falls;
 A silent host, they throng the aisle
 Of old St. Paul's.

They fill again the dusky pews
 With glints of tarnished gold
 And buckled shoes and velvet coats
 And faces proud and cold.
 A ghostly sexton pulls the rope
 In periwig and smalls,
 When midnight chimes awake the clock
 Of old St. Paul's.

With many a solemn shake of hands
 They greet another year,
 And to the dust of crypt and tomb
 In darkness disappear,
 But leave a smell of must and mold
 Within those ancient walls,—
 The folks that worshiped long ago
 In old St. Paul's.

A BELATED BOYHOOD.

By Margaret Sherwood.

"Spirits of old that bore me
And set me, meek of mind,
Between great dreams before me,
And deeds as great behind.

"Oh, give my youth, my faith, my sword
Choice of the heart's desire.
A short life in the saddle, Lord,
Not long life by the fire!"

I.

THE noon train from the West pulled into the little station. A man and woman, each carrying a child, stepped from it. As they stood waiting on the platform in the still October sunshine, the man's eyes followed the long shining rails over which they had come, but the woman turned and looked up the hill road on the left. Presently a rattling farm-wagon appeared. Its driver greeted the newcomers, then silently lifted their little hair trunk into the wagon.

"Get in," he cried cordially. He drove away over the stony road, then turned to his guests. "Got lonesome, didn't you?" he asked.

"Mary did," answered Mark Haskell.

"Well," said the driver, "I guess Maine's better than Illinois, after all. Your mother's pleased to death because you're comin' back."

"We'll stay with her until spring," smiled Mrs. Haskell. "Then we're going back to the old place. Would it be much farther to go round by it now?"

They drove on in silence. A sudden turn brought them into sight of their old home. It stood half way up a hill, the rough road curling round it and disappearing. Above the white farmhouse the rugged hillside was brilliant with autumn color. An odor of ripened apples floated down from the orchard. As they looked, a bit of milkweed down drifted to Mrs. Haskell's shawl. She caught it and held it fast. Her eyes

were wet. There was the road over which she had walked to school as a child. Her father and her father's father had worked among these hills. In that home her first child had been born. From the wide spaces and the great loneliness of the West she had come back to her own country and her own people.

But her husband breathed heavily as if in exhausted air. The rocky pastures lay cramped on the hillside as they had lain when he escaped. It was like going through an iron door, recaptured.

"See," said his wife, lightly touching his arm, "there's the old shade tree, alive yet and just the same as ever."

"Yes," responded Mark Haskell, with a laugh touched with tragic emotion, "and there's the same hog under the Baldwin apple tree eating the same apple it was eating five years ago."

II.

"I'm glad Mark's so contented," Mrs. Haskell often said complacently to her mother, as they sewed together on winter afternoons. "I worried a good deal for fear he might want to go back West."

In the spring she went with her husband to the old home. Mark ploughed the square field below the orchard, and turned the sheep into the rock lot up the road. His wife watched him closely.

"I knew Mark would like it after we got here," she often said to herself reassuringly. Now and then a

troubled expression came into her placid face. "Seems to me he is a little more irritable than he used to be. I guess the thin air in the West made him nervous. He'll get over it here."

They had gone to Illinois two years after their marriage, renting the farm which Mary's father had given her on her wedding day. From babyhood Mark had dreamed of going West. A roving uncle had told him of the wild life on the plains,—its buffalo hunts, its Indian adventures, its breakneck riding. In his sleep the boy had been haunted by a sense of the wide freedom of the prairies. One night he woke clinging to his red patchwork quilt, thinking that it was the mane of a glorious wild horse.

He married at twenty-four and induced his pretty wife to emigrate. They would build up a town, he said, and have a hand in shaping its affairs.

They worked hard in the new home on the prairie. There were rich harvests in the great grain fields. Mrs. Haskell, in the tiny rooms of her cabin, struggled for the old daintiness of life which she had known in her New England home. But the odds were against her. She could not make her table-cloths look white. There was no place to put the blue china, still packed in barrels. Worst of all, there was no parlor.

Five years passed. Then they came home. Mrs. Haskell's endurance had failed. Now they took up life again on the old farm among the Maine hills. In the autumn Mrs. Haskell made quince preserves from the quince trees which she had planted. In May she took up her carpets. She grew sweeter and more gentle as her hair turned gray. Her husband ploughed and reaped and sold. At thirty-five he was deacon in the church. The lines about his mouth grew deeper. He was quieter now and more stern. Ten years had gone, twenty years. The children

were growing up. There were five of them, gaunt, strong-featured, rebellious lads. "They favor their father," the neighbors said.

His youthful restlessness had descended to them all. Four of them ran away from home in search of adventure. "I feel like a hen with a family of ducks," the mother said one day. They all came back at last, for their mother's sake. One settled as a minister in eastern Massachusetts. Seth, the eldest, bought a farm at the foot of the hill on which the old home stood.

"I hope he'll settle down and be contented," Mark Haskell said one day. He was sitting by the stove, reading the *New York Weekly Times*. "The boys never had much steadiness," he continued, shaking his gray head dubiously. "They've always been hankering after something new."

And his wife, slowly rocking as she sewed, said: "That's so strange. I don't see where they get it. We've always been so contented at home."

The friendly newspaper shielded her husband's face, and she did not see the sudden gleam in his eyes.

III.

One spring evening Seth came up the hill. His father was in the barnyard, "doing the chores."

"See here, father," said Seth, taking the pail of milk from the old man's hand. "Rachel and I have been talking things over. We think you and mother had better come down to live with us. Mother isn't very well this spring, and you ain't so young as you used to be."

Mark Haskell's eyes wandered down the hill past the tangled pastures and the fresh green fields of springing grain to the railroad, where the sunlight on the track lay like an invitation. For five and forty years every whistle on the west-bound trains had thrilled his blood with a promise of escape. But not a muscle

of his face moved as he said, picking up an empty milk-pail:

"I guess you'd better go up to the house and talk it over with your mother. It will be just as she says."

He began to milk another cow, but his hands dropped idle. The animal looked around in mild inquiry. The old man rose and went to the barn-yard gate. As he stood there leaning on his elbows, a cat climbed into his pail and, having tipped it over, drank from the thin stream of milk which flowed out on the ground. But he did not notice.

At last, after all these years, at last! He was old and bent and gray, but the eyes that looked out from under his grizzled brows were fierce with young desire.

"Well, what do you think about Seth's plan, father?" asked Mrs. Haskell, when he went in. She was knitting at the side of the supper table. The white cap above her gray curls was fresh and dainty.

"I don't know," said her husband with indifference, hanging his hat on a nail in the corner, "I'll leave it to you. I reckon I ain't so feeble as Seth thinks."

"It isn't too late to rent the farm," said his wife rising, "and your rheumatism——"

"My rheumatism's all right," he interrupted testily. He could not endure coddling.

"Well, of course we'll do as you think best," the gray-haired lady said, "but it seems to me as if we'd better go. I can help Rachel with the children, and Seth can find plenty for you to do."

"I'll think it over," said Mark dubiously. He had taken his seat at the table, but he suddenly rose.

"Where are you going, father? Supper will get cold," she inquired anxiously, as she saw him open the door of the winding stairway that led up from the kitchen.

"I'll be down in a minute," he answered.

In the loft above the kitchen was

the little old hair trunk. Mark pulled it out from the corner and lifted the cover. It was full of worn garments and rolls of cloth.

"She'll have to find some place to put these," he said to himself. Then he shut the trunk and went down.

After the two old people were settled in their son's home, Mark came in one night when the family were gathered round the fire. His voice trembled a little through its assumed nonchalance.

"I kind o' think I'll take a little trip, now that things are getting settled. I've been feelin' for a few days that I'd like to go West for a spell to see how things have changed since we came home."

IV.

Seth drove his father to the station with Jennie, the deacon's own mare. The little hair trunk fitted exactly the back of the old-fashioned wagon.

"You'll see that your mother has everything she wants till I come back, Seth," said his father. He remembered with remorse that he had spoken sharply to his wife a few minutes ago. She had wanted to put a muffler around his neck. A muffler in May!

"If she wants money," he added, "there's a little in the savings bank. I fixed it so as she could get it out."

They had almost reached the station. Up the valley sounded the whistle of the engine. Mark Haskell looked back over the familiar fields.

"I guess you'd better give Jennie about six quarts of oats a day," he said. Then his lip quivered and his voice caught in his throat.

"Good-by, father," said Seth, gripping the old man's hand.

The father could not speak. But on the train he forgot the grief of parting in sheer delight in motion. He shut his eyes and leaned against the soiled plush cushion of his seat. Going, going, escaping, even when

every muscle was lax! Sometimes he feared that he was dreaming; he had dreamed this so often. Sometimes he worried lest a railway accident should end his journey prematurely. Once, in a great city, he left the train to buy a sandwich. The engine snorted fiercely and he rushed back, trembling. He might have been left behind.

West, and still farther west. They passed the dreary stretches south of Lake Erie. The old man's eyes opened in wonder before the great grain fields of the Mississippi basin. The young life of fresh, growing things entered his soul. He leaned his wrinkled forehead against the window pane and watched with the unalloyed delight of a boy. They swept on, over the prairie lands of Illinois, and past the great stock farms of Iowa. "I might have had one of them by this time," he said to himself. All the world seemed to share his exultant sense of motion. The steady throb of the engine had set the earth a-going. The swift, sweet prairie wind shared the wild journey. Flames, kindled by sparks from the engine, ran in the grass along the side of the track. Often, the sight of bobolinks alight on strange grasses, swallows circling in the evening air, or the odor of distant alfalfa fields, so like the breath of sweet clover in his wife's garden, smote him with a sudden sense of homesickness.

But ahead the long distances drew him with the fascination of the unknown. The muddy Missouri River and the great plains of Nebraska were unlike anything that he had ever seen. He watched, sometimes half asleep, the sod houses, the saucy prairie dogs at the side of the track, and the trails where prairie schooners traveled on the long overland journey. That path by the bluff along the sluggish Platte was whitened by the bones of pioneers who had perished by the way, they told him. When the train stopped for water he

heard the beat of unknown wings, and strange birds floated through the clear air. It was a treeless land, and—the expression of the deacon's face was queer when he noticed this—there were no church spires anywhere.

He did not yet know his destination. Early on the fourth morning he looked from the window and was satisfied. He would stay here. This was the wide sky of his dreams. Under it lay the plains, wild, untilled, untrodden. Low curving hills added distance to distance, and the great spaces stretched, dim and blue as the far horizon of the sea, out beyond.

V.

"I've seen young tenderfeet," said Gentleman George, "as had plenty of sand, and I've seen 'em as hadn't, but I never see a patriarch fresh from a prayer-meeting that could ride like him."

"I can't make him out," said Tom of Tomses. "He's been here three weeks and a half. Pays regular, but don't seem to have no intentions. He acts just as if he was crazy about horses."

"When he come to me," said Broncho Jerry, "and said he wanted to buy a horse, I told him I didn't have no ladies' horses,—and, by George, he was mad. He made me let him ride every critter I've got. He got on that sky-high Mandy, the buckner, and I'm blest if he didn't stick on while she performed and ride her for an hour after. 'Say your prayers first,' says I, when he went to get on. 'I reckon I ain't got time now,' says he. 'I can say 'em after, or maybe while I'm ridin'.'"

"He may 'a' been a deacon all his life," said Tom solemnly, "but he's a horse-breaker at heart."

They were at Tomses. Tomses was the literary and mercantile centre of Crowville, Nebraska. The room in which the men sat served as post office, bar-room, dry goods and hard-

ware shop. Back of this was the "hotel." Tom sat behind the counter, his chair tipped back, his feet on the edge of a shelf. His three guests had made themselves comfortable in various attitudes.

"I've a good mind," said Gentleman George, "to ask him up to visit the herd. I reckon he'd like to see the cattle and help at a round-up, and kind o' take in some of the country sights."

"A reg'lar stampede," said Petey, who had not spoken yet, "would be just meat and drink to him."

"Wouldn't he get rheumatiz, sleepin' on the ground?" inquired Tom.

"He might git rheumatiz," said Gentleman George deliberately, "and he might git consumption, and he might git killed, but he wouldn't admit it."

"That animal I sold him was a tol'able tough piece of horseflesh," remarked Broncho Dick. "He's trained it till it acts like a kitten. I warned him. 'Watch out,' I says, 'he's new, and I don't know all his tricks. He may kill you.' 'The Lord's will be done,' says he. But from the way he handled the critter I guess he do' know the difference between the Lord's will and his'n."

"There he is now!" cried Petey, who had been leaning his tough little figure against the window pane, and had turned to look out. In the distance appeared something moving furiously toward the house. The four men stood in the door to watch the swift approach.

The deacon sprang from his horse and threw the long reins over the animal's head to the ground. As he entered the room he tried to walk as if his legs were not stiff and cramped from riding. His face was dark brown now, under the long white hair which floated out as far as the brim of the broad felt cowboy hat. The resolute mouth was firmer than ever. The eyes were full of the delight of wild motion.

"Good mornin', deacon," said Gentleman George cordially. "We're takin' it kind o' hard that you didn't tell us you was in trainin' to jine Buffalo Bill."

"For all you know," said Jerry, "the deacon may 'a' had the trainin' of Buffalo Bill."

Tom offered the old man something to drink. He refused the beverage suggested and asked for some cold water. Then he pulled off his high, stiff boots and made himself comfortable in the only arm chair at Tomses. He was too breathless to talk.

"Deacon," said Petey, "when you start a Sunday school at Crowville, put down my name. I'll go into the infant class,—I'm small. And whatever else you teach to it, teach hoss-ridin'."

VI.

The number of the deacon's rides on untamed broncho ponies has not been recorded. In his gray age he galloped hard and fast to overtake the dreams of youth.

No breath of his keen enjoyment of this wild life was wafted through his letters. He did not know how to describe the romance of cowboy existence or the picturesqueness of the cowboy costume and horse trappings. He would have considered it indecorous to speak of the revels at Tomses, where songs and dancing and drinking lasted until the small hours.

"Am prospered in my Undertaking," his letter said, "and think that I will remain a little longer."

But if his letters failed to reveal his state of mind, they carried home the main facts of his existence. He had left Crowville and was with his friend, Mr. George A. Cass, herding cattle, twenty-five miles farther on. He was feeling very well. The cowboys were industrious, but profane.

When Mrs. Haskell had read this letter she put a sunbonnet over her white hair and went to the corn-field.

She found her son busy husking, sitting in among great sheaves and yellow pumpkins.

"What is a cowboy, Seth?" she asked. "I can't bear to think of your father in such company. What possessed him to go West after we were both so disappointed when we were there? He's homesick, and don't want to say so."

In the spring she began to worry. "I thought he'd be home in time for ploughing," she said. She often went to stand at the gate near the lilac bush. A bit of railroad track was visible, though the station was hidden. Here she waited and watched. Her delicate old face grew brown in the sun.

"He'll come home for the husking," she said often to herself as she went slowly up the gravel walk to the front porch. But autumn passed, and winter, and another spring. In the second summer one letter spoke of coming back. "Have been mercifully preserved and am thinking of Return."

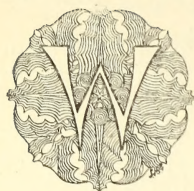
Mrs. Haskell smiled when she read that. Presently she dried her spectacles. "Now he'll come for certain," she said. "I'll begin him another comforter."

So through the long August days she knitted steadily on red wool.

But the deacon never came back. All that returned was the little hair trunk.

NOTES ON THE MEDICAL HISTORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By Edward E. Cornwall, M. D.



WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers made their humble settlement in what they thought was an out-of-the-way corner of the world where they would not be disturbed, they did not realize that they were laying the chief cornerstone of a mighty nation nor dream that they were destined in consequence to become objects of perennial interest to ever-increasing millions of men. Had they done so they might have left us more extensive records of themselves. The records they did leave are as full as could reasonably be expected; but they are woefully inadequate in view of the demand that now exists for full accounts of the Pilgrims' individual lives as well as their political and religious history; and we find them especially unsatisfactory when we seek informa-

tion regarding the Pilgrims' medical history. The two Pilgrim annalists, Bradford and Winslow, to whom we are indebted for most of our first-hand information, were incapable, from lack of medical knowledge, of reporting diseases with precision, and their physician, Dr. Fuller, left no reports of his observations. The allusions to medical matters found in the narratives of Bradford and Winslow are so scanty and vague that it is only with the aid of considerable "scientific guessing" that even a very fragmentary medical history of the Pilgrims can be made out of them.

The Pilgrims who left England in the *Mayflower* were one hundred and two in number. Sixty-one were adults, mostly young, thirty-one were children or youths, and ten were servants. The males were seventy-four and the females twenty-eight, of whom eighteen were married women with their husbands. They were physically the pick of the Leyden

congregation,—“the youngest and strongest,” says Winslow. Their original number, including those who joined the expedition at Southampton, was one hundred and thirty, and those who had to remain behind because of the failure of the *Speedwell* still further sifted the weaker elements from this choice company.

Their voyage was comparatively healthy despite its tempestuous latter half and the cramped quarters which they occupied in the little hundred and eighty ton *Mayflower* not only during the long reach from Old to New England, but also during the delays which occurred before their final departure from England, and the further delay after their arrival at Cape Cod before getting settled at Plymouth. Altogether they were about five months on board ship. One of their number, William Butten, Dr. Fuller's servant, died during the Atlantic voyage,—from what cause we do not know; and there was one death among the crew. Concerning the sailor's case we know the following facts: the patient was “a proud & very profane young man,” he had “a greevous disease,” and he died in “a desperate manner.” A very wild guess at the cause of his death would be delirium tremens. Bradford piously says it was the “just hand of God” which smote this young man for having sworn at and reviled the Pilgrims. I think it is safe to assume that the *Mayflower* came to anchor in Cape Cod harbor, Nov. 11, 1620, with no serious sickness on board.

Now the medical history of the Pilgrims becomes eventful. During their first year in New England, out of the whole number that arrived, one hundred and two (for their original number had been kept intact by the birth at sea of Oceanus Hopkins) one hundred were at one time or another on the sick list and fifty died. Such an extraordinary mortality must have had some very special cause. Only an epidemic of some in-

fectious disease can account for it. What was that disease?

The country to which the Pilgrims came had been swept over two years before by an infectious disease which nearly exterminated the aboriginal inhabitants. We do not know what that disease was; it may have been small-pox or the plague or measles or scarlet fever, all of which are especially fatal to savages; but whatever it was, we do not believe it in any way affected the medical history of the Pilgrims.

The first sickness of the Pilgrims in America of which we have any account was an attack of indigestion which resulted from eating “great mussels, very fat and full of sea pearly,” which they picked up on the Provincetown beach. “They made all sick that did eat, as well saylers as passengers: they caused to cast and scour, but they were soone well againe.”

After this the principal diseases noted are pulmonary—“coughs and colds.” November and December are bleak months on Cape Cod, and during the five weeks the *Mayflower* was anchored in Provincetown harbor the Pilgrims were much exposed to inclement weather. They made three excursions into the interior and along the coast, in which they suffered greatly from exposure. The tedious job of repairing their damaged shallop compelled them to make frequent journeys to and from the shore, with enforced wading in the icy water. Also, the women went on shore to wash the store of dirty linen that had accumulated during their long voyage, and caught cold in the operation. In Bradford's Journal we find the following references to this exposure and consequent sickness of the Pilgrims during these five weeks. While mending the shallop, Bradford says, “the discomfortousness of the harbour did much hinder us for we could neither goe to nor come from the shore, but at high water which was much to our hinderance and

hurt, for oftentimes they waded to the middle of the thigh and oft to the knees to goe and come from land; some did it necessarily and some for their own pleasure, but it brought to the most, if not to all, coughes and colds, the weather proving sodainly cold and stormie, which afterwards turned to scurvey whereof many dyed."

In the second exploring expedition, in which twenty-four of the Pilgrims were engaged, with ten of the crew, their experience was as follows: "when we were sett forth it proved rough weather and crosse winds so as we were constrained some in the shallop and others in the long boate, to row to the nearest shore the wind would suffer them to goe unto, and then to wade out above the knees. . . . It blowed and did snow all that day and night and froze withal; some of our people that are dead took the originall of their death here."

In the third exploring expedition, in which they discovered Plymouth harbor, they also suffered greatly and one of their number, Edward Tilly, "was like to have sounded [swooned] from the cold." Among the reasons given by Bradford why the Pilgrims wished speedily to get settled on dry land is this: "also, cold and wett lodging had so taynted our people for scarce any of us were free from vehement coughs, as if they should continue long in that estate it would indanger the lives of many and breed disease and infection amongst us."

When at last, on December 21, 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, they were a sickly company. The first house they built was immediately turned into a hospital, and "it was full of beds as they could lie one by another." How ill they were and how they were nursed and how they died is told by Bradford, who himself occupied a bed in this first New England hospital for several months:

"But that which was most sadd and

lamentable was, that in 2. or 3. moneths time halfe of their company dyed, espetially in Jan: & February, being ye depth of winter and wanting houses & other comforts; being infected with ye scurvie and other diseases, which this long vioage and their inaccomodate conditions had brought upon them; so as ther dyed some Times 2. or 3. of a day, in ye foresaid Time, that of 100. & odd persons, scarce 50. remained. And of these, in ye time of most distress, ther was but 6. or 7. sound persons, who, to their great commendations be it spoken, spared no pains, night nor day, but with abundance of toyle and hazard of their owne health fetched them wood, made them fires, drest them meals, made their beads, washed their lothsome cloaths, cloathed and uncloathed them; in a word, did all ye homly and necessarie offices for them wch dainty and quesie stomachs cannot endure to hear named, and all this willingly and cheerfully." So general was sickness among the Pilgrims that only two of them, William Brewster and Miles Standish, kept entirely well during this terrible winter.

The mortality list was as follows: In December six died, in January eight, in February seventeen, in March thirteen, and during the rest of the year six more, making a total of fifty,—exactly one half, if we estimate the number of Pilgrims as one hundred and omit the two sailors who remained with them one year after the *Mayflower* left.

Now what was the cause of this remarkable mortality? We know the cause of death in two cases: Dorothy Bradford was drowned, and Governor Carver died of apoplexy. "He came out of ye feild very sick: he complained greatly of his head, and lay downe and within a few howers his sences failed so he never spake more til he dyed, which was within a few days after." Also the infant, Oceanus Hopkins we may guess died from insufficient nourish-

ment during the sickness of his mother. The Pilgrims had no cow, and Peregrine White's mother (we may continue to guess) was unable to take boarders. The forty-seven remaining deaths Bradford says were due to "scurvey and other diseases." What were those other diseases?

It is my opinion that the most important of them and the cause of a very large proportion of the deaths was acute pulmonary tuberculosis, "galloping consumption," and that it occurred among the Pilgrims as an epidemic, being communicated from one to the other. The reasons for thinking so are as follows:

First, the Pilgrims, weakened by a long voyage, were exposed to cold and wet for over a month after arriving in New England. As a consequence nearly all were afflicted with pulmonary diseases. We are told that "scarce one was free from vehement coughs and colds." We are also told that these "coughs and colds . . . turned to scurvey whereof many dyed"; but for scurvy we substitute consumption. When they landed at Plymouth Bradford says they were "weak, many of them growing ill with colds, for our former discoveries in frost and snow and the wading at Cape Cod brought much weakness amongst us which increased every day more and more and was the cause of many of their deaths."

Second, they were crowded together in the little *Mayflower* so that the best possible conditions for infection were afforded. I assume that the tubercular bacillus was present. Perhaps William Butten who died at sea near the end of the Atlantic voyage died of consumption. If he was not the medium for the dissemination of the germ then we fall back on the very reasonable supposition that one of the other Pilgrims had the disease in an incipient form and that exposure and "catching cold" changed this incipient disease into an acute tubercular broncho-pneumonia (quick consumption). Careless ex-

pectoration in the crowded cabins of the *Mayflower* scattered the seeds of the disease, and the inflamed lungs of the debilitated Pilgrims supplied suitable soil. The climatic conditions were most favorable for the development of the disease, especially as the Pilgrims were unaccustomed to the sharp and changeful New England winter.

Third, the ages of the Pilgrims who died is significant. The period of greatest liability to pulmonary consumption is between the ages of twenty and thirty years. The sixty-one adult Pilgrims were mostly between those ages and of the sixty-one thirty-six died. The nine servants were probably all not far from twenty-one, and of these eight died. Of the thirty-two youths and children, only seven died. Thus it is seen that by far the greatest number of the deaths occurred among those who were of the age most susceptible to tuberculosis.

Fourth, the time when they died accords well with the supposition that "quick consumption" was the chief cause of death. They were infected in November and December. The greatest mortality was in February and March. Death in many cases was doubtless hastened by lack of proper care and feeding and by scurvy.

Fifth, the fact is significant that the crew of the *Mayflower* began to suffer from the same disease *after* the Pilgrims had left the ship, when they probably occupied the vacated quarters of the Pilgrims which were thoroughly infected with tubercular germs. Says Bradford: "But I may not pass by another remarkable passage not to be forgotten. As this calamitie fell among ye passengers that were left here to plant and were hasted ashore . . . the disease began to fall among ye sea men also, so as almost half their number dyed before they went away [April 5, 1621]. . . . They that had been boone companions in ye time of their health and

welfare began now to deserte one another in this calamity, saing they would not hasard their lives for them, they would be infected by coming to help them in their cabins."

These reasons for thinking that acute pulmonary tuberculosis was the principal disease that afflicted the Pilgrim Fathers during their first winter in New England are not, of course, absolutely conclusive, but they seem to me to make out a much better case for that disease than can be made out for any other. It is natural to think of typhus fever in this connection because of its liability to occur in crowded emigrant ships; but the course and symptoms of that disease are so different from the course and symptoms of the "first infection" of the Pilgrims, that we can exclude it. Typhus fever runs its course in about two weeks and is attended with high fever, delirium and stupor. The disease of the Pilgrims ran two or three months, and Bradford mentions no high fever or delirium, which he certainly would have done had they been prominently present. Also an allusion which Bradford makes to one of the sick sailors does not fit a diagnosis of typhus. The sailor, feeling himself dying, gave all his little possessions to a comrade on condition that the comrade would take care of him till the end. The comrade "got a little spise and made him a mess of beef once or twice," and then heartlessly refused to care for him any more, annoyed because he died so slowly, "and yet ye pore fellow dyed before morning." A patient with typhus fever approaching death would not be in a condition to dispose of his property nor would he be apt to relish a spiced mess of beef. A patient dying of pulmonary tuberculosis, on the other hand, might retain his intelligence and his appetite till almost the very last moment.

If my inferences regarding the prevalence of pulmonary consumption among the Pilgrims are correct

it gives that disease, which has ever since been the greatest single cause of death among adults in New England, a peculiar historical interest.

Besides consumption there were other diseases from which the Pilgrims suffered during this first winter. Bradford specifically says they had scurvy, and that disease Dr. Fuller was competent to diagnose and probably to treat. Edward Winslow, who had some pretensions to medical knowledge and who performed quite a remarkable cure on the Indian sachem Massasoit, certainly knew the right treatment, for in a letter dated December 11, 1621, in which he advises prospective emigrants what to bring out to New England with them, he says: "Bring juice of lemons and take it fasting; it is of good use."

After consumption and scurvy, the most important diseases which afflicted the Pilgrims this year were probably rheumatism and sciatica. Bradford's description of the onset of the sickness that laid him up for several months strongly suggests inflammatory rheumatism (if not a very severe attack of sciatica). "Thursday, the 11 [Jan., 1621], William Bradford being at work (for it was a fair day) was vehemently taken with a greefe and pain, and so shot to the huckle bone [hip] it was doubted he would finally have dyed. He got cold in the former discoveries, espetially the last, and felt some pains in his ankles by times. He grew a little better towards night and in time through God's mercy in the use of means recovered." That the "means" referred to (Dr. Fuller's prescriptions, doubtless) were not rapidly efficacious may be inferred from the fact that in April he was still too ill to attend to the duties of the governorship to which he had just been elected. That others of the Pilgrims had rheumatism or sciatica we infer from several allusions to the prevalence of "lamness" among them. In one of his letters Bradford writes as if many were so afflicted.

With the advance of spring the sickness diminished. Most of the consumptives had already died, but not all, for we think that Desire Minter, Governor Carver's maid servant, had the disease. "She returned to her friends and proved not very well and died in England." Elder Brewster's wife, who died a few years after the landing, may have had it. Pastor Robinson, in a letter dated Leiden, Dec. 20, 1623, "hopes Mrs. Brewster's weake and decayed state of health will have some repairing by the coming of her daughters and the provisions in the ships."

The remnant of the Pilgrim band that survived this first year were undoubtedly tough. In the next two years they passed successfully through two seasons of famine, in the second of which for four continuous months they had no bread at all and lived on clams, fish, an occasional bit of game from the woods and ground nuts. "God fed them out of ye sea for ye most part." Often they went "staggering from want of food." Their peculiar and insufficient diet, with an absolute deprivation of beer, to which they had always been accustomed and which they missed keenly, reduced their flesh and took away the ruddiness of their complexions and caused many to be troubled with "bloating" (dyspeptic?); but Bradford says: "God gave them health." The arrival of the *Anne* in June, 1623, ended the famine, and after the abundant harvest of that year they suffered no more from lack of food.

In 1633 an "infectious fevoure" (possibly typhus) was brought to Plymouth, and twenty of the settlers

there died of it, including three of the "Fathers," Peter Brown, Francis Eaton and Dr. Samuel Fuller.

Dr. Fuller was the first physician in New England, and a worthy representative of the medical profession. He lived in an age when medical science was in a very imperfect state, and the few glimpses we get of his methods of treatment do not indicate that he was at all in advance of his age, but he did the best he was able to do with the light he had and died doing his duty in an epidemic. In personal character he stood very high. He was one of the pillars of the Pilgrim society.

By 1650 the number of the Pilgrims was reduced to thirty. Of the score who died between 1621 and 1650 we know the causes of death in the following cases. Dr. Fuller, Peter Brown and Francis Eaton, as above noted, died of typhus (?) fever. Elder Brewster died of apoplexy at the age of eighty. William Latham was shipwrecked and starved to death in the West Indies. John Crackston, Jr., froze his feet, "which put him into a fevoure, whereof he dyed." John Billington was hung for murder.

During the next thirty years eighteen more passed away, in the cases of only two of whom, Miles Standish and Edward Winslow, do we know the cause of death. The former died from vesical calculus and the latter of a fever, probably malarial, which he contracted in the West Indies. It was not till the end of the century, almost four score years after the landing on Plymouth Rock, that the last survivor Mary Allerton, died at the age of ninety.



TWILIGHT ALONG THE WYANTENAUG.

By Arthur Willis Colton.



O know the Wyantenaug thoroughly is to be wise in rivers; which if any one doubts, let him follow it from its springs to the sea—a possible fortnight—and consider then how he is a changed man with respect to rivers. Not that by any means it is the epitome of rivers. It is no spendthrift flood-stream to be whirling over the bottom-lands in April and scarcely able to wet its middle stones in August, but a shrewd and honest river, a canny river flowing among a canny folk, a companionable river, loving both laughter and sentiment, with a taste for the varieties of life and a fine vein of humor. Observe how it dances and sputters down Breakneck Rapids—not really losing its temper, but pretending to be nervous—dives into that sloping pass where the rocks hang high and drip forever, runs through it like a sleuth-hound, darkly and savagely, and saunters out into the sunlight as who should say in a guileless manner, “You don’t happen to know where I’m going?” Then it wanders about the valley, spreads out comfortably and lies quiet a space, “But it really makes no difference, you know”; and after that gives a chuckle, rounds a bunch of hills and goes scampering off, quite taken up with a new idea. And so in many ways it is an entertaining and friendly river, with a liking for a joke and a pretty notion of dramatic effect.

But, of all times and places, I think it most beautiful in the twilight and along that stretch, called of late the Haunted Water, opposite the village of Preston Plains. The Cattle Ridge with its long heaving spine comes

down on the valley from the east, seeming to have it very much in mind to walk over and do something to Preston Plains three miles beyond; but it thought better of that long ago. The Wyantenaug goes close beneath it in sheer bravado: “You try to cross me and you get jolly wet”; for the Wyantenaug is very deep and broad just here. The Cattle Ridge, therefore, merely wrinkles its craggy brows with a puzzled air, and Preston Plains is untroubled save of its own inhabitants. As to that matter the people of the village of Hagar have opinions. The valley road goes on the other side of the river—naturally, for there are the pastures, the feeding cattle, the corn fields, and farm houses—and the Cattle Ridge side is a narrow steep, threaded by a footpath only, for a mile or more, up to Hants Corby’s place. Hants Corby’s is not much of a place, either.

In old times the footpath was seldom used, except by the leather hermit. No boy in Hagar would go that way for his life, though we often went up and down on the river, and saw the leather hermit fishing. The minister in Hagar visited him once or twice, and probably went by the footpath. I remember distinctly how he shook his head and said that the leather hermit sought salvation at any rate by a narrow way, and how the miller’s wife remonstrated with him for seeming to take the hermit seriously.

“You don’t mean to say he ain’t crazy,” she said, in anxious defence of standard reason.

“Oh, I suppose so, yes.”

The minister sighed and rubbed his chin uneasily, and Mrs. Mather recovered her ordinary state of mind, which was a state of suppressed complaint.

I was saying that the footpath was seldom used. Hants Corby would have used it—for he was too shiftless to be afraid—if the river had run the other way. As it was, he preferred to drift down in his boat and row back when he had to. He found that easier, being very shiftless. The hermit himself went on the river, except in the spring when the current below was too strong.

The opinions of the leather hermit may be shown in this way. If you came on him, no matter how suddenly, and asked whose land that was across the river, he would answer promptly, "The devil's"; whereas it belonged to Bazilloa Armitage, a pillar of the church in Preston Plains, who quarreled zealously with the other pillars; so that, as one sees, the leather hermit was not in sympathy with the church in Preston Plains.

The people of the valley differed about him according to humor, and he used strong language regarding the people of the valley according to opportunity, especially regarding Bazilloa Armitage. He denounced Bazilloa Armitage publicly in Preston Plains as a hypocrite, a backbiter, and a man with a muck rake—with other language stronger still. Bazilloa Armitage felt hurt, for he was, in fact, rather close, and exceedingly respectable. Besides it is painful to be damned by a man who means exactly what he says.

To speak particularly, this was in the year 1875; for the next year we camped near the spot, and Hants Corby tried to frighten us into seeing the hermit's ghost. Bazilloa Armitage was denounced in June, and Hants Corby on the second Friday in August, as Hants and the hermit fished near each other on the river. The hermit denounced him under three heads—sluggard, scoffer, and beast wallowing in the sty of his own lustful contentment. On Saturday the hermit rowed up to Hants Corby's place in the rain and denounced him again.

It was Sunday morning. The hermit rose early, turned his back on the Wyantenaug, and climbed the cliff, onward and up through the pines. The prophets of old went into high places when they prayed; and it was an idea of the hermit's that they who would walk in the rugged path after them could do no better. Possibly the day was an anniversary, for it was of an August day many years gone—before ever a charcoal pit was built on the Cattle Ridge—that the hermit first appeared on the Wyantenaug, with his leather clothes in a bundle on his back, and perhaps another and invisible burden beneath it. A third burden he took up immediately, that of denouncing the sins of Wyantenaug Valley, as I have said.

All that Sabbath day the river went its way, and late in the afternoon the sunlight stretched a thin finger beneath the hemlocks almost to the hermit's door. Across the river the two children of Bazilloa Armitage, boy and girl, came down to the water's edge. The boy pulled a pole and line out of some mysterious place in the bank. The little girl sat primly on the grass, mindful of her white pinafore.

"You better look out, Cis," he said, "Any fish you catches on Sunday is devils. You don't touch him. You cuts the line and lets him dry till Monday."

"Oh, Tad!" gasped the little girl, "won't the leather hermit tell?"

"Well," said Tad, sturdily, "father said he'd get even, if it took a month o' Sundays, and that's six Sundays by this time. There ain't anything bothers the hermit like catching the fish on Sundays, specially if you catch a lot of 'em. Blamed old fool!" grumbled Tad.

"Oh, Tad," gasped the little girl again, in awed admiration, "that's swearing."

But Tad did not mind. "There's Hants Corby," he exclaimed, "he's going to fish, too."

Hants Corby floated down in his

old boat, dropped anchor opposite the children, and grinned sociably.

"He dasn't touch his boat to-day," he said in a husky whisper. "He'll raise jinks in a minute. You wait."

"Fishes is devils on Sunday, arn't they, Hants?"

"Trout," returned Hants, decisively, "is devils any time."

Both Tad Armitage and Hants Corby ought to have known that the leather hermit sometimes went up the Cattle Ridge Sundays to wrestle with an angel, like Jacob, who had his thigh broken. We knew that much in Hagar—and it shows what comes of living in Preston Plains instead of Hagar.

Hants Corby motioned with his thumb toward the hermit's hut.

"Him," he remarked, "he don't let folks alone. He wants folks to let him alone, particular. That ain't reasonable."

"Father says he's a fernatic," ventured Tad. "What's a fernatic, Hants?"

"Ah," said Hants, thoughtfully, "that's a rattlin' good word."

Time dragged on, and yet no denouncing voice came from the further shore. The door of the hut was a darker hole in the shade of the hemlocks. Hants Corby proposed going over to investigate.

"If he ain't there, we'll carry off his boat."

Tad fell into Hants's boat quite absorbed in the greatness of the thought. It was not a good thing generally to follow Hants Corby, who was an irresponsible person, apt to take much trouble to arrange a bad joke and shiftlessly slip out from under the consequences. If he left you in a trap, he thought that a part of the joke, as I remember very well.

"A-a-a-ow!" wailed Cissy Armitage from the bank; for it dawned on her that something tremendous was going forward, in which Tad was likely to be suddenly obliterated. She sat on the bank with her stubby shoes hanging over, staring with great

frightened blue eyes, till she saw them at last draw silently away from the further shore—and behold, the hermit's boat was in tow. Then she knew that there was no one in the world so brave or so grandly wicked as Tad.

Cissy Armitage used to have fluffy yellow hair and scratches on her shins. She was a sunny little soul generally, but she had a way of imagining how badly other people felt, which interfered with her happiness, and was not always accurate. Tad seldom felt as badly as she thought he did. Tad thought he could imagine most things better on the whole, but when it came to imagining how badly other people felt, he admitted that she did it very well. Therefore when she set about imagining how the hermit felt, on the other side of the river, with no boat to come across in, to where people were cosy and comfortable, where they sang the Doxology and put the kittens to bed, she quite forgot that the hermit had always before had a boat, that he never yet had taken advantage of it to make the acquaintance of the Doxology or the kittens, and imagined him feeling very badly indeed.

Bazilloa Armitage held family prayers at six o'clock on Sunday afternoons; and all through Cissy considered the hermit.

"I sink in deep waters," read Bazilloa Armitage with a rising inflection. "The billows go over my head, all his waves go over me, Selah," and Cissy in her mind saw the hermit sitting on the further shore, feeling very badly, calling Tad an "evil generation," and saying: "The billows go over my head, Selah," because he had no boat. She thought that one must feel desperately in order to say: "Selah, the billows go over me." And while Bazilloa Armitage prayed for the President, Congress, the Governor, and other people who were in trouble, she plotted diligently how it might be avoided that the hermit should feel so badly

as to say "Selah," or call Tad an "evil generation;" how she might get the boat back, in order that the hermit should feel better and let bygones be; and how it might be done secretly, in order that Tad should not make a bear of himself. Afterwards she walked out of the back door in her sturdy fashion, and no one paid her any attention.

The hermit muttered in the dusk of his doorway. Leather clothes are stiff after a rain and bad for the temper; moreover, other things than disordered visions of the heavens rolling away as a scroll and the imperative duty of denouncing someone were present in the hermit's clouded brain,—half memories, breaking through clouds, of a time when he had not as yet begun to companion daily with judgment to come, nor had those black spots begun to dance before his eyes, which black spots were evidently the sins of the world. The hermit therefore muttered and shifted his position uneasily.

There was once a little white house somewhere in the suburbs of a city. It stood near the end of a half-built-up street, with a sandy road in front. There was a child, too, that rolled its doll down the steps, rolled after it, wept aloud and laughed through its tears. The stiff leather rasped the hermit's skin. The clouds closed in again; he shook himself, and raised his voice threateningly in words familiar enough to the denounced people of the Wyantenaug: "It is written, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me'; and your gods are multitudes"; then stared with dazed eyes across the dusky river. The little ripples chuckled, sobbed and gurgled in a soft, human way. Something seemed to steal in upon him, like a gentle hand, pleading and caressing. He made an angry motion to thrust it away, and muttered: "Judgment to come—judgment to come"; seemed to hear a sobbing and whispering, as though in answer, "Kiss me first, Bob"; and then two infinite things

came together in his poor shattered brain with a crash, leaving him stunned and still.

There was a syringa bush before the little white house, a picket fence, too, white and neat. Who was it that when he would cry, "Judgment to come!" would whisper sobbing, "Kiss me first, Bob"? That was not a child. That was—no—well, there was a child. Evidently it rolled its doll down the steps and rolled after it. There was a tan-yard, too, and the dressing of hides. He dressed hides across a bench. The other men did not take much interest in judgment to come. They swore at him and burned sulphur under his bench. After that the child rolled its doll down the steps again, and bumped after it pitifully. The hermit groaned and hid his face. He could almost remember it all, if it were not for the black spots, the sins of the world. Something surely was true—whether judgment to come or the child bumping down the steps he could not tell, but he thought, "Presently I shall forget one of the two."

The sun had set, and the dusk was creeping from the irregular hills beyond, over the village of Preston Plains, over the house of Bazilloa Armitage. Dark storm-clouds were bearing down from the north. A glitter sprang once more into the hermit's eyes, and he welcomed the clouds, stretching out his hands toward them. Suddenly he dropped his hands, and the glitter died out in a dull stare. Across the last red reflection of the water glided a boat, his own boat, or one like it. A little child, all in white, rose up and stood in the prow, and, as though she were a spirit, the light in the west passed into her hair. It was not the right way for judgment to come. The dark clouds bearing down from the north—that was judgment to come; but the spirit in the boat, that—could not be anything—it was false—unless—unless it rolled down the steps. And then once more the two infinite things

came together with a crash. He leaped to his feet; for a moment his hands went to and fro over his head; he babbled mere sounds, and then fell forward on his face, groaning.

Cissy Armitage achieved the top of the bank with difficulty, and adjusted her pinafore. The hermit lay on his face very still. It was embarrassing.

"I—I brought back your boat, so you needn't feel bad. I—I feel bad."

She stopped, hearing the hermit moan once softly, and then for a time the only sound was the lapping of the water. It was growing quite dark. She thought that he must feel even worse than she had imagined.

"My! I'm sorry. It's awful lonesome. I—want to go home."

The hermit made no motion. Cissy felt that it was a bad case. She twisted her pinafore and blinked hard. The lumps were rising in her throat, and she did not know what to say that would show the hermit how badly she felt—unless she said "Selah." It was strong language, but she ventured it at last.

"I feel awful bad. The—the billows go over my head, Selah!" Then she wished that she had let "Selah" quite alone.

The hermit lifted his face. It was very white; his eyes were fixed and dead-looking, and he got his feet under him, as if he intended to creep forward. Cissy backed against a tree, swallowed lumps very fast, and decided to kick if he came near. But the hermit only looked at her steadily.

"What is your name?" he said in a slow, plaintive tone, as a man speaks who cannot hear his own voice. Cissy thought it silly that he should not know her name, having seen her often enough,—and this gave her courage. "Cecilia Armitage. I want to go home."

"No!" shouted the hermit. He sat up suddenly and glared at her, so that the lumps began climbing her throat

again faster than ever. "That isn't the name." Then he dropped his head between his knees and began sobbing. Cissy did not know that men ever cried. It seemed to tear him up, and was much worse than "The billows go over me, Selah." On the whole there seemed to be no point in staying longer. She walked to the bank and there hesitated diffidently.

"I want to go home. I—I want you to row me."

There was a long silence, the hermit's head still hidden between his knees. Then he came over and got into the boat, not walking upright, but almost creeping, making no noise, nor lifting his head. He took the oars and rowed, still keeping his head down, until the boat came under the old willow, where the bank runs low on the edge of Bazilloa Armitage's ten-acre lot. It struck the bank, but he sat still, with his head down. Cissy Armitage scrambled up the roots of the willow, looked back, and saw the hermit sitting with his head down.

Cissy Armitage was the last to see the leather hermit alive, for Hants Corby found him Monday afternoon in shallow water, about a rod from shore. The anchor stone was clasped in his arms, and the anchor rope wound around his waist, which would seem to imply that he was there with a purpose. If that purpose was to discover which of two things were true—judgment to come, or the child that rolled its doll down the steps—everyone is surely entitled to an opinion on its success or failure. There was a copy book, such as children use, found in his hut. On the cover was written, "The Book of Judgment." It contained the record of his denunciations, with other odd things. The people of Wyantenaug Valley still differ about the leather hermit, according to humor; but any one of them will give his or her opinion, if you ask it.

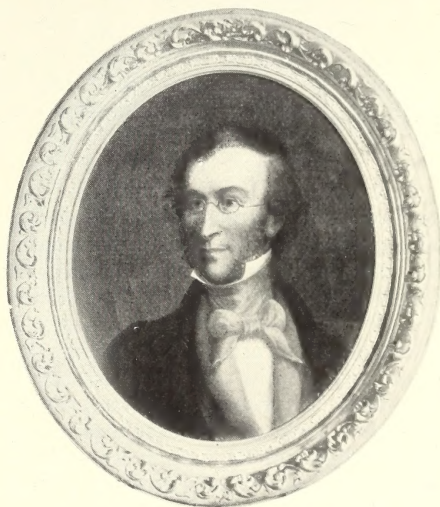
THE PERKINS INSTITUTION AND MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.

By Samuel Eliot.

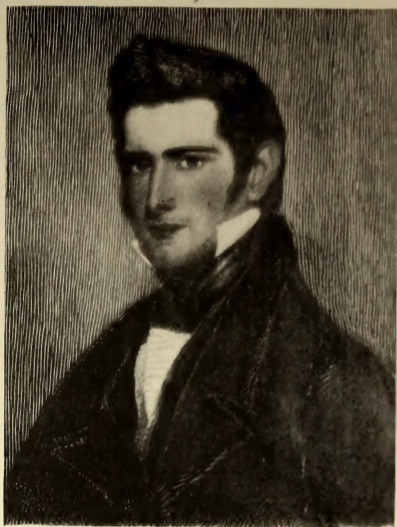
THE history of the Perkins Institution has been written in its reports, in the biography of its first superintendent, in sketches of its more especially interesting pupils, and in other printed material. All this can be brought together, and the chief points in it can be touched upon once more. But the larger and the deeper history may still remain unwritten. When we would recall the work of an ordinary school for ordinary pupils, there is no great difficulty, though much must be left to the sensitiveness or the imagination of the inquirer. But a school for the blind is to be appreciated by the imagination, or by a sensitive conception of those whom it trains, their condition before they come to it, their experience in it, and after it, rather than by mere statistics, mere dates, or names, or outward memorials of any kind. In this spirit and taking for granted the willingness of our readers to make some effort beyond that of simply reading, in order to enter into the life of one of the most remarkable of our charitable and educational institutions, we need not despair of conveying some general idea of its foundation and its subsequent development.

The earliest outspoken proposal of founding a school for the blind in the United States was in 1826. In that year a young physician of Boston returned from his medical studies in Paris resolved to make some provision for the blind at home corresponding to that which he had seen and repeatedly examined abroad. Paris had for about forty years pos-

sessed a school in which pupils without sight had learned almost, and in some branches quite, as much as those with sight in the schools, and at last a stranger came from our shores by whom the value of the Parisian institution could be accepted, and its fitness to serve as a model for American institutions of similar character could be apprehended. If such instruction could succeed in France, there seemed no possible reason why it should not be equally and even more successful in America. Blind children of the United States would not turn out less susceptible, their neighbors would not be less concerned for them, and the situation might prove more favorable among our people than in Europe. It was a great purpose, a great hope, greater than can be measured to-day, unless the Boston of that time, nay more, the country of that time, is clearly



DR. JOHN D. FISHER.

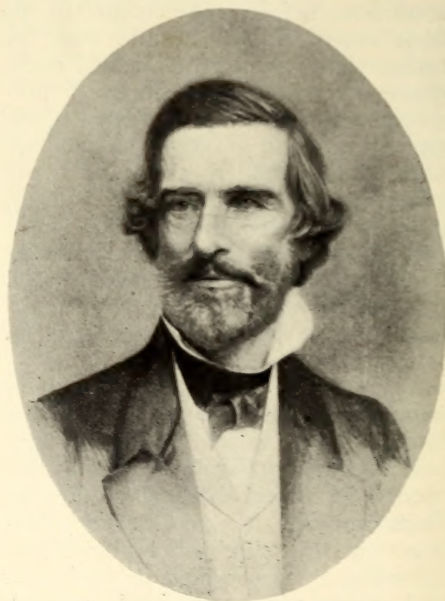


DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE IN EARLY MANHOOD.

remembered. Precedents in this new direction were wanting, benevolent enterprises were very much slower in winning support, the public treasury was very much less easily drawn upon, while all available resources were already strained, or thought to be so, in sustaining existing charities.

The young physician was John D. Fisher; and to him, if to any one, belongs the signal distinction of having founded this school,—not only this, but every other like school which followed after this, in the United States. It has been a matter of idle controversy when the first handful of blind children was gathered in our country to receive instruction, but there is and there can be no doubt whatever that Dr. Fisher was the first to propose such a step, and the first also to lead in the measures essential to carry it into execution. Little is known concerning the personality of the founder. His name appears in the Boston directory of 1828 as that of a physician in practice, residing in his father's house in Hayward Place. By that time he had succeeded in interesting some of his fellow-townsmen in his plans; and early in 1829 a meeting was called to take action regarding them. He then made an

address setting forth the character of the books required by the blind, the methods of teaching and particularly of manual training to be employed in their behalf. A committee appointed to consider the establishment of an institution reported within ten days, at an adjourned meeting in the Representatives' chamber at the State House, a resolution in favor of the enterprise; and after another address from Dr. Fisher, and commendatory remarks from several others a strong committee was named to obtain an act of incorporation, which passed the legislature without debate, establishing "The New England Asylum for the Blind, for the purpose of educating blind persons," dated March 2, 1829. A pamphlet in explanation of the scheme and calling for contributions in its favor was immediately issued, and after considerable delay, the Corporation under the Act met, framed its by-laws, and in 1830 chose its first officers, Jonathan Phillips, president, and John D. Fisher at the head of the trustees. Another trustee was William H. Prescott, not



DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE IN LATER LIFE.

then the historian except in his studies, but an exceptionally attractive man, and much regarded in Boston. An article by him on the Education of the Blind, in the *North American Review* for July, 1830, was a fresh starting-point for the institution in whose interest it was written. His own experience of partial blindness attracted his personal sympathy to the blind, and gave him clearer understanding of their situation than

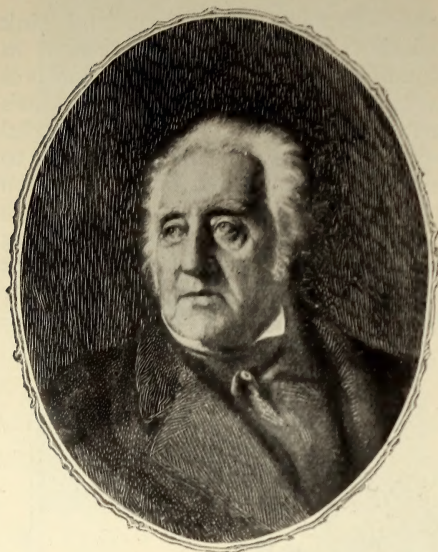
understand its limitations and sink beneath the growing darkness in which they would feel themselves wrapped more and more. Prescott's article was a plea for a more cheerful view. Fisher probably asked him to write it, and supplied him with much of the material needed for it. He wrote calmly, and without entering into all the arguments that might have been employed. But he gave his readers ample reason to recon-



THE PERKINS INSTITUTION.

was at all common. Generally thought incapable to a great degree of really effective training, and utterly incapable of being trained to self-instruction or self-support, they appeared to be a peculiarly afflicted class, shut out from every enjoyment which sight can give, and, harder still, from every exertion to which sight was considered indispensable. The more they were taught, it was commonly supposed, the graver became their lot, for they would better

sider any unfavorable opinions they might have formed with regard to the instruction or the possible self-dependence of the blind. He was just the champion they needed, making no claim to be their leader, but proving himself their friend; and if one recalls the community of that day, when neighbor knew neighbor familiarly, and a man of Prescott's social position exerted strong influence among his acquaintance, there is no need of saying more to show



COL. THOMAS H. PERKINS.

how quickening an impulse he must have given to a cause as yet but nominally set forth. He died nearly thirty years later amid the applause and lamentation of many nations, but no one, so far as we know, recalled his paper in the *North American* as a writing of his, or as a sign of his character, for which, as well as for his histories, praise and tears were due. It stands out still as a striking landmark in this present survey.

No writings, however, could accomplish what was to be done. Action, and very resolute and able action, alone could give the needed impetus to a movement so original as this which had been started. Not the least, nay, the very greatest, of Dr. Fisher's services was the enlistment of another young physician of Boston in his undertaking. This was Samuel G. Howe, with whose valiant and humane labors for the independence of Greece, now in the field, then among his own countrymen from whom he obtained supplies for his adopted people, his fellow-Bostonians were proudly familiar. Another sort of independence was now at stake, and Dr. Howe cast in

his lot with it, and went to Paris to study there and elsewhere the work already accomplished for the blind in Europe. The formal record of this epoch in our history is as follows:

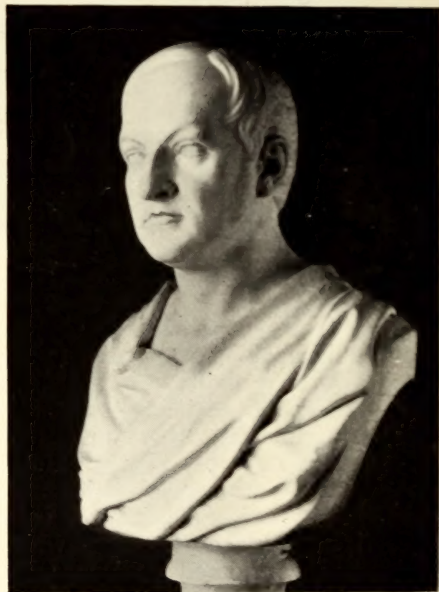
"Articles of Agreement between the Trustees of the New England Asylum for the Blind and Dr. Samuel G. Howe.

"1st. It is agreed on the part of Dr. Howe that he is to become from this date Principal or Superintendent of the Asylum for education of blind persons, and in this capacity to perform such duties as in the opinion of the Trustees the interests of the Asylum may from time to time require.

"2nd. The Trustees on their part agree to pay Dr. Howe for his services the sum of fifteen hundred dollars per annum; or at that rate, as long as he shall continue in the office of Principal.

"3rd. The first duty of Dr. Howe will be to embark for Europe in order to make himself fully acquainted with the mode of conducting such Institutions, to procure one, or at most two, instructed blind as assistant teachers; also the necessary apparatus. He is empowered to engage such persons as he may think qualified, and the Trustees bind themselves to fulfil any contracts he may make for such purposes.

"4th. The Trustees agree to allow Dr. Howe



BUST OF WILLIAM OLIVER AT THE PERKINS INSTITUTION.

his necessary travelling expenses when abroad on their service.

"5th. It is mutually understood and agreed that either of the parties may put an end to this agreement by giving to the other party six months notice — but in no other manner.

"SAMUEL G. HOWE."

"Boston, August 18th, 1831, On the part of the Trustees of the New England Asylum for the Blind,

"EDWARD BROOKS,
JOHN D. FISHER,
JOHN HOMANS."

In July, 1832, Dr. Howe returned

raised letters to teach them to read, some geographical maps, and the geometrical diagrams necessary for instruction in mathematics. He had gummed twine upon cardboard, an enormous labor, to form the letters of the alphabet."

The gathering of the first pupils in the summer of 1832 determined the trustees of 1882 to celebrate their semi-centennial at that time, although they might have fixed upon 1829, the date of incorporation, or 1831, the

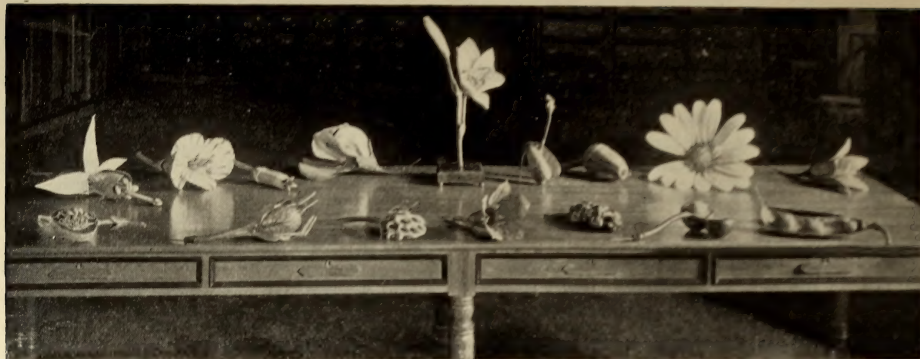


THE CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA.

home with a teacher from the Paris school and another from an Edinburgh school, the latter to assume the manual training of the Boston school. In August the school was opened in the Pleasant Street house of Dr. Howe's father, with six pupils. Writing of the day of the small beginnings of the school, an early visitor says: "Here in the simplest surroundings we found Dr. Howe. . . . He had then been about six months at work, and had invented and laboriously executed some books with

engagement of Dr. Howe, as their starting-point. But they thought that the school began with its pupils, and that when the six sat at their superintendent's feet, and were taught by those whom he had brought with European experience to teach them, then the real life of the school opened, and the prenatal period of mere foundation was complete.

Dr. Fisher must have been content. He was a trustee, as has been mentioned, from 1830, and continued such for twenty years. During a



FLOWER MODELS FOR THE BOTANY CLASS.

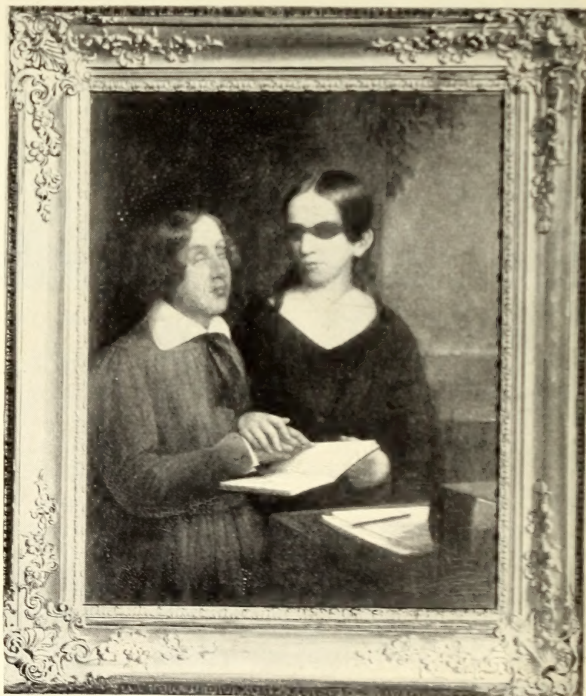
year when Dr. Howe was absent, he took charge, and wrote the twelfth annual report, in which "its present condition" is described to be "such as to carry out in all respects the desires of its benevolent founders." He died in 1850; and though the nearly half a century intervening has blanched his memory into a shade, it is one which every member of the school should continue to cherish.

In January, 1833, the trustees addressed a memorial to the Massachusetts legislature, from which some pecuniary assistance had been already derived, saying that they are "desirous that the Legislature by whose bounty they have been enabled to prosecute their design thus far, should witness the success of their experiment. . . . Without further aid it will be impossible to continue the establishment even in its present humble condition, much less to extend its usefulness."

This memorial was referred to a joint committee of the Senate and House of Representatives, by whom a very sympathetic report was made, recognizing the

results already achieved and opening the way to much larger ones by recommending an appropriation of six thousand dollars annually from the State Treasury.

Legislative bounty was soon followed by private benefactions. Exhibitions of the pupils, and addresses in their behalf were given in various places, and nowhere without effect. A new emotion, not to say enthusi-



LAURA BRIDGMAN TEACHING OLIVER CASWELL TO READ.

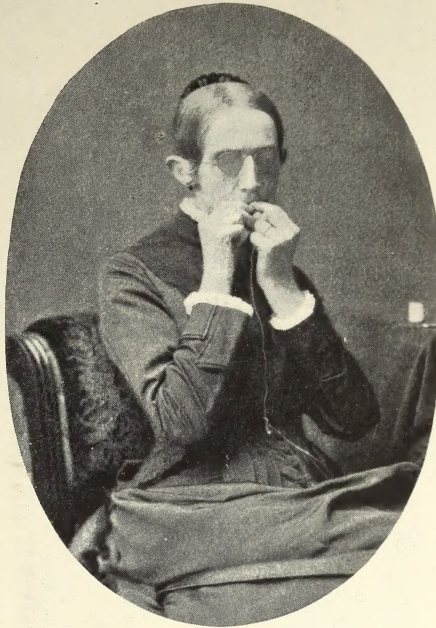
asm, sprang up, first in eastern Massachusetts and then throughout New England, whose name it will be remembered had been given to the infant institution. The women of Salem, Marblehead and Newburyport united in a fair which produced nearly three thousand dollars. More than eleven thousand dollars came from a fair in Faneuil Hall, where many of those called leaders of society gave not time alone, or handiwork, but an influence which quickened the zeal of the community in the cause. A few copies of a dramatic sketch entitled "Scenes at the Fair" may still linger in the recesses of old Boston libraries. It made a great sensation in its day, for its characters were not even thinly veiled under the names they bore, so true were they to their well-known originals. It was something more than a *jeu d'esprit*, and added much to the prevailing interest in the school.

The fair was followed, or rather accompanied, by "an act," as the grateful trustees describe it, "so munificent as to excite astonishment and admiration even at the moment when all were generous." Thomas H. Perkins, an eminent Bostonian, offered his house in Pearl Street, a large and attractive mansion with open spaces about it, for the permanent use of the blind and their teachers and attendants. He doubled the gift by the condition that a subscription of equal value, or twenty-five thousand dollars, should be made by

the public; and the condition was met twice over by fifty thousand contributed within a month. That month of May, 1833, brought full bloom to the institution. As Emerson writes:

"What potent blood hath modest May,
... For happy Spring
To-day shall all her dowry bring,
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race."

Exhibitions continued to take place in Massachusetts, then in Connecticut and other states, several of which sent blind pupils to the Boston school and made more or less liberal appropriations for their support. This course was pursued on a broader scale during subsequent years. Dr. Howe would take some of his children with him, allow them to go through their exercises, and in the strength which they showed and inspired urge legislatures and authorities to establish similar institutions



LAURA BRIDGMAN.

for the blind. Thus the New England organization became seed for the country at large, and rich were the harvests.

The house in Pearl Street having been enlarged and adapted to its unwonted inmates, they were moved into it in September, 1833. Thirty-four pupils were in training at the end of the year, and the number continued to increase until within less than six years a removal to ampler quarters became necessary. Colonel Perkins again proved his liberality by consenting to the sale of the estate



CLASS ROOMS.

which he had unquestionably expected to be associated with him for a much longer period. An exchange was soon made for the Mount Washington House at South Boston, a large building with abundance of room, at least for the time; and there in May, 1839, the school settled under its new name of Perkins Institution

and Massachusetts Asylum for the Blind. Asylum was then the prevailing name for all sorts of charitable institutions, and to this one it cleaved far longer than was reasonable; but at length, in 1877, it released its hold, making way for the more appropriate title of school. It need hardly be said that the new house was very

much more out of town in 1839 than it is now. It had been built as a partly seaside hotel; and the rude cut representing it in the Trustees' Report of the year when it was occupied under their charge represents a large building on high and open ground above the waters of the harbor. They speak of "the greater salubrity of the location at South Boston, the advantages of unobstructed streets and open grounds in the neighborhood, and the facilities for sea-bathing." In the more than half a century since then, not only have surrounding buildings pressed upon the estate, but many buildings of the school itself have been erected within its borders, until it has become something like a village encompassed by city streets and edifices.

The year after the removal, a work department was organized for the benefit of blind men and women, mostly, if not entirely, former pupils of the school. As pupils, they and their companions had received indus-

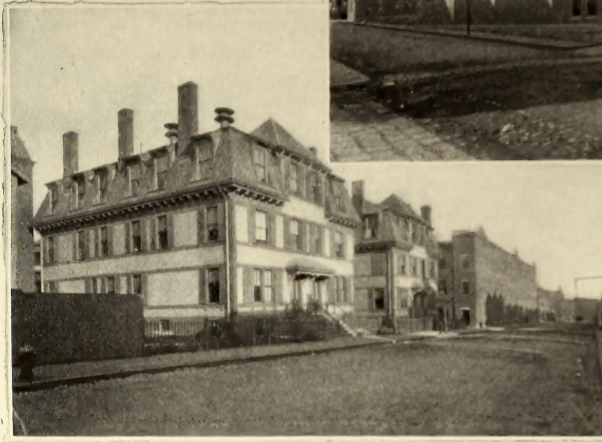
trial training from the start, working on brooms and basket work, mats, rugs and mattresses, cane seats and other lines within the reach of hands unguided by eyes. This work department has been kept up at an annual loss of no great amount; but had it been greater, it would appear to have been a judicious outlay, for without it many of our adult blind would have fallen perilously near to pauperism. A different labor has proved much more remunerative. It was early demonstrated that the blind were especially successful in piano-tuning, and this has been developed under school influences into a widespread and highly satisfactory employment.

Meantime the Commonwealth has persisted in its generousities. Nearly one hundred thousand dollars were appropriated in 1868 and 1869 for buildings in which the girls might be quartered apart from boys, and other special grants were made at intervals. The annual allowance for the school



THE GEOGRAPHY ROOM — MAKING MAPS.

rose from six thousand dollars in 1833 to thirty thousand in later years, and is still maintained at that figure. Massachusetts has thus been the chief benefactor of her institution, and one may say her chosen institu-



THE COTTAGES.

tion; for while other schools and charities of hers have had their dark days, her light has always streamed upon this one, and no name comes closer to its life than hers.

Private benefactors have abounded. From the gift of Colonel Perkins, and the bequest of more than \$40,000 from William Oliver of Dorchester in 1847 down to the little contributions of children, and even blind children of the school, the endowment of the institution has been constantly increased while special and current expenses have been met by offerings from hundreds and even thousands of annual or occasional subscribers. It would be vain to enumerate them here, nor would it be altogether just, unless an account were attempted of the circumstances attending the subscriptions, the very limited means of many rendering some of the smaller gifts the most generous of all. The brightest feature of our history is the

THE LIBRARY AND
MUSEUM.

self-sacrifice by which the work has been maintained.

In 1837 a pupil of memorable character was received. Her training became the chief interest of the school for several

years, and was watched throughout the country and abroad with intense sympathy. Indeed no member of our body has ever attracted such general consideration. Laura Bridgman, a child of eight years, was living in or near Hanover, N. H., when Dr. Howe heard of her, made a journey to visit her and her parents, and win their consent to her being placed under his care. The first annual report after her arrival describes her as "entirely blind, deaf, dumb, and almost entirely deprived of smell. . . . Here is a human soul shut up in a dark and silent cell; all the avenues to it are closed except that of touch, and it would seem that it must be a blank; nevertheless, it is active, and struggling continually not only to put itself in touch with things without but to manifest what is going on within itself." These are Dr. Howe's words, and they express the problem which he had under-

taken to solve. His deep satisfaction at persuading Laura Bridgman's parents to entrust her to him on the afternoon of his successful visit to them was witnessed by the present writer; and no set-back followed, no lessening of purpose, no discouragement at repeated failures to reach the imprisoned soul, until success was won. It is a story told in repeated reports and other publications, so that it need not be told anew, and there is nothing to add to the thrilling narratives of former years. Laura continued a pupil till she became a woman,

and then, with some intervals of absence, resided in the institution till her death. Interest in her and her marvellous expansion under her master's hands and heart was the very strongest feeling excited by his work; and when he died, nearly forty years after he first saw her, she was his living memorial. At his funeral, she stood by his coffin, and

let her hands stray from one end of it to the other with feelings which none but herself could express. She died in 1889 at the institution. Other pupils, similarly bereft of more senses than one, have succeeded her, and some of them with a larger measure of intellectual power, but none have surpassed her prominence in the history of education. She owed an almost infinite debt to Dr. Howe and the institution, and they also owed much to her for the interest she aroused and the good will she inspired.

Dr. Howe closed his earthly labors for the blind in January, 1876. When his labors since his death will

end no one can foresee, indeed they can never end. He was wonderfully fitted for them. Clear insight, strong convictions, unflinching courage and perseverance were among many qualities which made him an ideal helper of men, especially of individuals or classes in any way deprived of common human advantages. A man of very wide views, more given in truth to generalization than to details, extremely sensitive to every inaudible as well as every audible call upon his sympathies, and loving a forlorn

hope much better than any hopeful certainty, he listened to Dr. Fisher in his early manhood, and gave himself readily and unreservedly to the work which proved to be the work of his life. From 1830 or 1831 to 1876, forty-five years were spent for the blind, the feeble-minded, the prisoner, the slave and the suffering of every condition. It is vain to imagine what the Per-



MRS. JULIA HOWE ANAGNOS.

kins Institution would have been without him. His ideas of administration, discipline, instruction and comprehensive organization were the ruling ones from the first, and if there were some mistakes in them, as there must have been, they were outweighed a hundredfold by his wisdom and his leadership. He forms, and will always form, the dominant personal element in our life as an institution, and just as John Harvard is the personality at Cambridge, Samuel G. Howe is that in South Boston.

The obligation to him is not only for himself, but for his family, his wife and children, all of whom enlisted at one time or another in his work for

the blind. His eldest daughter, Julia, the wife of his successor, Michael Anagnos, is thus commemorated by the trustees soon after her death in 1886: "One who grew up with this school, and who gave her energies and her rich resources of mind and character to its advancement and to the welfare of the blind. . . . From her childhood her sympathies were irresistibly drawn to her father's enterprise; and she became year by year, though not officially, a more and more valuable assistant. . . .

at South Boston in 1879, but with such imperfect facilities that it was given up, or rather postponed, in a year or two. Before the postponement, in 1880, Mr. Anagnos made the first public proposal of a separate department, and repeated it with greater emphasis in 1882. The list of contributors begins with January, 1883, and from this date there is no delay in moving forward, until in 1887 the kindergarten is incorporated under the wing of the parent school, and the dedication of its first building



THE SLOYD ROOM.

She not only contributed to the instruction, teaching languages, reading choicest literature to classes of the pupils, conversing with them, and in a very quickening way, on serious and improving topics, but she was in an important sense the confidential friend of many of the girls . . . and also of the boys. . . . She did all she could to make their life here happy." Perhaps her most conspicuous service was her devotion to the kindergarten, for which her last words as she lay dying were breathed: "Take care of the little blind children."

A kindergarten class was formed

at Jamaica Plain is celebrated with children's exercises and several addresses from their friends on the 19th of April. That was a glad day in this story. It assured to little children, then and thereafter, the training hitherto beyond their reach simply because they were little, the very reason which now made their presence welcome. It gave them the care as well as the instruction, the play as well as the work, the cherishing nurture, for all of which they had been waiting, and which would now invest the blind themselves and every labor bestowed upon them with a



MAKING MAPS.

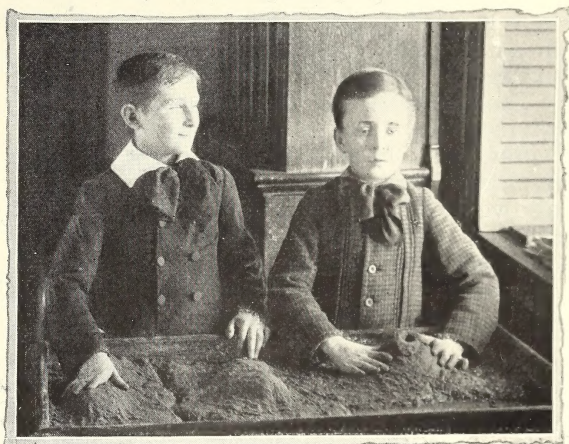
loving kindness about these children.

The formal announcement that the kindergarten was at hand proved to be the principal sensation in the semi-centennial already mentioned as having occurred in 1882. Another crown of the anniversary was the completion of the printing fund of one hundred thousand dollars by private subscription, to endow the Howe Memorial Press. More felicitous memorial could not have been devised. Dr. Howe, though not unaided, had been foremost in improving the style and detail of printing for the blind, and during his long administration had rendered it far more manageable than he found it; and with these fresh resources it promised to be of much greater

service. The trustees adopted the following resolves:

"Whereas, The object of the friends of the blind in raising an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars for the 'Howe Memorial Press,' is not only to provide the pupils of our institution with an adequate supply of embossed books and tangible apparatus, but also to render our publications accessible to all sightless readers in New England, and to aid, so far as it lies in our power, all other

charm before unknown. No description in detail is called for in this article, as a year since the *New England Magazine* gave a very full account of the kindergarten.* The first contribution was from the children of the Perkins Institution, who were followed by many men and women, some with large, very large, some with small offerings. Among those already passed away were Helen C. Bradlee, Lucy Ann Dwight, Mrs. Richard Perkins, Mrs. Benjamin S. Rotch, Henry B. Rogers, Sidney Bartlett and Royal W. Turner, names indicative of the whole body of our benefactors. Without asking or receiving support from the state, the kindergarten holds property, productive and unproductive, to the amount of \$475,000, bestowed within fourteen years. Wonderful, even after the wonderful experience of the mother institution, has been the atmosphere of



MODELLING IN SAND.

*See *New England Magazine* for December, 1895.



GIRLS' SEWING ROOM.

schools similar to our own in their efforts to increase and improve their educational facilities:

"Resolved, That copies of the books issued by our press be placed in the public libraries of Providence, Rhode Island; Worcester, Massachusetts; Hartford, Connecticut; and Lewiston, Maine, to be loaned free of charge to all blind persons who may desire to read them.

"Resolved, That all our publications be sold to regular institutions at fifteen per cent below the actual cost marked on our catalogue."

The publications of the Perkins Institution now embrace a long list of works, both old and new, and a few in Latin and German. There are also very many pieces of sheet music, for band, piano, violin, and the voice. A collection of wall maps and dissected maps supplements the textbooks in geography and history. They are made at the institution, and considered superior to those of other manufacture.

A full account of the semicentennial appeared as a supplement to the fifty-first annual report. Literary

and scientific essays, reading by touch, military drill and gymnastics, vocal and instrumental music, all by the pupils, including a kindergarten exercise by little girls, exhibited the wide range of the school-training before a vast audience of deeply sympathetic spectators and listeners in the Tremont Temple, on the after-

noon of June 13. They brought not eyes only, nor only ears, but hearts, with them, and as the hours passed they seemed bound up with the



THE SAMUEL ELIOT COTTAGE.

young people before them, while such as remembered at least a part of the half-century and recalled those who had lived in it to the great comfort of their generation as well as of this particular institution, felt themselves surrounded by a cloud of noble witnesses. The spirit of the hour is in some lines by Mrs. Anagnos read during the celebration:

“Not the serpent, but the dove,
Heralds forth the cause we love;
Cause which all conspire to aid,

Has it not ceased already? Can it be called by so severe a name while we remember the blind of many years, or visit those now at South Boston and Jamaica Plain? Their happiness has been the aim of those who founded and first administered these schools; it is the aim of their successors; and the eye fails to see what is to be seen, the spirit fails to understand what is to be understood, if the little children of the kindergarten, the older boys and girls of the



THE GIRLS' GYMNASIUM.

Which the great their own have made,
And the gentle for it prayed,
And the strong worked undismayed.

Cause we love and love the giver,
Who loves right and helps it ever.”

The most striking tribute came afterwards from one of the first six pupils of Dr. Howe in Pleasant Street. Miss Sophia Carter wrote to her friends at the school that if as much were done in the next half-century as in the last, “blindness will almost cease to be a calamity.”

Perkins Institution are not regarded among those whom God himself wills to be happy.

Were this a eulogy it would be tempted to dwell individually upon those who have borne their part in this institution. Its success cannot possibly be due merely to benefactors, or even to those who in its higher places have shaped its life. Many a subordinate, many a teacher, matron, steward, or other officer, has fulfilled the charge upon them with a

steadiness and a devotion worthy of the most thorough recognition and appreciation. They have their reward either on this side the grave, or on the other, or on both, and it is one quite independent of our praise. We have been especially fortunate in an unbroken supervision. Dr. Howe for forty-five years, and Mr. Anagnos

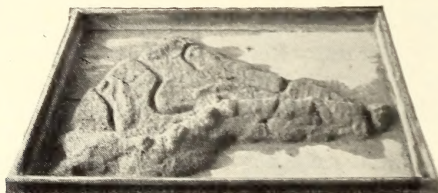
Dating from 1831 or 1832, the school is now in its sixty-sixth year. It has nothing, humanly speaking, to ask for, but that its place in the community may be maintained, its support from men, women and children individually, as well as from the Commonwealth, may be continued, and above all that its ministrations to



A CLASS ROOM.

for twenty, are not so much two men as one, and their line continued during the whole life of the school has given it an ideal unity. From this have been derived many of the highest advantages in the past and from it so long as it lasts, and maintains its character, the future will draw strength and growth and felicity.

the blind may be perpetuated in all the fullness of its powers. It must grow, and there cannot be a doubt that it will grow. It must do all that it has done, and more than all; but we may be confident that no demand made upon it will ever fail, and no help needed to meet increasing responsibilities will ever be denied.



AN AMERICAN LOVE STORY.

By Dorothy Prescott.

IV.

"With burnished brand and musketoon,
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold dragoon,
That lists the tuck of drum."
"I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum,
My comrades take the spear.
And, O! though Brignal banks be fair,
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare,
Would reign my Queen of May!"

LETTER from Isaiah Brown to John Mills:

"The Point, October 23, 188—.

"*My dear brother:* Many thanks for your kind letter, written under date of May 21st. I was rejoiced to hear that all of your family are well. We are much the same here as when I last wrote. My good wife enjoys the inestimable blessing of health to a remarkable degree, for which I am truly thankful, as she is, like Martha, cumbered with much serving, for Ella is at Lewiston in the shirt factory, and Mamie is unable to assist her in any way. Harry went to Portland to see Doctor Prince about her, but he did not get much satisfaction. The doctor says it seems by all accounts a case of nervous prostration, and does not order any particular medicine, only plenty of fresh air and good diet. We have no lack of the former here, and mother makes the things the doctor orders, though she does not think very highly of his notions, as she calls them. Harry was away most of the summer teaching, and he fits pupils for college now in his leisure hours. He insists on my having help, and Nathan Muzzey is here three days in the week, and I contrive to get along between times and do the chores, though I don't seem able to get through as much as I used. He graduates next year; what he will do next I do not know, but I have no fears for him. He is so generous to us all, that I am only sorry he has to help us so much. My daughter Angelia has come back to stay here for the present, with her dear infant. I could not advise her to remain at the Cutters' and submit any longer to the treatment she has received since her marriage. Her husband refuses to give her the slightest support if she leaves him, and I suppose suing him would be of no use, as he threatens to take advantage of the poor

debtor's oath, as he did with his former wife. He says that Angelia knew when she married him that he had no money but as his father gave it to him. But I do not think he can sue her for desertion, as all the neighbors know how she was treated before she left, which she did as soon as she was able to move after her child was born. I wrote to Harry, and he said take her home by all means, like a good brother, especially when he disapproved of her marriage so much. So did I at the time, but it would be unkind to remind her of that now. I hope she will try in a little while to do something for herself, at least if we keep the little girl. Could not your good wife find her a place near Boston? She is very capable at almost anything. Little Luna is a very sweet babe, and I find that we old folks cling more and more to each rising generation. Perhaps you won't be willing to allow that you are getting old. I wonder if it seems as long ago to you as to me, since we used to fish for trout together in the Ellis. There are so many fishermen there now that they are getting scarce. When Harry is at home, he always contrives to catch us some, but they don't taste like the old ones.

"I wish, dear brother, we could ever meet now. As I sit by my door evenings I often think of our last days together. The whole place is full of thoughts that haunt every step. I did hope sometime to get a chance to talk them over with you, but it does not seem as if I should ever have it.

"My best wishes to you always, and as you prosper in this life may you lay up treasure for the life to come. Remember me to your good wife, and give much love from me to your dear child Gertrude. She is one of those I have loved best in this world. I remain ever your brother,

"Isaiah Brown."

"What is that, dear?" asked Mrs. Mills across the breakfast table, just a year after her daughter's visit at the farm had closed.

"Only a letter from Brown," replied her husband, slipping it into his pocket. "He says they are all well, and sends his love to you, Gertrude."

Gertrude quietly went on eating her breakfast.

"Oh, very well!" said Mrs. Mills. "As I was saying, John—"

"Some telegrams, sir," said the butler, coming in with a salver heaped with yellow envelopes. Mrs. Mills paused, aware that her husband would have no attention to spare for her words. She was too used to telegrams to feel any anxiety about their contents; but as he read the last one she saw his countenance change, and thoughts of her two boys at school rushed upon her at once.

"What is it?" she hastily exclaimed, and taking it from his outstretched hand she read aloud:

"The Point, October 24, 188—.

"Father died suddenly, yesterday afternoon, of heart disease. Funeral at two p. m., Wednesday.

"*Harry Brown.*"

"How very sad!" she cried, sincerely grieved, yet with an under accent of relief in her voice. "He was such a very worthy man! such an old friend of yours, too!"

"Yes," said John Mills, staring blankly before him, while an odd choking in his throat forbade him to say more. He had had his dreams once of enjoying a little leisure in his old age on the old place with the friend of his youth, and had come to see that they must be given up; but now that they were gone forever beyond his reach, he felt for the first time the greatness of his loss.

Gertrude, sobbing, rose and hurried from the room.

"She is a sensitive, affectionate child," said her mother, approvingly. "Shall you go to the funeral, John?"

"I don't see how I can possibly be away on Wednesday."

"But you'll write, of course, to your sister directly,—and so will I. I hope she will be left comfortably off! Her son seems an excellent young man, and will, I am sure, be a great comfort to her. Did Mr. Brown ever say anything of heart disease to you?"

"No—he was not the kind of man ever to speak of his own feelings, if he had them."

"He was a very good man, I should think. He impressed me very favorably when I have met him,—and Gertrude was so fond of him. It is a pity he never had the chance to do more in the world!"

"Yes—he was unfortunate, poor fellow! Well, I must go down town. I'll telegraph that I can't come, but I'll write directly,—and you will, too."

As Mr. Mills passed into his library, a light touch on his arm made him turn to meet Gertrude's appealing eyes, brimming over with tears. "Father! may I write to Harry, just this once? He must be so unhappy!"

"Yes—oh, yes, of course. I am sorry, very sorry." He turned away and walked off, hardly daring to trust himself longer; and she went to her room to write her letter, sure that she would be excused from school that day. It ran as follows:

"1300 Commonwealth Avenue,

"October 24, 188—.

"*Dear, dearest Harry:* I am so grieved to hear that you have all this sorrow! I loved your dear father so much, and it is so hard to think that I shall never see him again. I cannot bear to think of your being without him—but only think how happy you have always made him. Dear Harry, I had so much to say to you if I could only write, and now I cannot think of anything but this. I don't know what to say to comfort you. I wish I could be with you to try and do ever so little. I do love you—if that is anything—just as much as I did when I told you so before—*more* than I did. Your own

"*Gertrude.*"

"I send you some flowers—won't you put them somewhere near him?"

Harry to Gertrude:

"The Point, October 26, 188—.

"*My dear Gertrude:* Thank you for your sweet letter. I could not answer it till we had laid my father to rest. It was better for him to go when he did, though the world without him is lonely for me. I have written my uncle the particulars of the funeral. I put your flowers in his hands, and they were buried with him, all but one, which I kept. I longed to keep your letter, too, but I felt that I ought not to risk its ever being seen by any one else, so I burned it.

"Dear Gertrude, when we parted, I told your father that, in seven years' time, I hoped to be in a position to come and ask for you and be able to offer you a home, and he promised that in that case he would not refuse his consent. I cannot hope for that any more. There is too much depending on me at home. My mother and sisters have no one else. Angelia has a child, and Mamie's health is so feeble, she can never do anything for herself. I find a larger sum due on the mortgage than I expected, as they were obliged to use the two last payments I sent, for purposes I will not now dwell upon. I must pay the interest if they are to have a roof over their heads; and I must leave college and go right to work. I hope to get clear of the world in time, but it is impossible for me to look forward to giving you any home such as you ought to have in the time allowed, or longer even, and I will not allow you to wait on an uncertainty and against your father's wishes. You must not waste the best years of your life waiting for what may never come to pass. It would be very wrong in me to him and to you to let you.

"I want you to try your best—not to forget me, but not to think of me too much. Remember me as if I were one you had loved who was dead; always with tenderness, but not so that you cannot be happy in time with some one else. You have given me—and him, too—the most perfect happiness for all that summer; and it will always be my brightest memory when I can let myself dwell on it. May it be so in yours too. God bless you forever and ever!

"Harry Brown."

"Poor fellow!" said Mr. Mills, when he had read the letter, which his daughter silently put into his hand. "He writes very properly. You see, Gertrude, don't you, that he's quite right?"

"I suppose he is."

"And you'll be my own good girl, and not let yourself dwell any more on it? You would not let yourself think of a young man who has given you up so decidedly?"

Gertrude gave a piteous little smile. "No," she said, "but,"—and as he bent to catch her whispered words, "papa—dearest papa—now that it is all over between Harry and me, won't you do something for him? He has lost his father, too, you know, and he did so want to get an education and be something! If he could only fin-

ish at college, and be what he wanted! I could feel happier, if I thought he had something to cheer him up."

"Yes, my darling,—oh, yes, I'll write and offer to pay off the mortgage and put him through college, and—anything else that is wanted; and then you'll be my own little girl again, just as you were before. You see, my precious, you wouldn't be of any use to him. He'll need a very different kind of wife. My little Gertrude is too young to think of love and lovers yet. She must be her father's baby a while longer. She loves her poor old dad, doesn't she?—and he'll do all he can to please her."

He kissed her bright hair, as she sank sobbing on his breast, stifling a pang of shame on her account. Poor little forsaken princess, with a heart for the taking by the first who came wooing under the greenwood tree! It was no consolation that the wooer had shown himself the more sensible of the two; and the thought that she might be as easy to comfort as she had been to win still left its sting behind.

John Mills to Harry Brown:

"1300 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston,

"October 28, 188—.

"My dear Harry: Gertrude has shown me your letter to her. I respect the right feeling which prompted it. You cannot be surprised that I could not approve of my child's entering at her age into what I could not but consider a very foolish engagement. I am sure your own good sense has shown you the folly of it.

"Now that we can speak to each other without allusion to this subject, I will say that I have the greatest wish to be of use to you. I cannot forget the ties of kindred between us, and your father was my very dear friend. My sister and her children will ever be dear to me, the more so for his sake. I want you to let me pay off the mortgage on your farm, whatever it may cost. You speak of the sum as greater than you expected. For what purpose were the sums, you mention having advanced, used? I ask from no mere curiosity. I wish to put you even with the world, and settle the family comfortably with such a sum as will enable you to conclude your course at college, and keep up the farm meanwhile. I am only sorry that our intercourse cannot be more frequent; but

you must see that for your own and Gertrude's sake it will be best for you not to meet for several years, or till one or both of you are married. Till then I must trust to your own honor, in which I have perfect confidence. Yours most sincerely,

"John Mills."

Harry Brown to John Mills:

"The Point, October 29, 188—.

"*Dear Mr. Mills:*—I have just received your letter, and thank you for your kind expressions of regard for my father. In respect to the sums of money to which you allude as having been sent home by me and not accounted for, I see no reason for not informing you that they were given by my parents to my sister Angelia. She had no money at her disposal for the commonest necessities for herself or her child, and my mother, at whose motion, but with my father's consent, the gifts were made, hoped that if she had something of her own, her husband's family would be induced to treat her better. In this they were mistaken, as, partly by coaxing, partly by threats, they soon got it all out of her.

"I thank you for the interest you express in me, and for your kind offers of assistance; but surely you must see that I cannot accept them. I have given up all hope of ever marrying Gertrude, but I cannot be paid for doing so. She would never have loved me, if I could. I agree with you that there must be no intercourse between us in the future. My mother knows nothing of all this, and it is for you to regulate the terms of your correspondence with her. I wish Gertrude every happiness, and hope she may find it in marriage with some one worthy of her.

"Yours very truly,

"Harry Brown."

V.

"Maiden! a nameless life I lead,

A nameless death I'll die;

The friend, whose lanthorn lights the mead,

Were better mate than I!

And were I with my true love set,

Under the greenwood bough,

What once I was she must forget,

Nor think what I am now.

Yet Brignal banks are fresh and fair,

And Greta woods are green,

And you may gather garlands there,

Would grace a summer queen."

It was a lovely autumn evening, and so much warmth still lingered in the air that it was pleasant to sit before the fire with the windows open

and revel in double luxury, as Gertrude Mills was doing in her own room. All around her was of the costliest and rarest. There was not a square inch in the room on which artistic design and skillful handicraft had not done their utmost; and it seemed as if the crowning touch had been lavished in Gertrude herself. She looked too soft and delicate to bear a crumpled roseleaf, too young and fresh ever to have felt one. Her reverie could hardly be heavier than the weight that bends the lily's stalk. Yet, though her eyes were fixed on the glowing coals where the last light flickering flame had died away, and though the night breeze began to stir with tender breath among the tall tree tops outside her window, she neither saw nor heard—her thoughts were wandering far away and back.

It was seven years to-day since she had parted from Harry at the farm, and in all that time they had exchanged no word. Mrs. Brown had for a few years kept up a scanty correspondence with her brother. She had gone on living on the farm for awhile, it would seem but poorly, but she never asked for aid, and though Mr. Mills had sent her an occasional present, he had never ventured to make it large. At last she had written that Harry thought it best to sell the farm; it was still heavily mortgaged, and he thought he had a better chance of getting along than by working on it. The tie between Angelia and Mr. Perry Cutter had been broken by mutual consent, the accommodating administrators of the laws of the State of Maine, with a view to domestic peace and concord, having winked at the transaction. The gentleman had applied for divorce on the ground of desertion, and the lady had made no opposition; but it was well known she could have presented counter accusations, and old Cutter, by the fear of them, was compelled to disgorge, with pain and reluctance, a small sum for the benefit of his grandchild. Angelia had

speedily married again "a much better husband," as her mother proudly declared; but he did not apparently rank high as a workman, for they had moved about to Mechanics' Falls, and West Minot, and half-a-dozen places more, their scanty means eked out by the sum Harry paid them for his mother's and Mamie's board. Ella was still at Lewiston, and Harry his mother vaguely alluded to as being in a "real good place."

Letters on both sides grew less and less frequent, till Mr. Mills really lost his sister's last address; and as he could probably find it with ease in case of necessity, he let the matter rest there; for the correspondence gave him nothing but pain. The sale of his paternal home cut deep, though he never thought to look on it again. He had for a moment a fancy of buying it, and keeping it, even though he were never to go there, but dismissed the idea as a piece of sentimentalism. Strangers dwelt there now, but he could never realize it, and many a dream or reverie brought up its picture with closed shutters and cold hearthstone, and the snow lying thick and white across the paths, unmarked save by the light, fugitive tread of some little wild furry creature from the woods. He checked his visions with the thought that one cannot have everything. Success has its penalties, and his were few. He was rich beyond what he had even dreamed possible in his boyish days, and had social surroundings of which he had never so much as conceived; and he had been no less fortunate in his domestic life, —with a charming, devoted wife, dutiful, promising boys, and especially his darling Gertrude. But here a yearning, never satisfied pain would stir at the very bottom of his heart and, in spite of all efforts to keep it down, would rise sometimes in undefined but fearful lineaments. He could never breathe his terrors even to his wife, for he would not give them voice to himself. Through the

winter after her uncle's death Gertrude grew pale and thin, and in the spring Mrs. Mills suggested trying the Maine air, which had done her so much good before; doubtless the Browns would be only too glad to take her to board again. Mr. Mills rejected this proposal in a way which would admit of no discussion and, though he could ill spare the time, took his family abroad and spent six months in sedulous endeavor to find anything that might please Gertrude, till he saw her well and blooming once more.

No word ever broke the silence between them on the one subject of her brief love story. Her father would steal furtive, anxious glances at her, and, sometimes, when the look he remembered so well seeing on that last day at the farm, as of one listening to far-off waters, would rise in her eyes, he longed inexpressibly to know how deep they ran; but he never dared to ask.

Gertrude grew older, and came out, and all the Mills's friends said she was the most beautiful creature they had ever seen,—and there it ended. Plainer girls were more noticed and sought after—nay, they were marrying on all sides; while at three-and-twenty it was doubtful whether she had ever had a proposal—hardly a lover. Mrs. Mills, who had felt a disappointment she would not own at the flat reality which had replaced her dazzling dreams of her daughter's future, and even a secret wrath at the bad taste of the men, began at last to divine that the fault must be in Gertrude's self. She was too indifferent, too careless. No girl could please unless she took a little more pains about it; and as to money, which Mrs. Mills felt ashamed to include in her calculations,—when a girl chose to be inaccessible, the money only made her more so. She had been proud at first to watch Gertrude, faultlessly refined, quietly superior, move like a young princess among the other

girls, who might have stood for her handmaidens; but now she felt that it might not be so well to have a princess for a daughter, unless the prince, according to rule in royal families, were there all ready for her.

"It is very strange you have not been asked to the Harvard Assemblies this year!" she could not help saying, a whole year before the present autumn.

"Perhaps they are not asking the girls of my age," said Gertrude, carelessly, "there are so many *débütantes*."

"Oh, yes! they have asked Nancy Norton, and Annie Draper, and Maud Minns. I wonder if there is any mistake about it."

"Perhaps," said Gertrude, indifferent, but dutifully courteous, "it is because Archie Richmond is making out the lists. I remember at the Hastings' he asked Ned to introduce him to me without finding out first whether I wished it or not. I did not like that, and hardly spoke to him; and very likely he was not pleased."

"I am sorry—you should not have done that," said Mrs. Mills.

"But, really, I don't care about going!" said Gertrude.

"That's right!" said her father. "I'm glad you put him down, Gertrude! The puppy! fancying that the girls are at his beck and call. I'll give you a party—as many as you please."

"Thank you ever so much," said Gertrude, with a careless little laugh, "but I don't care for any."

"Don't, John," said his wife, after Gertrude had gone to read to the old ladies at the "Home," "say such things before Gertrude. She cares too little to please as it is."

"Gertrude?—not care to please? I never saw a girl who cared so much!"

"Oh, yes, you see her with old people and the servants and such; but I mean in society. It wouldn't have hurt her any to be a little nicer

to Archie Richmond,—he is at the head of everything this year."

"What? Do you suppose I want my girl to stand the airs of a con-founded young snob like that?—as if I couldn't give her a party, or for the matter of that a dozen, that would beat theirs hollow!"

"Oh, it isn't that—it is the not being seen at the Harvard Assemblies! Everyone will ask why she isn't going; they will say—"

"Say what they like, and be damned to them!" growled her husband, shuffling his papers together and hurrying off. Mrs. Mills could only heave a patient sigh, and avail herself of the doubtful consolation that her daughter was too good for this world.

But there came a time at last when she perceived that patience might look for its reward, and tremblingly allowed in her secret soul that there might be a great prospect in view for her Gertrude. That once attained, how little would past slights or disappointments matter! They would recoil on their authors, and the Harvard Assemblies of the year of grace 188—would retrospectively be damned in that they had not been honored by the presence of the future Mrs. Oliver Wolterton! There surely could be no better match in the world—in that part of it, at least, known to Mrs. Mills—than Oliver Wolterton, whose very name meant so much to Boston ears, and who possessed what in an American might be termed rank. His grandfather, though he inherited a great deal of money, had put his shoulder to the wheel as sturdily as John Mills, who had started with nothing. He had portioned off two daughters into the ranks of the British peerage, and left his only son an uncertain number of millions. The son had married the heiress of more millions yet, and died young, leaving the reputation of being a good fellow, and Oliver maintained the same, though he had now lived longer than his father had. He was not ill-looking, had cultivated tastes, nice man-

ners, and, if in his early days it had been whispered that he had some tendencies to dissipation in more than one way, all that had been corrected, till now he stood before the world not only blameless but positively virtuous. Instead of race-horses, he indulged in a model farm; not only gave freely, but himself dabbled in philanthropy; set up a trade school, gave dinners to his employees and presided at them, and made speeches at charitable anniversaries. He was a model in every way, and enhanced his value by holding himself dear, carefully abstaining from any but the most general acquaintance with the most desirable young women, until by mere accident he met Gertrude Mills on a visit at Lenox, during the past summer. Nothing could have been more marked than his attentions to her from the first; and from a man of his character there could be no mistaking them. More convincing yet were the advances made by his mother, whose name was usually regarded as a synonym for exclusiveness. Gertrude took it all with a high-bred unconsciousness, of which her mother was proud, though longing for more of her child's confidence. But she did not press for it; she had a fear that the rainbow bubble of her dreams might dissolve with a touch.

Gertrude herself knew well that she had only to grasp at the bubble to find it solid reality. Could she do it? To-night, she was asking this of herself; and for the first time her whole soul was bent to the answer. Seven years had gone by while she kept silent faith with Harry. He had given her up, deliberately, irrevocably; but she had said in her heart that she would wait for him still for seven years,—nay, give her but a ray of hope, and she would wait for seven times seven—forever. She had cherished an unreasoning belief that before the allotted term expired, she should hear something from him. No word, no sign, had come. Only that he could not have died without

her hearing of it, he might be dead. Pledged as he had been not to communicate with her, she yet felt sure that if he had any, the slightest ray of encouragement, he would have contrived that in some way or other she should hear of it. There could be nothing to hear. At the stroke of midnight the last day of the seven years would pass into eternity.

A heavy weight of despair was pressing slowly and surely down upon her heart. Was it right to let herself sink under it, with no effort to avail herself of such chances as life might still offer? She had never needed to ask this question before. Simple resignation, not uncheered by fancies of possible windfalls of good fortune, had not been difficult to her. She had had no actual lover, no possible one worth mentioning. But now, when the chance was offered her to make her parents happy, to atone for her father's disappointment, to ease her mother's anxieties,—and Gertrude, who looked so innocently careless, felt the very faintest sign of these all over her,—was it not wrong not to take it? Had she no duties, either, toward Mr. Wolterton, whom she honestly owned she both liked and esteemed? At least, she ought not to keep him in suspense any longer; and if the answer must be given, had she no duties toward herself? She was not ambitious, but she recognized the fact that one of the fairest of earthly destinies was hers to take or leave. Was it dignified, was it maidenly, to go on waiting all her life for some one who perhaps did not come because he did not want to? Suppose that Harry had long ago been weaned from his boyish attachment? Very likely he loved some one else now!

Gertrude put all these things fairly before her, and then let her mind stray back to the past. Rarely had she time or solitude for such an indulgence; but now, as the night deepened round her, years vanished, and she was wandering with Harry

through green woods and by blue waters, both wrapped in a bliss that needed no words to tell. Again he stood before her, strong and protecting, beautiful and adoring.

"Oh, Harry! Harry! If you would but come, but speak! One word from you, one look from you, and the whole world would weigh nothing in the balance!"

If only accident might befriend her! ran on her thoughts. If she could only meet him, in the street, anywhere,—once see him face to face, once hear his voice! One sight, one sound, would make her sure,—and, once sure, her faith would be like a rock. Could even his spirit come and tell her he died loving her, she felt she could live a long life of virgin widowhood for his sake. The curtains waved lightly and fitfully on the evening breeze, as if with the passing of some invisible presence; and Gertrude started, as much with eager anticipation as with dread. "Oh, Harry! Harry! if it indeed were you!"

The door opened, and she started again more violently. But it was only her mother to remind her that it was getting late, and that it was high time to dress for a dinner at Mrs. Wolterton's. Mrs. Mills herself stayed to see her daughter arrayed in the white dress, a triumph of simplicity, on which the mother had expended her utmost care and thought, and to see that no dainty trifle was forgotten to make the whole complete. She herself clasped with a diamond snap the string of pearls, her father's costliest gift, round Gertrude's throat.

"There, dear, now you are all ready, I believe. I hope you will have a delightful evening."

"I hate to go alone; I wish she had not asked me without you."

"Oh, there was no need of that; this is a young people's dinner. Mrs. Wolterton said so in her note; she chaperons it herself. Nothing could be nicer than the way she wrote, ask-

ing if I would trust my sweet daughter to her care. She seems so fond of you, Gertrude!"

"She is very kind."

"And she said all that was proper; she hopes to see your father and me at a dinner next week, when her sister-in-law, Lady Baltimore, will be with her. Mrs. Wolterton is always so kind and so perfectly well bred. I have never met any one to whom I took a liking so soon. Come into the library, dear, and let your father see your gown."

Mr. Mills knew as little of gowns as any man could; but he looked long at the wearer, trying to see if he could trace any sign of the tender consciousness that had thrilled him at their meeting seven years ago. But this time the fair face told no tales. Even the maids were waiting for a peep. It was evident that the whole family felt the importance of the occasion.

Mrs. Mills would not let Gertrude drive up Beacon Hill alone to the Woltertons, even in their own carriage. Mrs. Wolterton should see that her daughter was properly protected; she was prouder of the respectable elderly maid whom she sent with her than of any other part of her equipage; and Ellen had her eyes well open. She knew perfectly well which way things were going for her young lady, and she now perceived that they had gone very far indeed. Mrs. Wolterton received the girls she had invited in her own morning room, where her own maid waited to remove their wraps; but neither Ellen nor Amélie touched Miss Mills. Mrs. Wolterton herself carefully drew off the young girl's white cloak, and passed her hand over the rippling gold hair with a touch as tender as a mother's own. She seemed hardly able to leave off, and the other girls had their surmises changed to certainty that no one but Gertrude had the slightest chance with Oliver.

The men stood waiting in the drawing-room for the procession from

above, headed by the hostess, splendid and stately in her well-preserved beauty, her still slender figure and rich coloring looking the younger for the early whiteness of her thick hair, and well set off by her black velvet and rich laces and blaze of diamonds, a fit foil for the bright, ethereal loveliness by her side. She kept Gertrude near her, and presented all the men to her with a certain formality which was not lost upon them.

There was Lord Barnet, second baron of the name, a fresh-faced, awkward young fellow. His father had been a "new man," but his mother, the daughter of a ducal house, was an old convent-bred friend of Mrs. Wolterton's, who was in the habit of regarding her as having made a *mésalliance*,—for, from her long residence abroad, this lady had learned to discriminate in titles. There were the Honorable Alexander Macdonald, Lord Barnet's cousin, a rising young British statesman, eager for information about America, and the Honorable Ralph Winslow, Oliver Wolterton's cousin, a rising young American statesman, eager to give it. There was Archie Richmond, who had struck Gertrude's name off the Harvard Assembly list last year, but who now began to perceive that he had made a mistake, and was casting about in his mind how best to remedy it, to a degree that made him too absent-minded to use his opportunities. There was Ned Hastings, ardent and blundering, but everybody's favorite; and lastly, there was the host, looking grave and anxious and very quiet, but failing in no hospitable duty. To match them, beside the hostess and Gertrude, there were four young ladies of the first family and fashion. Minnie Baker and Rosamond Turner and Grace Deane were all well dressed and well bred and very pretty; and as like each other as so many dolls on a toy shop shelf, with a little difference in the color of their hair. And there was Nancy Norton, the least pretty of the

group, but bright of eye and quick of tongue, to a degree that made her a reigning beauty. She was but a year younger than Gertrude, but no one dreamed of leaving her out of the Assemblies or anywhere else where she wanted to go. For Gertrude she had a sovereign contempt, as for one who did not know how to use the advantages which nature had given her, and was not slow to show it on occasion, though any satisfaction derived therefrom was somewhat damped by the absolute unconsciousness of her victim. Now the tables appeared likely to be suddenly and completely turned upon her, and she could have borne it better but for the same placid, exasperating indifference which Gertrude showed alike in success as in defeat, maddening to Miss Norton and making the repartees with which she entertained the table run so near the verge of bitterness as to threaten danger to herself as well as to others.

"Is that Miss Nancy Norton?" inquired Lord Barnet of his hostess, when he found himself by her side in the library after dinner.

"Why, yes—did I not present you?"

"I thought there might be some mistake, don't you know? Some one told me she was your great beauty here."

"Do you not think her handsome?"

"Ah, yes, she's well enough; but the girl there all in white, sitting next Wolterton, is much handsomer—I thought she must be the one."

"Miss Mills? Yes, she is a beautiful girl. I don't suppose, however, she would care to be put forward in that way."

"She looks younger," said Lord Barnet, "and then very likely she goes with a better set. She's out and out the most thoroughbred girl I've seen here. Belongs to your higher classes, doesn't she?"

"Hardly," said the lady. "The Mills family are respectable, I suppose—I never heard of them; but he

has made a great deal of money, I hear, and he is an agreeable, gentlemanly man. His wife is charming—she was daughter of one of our most distinguished clergymen; and Miss Mills can, of course, take any place she likes”; and she added with slight but unmistakable emphasis: “She is a lovely girl, and I am very fond of her.”

“She’s the most beautiful girl I ever saw,” said Lord Barnet, who, though not gifted with much penetration, thought he understood the case, and was very willing to please the Woltertons, even to the extent of paying his friend’s future wife the compliment of a sentimental adoration, which, indeed, he regarded as rather “chic.” “As to classes,” he went on, his voice growing louder and making itself heard by the whole circle in a sudden hush, “I suppose yours are different here.”

“Yes,” said Macdonald, “I find the class distinctions here very puzzling. So many people say you have none, and others say they are just as marked as with us.”

“I really do not know,” said Mrs. Wolterton, tranquilly. “I find things much the same everywhere. Of course this is a civilized part of the country. I don’t pretend to say what it may be elsewhere.”

“And your servants and tradespeople?”

“I have no trouble with them. If I did not like their manners, I should not employ them. I think they are hardly like the ordinary English servants. They expect to be consulted, and to take an interest in your affairs, more like the French; but then, I always did prefer French servants to English, who are apt to be not only stupid but sulky.”

“So they are—bestly sulky,” said Lord Barnet.

“But I don’t know that any of my servants are American. My house-keeper is, and—”

“What nationality do you usually employ?” asked Macdonald.

“I don’t know. I believe some of them are Swedes.”

“Real Americans rarely go out as servants,” said Ralph Winslow; “they feel above it.”

“That is rather inconsistent in a pure democracy, isn’t it?” said Macdonald.

“Oh, this isn’t a pure democracy! The differences are just as marked,” said Archie Richmond.

“That is just what you all say when you are brought to the point. But what becomes of all your talk about one man being as good as another?”

“That’s pure rot the politicians talk to catch the lower classes,” said Archie.

“Don’t you allow, then, that one of your lower classes can really be a gentleman?”

“No, certainly not!”

“One doesn’t mean anything unkind, you know,” said Ned Hastings. “Of course any man may have the essentials of one; but how can he be a finished gentleman if he hasn’t the education? It’s not to be expected.”

“Whom do you call the lower classes in this country?” persisted Macdonald.

“Oh—servants—and laborers—and—and shopkeepers,” said Ned.

“Well, there are shopkeepers and shopkeepers, you know,” said Archie, uneasily. Miss Norton slightly raised one well-marked eyebrow, and he grew yet more restless.

“In England,” said Lord Barnet, “we shouldn’t ever call a shopkeeper a gentleman, you know.”

Miss Norton raised the other eyebrow, but Lord Barnet was impervious. “Your grandfather certainly was not one,” thought Mrs. Wolterton, but she only smiled serenely, while in her secret soul expending fresh compassion on “poor dear Henrietta.”

“I thought England was a nation of shopkeepers,” said Ned Hastings.

“Chestnut! I should say!” called out Nancy Norton,—and the rest laughed.

Oliver Wolterton, who had till then been sitting silently by Miss Mills, now roused himself. He had not appeared to notice anything that was said; but a lover, who is such in earnest, always bespeaks the indulgence of the community, and he had been forgiven by all but Miss Norton. "I know one gentleman in the lower class," he said.

"One!" said Archie Richmond.

"Well!" said Oliver, "consider how few real gentlemen one meets in *any* class. I have no doubt that I could find more if I were better acquainted in it."

"Whom do you mean?" asked Macdonald.

"I mean my man, Brown. He's the finest gentleman I ever knew, through and through; he'd be fit to appear as he is in any society, I don't care where."

"Oh, if he's a foreign nobleman, reduced," said Miss Norton, "he doesn't count. Why, Count Malvezzi, who married Nina Stanton, waited at Delmonico's when he first came over."

"No, he's nothing of the sort. He's a farmer's son, from Maine, and been at some country college. I hardly think he'd have taken to service, though, if he could have helped it."

"How did you get him?" asked Ned Hastings.

"His family had misfortunes of one sort and another, and he had to give up college. I met him acting as guide at the Rangeley Lakes. Those guides are a very good set of fellows, but none of them anything like him."

"Dear me!" said Miss Norton, "he's quite the John Brown of America. His name's John, of course?"

"No, it's Harry," said Oliver, shortly, as if he would like to be done with the subject; but the company found it too amusing to drop, and Lord Barnet asked how long the man had lived with him.

"About five years this summer. I liked him so well I asked him to be

my own man, though I didn't much think he would; but he was very willing—said he needed the money—and he has been all round the world with me since. When we are abroad, he knows more of the things there than I do; he makes me see more than half what I do."

"An Admirable Crichton, indeed!" said Macdonald.

"Who was that?" asked Miss Norton.

"A model of perfection—Scotch, of course—who was assassinated," said Archie Richmond.

"A fate more likely to befall the master of such a paragon, I should think," said Nancy.

"To show you a little what he's like, I will say we traveled six months together in Asia Minor, often the only two foreigners in the desert—and, naturally, we were what you might call on equal terms all the time; nursed each other through fevers, and saved each other's lives, I suppose, at least half-a-dozen times. We grew very confidential; most so on my part, for Brown's very close about his personal affairs. That might have spoiled another man, but when we came home, he was unaltered—just as absolutely in his place as ever. Ralph, you know Brown!"

"I think you are quite right about him," said Winslow, quietly. "I could tell one or two stories about Brown myself that would be to the point."

"Let's hear 'em!" cried Nancy, echoed by half the rest. Oliver Wolterton felt that he had treated Brown shabbily, and as he looked at Gertrude he thought her countenance showed silent disapproval; but he could not stem the current, and he threw himself resignedly back in his chair.

"Well," said Ralph, "I remember when we were in camp at Parmachenee, and it rained hard, and we wanted to play whist,—there were only three of us, and we called in Brown, to see if he wouldn't do better than a

dummy at least. He played a long sight better than any one of us, and he and Sewall beat you and me hollow. We handed over the stakes—quite a sum—and Sewall offered half of them to Brown, but he wouldn't take them. 'Perhaps,' you said, 'you have conscientious scruples against playing for money.' 'No, sir,' he replied, 'but if I had lost, I could not have paid.'"

"Yes——. I remember that."

"And another time when some of us went yachting with you, and he valeted for all of us. When we left, we gave him handsome tips, and he took them and thanked us. But there was—well, a very nice fellow, but not any too well off. He couldn't well afford to offer Brown five dollars, but he did. 'Thank you, Mr.——,' said Brown,—it was in private, of course—'but you have always been so kind to me, that I have enjoyed attending upon you. I would rather not take money for the pleasure.' I heard that from the man it happened to."

"Dear me!" said Miss Norton, "how I should like to see this phoenix! What does he look like?"

"Like any one else," said Winslow; "that is, I should call him uncommonly handsome."

"Can't you find some excuse for getting him in, Mr. Wolterton? It would be such fun!"

"I beg you pardon, Miss Norton! but after what I have said of Brown, you don't suppose I could call him in to make a show of him, do you?" said Oliver, stiffly.

"I wonder you have been able to keep him so long," said Macdonald. "I should think in a country like this he could find plenty of openings."

"I imagine he needed money directly, and couldn't get so much in any other way. Now he's better off, and I'm going to lose him. One of his sisters, it seems, has married well and gone out West, and taken the mother with her, and another, who was ill a long time, is dead, and Brown's laid up a little money; he's

kept up with his college course by himself, and is going back to take his degree, and then I presume he has his plans made. I think he's sorry to leave me; I know I am to have him go; but I couldn't ask him to stay, and I can't expect to see much of him now. I dare say when he's president, or senator, or something like that, we shall meet and be good friends, if he likes."

"But a man who has been in that position couldn't ever be president, could he?" asked Macdonald.

"Oh, anybody can be president!" said Nancy Norton. "Rail-splitters and cowboys and what not. The lower it is, the more the people seem to like it."

"Yes, but a fellow who's blacked one's boots!" said Lord Barnet. "That would be almost too odd, wouldn't it?"

"I don't see how we can go much lower than the present occupant," muttered Ned Hastings.

"You'll have to go him twice then—see if you don't!" struck in Archie Richmond, with fiery haste.

Mrs. Wolterton had paid but little attention to the latter part of this discourse, having been talking aside with Miss Turner. She had spent her life in going and coming between Europe and America and had only of late made her headquarters in her Boston home, because her son wished it, and she always did exactly as he wished. She hardly knew by name any chief magistrate of her native country, past or present, and was entirely ignorant of their antecedents; but she now perceived that the discussion was assuming a warmer tone than was proper in good society, and that Gertrude looked pale and alarmed. She hastened to interfere.

"I am so sorry," she began in her usual calm tones; "I quite forgot that I meant to have those *dulces* that Leon Astorga sent me from Havana brought in with the coffee."

"It's not too late," said her son.

"I want you to try them. Some

people like them so much," went on the lady. "I believe they are in my desk"; and, taking a key from her watch-chain, she said in a low tone to the footman who was handing round the coffee: "Ask Brown, please, to be so good as to go into my room and open my desk, and look for a china bonbonnière he will find there, and bring it to me himself, with the key, directly."

Mrs. Wolterton trusted no one but Brown with her private receptacles; for, gradually, since he had lived with her son, she had grown to depend on him for many little services which gold would buy from no one else. She knew she owed him a great deal; how much she hardly dared to think, for she would not remember the fears she had had for her son's future before he came; they were foolish fears, such as haunt a lonely mother, she thought, and she was ashamed of them now. But none the less did she feel deep gratitude to Brown, and she had shown it in a way which had drawn them together at heart, though not an iota of due ceremony had ever been infringed on either side.

Three minutes passed,—an eternity to Gertrude. The roof did not fall, nor the floor open; at last the door swung open, and in he came. She stole one fleeting look at him as he crossed the room and handed the box and key to Mrs. Wolterton, apparently quite unconscious that the company regarded him with more attention than was natural to the occasion. He looked taller, larger, older; the lines of his face were more firmly drawn, but not enough, she thought, to change him; and yet he was changed. She had seen him many and many a time in her dreams since they parted, seen him sad or happy, well or ill—but never just like this.

What could she do? Could she take his hand before the assembled crowd—and had the whole world been there, they would have seemed no more—could she take his hand

and say: "This is my cousin, my father's sister's son?" Yes, if that were all, she might have done it; but to tell Oliver Wolterton, afterwards, that she loved—that she must marry—"Brown"! And yet how easy would that other half be to confess, if that were all! Did she not love Harry enough to stand by his side on the judgment day, and say before heaven and earth: "I love this man; his arm has been around me, his lips have kissed mine, with the first love of innocent youth, without a thought for which we need blush before the throne of God?" And might they not meet together here, as lovers meet who have long been parted by some stroke of adverse fate? But then again, to have to say, as by and by she must: "My lover is bound to me by ties of kindred, which for years we have been striving to break, that I might be the better fitted to mate with such as you!" No, it must not be; not now, for Harry's own sake. Surely he would not, could not, ask or wish it!

"Thank you, Brown!" said Mrs. Wolterton, taking the key. "Open the box, and pass it to the ladies, please," she went on. Brown was not, of course, expected to render such services in public; but she was anxious to change the subject of conversation as quickly as might be. He obeyed, and handed the box with an ease which was not disturbed when Miss Norton, hard to please, kept him standing before her while she coolly surveyed him from head to foot—his hair, his hands, everything about him. "You didn't say too much!" she declared with a meaning look at Oliver, as she crunched between her teeth the confection she had finally selected; and the bearer moved on and stood before Gertrude, who could not see him now. The lights were dancing in a giddy blur before her eyes, and her trembling hand could not reach the box; she shook her head, ever so slightly.

"Thank you, Brown; that will do,"

said Oliver; and, taking the confectiory himself, he passed it to the other men. As Harry left the room, he looked back, and for one moment his eyes met Gertrude's. What their look said she could not tell, though she was never to forget it. But it was over, and he was gone, while Miss Norton declared aloud that he was "tearfully handsome, and no mistake!"

"Mother," said Oliver Wolterton, after the guests had gone, "never ask that Nancy Norton to my house again!"

"No, indeed, I never will! A vulgar, underbred girl! Did you see how she tried to stare poor Brown out of countenance? If he had not the best manners in the world, he would have felt it and shown it. That sweet little Gertrude! how different! I saw her eyes full of tears; she could not bear even to behold such ill-breeding! I never saw so lovely a creature. Oh, if I could only have her for a daughter!"

Her son was silent; he had never felt more doubtful of giving her the assurance that she longed for. He was late awake; but there was no sleep for Gertrude's eyes, as she now tossed restlessly about on her pillows, now paced the floor, shivering, burning by turns, longing to recall the unreturning moment. Had she really been face to face with Harry and lost her chance? or was it only a nightmare, in which the torpid heart refused to beat and the palsied tongue to speak, and from which she could awake at the return of blessed morning light to feel the welcome certainty that it was but a dream; that Oliver Wolterton, oppressively watchful, his mother, calmly, idly superior, Lord Barnet, stupidly ignorant, the other men and the girls, silly and superficial, and worst of all, Nancy Norton, sharp and sneering, were only figures in a delirium, as unreal as that in which they rose and grinned at her now? She tried to bring back Harry's face and read its meaning,

and could not, for the whirl of those hateful phantoms.

She looked so ill the next morning that her parents were frightened; but she did not care. She let them talk of colds she might have caught and influenzas in the neighborhood, and only when her mother spoke of sending for the doctor did she offer strenuous opposition, saying she knew she should be all right the next day—it was only a headache.

"I hope so," said her mother; "but what shall we do about to-day? We were going to the musicale at Mrs. Winslow's, you know."

"You must go, mother dear, and say I am not well. Oh, yes, please do! I shall really do better to be left alone to sleep it off."

Mrs. Mills let herself be persuaded. The afternoon concert was at the house of a cousin of Mrs. Wolterton's, who had sent them tickets, and a protégée of hers was to sing. It would not do for both to stay away if it could be helped. Gertrude was glad to see her mother out of the house, and as soon as she had gone began dressing with feverish haste to go she knew not where, to do she knew not what. But before her hat was on, a ring at the door made her start. She flew into the hall, and leaned over the stairway.

"Mr. Wolterton has sent some flowers to Miss Mills, and wishes to know how she is?"

"Will you sit down, if you please, and Hi will send hup and see," replied the English butler, indicating the reception-room door.

"No, thank you. I will wait here."

The butler, still doubtful as to the status of this very superior looking young man, who should by rights be Mr. Wolterton's "own man," but who might by chance be a secretary or a companion or some one with the position of the gentleman he looked to be, was beginning a somewhat blundering announcement to his young mistress, which she cut short with, "Never mind, Lawson, I wish

to see the gentleman myself. Show him into the library, please, and say I will be down directly."

Lawson, like the rest of the servants, scented future glories, and was pleased with himself for having divined the stranger's claims. Perhaps he might even be an eccentric friend, he thought, as he ushered him along the hall, to the retired library at the back of the great house.

It was a pleasant, homelike, though most luxurious room; but Harry had hardly time to take in the surroundings, before Gertrude came in and, closing the door behind her, stood, with her hand still on the lock, unable to advance another step. But now, surely he must speak first.

"Thank you, Gertrude," he said, as he just touched the tips of her little fingers, "for letting me see you. I should have been sorry to go away without it." His voice was deeper and manlier now, but it had the old ring of bygone years, and it broke the spell on her.

"Yes!" she stammered. "Oh, Harry, you don't mind, do you, that I did not speak to you last night? I was surprised—I did not know—I could not think just what to say! I thought it would be unpleasant for the Woltertons, and I thought, perhaps, you might not like it yourself. You are not displeased with me?"

"No, not at all. You acted, as you always do, with the best possible taste. I think you had better tell Mr. Wolterton of our relationship. It is only fair that he should know; but you can choose a fitter time, after I have gone away from here, which will be on next Monday. There is no need of ever saying anything to your parents about it—they might not like it. Perhaps I ought not to have come in when I knew you were there; but I did want to see you, and when I had the chance so suddenly given me of finding out once for all which of us two men you really preferred, I could not help taking it. And then

I have learned to think less of social distinctions since I came to live at the Woltertons'. You may think it strange when I have seen so much of that sort of thing; but it always seems to me as if the people in society were playing at a game. I keep the rules, because it is in my day's work; but I wonder they should care so much to play." And as Gertrude looked at him with a bewildered expression, as if not quite certain what he meant, he went on: "It is much better for you that you have chosen as you have, and I am satisfied, for there must have been years of struggle and hardship for you yet, had you cast in your lot with me. I shall never cease to be thankful that I have learned to know Mr. Wolterton. A man cannot live with another man for five years as I have lived with him, and not learn; and I can say fully and truly that there is no man living I would rather think of as your husband. Once I could not have felt him to be worthy of you; but now I know him to be only the more so because he has overcome temptations which in his circumstances he could hardly avoid. He loves you so truly and entirely that you will have the power to lead him on to yet better things. And his mother loves you too. She is a good woman."

"Harry!" She stopped short, choking as if in a spasm of mortal agony; but she struggled for words, and they came, almost without a breath: "Oh, Harry, stop! you'll kill me! Don't you—can't you see? Don't you know? Oh, why can't I tell you? I can never love any man—never marry any man—but you!"

"I am sorry,"—he spoke slowly,—
"for that can never be."

Gertrude, now close to him, stood an instant as if turned to stone, before she threw herself down on the sofa, burying her face from sight and gasping out a few broken words, inaudible at first but growing more distinct: "To be so punished—punished so terribly—forever and ever—and

all for one minute—one little, little minute!"

"Punished, Gertrude? God forbid that you should ever have such a thought! God forgive me, if I have ever said or done anything to make you think it! You have been the brightest thing in my life. To remember you will always be my greatest happiness. But we don't love each other enough to marry, dear; and it would be a cruel wrong in me to marry you, if we do not."

She was silent now, but she did not raise her head, even though he came nearer.

"I have been alone. I know what that is, and I can bear it. But to be husband and wife—to live together, night and day, year after year—together out of the world, against the world, and not to understand each other! I could not bear that—" he paused a moment; "*you never could!*"

For an instant he lingered. She could not tell whether he touched her or not, for she never looked up. Then he turned and left the room. She heard his footsteps grow fainter along the hall, and then heard the front door close heavily behind him.

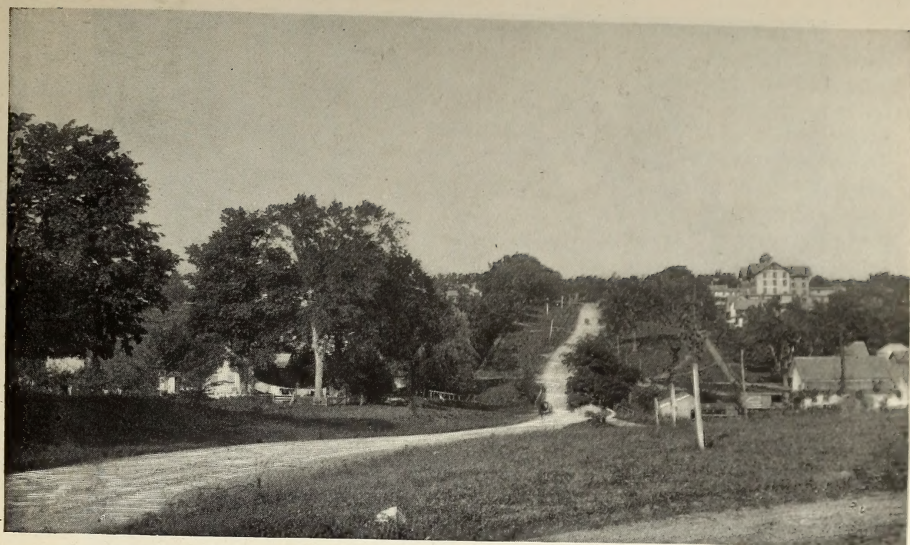
THE END.



"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS."

By Richard Burton.

THE melancholy Prince did surely err:
 Each several word is as a vital sign
 That here some man has tasted Life's rich wine,
 Been thrall to ill, been Beauty's worshiper,
 Or mayhap felt the immemorial stir
 Of passion. Words are symbols that divine
 The more than mortal that is subtly thine;
 They stand for all the dreams that ever were.
 They have their regal fortunes, and their falls
 Like Lucifer from heaven; tragic days
 Are theirs, and love's soft interludes
 Of music lyric-sweet along the ways;
 At whiles, some nether hell their sound recalls;
 Yet o'er supernal heights their meaning broods.



LITCHFIELD FROM LOCUST KNOLL.

LITCHFIELD, CONNECTICUT.

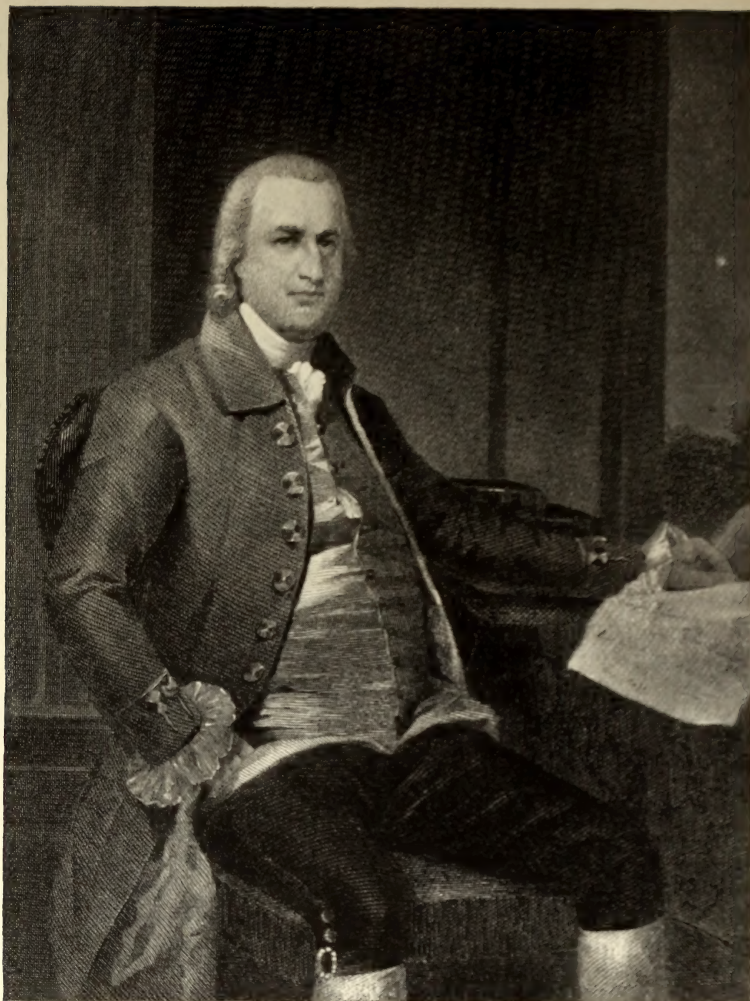
By William L. Adam.



CONNECTICUT has never lacked individuality. Among the smallest of the United States, with a population less than that of Brooklyn, the fourth city of the Union, it is in some respects not unlike a wide-spread municipality. Its public men and its politicians know one another intimately and thoroughly. The representation in its lower legislative body is by towns, not by population, thus giving its little hamlets equal weight with the larger boroughs and cities, though there is but one of the latter that numbers one hundred thousand souls. Its narrow valleys are teeming hives of labor. The home of great insurance corporations and of varied industries, it contains the two model

manufacturing establishments of New England, whose equal, with one exception, our more than two score states cannot furnish. It was the first community in history to give to the world a written constitution organizing a form of government in which its powers are defined, a model which to this day stands substantially unimproved. It is the seat of institutions of learning of national and world-wide reputation.

High up on the western hills of this "Land of Steady Habits" sits Litchfield, shire town of the county whose name it bears. The village, with twin parks or public enclosures at its centre, reaches out in its South Street and its East, its West Street and its North. The last is a magnificent way, broad and straight, with ample plats of grass, bordered by fine old houses with spacious yards, the ideal of a New England street, while its southern contin-



OLIVER WOLCOTT, THE ELDER.

nation curves gently past houses of much the same sort and once the homes of distinguished men and women. At an altitude of more than twelve hundred feet above the sea, it lies on the very crest of the ridge of high land which runs north and south through the town, making it literally a village, if not a city, set upon a hill. Its lofty position gives to the passer through its streets the exhilaration born of the upper air. The streets, seemingly level with the horizon, are swept by every breeze that blows, and

at some seasons of the year by much more than a breeze,—for on one of the outlying ridges the local stage driver once told me, with Yankee keenness, a man might shave of a winter's morning without soap.

Of the Litchfield of the present I shall have but little to say. It is now best known as a town of summer residence and resort, after the fashion of its northern neighbor, Lenox. It is worthy of its reputation. Its handsome houses, both ancient and modern, the attractive drives, to Bantam

Lake nestling at the foot of the hill, to Goshen on the north over the perfection of a country road, to Cornwall on the west, the short stroll eastward to the summit of Chestnut Hill, crowned by the neat Quaker colored barns of the Echo farm, made famous by Mr. Starr's superb herd of Jersey cattle,—all these will charm the visitor.

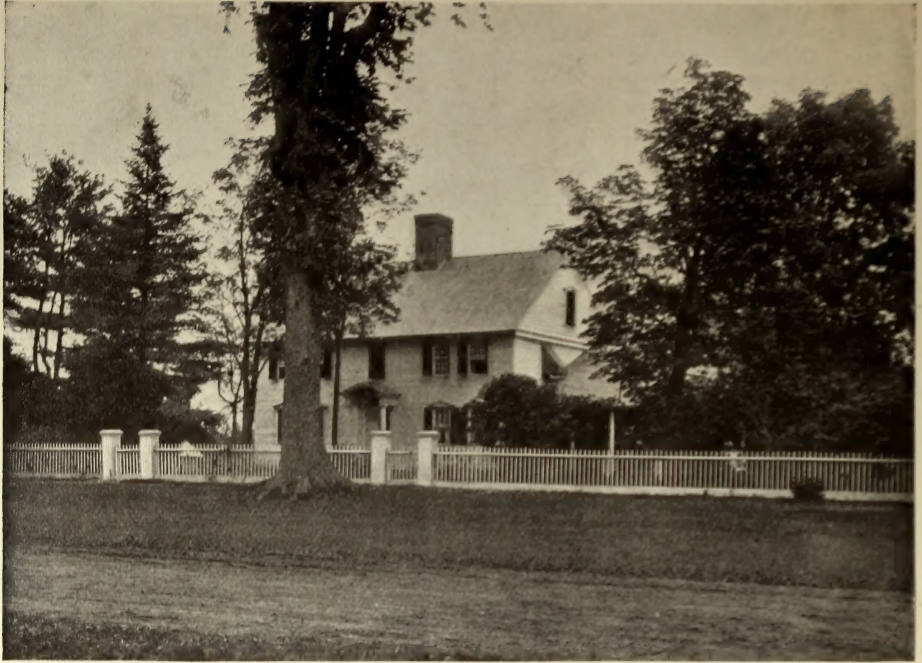
But we would now rather direct our steps toward that remote New England town which the Rev. Dan Huntington, called in 1798 from his position as tutor in Yale College to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Litchfield, described as "a delightful village on a fruitful hill, richly endowed with its schools, both professional and scientific, and their accomplished teachers, with its venerable governors and judges, with its learned lawyers, and Senators and Representatives, both in the National and State departments, and with a population enlightened and respectable." Mr. Huntington added to his description the remark, "Litchfield was now in its glory." It is without doubt true that at this time the isolated village, remote from the metropolis of New York and far away from the bustling, headstrong capital of New England, contained a population certainly not excelled, if indeed it were equalled, in intelligence, education and culture on this side of the Atlantic. Seventeen of its heads of families were college graduates, sixteen of the seventeen having taken their degrees at Yale, seven had been captains in the Continental army, four of them rising to the rank of general officers, four served their state in Congress, two became chief justices, and two governors of Connecticut. Nor



MRS. OLIVER WOLCOTT.

were its capable and accomplished women a whit behind their husbands and their fathers. In Washington's second administration, no woman in public life was more marked for the charms of her mind and her manner than was Mrs. Oliver Wolcott, the wife of the Secretary of the Treasury. Said the British minister, Mr. Liston, one day, to General Tracy, then United States Senator from Connecticut and one of the most brilliant men of his time, "Your countrywoman, Mrs. Wolcott, would be admired even at St. James's." "Sir," replied the doughty general, "she is admired even on Litchfield Hill!"

The town had before this time played no inconsiderable part in the affairs of our infant nation. Owing to its position it had been chosen as a place of safe keeping for the military stores needed by the colonists in carrying on the war of the Revolution, and its comparative inaccessibility led to its selection as a suitable spot for the confinement of royalist prisoners. As many as twenty or thirty of the latter, varying in rank, were some-



THE WOLCOTT HOMESTEAD.

times to be found at once in the Litchfield jail. The most distinguished of them were David Matthews, the royalist mayor of New York, sent thither in 1776, but al-



OLIVER WOLCOTT, THE YOUNGER.

lowed to stay in Captain Seymour's house, where he was under watch for months, and the Hon. William Franklin, royal governor of New Jersey. The latter was a son of Benjamin Franklin and had been governor of New Jersey from 1763 up to the time of his capture in 1776 by the Whigs, who sent him for custody to Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, a bird of a decidedly different feather. By Trumbull's order, he was confined at Middletown and Wallingford, but in 1777, by order of the Council of Safety of Connecticut, he was conveyed under guard of the sheriff of Hartford County to the Litchfield jail and there confined, "without pen, ink, or paper." In the records of the Council mention is made of two orders for one hundred pounds each, toward the expense of the guard over the governor. Here he remained till 1778, the same year that his distinguished father went as our minister to France, when an exchange was made in his

favor for Mr. McKinley, president of Delaware.

After the capture of New York by the British, Litchfield became a principal station on the highway leading from Hartford to the Hudson. Here were erected a storehouse for the provisions of the Continental army, a depot for other military stores and a workshop.

At each of these places, as well as at the jail, guards were on duty night and day, and a general military air pervaded the town. Most of the general officers of the army were here at various times, Lafayette among the number, while General Washington himself more than once enjoyed the hospitality of its pleasant homes. On one of his visits, he

was a guest at the house of Oliver Wolcott, one of the most notable houses in the town, the resort of "Brother Jonathan," Washington's favorite, Governor Trumbull, and the house to which were brought the leaden remains of George III., pulled from their resting place on the pedestal in the Bowling Green in New York, and molded by the daughters of Governor Wolcott and various fair friends of theirs among the village maidens into

bullets for the Continental forces. Some of these bullets were used by the troops who opposed Tryon's invasion, causing a facetious writer of that day to declare that the King's troops had melted majesty fired at them. Litchfield also gave to the Revolution one of its most picturesque characters; for, although he re-

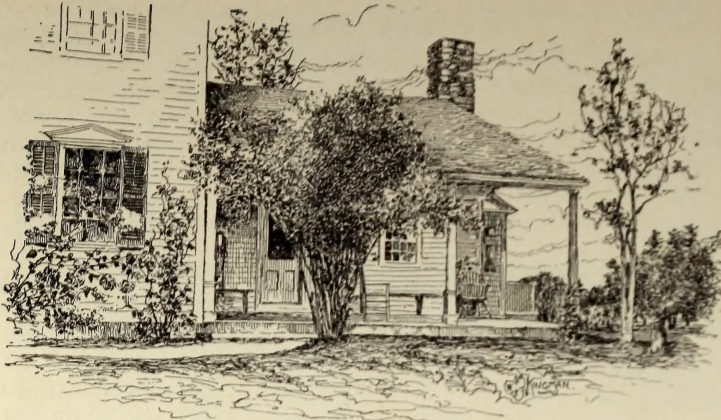
moved to Cornwall early in his life, Ethan Allen must be added to the long list of distinguished sons and daughters who have brought renown to this their native town, causing it to claim "to have been the birthplace of more noted men and women than any other place of its population in the country." Its population need not have been limited if all



MARY ANN WOLCOTT.

its daughters had proved as fruitful as one, the headstone of whose grave bears this inscription: "Here lies the body of Mrs. Mary, wife of Dea. John Buel, Esq. She died November 4, 1768, aged 90, having had 13 children, 101 grandchildren, 247 great-grandchildren, and 49 great-great-grandchildren; total 410. Three hundred and thirty-six survived her."

The Rev. Mr. Huntington remained



THE PORCH OF THE WOLCOTT HOUSE, SHOWING THE ORCHARD.

in his pastorate about eight years, to be followed, in 1810, by that sturdiest of New England divines, Lyman Beecher, who for sixteen long years lived and wrought and preached in Litchfield as only Lyman Beecher could live and work and preach. Here, too, were born the most widely known of his children, and here was reared that family which, whatever may be the eccentricities of its members, can certainly never be accused of being tame nor commonplace, and whose abilities combined in the filial work of reproducing the story of their father's career "could make the life of a plain country minister as interesting as a novel and as instructive as a work on moral philosophy." In 1820, John Todd, then a junior in Yale College, driven from New Haven by ill health, journeyed northward, bearing a letter from Professor Goodrich to "Mr. Beecher of Litchfield." His first impressions he never forgot, and years afterwards he recorded his ideas concerning this marvelous personality: "Lyman Beecher was a thunderbolt. You never knew where it would strike, but you never saw him rise to speak without feeling that so much electricity must strike. I have his memoir lying on my table. No other man could sit for such a portraiture. . . . I have never yet met

the man in whose presence, whenever I met him, I always felt so small as in his. Settled in an obscure corner, remote from all the world, he soon burst forth in his sermons on 'Dueling' and 'The Government of God Desirable,' with a

power that startled the land. There was an inward spring that drove the machine with a power often sublime, always effective, and wonderful in results." This is a delineation of one who for full half a century was a power in the land, and who for forty years of it was, "if not the ablest, the most noted clergyman in America." "Very pleasant," says one, "are the chapters in which the daughters of Lyman



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT BUILDING.

Beecher, after an interval of almost half a century, narrate their reminiscences of life in Litchfield, and the chapter in which Harriet Beecher Stowe gives her early reminiscences of the life there reads like an idyl." Here Lyman Beecher's character matured and developed, from that of the young man of thirty-five whose coming the quiet town saw, into that of the intellectual giant of fifty who left it. I doubt not that these sixteen

In 1826, in the old meeting-house on the north side of the green, were preached the famous "Six Sermons on Intemperance," whose effect, when published, was greater than that of almost any other series of discourses ever delivered in the American pulpit. The same ceaseless worker, in 1812, organized here the first auxiliary of the American Board. Thus from year to year his ceaseless task was wrought, till eighteen years beyond

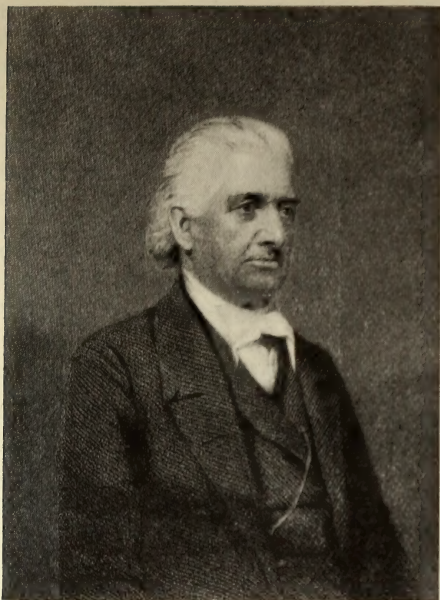


SITE OF THE LYMAN BEECHER HOMESTEAD.

years had no pleasanter predecessors or followers in the life of that keen, restless, dauntless soul. It was while living here that Mr. Beecher's attention was turned toward the question of intemperance, which had then hardly been agitated in America. He was chairman of a committee of the General Association appointed to consider the matter and drew up the report himself. It is hardly necessary to say that it was a stirring one. He declared that it was the most important paper which he ever wrote.

the allotted life of man failing powers of mind and body set their fatal seal upon a life which had else known no rest.

Very conspicuous is the part which has been played in Litchfield life and history by Governor Oliver Wolcott and his family. The son of Roger Wolcott, himself governor and chief justice of Connecticut, young Oliver came to Litchfield at the age of twenty-five, having already commanded a company of volunteers in the war against the French, pursued



LYMAN BEECHER.

the usual course of medical studies and begun the practice of his profession in Goshen. Like his sons after him, he was a graduate of Yale, a college so preëminent for the number of men which it sends forth equipped for public life. On the organization of the county of Litchfield in 1751, the legislature appointed him to the office of high sheriff, a position he held for more than twenty years. Hence his removal from Goshen to the shire town, which for forty-six years was to claim him for her own. The local historian says of him, "With a commanding personal appearance, dignified manners, a clear and cultivated intellect and a character for integrity far above the reach of suspicion, it is not to be wondered at that he became a favorite of the people among whom his lot was cast."

Between the windows in the south room of Judge McCurdy's historic house in Lyme stands a handsome round table, once the property of Ursula Wolcott. The daughter of Governor Roger Wolcott and the sister of Governor Oliver Wolcott,

this woman was not the least distinguished member of her illustrious family. Visiting in Lyme, she became aware that her second cousin, Matthew Griswold, was not insensible to her many charms. But Matthew was diffident and reserved, and, having already met with one disastrous adventure in his love affairs, was less disposed than ever to take the aggressive. One day, as she met him on the stairs, she asked, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" "I did not say anything," was the short reply. Not long after she met him again, and again the same question, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" Still the same reply. One morning she met him upon the beach and again queried, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?" Once more came the same words, "I did not say anything." "It is time you did," was the quick, emphatic response. Something he did say, and thus Ursula Wolcott was able to gather about this round table and to introduce to us more of her immediate relatives and connections who were chief magistrates of their state than it has fallen to the lot of any other woman to do in this country, whose boast it is that it has no royal



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

family. Her father was Governor Roger Wolcott; her brother was Governor Oliver Wolcott; her nephew was the second Governor Oliver Wolcott; her husband was Governor Matthew Griswold; and her son was Governor Roger Griswold.

Like John Adams and his son in Massachusetts, Oliver Wolcott and his son in Connecticut were men whose lives were passed almost without intermission in the service of the public. Gifted with capacity for

discharged for twenty-three years. In the meantime he was a judge of the Court of Common Pleas for thirteen years and a member of the Continental Congress for seven. On the fourth of July, 1776, his name went forth to the world subscribed to the Declaration of Independence. Early in the Revolution he was commissioned a brigadier general, and he was also a commissioner of Indian affairs, by appointment of Congress. He was major general of the militia of his state, and in 1786 was elected



WEST STREET.

affairs, they never shrank from the faithful performance of any task imposed upon them. Besides his activity in the affairs of his church and of the town of his adoption, serving the latter as moderator, selectman and committeeman, as occasion required, Oliver Wolcott the elder found time, in addition to his duties as sheriff, to represent Litchfield five times in the legislature. He was next a member of the Council or Upper House for fifteen years. Shortly after the beginning of this term he assumed the duties of judge of probate, which he

its lieutenant governor, and annually reelected to that office for ten years till, in 1796, he was chosen by his fellow citizens to the highest office in their gift, the governorship. His son, Oliver, filled the gubernatorial chair for ten years, having previously been comptroller of his state, auditor and secretary of the United States treasury, judge of the United States Circuit Court and president of the Constitutional Convention of Connecticut. No wonder the historian of Litchfield prints the name of Oliver Wolcott in large letters in his record.

There is now perhaps no school of its kind for girls so well and so widely known as Miss Sarah Porter's school in the pleasant Connecticut sister town of Farmington. But even more widely known, perhaps, was Miss Sarah Pierce's school in the Litchfield of one hundred years ago, the first institution of its sort in the country. Begun in 1792, it gathered to itself in the forty years of its existence nearly fifteen hundred young women, the flower of the land. Its fame now lives only in the memory of their descendants; but to this school

The more one learns of it and the more one considers it, the more one wonders at the astonishing success of this school. In 1772, Tapping Reeve, then fresh from his studies and his tutorship in Princeton College, removed to Litchfield and began the practice of the law. His young wife, whom he married shortly afterwards, was Sally Burr, daughter of Rev. Aaron Burr, president of Princeton and granddaughter of the renowned Jonathan Edwards. Her brother, the notorious Aaron Burr, was for a time a student in the office



NORTH STREET.

and the visits of the parents and friends of its pupils was due no small part of the social life and splendor which blazed forth in this celebrated town during the early years of the republic.

Litchfield Hill is the Mecca of American lawyers. No educational institution in the country, considering the number of its students, can compare in the results of its teaching, I think it is not extravagant to say, with the Litchfield Law School, which like its neighbor, Miss Pierce's Seminary, was the first in the land.

of his brother-in-law, but before any systematic course of teaching was begun. The outbreak of the Revolution found young Burr all ready to swing into the current of excitement, and Litchfield saw him no more as a resident. Mr. Reeve at once took high rank as a lawyer, and twelve years after his coming he began the practice of taking students into his office to instruct them in the science of which he was so thorough a master. Up to the time of his appointment to the bench in 1798, more than two hundred of his pupils thus



THE OLD COURT HOUSE AND MANSION HOUSE.

instructed had been admitted to the bar. Finding then the duties too heavy to be borne alone, he associated with him James Gould, a former pupil, a graduate of Yale, where he had held a tutorship, and a man who was destined to become one of the most profound lawyers and jurists of his day. Together these two masters in law conducted this successful school till 1820, the year of the founding of the Cambridge Law School. Judge Reeve then retired, but Judge Gould for thirteen years more continued his work of instruc-

tion, till failing powers compelled him to give up his chosen task. The school was simplicity itself. It was never incorporated and had no buildings of its own. Each judge lectured in his law office, a building in his own dooryard, and the students boarded where they could. The Hill is now, alas! a Mecca without a shrine, for both offices have since been removed, and nothing now remains of this institution but its fame, a fame, however, which has made the name of Litchfield known in every state of the Union.

During the fifty years that the Litchfield Law School flourished, about one thousand students were graduated from its two small offices, a number not so large as that now to be found in any one year in the catalogue of more than one of our larger institutions of learning. But a list which includes such names as those of Woodbury of New Hampshire, of Seymour of Vermont, of



NEW COURT HOUSE AND MANSION HOUSE.



UNITED STATES HOTEL.

Ellsworth and Hubbard of Connecticut, of Clayton of Delaware and Mason of Virginia, of Morton and Metcalf of Massachusetts, of Hunt of New York and of John C. Calhoun is a marked list. Of this comparatively small number of students, sixteen became United States Senators, fifty members of Congress, forty judges of higher courts, eight chief justices of states, two justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, five cabinet ministers, several ministers to foreign countries, and one a Vice-President. Such were some of the careers of those who studied under a man whose mind took such delight in the intricate mysteries of special pleading, and who gave to his

profession such a work as Gould's "Pleadings in Civil Actions." To Judge Gould's instructor and the founder of the school, Mr. Hollister, the Connecticut historian, pays this deserved compliment: "He was the first eminent lawyer in this country who dared to arraign the common law of England for its severity and refined cruelty in cutting off the natural rights of married women and placing their property, as well as

their person, at the mercy of their husbands, who might squander it or hoard it up at pleasure. All the mitigating changes in our jurisprudence which have been made to redeem helpless woman from the barbarities of her legalized tyrant may be fairly traced to the author of the first American treatise on the Domestic Relations."



BANTAM LAKE.

Why was it that this little country town became so noted? Of wealth, as we count wealth, there was but little. Of manufactures there are not and never have been any worth the name. Litchfield's most successful merchant, Julius Deming, a native of Lyme, accumulated a handsome fortune for his day. He made arrangements to import goods directly from the European markets. What merchant in a hill town, sixty miles from tide water, as Litchfield is from New Haven, and more than one

tury began. A great, square house, with broad halls, fine old wood work and pleasing proportions, it is to my mind the best kind of dwelling yet designed for our New England climate, one that will still be pleasing when its Mansard and Queen Anne successors shall have grown shabby and disreputable.

To live in a hill town is an advantage. The old New England fashion of putting the meeting-house on the highest land in the village was a good one. It was a misfortune to



SOUTH STREET.

hundred from New York by railroad, would now think of doing that? Part of the fortune so made was invested, in 1793, in a house which is still standing and, to my thinking, has been the chief ornament of the beautiful North street. It is said that the sum of two thousand dollars was spent upon its foundations before a timber was laid; and that was a far larger sum of money in 1793 than it is in these luxurious days one hundred years later. The lines of the house are as straight and its timbers apparently as sound as when this cen-

Williamstown that a quarrel caused the ugly brick structure at the foot of the slope in the President's yard to take the place of the old church at the head of the street. Fancy the Lenox meeting-house plumped down among the buildings of the village, its white spire peering up over the brick walls of Curtis's Hotel! Think you that Fanny Kemble would then have wished to be buried in its churchyard? The men and women of Litchfield did not have the strong characters they possessed because they were born or lived upon

a hill; but living upon that hill gave to those characters a moral vigor and freedom not born of any crowded, lowland town, a vigor and freedom unconsciously absorbed with the very air they breathed.

The society of Litchfield was a democratic aristocracy,—using aristocracy in the best sense of the word. It was a society in which mind, not material things, was the ruling force. There was intelligence, learning and education of no common order. The people were wholly practical, useful and unselfishly devoted to the

Confederation, Congress and the bench, they were equipped, trained, efficient, and made their influence felt with a power not to be mistaken.

Litchfield was a creature of the times which gave it birth. No preceding age could have produced it. No future days may see its counterpart. It is true that many of its children have gained their fame by work not done in the historic town. The stamp of Horace Bushnell's distinctive individuality is set upon Hartford. It was in New York that Charles L. Brace did such splendid



SOUTH STREET IN WINTER.

public good. The men were all in politics and in politics for a purpose, not afraid of soiling their hands with political work and not afraid of being called practical politicians. Nor were they men who shunned public office. The Wolcotts, father and son, were perhaps the most conspicuous examples of this; but many of their neighbors differed from them only in degree. These men were willing to do hard, earnest work in town meetings and in the affairs of their school districts; and because they were thus willing, when called to the wider duties of the colony, the state, the

Christian work for children. But the day has passed when any town so small, even if it have the good fortune to be the birthplace of men and women of so much ability, can hope to keep so many of its noble sons and daughters within its borders and to attract so many of equal ability from abroad.

Within our own day a congressman, a governor and a chief justice of Connecticut have been near neighbors on South Street. But the political power of Litchfield has now well-nigh vanished. The town is no longer the seat of any institution of



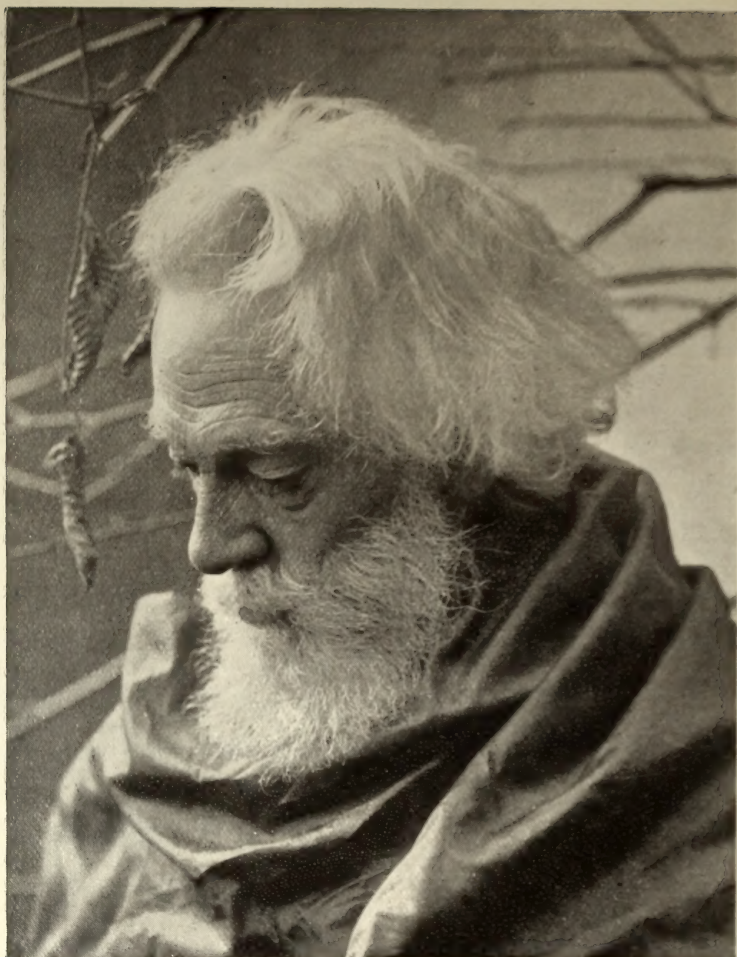
LITCHFIELD FROM CHESTNUT HILL.

learning; the Wolcott house is now rented to strangers; the blood of Tapping Reeve flows in the veins of no descendant; the family of James Gould is widely scattered; no memorials mark the spots where these men taught so long and so well, —it is even difficult to obtain a catalogue of their school; only the elm trees now shade the ground where flourished Miss Pierce's Seminary; the corner where stood the dwelling of Lyman Beecher lies vacant; the house itself, moved from its old site,

is now the wing of an asylum; the church which Beecher made historic long ago gave place to another, and even this, also moved from its old foundations, is no longer a house of worship. All is now tradition. But Litchfield is still a town of delightful memories, tinged with the melancholy induced by the thought of its departed glories; it is a place to which many still love to turn in summer days; and it is and will remain one of the most beautiful of old New England towns.



THE CASINO.



WINTER.

By Herbert Randall.

THE barren branches clasp the sky
Within their cold embrace;
I gaze across the dismal stretch
Of flowerless, songless space.

O, dear departed summer time,
Gone through the Never gates!
Thy song repeats itself to me;
Another summer waits.

MR. CARTER'S CANDIDACY.

By Elizabeth Carroll Shipman.



ES," said Mr. Carter, as he stood with one foot on the step looking at his auditors through his glasses. "Yes; my friends have insisted upon my running for the Legislature. So the upshot is, I am trying my speed against our usual man's."

The young ladies on the porch, who looked as bewitching as young ladies do in light summer morning costume, replied unanimously but vaguely that it must be charming.

"Yes," Mr. Carter remarked again as he bade them good morning, prefacing his sentence in his affirmative style. "It is very charming; but I shouldn't like to see our usual man beaten, and I shouldn't like to be beaten myself."

Barclay Court House, and the county too for that matter, was in a simmering state. It was about to undergo the convulsions which customarily rack it near election time. On this particular June morning the Court House was in a more than simmering state; it was in that dusty, talking, boastful, swearing condition which accompanies court day. Since early dawn the horsemen had been coming into town from all directions, by way of the great red mud-pike, by way of the old coaching road which runs over the mountains to Luray and the Valley, by way of the snaky flat track winding across the plain to Stevensburgh. They still came riding in, two by two generally, heralded by clouds of fiery dust, now and then shouting back to some friend in the dusty distance. Occasionally was to be seen a stout gray or sorrel mare, upon whose broad back rode in swaying comfort two women, one be-

hind the other, soberly glad to get off at harvest time with their lords. Then, dashing past and obscuring the slow riders, drove Mr. Hugh Jones, a county potentate.

In the town, the streets were rapidly filling up. At every corner and in the back lanes the drooping-headed horses were tied and to the noises of the place added their stamping and tail-flicking. Their raw-boned, red-faced, top-booted riders flung their full saddle-bags over their shoulders with the intention of leaving them at the offices of their respective lawyers. For we Southerners, now that the more energetic age of dueling and bloodshed is over, betake ourselves to the law instead, with an eye to revenge. The stores had white canvas awnings stretched in front, and both the posts which supported the awnings and the hitching-posts along the street were tied round with the halters of less fortunate beasts than those in the cool back lanes. It was in front of these awning-protected shops that the ladies, with a view to a grand entrance, descended from their light wagons, and after a vigorous shaking of frocks and whisking of unfolded handkerchiefs made ready for their day of gossiping and "trading."

Pike's Corner Emporium was even now crowded with ladies anxious to inspect and spread out long yards of summer finery and to inquire after the health of the proprietor and his clerks. Mrs. Hugh Jones and her brood were there, occupied in examining muslins, while Mrs. Batting, née Bull, who was never able to buy, was depreciating goods laid out for her idle glances by the polite clerk.

"You call *this* fine silk, Mr. Baxton! I wish you could see what my sister

sent me from Richmond—the palest baby-blue and that silky! The mantua-maker, and you know you can always depend on what a dress-maker says about materials, declares—who was it that passed? Oh, James Carter! They say he certainly is going to run for the Legislature, and I shouldn't wonder if he is, for he is a sort of a cousin of mine, and some one of the Carters or Battings or Bulls always has been to the Legislature. They say twenty-seven of the game laws alone were made by the Bulls. Now, Mr. Baxton,”—in a confidential whisper,—“I want you to tell me the pine-plank truth; is it so, that James is backed by Albert Wrixham? It's all over the county, and there's not a negro even that's not amazed to see that boy hand-in-glove with the man who robbed his father. Well, there's no knowing the badness of this world. Why, there's Mrs. Hugh Jones! How do you do, ma'am?” And Mrs. Batting with her horsy habit and scrubby riding whip (Mrs. Batting rode everywhere) and sunburnt blonde face went across to shake hands with the helpless lady, who was pinned to the uncomfortable store chair by the weight of her youngest child.

Mrs. Hugh, torn between her politeness and aversion (she had often said that woman's brazen maiden name revolted her and she didn't see how gentlemen could address her) and the necessity of keeping an eye on the ten little Joneses, greeted her in a hot, confused manner, while Mrs. Batting seized the opportunity to speak again of the political ability of the Bulls and James Carter, and to remark parenthetically that her hands were “as black as the back” from holding the bridle.

But her discursive flights were not the sole utterance upon the theme of Mr. Carter's candidacy. At the street corners and in the drug stores (local option was creeping through a sickly term in Barclay) decided opinions were delivered by the mountaineers.

They had come down from the hazy blue ridges to attend court on this third Monday of the month, with the further intention of trading horses and talking amicably over the coming nominations. Mr. Jackson Yates, an authority at Stone House Mountain, was announcing his ideas to the druggist in a voice loud enough to drown all other efforts at speech.

“Yes, suh; that's thes what I'd say, ef he comes 'lectioneerin' round me. An' my wife 'ud let out on him too; she wouldn't hol' her tongue. I reckon she is in at Pike's now givin' her notions; she come in with me this mawnin'. Don't keer ef 'tis the old Dimocrat pahty,—I ain't goin' back on the Dimocrats. I'm no notion of bein' a turncoat. Ain't Davidson a Dimocrat too?”

“But,” said the druggist with a smile of reminder, “what did Davidson do not so long ago?”

“That's all right,” answered Mr. Yates with an all-subduing wave of the hand; “but you didn't see Davidson a-huggin' to his bosom a man who, ef he had his dues, would be in the pen'tentiary this very day; you didn't see Davidson givin' up a honest hoss for one of them dev'lish steel wheels. Davidson don't tax the county to keep up the town; Davidson don't pass with his head higher'n anybody else's. That's what's so drotted mean about this hyar Co'te-House; it's too proud for the Lawd's earth, and all about nothin'. Now, what was it Davidson done, eh?”

“Why,” began the druggist meditatively, “that funny business about counting the negroes' votes, and the mudslingin', and the five thousand dollars some gentleman kindly made him a present of. How about it, Mr. Yates, suh?”

“That can't be proved, suh,—that ve'y slander can't be proved!”—Mr. Yates grew a little red in his heat,—“while you know and I know and the whole county knows whar Albert Wrixham got his money; the old judge knowed too when he lawed so

long about it. What ef the co'tes couldn't decide that Wrixham drove off all Judge Carter's cattle and sold 'em to the Yankee camp,—we-all know he done it."

"Jim Carter don't seem to, anyhow," said a faint hearted advocate.

Mr. Yates turned upon him with dignity. "Suh, Jim Carter may do thes as he pleases, but I reckon the delegates may do thes as they please."

"Look a-hyar!"—and one of the bystanders came up from where he had been lounging and chewing indolently. He was a tall young fellow, with long, knotted limbs, a high-featured face, red with that glazed red which suggests many juleps in summer and unlimited drams in winter. He was a good specimen of the Blue Ridge mountaineer, but bore signs of the hard work and gloom of his home in his unelastic step and settled, hopeless expression. "Look hyar,—young Carter's all right; he's consistent enough. He showed long ago that he didn't think 'twas Wrixham who made off with the old judge's cattle. He upheld Wrixham 'bout lightin' and drainin' the streets; he never kicked at the increase of taxes,—and it fell mighty heavy on the lot the old judge left. It seems to me no mo'n the reg'lar thing for him to be Wrixham's man now."

"That beats the devil!—his own father's overseer's man!" Some voices were scornful, some incredulous.

Yates lifted his intrepid, weather-beaten little visage in inquiry to the countenance above him.

"I'm not sayin' he's not diggin' his own grave," Mason continued, exhilarated as far as the hopeless expression of his face allowed. "The Carters have got their share of obstinacy, but they ain't none of 'em yet fell a-foul of the county's bull-headedness. I tell you, suh, it takes a Readjuster to know what that is. Well," he went on after a pause, in which he took a bite at the black plug from his pocket, "you know Wrixham

has been kind o' shet out of everything except maybe money. Now, as onery a man as he is, he's got plenty of sense and knows what he's about. He's got that narrow gauge on hand, and it will do the county a heap of good ef it only knowed it; but he has got to have somebody wuk for him. He'll furnish the money for the campaign—in' and back'ard voters, and in goes Carter as easy as you please."

"They must think the county is full of greenhorns,—and that it ain't, whatever the Co'te-House hyar is. Everybody knows who Wrixham is," was the contemptuous comment.

"That's just it; he's got to have a man with influence. Yo' old families won't tech him with a ten-foot pole. Thar's Davidson; you-all know he swears Wrixham got that strawberry mare of his'n durin' the war,—reckon *he* would 'a' lawed ef the strawberry hadn't died. Davidson's upset every narrow-gauge bill for the last three sessions. He can't pin his hopes to the Readjusters. Lawd knows all they can do is to draw their breath."

"But, doggon it! I don't see the use of puttin' Carter in at all. Why don't Wrixham go straight ahead?" demanded the Stone House Mountain sovereign.

"Wrixham by hisse'f is a mighty mean figu', and Carter's known to be the son of his biggest enemy; he has got the old judge's friends, and with Wrixham's money he ought to be able to take that syndicate a-sailin' th'u' the Legislature."

"I'll swear, ef the old judge wouldn't turn in his grave ef he knowed this," said another of the group.

"That's all right, only I'd thes' like to know how Jim Carter and Wrixham shook hands." Whereupon Mr. Yates chewed with a vindictive desire to go to the bottom of the mystery.

"Well, if this ain't a pretty howdy-do!" exclaimed an enraged gentleman, who came in vehemently wiping his large, heated forehead.

"What's the matter? You upset,

Mr. Jones, suh, about this j'inin' hands business too?" asked Mr. Jackson Yates in unwonted sympathy.

"No, confound it, no! I'm a Read-juster. My case for the Guano Company was set for to-day; and come to find out, it's so far down on the list, I'm afraid it'll go over. Gimme a glass o' soda, Brown, won't you?"

"Young Carter have yo' case?"

"Yes, Carter has it. The judge used to manage for me; and when he died, of course, everything went into his son's hands. Damn it, I hate change!" he burst out. Here the Court House bell breaking in with its imperative clangor upon Mr. Jones' complaint put a stop to the discussion.

Mr. Carter, who had passed the Corner Emporium at the time of Mrs. Batting's exclamation, was pursuing his way careless of the comments, political and otherwise, made upon him. He had turned the corner and was walking out towards the Court House. We all know that street,—Jefferson is its patriotic name,—carrying its red breadth out toward the green swelling hills, while beyond rise like cool shadows the mighty ridges. The hills about the horizon have a free, isolated look; but a step from their summits, and you feel that you can enter at once into a kingdom of pure and jocund air.

As Mr. Carter passed, he was conscious of an exhilaration on this June morning, caught from the trees or wandering wind, which seldom pervaded him when he carried that unlovable burden, his bundle of documents. His short-sighted eyes became aware that two ladies were approaching from the opposite direction, their white draperies fluttering as they moved. Instantly the charm of the morning grew twofold for Mr. Carter. He knew whose was that straight, slender figure on the left; he even knew the pattern of the frock's embroidery. The thought of the prosy day in the court room which he had shrunk from vanished in the anticipation that he would look into

the calm and happy haven of her eyes. The ladies were close at hand, both clad in white; the elder, quite aware of the perilous dust of her native street, held her frock up thriftily.

"Good morning, Mr. Carter. Eugenia and I thought surely we could get up to the dressmaker's and back before any of you gentlemen were out," said the elder woman in hasty apology for her breach of etiquette, which does not allow ladies in the streets on Court Day.

"I am very glad you did not get back before I came out, Mrs. Johnson. Good-morning, Miss Merriam."

"Good morning." He liked her laconic manner, her smileless habit and quiet face.

"We have just been up to Miss Cropley's to get some patterns," Mrs. Johnson went on rapidly. "Eugenia, look at your skirt! it will have to go straight to the wash tub. I warned you of this heathenish clay of ours. Well, Mr. Carter, this will be a trying day for you, I reckon."

"I expect it will; it bids fair to be warm," answered Mr. Carter, looking vaguely at the sky through his spectacles. "I hope Miss Merriam still likes Barclay in spite of the heat."

"It is really beautiful here, and every one is very kind," she said in a calm tone, with an equally calm look into his eager eyes.

"Oh, it is Court Day, and there will soon be swarms of people along; we must hurry home," interrupted Mrs. Johnson. "Come around soon, Mr. Carter. Don't neglect Eugenia and me so completely as you have done in the past two weeks,—though I know when politics enter, ladies go out."

The waving white garments passed him, the radiant presence was gone, and only the dull street and open country prospect lay before him. But the sense of radiancy did not pass away, and, hurrying up the gray steps of the court house and under the portico, he entered its stained door with a light tread.

The red-faced judge was already

seated in his chair discoursing in a hoarse undertone to the clerk. The two men were presiding over rows of dingy, empty benches, a freshly sprinkled floor, numberless spittoons, a flight of steps against a blank wall where the jury sat, and two rusty barrel-stoves at the farther end of the room. The tall windows lighted up the loose alpaca coat of the judge with its horizontal wrinkle across the back, lighted up the sprucer clothes of the clerk, lighted up the dust, barrenness and stains of this homely dwelling of Justice, as they had lighted them up for generations of Barclayans.

"So you are going in for the Legislature, Carter?" said the judge, elevating his tone and thereby showing the full quality of his hoarseness. "I am glad of it. By Gawd, I like to see young men come to the front! Came to the front when I was a young man myself." Receiving Mr. Carter's unimpassioned reply, he leaned back in his great chair and stretching out his legs went on: "What does all this talk amount to about you and Wrixham going partnership, eh? I don't think it a good plan, myself; it's liable to get you into trouble and give you a bad name—partnership with Albert Wrixham, you know." Judge Adams placed a heavy emphasis on the name.

"People may call it partnership if they like,—and that is the head and tail of it," answered the young man. "And you know how I've always felt about Wrixham, although I was placed in opposition to him by no wish of my own."

The Judge burst into a laugh and rubbed his hands through his hair. "Ha! ha! That's right. You're sharp! Don't tell 'em! don't tell 'em!"

Carter went to his chair and slowly sorted his papers. His colleagues dropped in one by one, the most popular accompanied by their not too trusting clients. When the bell rang, which it did with a clang that filled

the room, the dingy benches were almost fully occupied and the cuspidor was in great requisition. More rustics came in with stiff gait and a dull dragging of boots; idle townsmen sauntered in and fanned themselves negligently or grinned knowingly at the busy clerks. Court had opened formally; cases were called; reports were made. The day grew hotter and hotter; the smell of burnt horses' hoofs from the blacksmith's shop near by came in through the open window oppressively; some bees accompanied the drone of voices with their fussy hum.

The cool morning vision faded a little from Carter's heart, and a half bitter, half pained sense of the gossip rife about him and his prospects began to take its place. Afternoon came, and the Guano Company's case with Mr. Jones was brought up, an event the defendant inwardly vowed to celebrate by a universal treat. Mr. Carter, unwitting of his client's anxious glare, rose in self distaste to address the court, to expose the wickedness and underhandedness and unlawfulness of Isaacs and Clements, illustrated by various-sized vials of some dingy powder purporting to be the compounds of the fertilizer in question, and to contrast with their deceit the rectitude and simple honesty of Jones. The sun, getting far around to the west, came in through the unshaded windows, and brought out the aquiline nose, the full mouth, and the red, blowsed skin of the judge as he leaned forward, his elbows on the table, his chin in his hand, listening; brought out the square shoulders and broad forehead of the counsel; illumined the little face of the nearest lawyer; and showered its beams upon the uncomfortable jurors.

The crier's unintelligible delivery, the stir and scraping of feet, a babble of voices, and the court over at last, Carter stepped out into the street once more with his papers. He was tired and heavy with the day's uninteresting work. The freshness of the sur-

roundings had vanished, the roses in the jail yard hung limp and scentless, the leaves of the apple-trees seemed to turn their gray under sides to the passer-by. At Pike's corner was a crowd of countrymen, and a little further down the sale of a wheat-fan was being effected, viewed by a circle of whites and negroes. Coming towards him, surrounded by a cloud of dust, were those great wagons which are used to bring wheat from across the mountains to meet the Midland trains. The mules were ambling bravely, their bells tinkling, and the black drivers were gabbling to one another in their soft, consonantless tongue as they sat astride the riding mule and cracked their long whips. All this appeared to Carter as an undertone to that vexation and harassment which the day had given him. The red dust was filling the air around him as he drew near Main Street. The countrymen, as they looked down on the young man's figure from their horses' height, thought his mouth more than ever depressed at the corners and the fold between his eyes deeper. Their feeling was expressed by Wash Mason, who leaned in the drug-store door and watched him disappear into his office:

"Well, thar goes a young fellow who is rakin' hisself to pieces over the big clods of politics."

Not only did Mr. Jackson Yates and his coterie take decided views about the coming nominations; but the two town papers, the *Exposer* and the *Morning Hours*, were at daggers' points concerning the same issue. As there is no war so deadly as a civil war, so there is no hate so virulent as that which possesses a party split in twain. The *Exposer* and the *Morning Hours* had hitherto loitered hand in hand in concord down toward their graves. But now that concord was changed. The *Exposer* made bitter onslaught upon the editor of the *Morning Hours*, who was none other than Mr. Carter. His stay in Wash-

ington was commented on; his projects for lighting the streets were ridiculed; he was spoken of as a "Reformer" with a capital R and very slanting italics, and satirically referred to as the present "management" of the *Morning Hours*, a phrase which hinted the dark form of Wrixham in the background; a supposed plan of his was brought out, in which he was represented as proposing to clear out and dredge Mountain Run in order to make it navigable and thus give the town another advantage—that of shipping and shipyards.

To all these provocations the *Morning Hours* replied with all the stateliness and impersonality characteristic of that organ. The bad system of the county treasury was spoken of and various remedies were suggested to be applied in that halcyon time when the Democrats of Barclay should recognize what was clearly best for them; and at all times the merits of the narrow-gauge were urged upon the public—that narrow-gauge which, for conservative Barclay, was like a red rag to a bull. For the rest, the columns of the *Morning Hours* were as cool looking as ever, and upon the last page appeared the usual modicum of poetry, which the *Exposer* in its excitement had forgotten.

Much interest was awakened, and young ladies who usually read only the local items devoured every word of the lengthy editorials of both journals; but, strange to say, they seemed to favor the *Morning Hours*, for they sometimes took their evening saunters under its office windows and looked up to catch a glimpse of the editor; instead they met either the blank stare of the window panes or the thin visage of the editor's lanky brother, Cassius.

"To think," said a maiden lady to her sister, another maiden lady, as she sat on her front porch one morning, with a fresh *Exposer* in her hand, "to think that James Carter should come out in this way! It is sure to make him unpopular, mixed up with such a

dreadful man as Wrixham. Ever since Uncle Jerry was in the Senate and had that duel with the editor of the Richmond *Phalanx*, I haven't been able to stand politics. You know Uncle Jerry had a stiff leg from it, and it twinged as bad as rheumatism in rainy weather. Well,—poor James,—I only hope he won't come to any harm!"

Even the printers' boys were infected with the idea that they were enemies; why they could not tell,—they only felt the necessity for it in their souls and so put the necessity into action. It often fell out that when delivering their loads of damp papers on Friday morning, they would taunt one another and come to blows upon the front porch of some impartial patron. A few smothered exclamations and some scuffling would be heard, and the irate master of the house, raising his window, would behold in the early dawn only dim figures vanishing down the shadowy streets.

On a quiet Sunday night, after the summer-clad couples had passed through the early dusk to church and when the sound of the first hymn was pouring through the open windows, Carter found himself fulfilling Mrs. Johnson's invitation to "come around." He walked rapidly up the steps and stopped on the porch, dazzled by the lamp within the hall. Both the front and back doors were wide open, and through the length of the shining passage he heard Mrs. Johnson's voice giving directions in the back regions. His footsteps seemed to rouse some one in a dusky corner of the veranda, for there was a soft, feminine sound, and a white-clad figure came into the stream of light. She held one hand to shade her eyes from the glare and bent forward slightly.

"Oh, it is you, James?" she said, putting out her smooth hand. They stood a little while half awkwardly.

"Let me get your chair," he said, turning into the dark to find it.

When he had brought it forward into the full light—for she insisted upon sitting there, and he did not oppose it, liking well enough to sit in the shade and watch her face—she stood in the doorway irresolutely and asked if he would not have a chair.

"No," he said, "I will sit on the step by the pillar."

"Oh, but that won't be comfortable." There was something that suggested petulance in her manner, but he was too happy to notice it.

"No, I will sit here. I am very obstinate to-night," he replied with a smile.

Miss Merriam seated herself, crossed her hands, and looked out across the lights and shades of the yard. The young man's eye caught the harmonious outline of her head, the dark hair twisted into the likeness of a crown, the fair cheek over which the light fell while the other was in darkness. Her very quietude gave him exquisite pleasure.

"I startled you, did I not, as I came up?" he asked.

"I thought you were Doctor Strawner when I heard your step."

This was hardly what he liked. There flashed over him a thought of all the graces of his friend, all his geniality towards those he loved, all his worldly prosperity; but he said:

"It was natural that I should be dazzled by the light after delving the whole week in musty law papers and mustier politics." He caught a glance from her brown eyes—pity and an odd shame commingled, he fancied; just such a glance, he remembered, as that she gave him when he first held her hand.

At this juncture Mrs. Johnson came softly to the door in her slippers and looked out but withdrew, saying to herself that she wouldn't disturb Eugenia while she had company.

"Why do you need to delve in politics?"

"You mustn't mention politics, Eugenia. I forbid it, because we always quarrel." He spoke with an

attempt at gayety, putting his hand on the arm of her chair. She drew back a little and beat an inaudible tattoo with her fingers farther along the arm.

"That is just what I want to speak of. O James, you must know what they say about that—that man you are always with. Why will you join yourself to such a creature?"

"What do they say about him?"

"That he has made his money in bad ways."

"They are wrong. He made his money honestly, as the world goes—by speculation."

"He is below you socially."

He smiled. "Dear Eugenia, can't we afford to smile at society in Barclay?"

"Don't say 'we,' please; I won't be leagued with such a man. He was your father's overseer; he stole your father's stock."

He looked gravely at her. "You are not in a happy mood to-night, Eugenia."

She drew her straight brows together and bit her scarlet lip. He did not see it; he was looking into the dusk of the yard.

"Wrixham is an upright man," he said after a pause. "My father—I do not mean to blame him—was misled. The man represents a new tendency, a tendency to better things. It is he and the few he has been able to influence who have given us the improvements the town boasts of. But better than that is the desire to make public life purer, to infuse a little leaven into stupid and venal legislation. It is for this that I uphold Wrixham."

"I am going to ask you a favor, James," she said, ignoring his speech and bending down towards him coaxingly. "You will, I know you will,"—she gave him a deep look, speaking many things, and laid her hand in his,—*"you will give up this odious man?"*

It seemed the hardest thing in the world for him to draw away his hand from hers; and it was some time be-

fore he spoke. "I can't do that, Eugenia. Don't you see that my promise is given? I must support him now."

"Then I have asked you my last favor." She could hardly articulate the words. "You must choose between Wrixham and me. Oh, there is Doctor Strawner!" With a long breath she half rose from her chair.

Carter felt an impotent wrath toward his fate as he saw the welcome. He remained doggedly seated until Strawner nearly stumbled over him.

"Hello, is that you, Carter?" After he had brought himself a chair, which he did in the manner that bespeaks the friend of the family, he seated himself in the line of light. "I am just back from one of the hottest rides I have ever had. I wouldn't be in your place for a good deal, Carter."

"No?" said Carter absently.

"And you start electioneering to-morrow?" said Strawner in a tone which both asked the question and answered it.

"Yes. I reckon I shall follow every hog path and sheep track in the county."

"I suppose electioneering is necessary," Miss Merriam said, stiffly.

"Yes; if I get the nomination, more than half the battle is won."

There was a silence, and Carter felt there was no reason for his longer stay. At the gate he looked back and saw Strawner sitting in the full light, and Eugenia bending her head towards him in animated talk. There darted through him a pang keen as lightning. Had this visit anything to do with her petulance to-night? He shook the thought off in shame, and went home slowly, numbed and wretched, chafing against the secrecy in which Eugenia shrouded their engagement.

The weeks before the convention had passed away. Carter had set out on his canvassing tour—not upon his bicycle, but upon a sober bay horse—and had returned. He had ridden to Rocky Run and stopped at the post

office there, regaling the postmaster, the loungers at the store and Mr. Cobham, a long-legged potentate in those hills, with the latest lawsuit news intermixed with his own political views; had partaken of fried chicken and hot biscuit at Mr. Cobham's house, perched airily upon the side of a hill overlooking the Run and a pungent smelling still; he had listened to a "piece" played by Mrs. Cobham upon the parlor organ, and after drinking a mint-julep he had ridden away, satisfied in his soul that Mr. Cobham had made up his mind not to cast his vote for him. He fell in with the sheriff bound upon some official errand, and, talking with him as they rode, learned many details of things only the dry bones of which prepared for the feast of Law had reached the Court House. Oftener he journeyed alone up the rugged slopes of the hills with a wall of mountains fronting him, so near that he could see their spurs and ravines dark with pines. Sometimes he dropped at sunset upon a solitary mill built in a valley. The mill was silent, and the hogs, black and muddy, lay around in the long barnyard shadows. A chorus of barking greeted him, and following their voices appeared a pack of lean, spotted hounds. From the cuppin near by a female figure in a sunbonnet and tucked-up petticoat glanced at him, a negro girl or two, arms akimbo, stared at him, and the master, coming out presently, bade him "light down." Sometimes he rode as if in a dream through the gray length of pines. The horse's hoofs made no sound upon the soft pine needles, and the light sifting through the silvery boughs was purplish and uncertain like the light of enchantment. At these times, when his horse was walking quietly, with her head down and her bridle dangling on her neck toward the pleasant smelling path, Carter's thoughts centred upon one tall, sweet figure, and he saw in these cool solitudes the quiet radiance of her dark eyes. Again he lived through that evening of late

spring when he had lain on the grass at her feet in the soft dusk; again the hot rush of passion swept over him as in memory her hand lay in his and his lips were pressed to hers. Then he planned to write, humbly, taking upon himself the blame of their disagreement and tenderly picturing their future life.

Even the Sunday which found him still pursuing the jagged paths of electioneering was utilized. He joined the train of church-goers as it wound up the road to Shingle Mills; he rode in company with top-booted youths past fields overgrown with a thick shrubbery of sassafras or chincapin, with here and there through the green leaves old blackened stumps, remnants of the days when battles raged over these uplands and campfires glowed on the hills. The road wound up and up, and the train of covered wagons, the buggies and the horsemen looked like a dusty triumphal procession. The youths relaxed with Carter a little of their gruffness and embarrassment, and the young man was saluted most affably by some delegates—after all, the real voters. A long stretch of steep hillside—so steep that the horses seemed to climb like flies, sticking close to the rocky soil—and they arrived on nearly level ground where stood the church. Men were grouped around the rail fence in every variety of angular attitude; the youths nursed their long whips and were on the alert for a carriage with ladies,—for their gallantry would not allow a lady to step to the ground without assistance, or with the assistance of one of her own household. Carter found abundant material in the knots of men. So interesting did the political horizon become, indeed, that the hymns and the preacher were forgotten.

He had seen Mr. Jackson Yates and, over a hospitable meal, listened to his opprobrium upon Wrixham, with Mrs. Yates beaming upon him from the end of the table; he had

heard Wash Mason's arguments; he had explained his views upon the state debt until he doubted whether he had any views; he had spoken so smoothly of Colonel Davidson and denounced his methods so severely, that he felt unworthy to look that bluff gentleman in the eye.

At the end of a week he returned from his ride with some of his old pallor replaced by the brown of sunburn. Life in the town had gone on at its usual pace. The young ladies had walked past his office windows and encountered the gaze of Cassius the same number of times. The *Exposer* was working itself into a fever over the approaching convention. Only Eugenia was different,—Eugenia, whom he could never see alone now. She bowed to him from the other side of the street or smiled at him from the cover of her aunt's volubility; but he could find no opportunity to whisper one word to her.

The long expected night was come. Colonel Davidson was in town; the public had seen him walking up Jefferson Street. Never had this gentleman's sandy "goatee" been so much admired, never had his comfortable roundness been so impressive as now, when Barclay was in danger of losing his representation. The editor of the *Exposer* was radiantly awaiting his chief at the office door; while Cassius stood with hands in his pockets at the barber's shop opposite, to catch such points in the colonel's loud sentiments as would enliven next week's issue of the *Morning Hours*.

The upper hall in the graded school-house was thronged. The windows were open; smoking oil lamps flamed upward in the hot summer air and threw their light out upon the dark leafage of the trees. Both candidates were present, according to the time-honored custom of Barclay, and were looked at by their constituents with much the same air and feeling with which pugilists are examined on the eve of a contest. Their points were noted. Mr. Carter's quiet movements

and Colonel Davidson's flourishing gestures were contrasted. Carter stood near one of the windows, and beside him stood Wrixham. The Colonel was talking genially with a man who sat behind a little table.

"I am glad to hear Mrs. Cyarpenter and the children are all well," the great man was saying affably.

"They are right smaht, thank you, Colonel. How did you stand the big hail storm out yo' way?"

The meeting was called to order by Judge Adams, who in a rambling speech informed the assembly for what reason they had met there and predicted the dangers of a division in the great and pure Democratic party and especially the unpleasantness which would result to the honorable and ancient district in which Barclay was prominent. Let them therefore choose one candidate and do their best for him. Of Colonel Davidson and his eminent services in the past he need not speak. But he wished to lay stress upon the appearance of his young friend, Mr. James Carter. His many talents were known, his reputation as a friend, neighbor and public spirited lawyer speaking for itself,—he (Judge Adams) could not recommend him more strongly to their consideration than this would. His views were of the utmost importance not only for the district, but for the state at large, etc;—and the Judge after a fifteen minutes' speech, his red face redder than usual, stepped towards Carter, mopped his heated brow, and pushed back his shock of rough hair till it stood on end. The assemblage talked, swayed and jostled after the manner of crowds; a few individuals leaned out of the windows into the night; while others chewed their tobacco and looked at the toes of their boots. Carter himself then faced the crowd, a fair sprinkling of town-folk, but more men from the outlying districts, men with faces burned to a shining copper by the hot sun under which they worked, men whose minds had grown slow and

fixed with constant living face to face with the sober front of nature, and whose spirits had imbibed some of the gnarled, twisted character of their own apple trees. He saw them distinctly, with upturned, attentive faces, yet with a vague sense that they were afar off. He threw himself with ardor into what he said; his words were not feeble, yet with youth's scorn and tactlessness he struck unerringly the most prejudiced spots. Hardly had the arrow struck before the surface closed more impenetrable than ever. As he went on, a perception of this began to chill him, but his keen sentences never faltered.

When he had ended Judge Adams seized him and drew him to the window where Wrixham stood. "That's a devilish bad thing, young man, for you to speak in that way. I'm something like the crowd; all this is too damned modern for me."

Carter turned silently to Wrixham; and Wrixham, still leaning against the open window, said: "You might perhaps have felt your way better; but I am satisfied."

Colonel Davidson now rose and, amidst the tumultuous applause and cries, bowed smilingly and impressively and proceeded to say:

"It is my happiness, gentlemen, to address you to-night after you have listened to two clear and talented speeches. Before I go on, gentlemen, I will recall to your minds the original meaning of the word candidate. It is derived from the word *candidus*, which, as we remember our little Latin books used to tell us, meant white. It is needless for me to remind you that those who in Rome ran for office wore white robes to show the purity and spotlessness of their public life and consequently their fitness for office—hence our word candidate. This must be thought over, considered, reflected upon. Remember that no benefit can ever accrue to our well beloved but endangered state by putting up for candidates those who have but little

experience, force, capability." The Colonel swelled out his body as if the candidate who possessed these official qualities was then before them. The audience was content. It was used to his grand manner, and it would not be long before he would be down among them mentally with every kind of story. Meanwhile no one objected to a little learning so modestly administered. "As the classical Cicero used to say in his day—"

A strange despair seized Carter and, obeying his impulse, he pushed his way through the mass of men who were listening to the Colonel with that pleasure provincials feel in well known sounds and sentiments. As he passed, he caught wondering stares, here and there a grin of derision; but he pushed on, descended the staircase, passed through the school-room with its dark benches and out into the open air. The night was doubly grateful to him after the hot smoky room he had left. The outlines of the familiar buildings stood against the faint sky; from the direction of the station came the puffing of the south-bound night express. He could not go home. He passed the church, from whose open windows came lights and the rolling sound of the organ, followed by a full burst of female voices, for the ruling providence of Barclay had wisely ordained that on this exciting night there should be some diversion for the ladies also. Carter found himself going whither his heart led him—past the low fence which divided Mrs. Johnson's smooth lawn from the street. A sound of voices came from the veranda. He knew the tones of one; the other was a masculine rumble. As he neared the gate and the shaft of light from the open door, he saw Strawner, and near him, in a low chair, Eugenia Merriam.

"Yes, last night effectually settled me," said Carter, looking at his questioner from behind the shield of his glasses.

They were both in his office,—Strawner at the open window fanning himself with his straw hat, Carter at the table arranging his papers. The evening was close and warm, with a lull in the footsteps which had all day long dragged past.

"You are such a cold fellow, Carter! I fancy Wrixham feels it more than you do."

"I am better placed than Wrixham; I occasionally get sympathy,—the sympathy of the young ladies who walk past my office." Strawner thought he detected a note of irony in the words.

"Young ladies' verdicts differ. Miss Merriam, now, mourned over the Wrixham alliance as if it shattered an idol. If I weren't such a good fellow, Jim, and were not so kind to my own feelings, I— But, seriously, it was a mighty big mistake for a young man to make. Why did you take up such a pariah as Wrixham?"

There was no answer; Carter was writing a very black sentence with a noisy, rusty pen.

"And Mrs. Johnson was in quite a rage against you. She told the old story of her brother who became a Readjuster, and predicted the same fate for you."

"You weren't there last night?" asked Carter, looking up from the title he had just inscribed upon the neatly folded document.

"At the meeting? No; a confounded case called me out of town. But I got back sooner than I thought and went around by Mrs. Johnson's instead of viewing you and Davidson." After a minute's silence, he added, "It seems rather cold-blooded to tell you of my good fortune just upon your defeat."

"What is it?" asked Carter, looking full at him, his eyes betraying a fear which even his old friends, his spectacles, could not hide.

"Miss Merriam has promised to marry me."

Carter lifted some books, carried them across the room to the case and

carefully arranged them; then, with his fingers lingering on their backs and his face half turned away, answered: "You have a good fortune, in truth."

"You will wish me joy, I am sure," said Strawner. Something in the attitude of his friend made his happiness a reproach to him. "I am happier than I can say, and I came, Jim, to ask your best wishes first."

"I do wish you joy, Strawner."

There was silence again. Carter had turned around and remained by the bookshelves leaning against them. Strawner began again with awkwardness:

"Eugenia goes home next week; and in October—"

A head was thrust through the open door, a barefoot figure presented itself, and a boy's shrill voice asked, "Doctor Strawner here?"

"Yes."

"Old Mrs. Huff is sick; they want you right away, sir."

The two left the room together. Carter seated himself at the table, took up his pen and began to copy; then, as the twilight deepened, he threw away his work and rested his head upon his arms. His energy was gone; a weight, almost physical, pressed him down; there was no resistance to the blow by which he had been struck; fatalism rose and swamped his brain. The scene which passed before his mind was a vivid picture of his father's grave. He saw the raw, red hillock and the tender, springing grass, and he felt again the rush and tear of the boisterous April wind and the beating of his mother's sombre veil upon his arm.

The dusk changed to darkness, and the noises on the pavement grew more frequent and loud; the night was full of rejoicing over Davidson's renomination. Fragments of conversation floated in among the other noises. He heard Wrixham's name and his own. Rough comment on the last night's work he heard in men's deep voices—and now and then

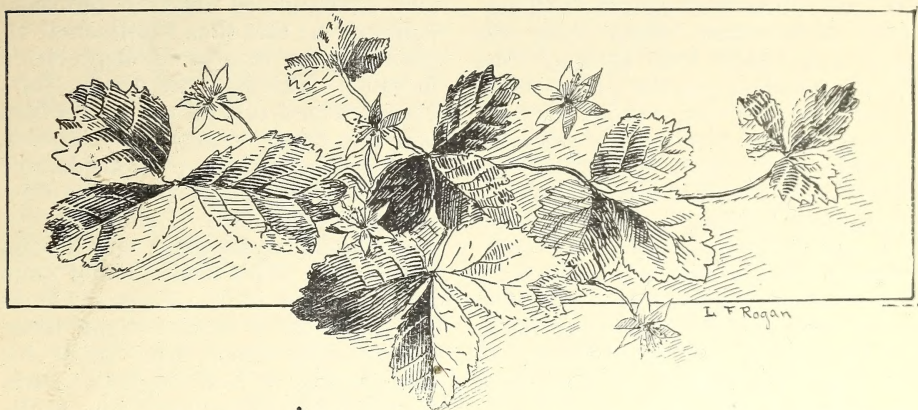
there came sharp, childish tones. These too passed away, and the brooding quietude of the night took possession of all things and mingled even with the shattered dreams of the man at the table.

At last Carter rose and stood looking around him with dull, sunken eyes, as if this were a new and strange world upon which he opened them. He busied himself mechanically with his papers and books, reducing the room to its usual morning state; this done, he opened the door and stepped out into the fresh world. In the fragrant dawn he passed down the echoing pavement, meeting many another home-seeker in the hurrying dogs; the winds from the mountains blew

caressingly upon his cheek, and the earliest falling leaves drifted softly against his moving figure.

Miss Wood, the observant maiden lady, glancing betimes from her bedroom window, saw the passer-by, with his head bent, his eyes concealed by the hat pulled over them; and she said to her sister:

"I always said that politics would be the ruination of James Carter. Here he is going home at this time of the morning. See how dissipated he looks! I shouldn't wonder if he'd been gambling all night with Judge Adams. What self-respecting young woman would have anything to do with him now, I should like to know—let alone Eugenia Merriam!"



QUATRAIN.

By Emma Playter Seabury.

TWO sundered souls -- the world between, -- yet each
 Knew every impulse of the other's heart;
 And two walked side by side in act and speech,
 Whose thought and souls were leagues and leagues apart.

A YANKEE LORD.

By Fred E. Keay.

PERHAPS the most eccentric character whom New England has ever known was Timothy Dexter. He was born January 22, 1747, in Malden, Mass. Whatever may have been his deficiencies in many respects, he had from his youth a remarkable faculty of acquiring money. Learning the leather dressing trade, at the age of twenty-one he started in business on his own account at Charlestown, Mass., and in this business he was very successful. In 1770 he married Elizabeth Frothingham, daughter of John Lord of Exeter, N. H., and widow of Benjamin Frothingham of Newbury, Mass. She was nine years older than Dexter. She kept a small store, the profits from which swelled the family income. She had also received considerable property at the death of her first husband. This marriage was very unhappy, and for many years Dexter and his wife were separated. He complained much of her, and in his writings constantly alludes to her as "the gost" who was the cause of so much of his trouble. The term "gost," as used by him, appears to have been synonymous with devil.

They had two children. The son, Samuel Lord Dexter, was deficient in intellect and a confirmed spendthrift. Being sent by his father on business to Europe, he lost the value of the cargo by gambling. After his return he quarreled continually with his father, and he died while still young. The daughter's life was equally sad. She was accounted beautiful, but had few other recommendations. She was married to Abraham Bishop of New Haven, Conn. Their married life was exceedingly unhappy. She claimed that her husband abused her, which

story was believed by her father. She became intemperate, lost what little reason she before possessed, and her husband obtained a divorce. She died a melancholy death some years after. Timothy Dexter asserted that Bishop married his daughter for her father's money, which, not forthcoming, he quickly tired of her. Dexter had an intense hatred for his son-in-law, which he expressed at every opportunity.

With the money which his wife brought him and what he himself earned, Timothy Dexter in a few years had accumulated several thousand dollars. At that time Continental securities were very much depreciated in value. Taking pattern from John Hancock and others, some of whom had less ready money than himself, Dexter purchased a considerable amount of this paper at a mere fraction of its face value. Before long the paper began to advance, and it soon sold at par. This made Dexter quite a wealthy man for those times. With the accession of wealth began those eccentricities which have made his name famous in New England annals. He felt it incumbent upon him to deport himself like other rich men, but in his attempts to do this he only succeeded in making himself ridiculous. The best society in Charlestown, wherein he wished to move, would have nothing to do with him, so he decided to remove to a more congenial locality. His wife's former association with the town was probably the cause of his choice of Newburyport as a dwelling place. Here he bought one of the finest houses, from which he soon removed to a large estate on High Street, containing several acres of land. His house still stands upon High Street, and is in an

excellent state of preservation. It is the property of Mrs. George H. Corliss, the widow of the late well-known Providence engineer, and is occupied by her sister.

After his removal to Newburyport, Dexter assumed the title of "Lord," which he claimed was forced upon him by the voice of the people. Ever afterward he was known as Lord Timothy Dexter. It is curious to inquire whether this title was suggested to him by his wife's maiden name, or by that of his son, evidently named for her. It may well be that the name Samuel Lord Dexter first suggested to his mind Lord Timothy Dexter.

The Newburyport house and grounds he adorned after his own peculiar notions. On the roof he raised minarets, topped with gilt balls, and on the cupola in the centre was a golden eagle. In the grounds in front of the house, which were filled with choice fruit trees and flowers, he erected forty or fifty columns, about fifteen feet high, on each of which stood a wooden statue of some celebrity, larger than life size. Among these were Napoleon Bonaparte, Benjamin Franklin, William Pitt, George the Fourth, Lord Nelson, an Indian chief, and some fanciful statues. He reserved the right freely to change these personages, so that one statue in its time played many parts. This was effected simply by changing the inscription, the statue remaining the same. Two lions were placed on each side before the door, and in the centre over the gateway was an arch surmounted by statues of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson. This was the Arch of Honor. Among the figures in the garden was one of Lord Timothy himself, modestly inscribed: "I am the first in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the western world." All this ornamentation cost a great amount of money. In his life of Dexter, Knapp places it at nearly \$15,000, but

it was probably much less than that. The statues were all showily painted, with no exhibition of taste.

Having embellished the exterior of his house, Dexter turned his attention to the interior, which he wished to have correspond with what had already been done. To this end he sent to France for fine furniture, sparing no expense in its purchase; and he is said to have gathered some really excellent furnishings, which were afterwards ruined by the drunken orgies of his son and himself. He attempted a library, the value of which lay mainly in the bindings of the books. Hearing that the English lords, whom he ever strove to imitate, were patrons of the art of painting, he imported many pictures, sending a young man of some taste to purchase his art treasures. Upon the agent's return, Dexter accepted all the poorest paintings and refused those really good. To protect himself, the young man had the names of noted artists painted on these inferior pictures.

The establishment being yet incomplete, Dexter purchased an elegant coach, on which he caused to be painted a coat of arms, which he selected from a book on heraldry. For some time he drove only cream-colored horses, and his vanity was tickled by the huzzas of the boys as his gorgeous equipage rolled by.

Being now a full-fledged member of the nobility, Lord Timothy took great interest in the affairs of foreign noblemen. At the time of the death on the scaffold of Louis XVI. of France, Dexter was in Boston. He hurried immediately to Newburyport, where he persuaded the sextons to toll the church bells, a proceeding which was promptly stopped by the selectmen. Having thus shown his sympathy, he sent invitations to the royal family to visit him, and under the pretext that the invitation would be accepted, he purchased an enormous supply of provisions for their entertainment. Though royalty did not visit him, these provisions rose greatly in value,

and he sold them again at a good profit.

Another eccentricity was shown in Dexter's selection and coronation of a private poet laureate, his former apprentice, Jonathan Plumer. The laureate, in his autobiography, gives the following account of his previous life: "I had some practice as a physician, and earned something with my pen, but for several years was obliged chiefly to follow various kinds of business accounted less honorable, viz., farming, repeating select passages from authors, selling halibut, sawing wood, selling books and ballads in the streets, serving as postboy, filling beds with straw, and wheeling them to the owners thereof, collecting rags, etc." From this may be inferred his great versatility and fitness for the important office he was to assume. His patron provided him with a peculiar livery of black cloth, ornamented with stars and fringed, large buckled shoes, a cocked hat, and a gold-headed cane. The coronation ceremony was performed in Dexter's garden, the wreath being of parsley, instead of laurel. This interesting and solemn rite was rudely interrupted by the village boys, who put both the actors to flight. The following is one of the laureate's productions:

"Lord Dexter is a man of fame,
Most celebrated is his name;
More precious far than gold that's pure,
Lord Dexter live for evermore.

"His noble house it shines more bright
Than Lebanon's most pleasant height;
Never was one who stepp'd therein
Who wanted to come out again.

"His house is filled with sweet perfumes,
Rich furniture doth fill his rooms;
Inside and out it is adorn'd,
And on the top an eagle's formed.

"His house is white and trimmed with
green,
For many miles it may be seen;
It shines as bright as any star,
The fame of it has spread afar.

"Lord Dexter, thou whose name alone
Shines brighter than King George's
throne,—

Thy name shall stand in books of fame,
And princes shall his name proclaim.

"Lord Dexter hath a coach beside,
In pomp and splendor he doth ride;
The horses champ the silver bit,
And throw the foam around their feet.

"The images around him stand,
For they were made by his command;
Looking to see Lord Dexter come,
With fixed eyes they see him home."

Notwithstanding the laudatory nature of his verse, the laureate was unable to meet the demands made upon him by his lord, and considerable friction arose. The troubles were smoothed over, however, and the mutual relations remained unchanged until Dexter's death. Jonathan Plumer firmly expected to be remembered in his patron's will, and his disappointment rankled in his breast ever after.

Dexter built a tomb in his garden, in the basement of his summer house, opened for light and air. This he fitted up magnificently. Then he had a coffin made from the finest mahogany obtainable. An ordinary carpenter could not be entrusted with its construction, but a suitable workman was at length found. Dexter himself selected the wood. The coffin was beautifully finished and lined, and was adorned with four heavy silver handles. When it was completed it was exposed to public inspection.

Nothing was now wanted but the funeral, and this Dexter determined to have, it being given out that he was dead. Invitations were sent to all the prominent people in town, many of whom attended what they supposed to be the burial of their eccentric townsman. The burial service was read, but not by a clergyman, and a fulsome eulogy was delivered. The coffin was carried to the tomb in the garden, where it was deposited, and the door locked. The guests returned to the house, where an elaborate banquet was provided for them. During the feast a noise was heard in the kitchen, where the supposed

corpse was found beating his wife because she had not wept during the services.

After his palace was completed, Dexter opened it to the public, who came in crowds to view it. Nothing which he had done or could do, however, served to open to him the doors of polite society, which he was so solicitous to enter. Everywhere he was frowned upon or laughed at. He was sport for the children and wonder for their elders.

He purchased another estate in Chester, N. H., which he used as a country residence. He took the title of Lord of Chester, and ornamented this Chester house with characteristic eccentricity, but all to no avail, as the inhabitants of Chester were even less well disposed toward him than those of Newburyport.

Having given up his former business, and having much idle time on his hands, Dexter became much addicted to liquor. He made all his business engagements for the morning, knowing that after dinner he was unfit for such matters. He became very offensive, presuming upon his wealth to shield him from the consequences of his folly. He was often punished severely by his victims or their friends. Once when a person was viewing his house from the street, Dexter ordered his son to shoot the person. Upon his refusal, Dexter threatened him with a pistol. The son fired, but struck the fence. For this Lord Timothy was arrested and

sentenced to Ipswich jail. He persuaded the authorities to allow him to go to Ipswich in his own coach, which he did in great state. He remained in jail some time, but tired of confinement and purchased his freedom—at the cost, it was said, of a thousand dollars.

Dexter was exceedingly superstitious, and consulted fortune tellers upon every occasion. For several years he was under the influence of a man who claimed a knowledge of astrology, and taught his patron something of the science. Dexter often consulted Madame Hooper, a woman in Newburyport who made her living by fortune telling. At her death he transferred his patronage to the famous Moll Pitcher.

The person who exercised the most influence over Dexter was Lucy Lancaster, a colored woman attached to his estate. Having successfully nursed him through a severe sickness, she ever after lived with him, and she

was often the means of preventing violent outbreaks on his part.

On the twenty-sixth of October, 1806, this singular man died. His death was undoubtedly hastened by his intemperate habits. Knapp says that "his life was much longer than could have been reasonably expected of a man given to such indulgences. One thing seemed to protract his days; he drank nothing but the purest and best of liquors." He was buried in the town cemetery, the board of health wisely refusing to



LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

From the title-page of his book.



LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER'S PLACE AT NEWBURYPORT.

allow the body to be placed in the tomb which Dexter had so elaborately prepared for its reception.

The inventory of his estate showed property to the amount of but \$35,000, of which \$12,000 was real estate and \$15,500 personal property. There were goods on hand to the value of \$7,510. Of course, these amounts do not show nearly the cost of his property, for the greater part of the money which he spent upon his estate was practically thrown away. In the great gale of 1850 many of the statues were blown down. The executor sold them at auction. The highest price realized was for the "Goddess of Fame," which brought five dollars. Dexter in his will provided for his family and made some public bequests, among them \$2,000 for the poor of Newburyport, \$2,000 for the support of the gospel, and \$300 for a bell for Malden, his birth-place. One of the most remarkable things about this remarkable man is the fact that he displayed so much wisdom and liberality and no eccentricity in his will. The stone over his grave is inscribed:

"In memory of Timothy Dexter, who died
Oct. 26, 1806, Aetatis 60.
He gave liberal Donations
For the support of the Gospel,

For the benefit of the Poor,
And for other benevolent purposes."

When the life of this singular character is reviewed, it seems impossible to believe that he was in any sense an imbecile. His early business was attended with success. Then he engaged in many commercial ventures to Europe and the Indies, on a large scale, all of which seem to have been eminently successful. He is said to have made considerable money by speculation in opium. Everything to which he gave his attention seemed to turn to gold. He was very shrewd in bargaining. Knapp remarks that "many who attempted to take advantage of him got sadly deceived." All this suggests the inquiry whether some at least of his idiosyncrasies were not assumed for pecuniary ends. In the ornamentation of his house and grounds vanity was, no doubt, one great motive, and yet it has been inferred that one purpose was to draw travel to a neighboring toll bridge, in which he held a large interest. There are several statements in his writings which go to substantiate this theory. Of some of his reputed business ventures I will speak more fully farther on. Like another famous New Englander, Barnum, Dexter evidently be-

lieved thoroughly in advertising himself. I would not, however, give any impression that Dexter was of thoroughly sound mind. There can be no question that to some extent and in some directions his mind was unbalanced.

There remains one phase of Lord Dexter's career to be noticed—his literary work. Not content with a laureate to sound his praises, Lord Dexter decided to enter the walks of literature himself, and he published a little work entitled, "A Pickle for the Knowing Ones; or, Plain Truths in a Homespun Dress"; but since its publication no one has arisen sufficiently "knowing" to fathom its meaning. It was printed with no regard to proper spelling or placing of capitals, and had no punctuation marks or pauses of any kind. As much fault was found with this lack of punctuation, in the second edition a page was devoted to the various punctuation marks, and the following note was inserted:

"mister printer the Nowing ones com-
plane of my book the first edition had no
stops I put in A Nuf here and they may
peper and solt it as they plese"

The book was distributed gratuitously, as Lord Dexter understood that the British nobility were accustomed so to dispose of their works, disdaining to turn them to profit. I quote from this curious volume his

lordship's description of his house and grounds. The first extract is entitled: "From the Museum of Timothy Dexter, Esq.":

"Tme the first Lord in the younited States of A mercary Now of Newburyport it is the voice of the peopel and I cant Help it and so let it goue Now as I must be Lord there foler many more Lords prittyey sonne for it Dont hurt A Cat Nor the mouse Nor the son Nor the water Nor the Eare [air]. . . . Now I be gin to Lay the Corner stone with great Remembrance of my father Jorge Washington the grate herow 17 sentreys past before we found so good A father to his children and Now gone to Rest Now to shoue my Love to my father and grate Carieters I will shoue the world in 15 months if Now man murders me in Dors or out Dors such a mouserum on Earth. . . . I am A goueing to Let or shildren know Now to see good Lord what has bin in the world grate wase back to own fore fathers Not old plimeth but stop to Addom & Eve to shoue 45 figers two Leged and fore Leged becose we Cant Doue well without fore Legd in the first plase they are our foude in the next plase to make out Dexters mouseum I wants 4 Lions to defend thous grat and mistry men from East to wist from North to South which Now are at the plases Rased the Lam is not Readey in short meater if Agreeable I forme a good and peasabel govement on my Land in Newburyport Compleat I take 3 presedents hamsher govener [governor of New Hampshire] all to Noue York and the grate mister John Jay is one that maks 2 in that state the king of grat britton mister pitt Roufus King Cros over to france Loues the 16 and then the grate bonnepartey the grate and their segnetoure Crow biddey."

Lord Timothy then describes the raising of the statues upon the royal arch. The figure of George Washington was in the centre, that of ex-President John Adams—"King Addoms," Dexter calls him—stood on the right, and a statue of Thomas Jefferson, then President, on the left hand. Wash-



LORD DEXTER'S MANSION AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

ington had his hat on, the others' heads were bared. The three Presidents thus honored had the sympathy of Dexter in their official life. "It is hard work to be A king, I say it is harder than tilling the ground I know it is for I find it is hard work to be a Lord."

As the figures were imported, there was considerable delay in their receipt. Dexter complained that he had only four lions and one lamb up, and that a statue of Aaron Burr had not arrived from Leghorn.



THE DEXTER MANSION—REAR VIEW.

There was a row of thirteen pillars in front, representing the thirteen states. Behind these were three more, and two at each side of the grand arch, which was seventeen feet in height and "cost 39 pound wate silver."

In the garden, Dexter built a small structure, known as the Temple of Reason. Under this was a tomb, into which the eccentric owner could retire when he desired privacy, and where he could enjoy pipes, tobacco, a speaking trumpet, the Bible, and some good songs. This was "painted whit in side and out side tuched with green Nobel trimmings."

Dexter was radical in his religious

views. Honesty was in his eyes the prime requisite. If a man was honest it was of slight consequence whether he worshiped the sun, moon, stars, or his wife. Preachers and priests he abhorred. He describes a sermon that he heard once in a New Hampshire New Light Baptist Church. The preacher, he says, babbled, sobbed, sniffled, "and so went on fire and brimstone," finishing his discourse thus: "O, good Lord, I hop you will consider what foue hints I have given and I will cleare it up sum time hence. I am much wore down now, the wether being very worme today."

What Dexter termed priestcraft aroused his indignation greatly, and he constantly inveighed against it. He claimed, however, to have had a personal religious experience, having been converted over thirty years before he wrote his book. He realized that he was not doing all he ought. He found fault with the Quakers because after their sins were washed away they stayed at home and let the rest go unclean. "And so it is much so with me," he wrote, "I stay at home

praying for theavs and Rougs to be saved Day and Night praying for siners pooor creators."

Lord Timothy showed quite a little political shrewdness and foresight. He entertained grave fears that the states would not hold together, and cautioned them that in union lay their only safety. A president, he wrote, is only a king. "There must be A head sum whare or the people is lost Lik wild geeswhen they Lous the gander." The term president, Dexter explained, was used to please the people at large, who liked its sound better than that of king. He urged the North and the South to keep together even if they

were obliged to resort to a kingly power in order to do so. He assured the people that at least four-fifths of them would in time be pleased with their ruler, Thomas Jefferson.

The last passage I shall cite is Lord Timothy's account of how he obtained his money—evidently written to satisfy a widespread but, in Dexter's opinion, an impertinent curiosity on the subject:

"How Did Dexter make his money Inw ye says bying whale bone fer stain fer ships in grosing three houndred & 40 tuns bort all in boston salum, and all in Noue york under Cover oppenly told them fer my ships thay all Lafed so I had at my one prise I had four Conning men fer Ronners they souned the horne as I told them to Act the fool I was foull of Cash I had Nine tun of silver on hand at that time all that time the Creaters more or Less Lafing it spread very fast heare is the Rub in fifty Days thay smelt A Rat found where it was gone to Noue bry Port spekklaters swarmed Like hell houns to be short with it I made seventy five per sent one tun and halfe of silver and over one more spect Drole A Nouf I Dreamed of warming pans three Nits that thay would doue in the west in-gas [West Indies] I got not more than forty two thousand put them in Nine vessels for difrent ports that tuck good hold—I cleared sevinty nine per sent—the pans thay mad yous of them fer Coucking . . . I found I was very luckey in spekkelasion I dreamed that the good book was Run Down in this Countrey Nine years goue so Low az halfe prise and Dull at that the bibbel I means I had the Readey Cash by holl sale I bort twelve per sent under halfe prise thay Cost forty one sents Each bibles twenty one thousand I put them into twenty one vessels fer the westinges and sent A text that all of them must have one bibel in Every family or if not thay would goue to hell and if thay had Dun wiked flie to the bibel and on thare Neas and kiss the bibel three times and Look up to heaven annest fer giveness my Capttens all had Compleat orders heare Coms the good Luck I made one hundred per sent & Littell over then I found I had made money A Nuf I hant speck A Lated sence old times by government securities I made or cleared forty seven thousand Dolors that is the old A fare Now I toald the all the sekrett Now be still Let me a Lone Dont wonder Now more houe I got my money boaz [boys]."

The sending of warming pans to the West Indies has become one of

the most famous things connected with Lord Timothy's career. Knapp, in his life of Dexter, takes this statement of his speculations as strictly true; and even adds many details. As he wrote very soon after Lord Dexter's death, he must have had means of verification now wanting. In an article in the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for October, 1886, Mr. Todd, on the other hand, treats Dexter's account as absurd and published only to blind the public. He points out that at that time, judging from the amount of property which Dexter left, he could hardly have had sufficient means to have purchased all the available whalebone. As to the warming-pan speculation, Mr. Todd insists that the pans must have been imported from England, which would have involved great expense and considerable time; that they could not have been used in cooking, or, as tradition claims, in sugar making; and that the Newburyport custom house has no record of their exportation or importation. It does not follow, however, that the goods should ever have entered Newburyport, as Dexter was accustomed to do business both from Salem and Boston. Mr. Todd calls the Bible speculation the most absurd of all, inasmuch as the West Indians spoke Spanish and could make no use of English Bibles. Here he seems to



GRAVES OF TIMOTHY DEXTER AND HIS WIFE.

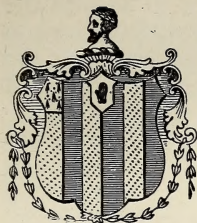
overlook the fact that the people were not expected to read the Bibles. They were sent merely as charms against the evil one, and in selling them the captains played upon native superstition wholly. If they succeeded in convincing the West Indians that any such charm existed, the language of the book became at once immaterial. Dexter's story is told with such apparent honesty and

frankness of detail that it is hard to throw it altogether aside. The story of speculation in government securities has, I believe, never been disputed. While it may never be possible to verify the other stories, we can at least give this singular person the benefit of the doubt as regards them also. During Lord Timothy's life the story of these curious speculations was generally known and implicitly believed.



THE STORY OF SHIRLEY PLACE.

By Ida Ayres.



ON Shirley Street in Dorchester there stands a grand old mansion which so far as I know is not on any list of "places of historic interest in and around Boston." The house is very striking as it stands, large, high, conspicuous, crowded now among the many buildings which have crushed its old lawns and flower gardens out of existence. In spite of this last, the mansion still holds its head high, and looks from its cupola over scenery, miles in extent, which has undergone strange changes in the century and a half during which it has kept its watch. A strange story has this house, for its walls have sheltered many whom mankind will always delight to honor.

Away back in 1731, William Shirley came over from England to the Massachusetts Colony. He was the son of a London merchant, educated for the law at Cambridge. He was a man of great promise. After having lived in Boston about ten years, he was, in 1741, appointed governor of Massachusetts, through the influence of Sir Robert Walpole and the Duke of Newcastle. At this time Mr. Shirley was living in a house on what was then King Street. He immediately moved to the Province House, where so many of the old time governors made their home. Not long after this the record says that he built a very elegant mansion at Roxbury, near the boundary line of Dorchester, about twenty-five rods back from the main road. It is this house which is the subject of the present sketch. It stood in all its ancient grandeur until

1867. Since that time it has been the spoil of the speculator. White and yellow paint and cheap wall paper have almost laid the aristocratic ghosts which are said to have walked in it. Old legends of carousal, imprisonment and death still hang about the place, losing nothing of their fascination by being indefinite.

Governor Shirley, having decided to erect the house, sent to England and had all the material prepared there and shipped to Boston. Old English oaks furnished the timbers; and even the bricks, of three different patterns, came from the mother country. Of course all this was expensive, but the original workmanship is exquisite. The very modern partitions, on the contrary, are of the roughest planking. It has been said of the building of the old Shirley mansion that it was like Solomon's temple, its parts brought all ready to put together, save that in the case of the mansion the sound of hammers was probably heard.

The effect of this beautiful colonial mansion was greatly enhanced by the setting it received at the hands of the governor's wife, Lady Francis Shirley. To her is attributed the landscape gardening, under her direction the British soldiers stationed on the place laid out the lawns and terraces.

Shirley Place was the name its owner gave to the estate. The mansion was approached from the main road by a fine avenue lined on either side with English poplars. Unfortunately, the grounds are now destroyed. The house has been moved from its original foundations and position, having been pushed to the right about the distance of its own depth.

The house itself is very large, built

in solid, square, colonial style. The upper stories are of wood, elaborately finished. The original first story was built of immense blocks of granite. A hall ran through this basement, north and south, from under one piazza to the other. On each side of this hall were four rooms; on one side were the summer and winter kitchens, store room, and servants' sitting room; on the other side, back of these, there were wine cellars and dungeons. The latter, especially, were considered necessary in those old days. The dungeons were small rooms, each with a window high up near the ceiling, composed of small pieces of round thick green bottle glass, something like the bull's-eyes now used in stained glass windows. The doors were of thick planking bound with iron, and were so heavy that it was all the housekeepers in later days could do to open them.

The second or parlor floor was supplied with two fine entrances, one on the west side, and one on the east, the latter opening on to the gardens and orchards. On both the south and north sides of the house, running the whole length, there were large covered piazzas. From the library and dining room one could step on to one of these, and from the parlor and drawing room on to the other.

Visitors coming to the house drove up the avenue, round the circular grass plot in front of the entrance, and there alighted. The carriage then went round to the side of the great elm, at the left of the house. This tree added much to the beauty of the

place, and caressed with its leafy fingers the face of the house over which it stood guard. At the other side of the tree, opposite the house, were the barns.

Visitors, having climbed the flight of broad granite steps leading to the door, perhaps pausing to admire the beauty of the elaborate wrought-iron English banisters on either side of the steps, would be admitted through a large door which the iron hinges extended half way across and which was supplied with a great iron knocker, latch and lock and key. Within is a large hall, floored with black and white marble slabs, some of which are broken. Tradition says that the breaking was done by British officers, who had many a grand carousal here. At the left hand is a room which was the library, and at the right is a back parlor. In one corner of the hall is a narrow winding staircase.

Visitors did not stay in this vestibule; a door was opened at the back

revealing the gem of the whole house, the grand hall and stairway. In later days Daniel Webster was very much impressed with its beauty and by the width of the stairway; he asked whether the master of the house, Governor Eustis, had been accustomed to drive up to his room with his coach and four. This stairway rose by easy steps to the second floor, where it ended with a sweeping curve, and its landing formed a large balcony overlooking the great hall below. Here musicians were stationed and discoursed sweet music during the grand balls and feasts which were



GOVERNOR SHIRLEY.



SHIRLEY PLACE IN 1868.

held in the rooms below. Upon this balcony opened the guest chamber. Among the distinguished men whom this room has accommodated were Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Aaron Burr, John C. Calhoun, and Webster. Below the guest room was the large drawing room. The view of the grounds from the windows of these rooms was very fine. From the guest chamber a pleasing but distant view of Boston harbor could be had.

Returning to the grand hall and studying it in detail, one sees beautiful carving, a fine stuccoed ceiling, and a quaintly carved niche in the wall, at the turn of the stairs, designed to hold a candelabrum. The balcony and stairs have an elaborate railing. These banister rails are carved in three different styles, and the hand rail is inlaid with a narrow design in different woods. At the foot of the stairs at the end of the hall is the garden door, a very elaborate affair. It is almost destroyed now, but it was a double door and was enclosed between two carved pillars. The whole was framed by large glass windows

extending up either side and uniting above in a large semi-circular window. From this garden doorway the visitor stepped on to a terrace and looked down upon the fruit gardens; or he could walk from this terrace upon the piazzas either at the right or left of the house. He could likewise go down upon the terraces which were on the opposite side of the house from the great elm tree.

A brook had wended its way undisturbed through the front lawn until Madam Shirley came. She had its banks lined with stone and, as it passed the south side of the house, she caused a series of terraces to be built there, down which one could go to what was no longer the brook, but the "canal." It was spanned by three bridges. Diagonally across the estate, near the orchard, it enlarged into a pond. By the side of this very pretty sheet of water was a weeping willow, planted by Madam Shirley. Under this there was believed to be buried treasure.

It would be hard to imagine a more romantic place than this Shirley estate, or one better fitted to be the



LAFAYETTE IN 1824.

scene of the events which occurred there. During Governor Shirley's administration, the French and Indian wars were in progress. Shirley was a foremost figure at that time, and the struggle was sometimes called "Shirley's War." He was the chief spirit in the expedition against Cape Breton, in 1745, which resulted in the taking of Louisburg. This feat was accomplished by four thousand New England men, led by Col. William Pepperell, aided by a small British fleet under Commodore Warren. The New England soldiers seem to have made up in bravery and determination what they lacked in discipline, for in less than two months they entered the besieged city as conquerors. The place was surrendered, on June 17, and on July 2 the news reached Boston, where there was great rejoicing. Shirley visited Louisburg in August, and upon his return was given a grand reception. The following year, November 22, 1746, Shirley bought of Gen. Samuel Waldo, second in command of the Louisburg expedition, a dwelling house and thirty-three acres in Roxbury. This the Governor called Shirley Place, and here his

mansion was built. In 1729 Waldo had bought the place from Rev. James Allen, the first minister of Brookline. Ten years after his first purchase, Shirley added to his estate land on the south side of the road, formerly belonging to Nathaniel Williams. Soldiers, returned from the Louisburg expedition, leveled the lawns of the estate. This is said to have been done according to plans made by Madam Shirley.

Shirley's expedition against Niagara in 1755, was part of a plan of campaign to be carried on with General Braddock, in whose company was one of Shirley's sons, acting as secretary. With them was associated George Washington, who was getting that experience in Indian wars which proved of value later. Young Shirley was killed at the battle of Monongahela. In 1756 Washington came to Boston on military business, and was the guest of Governor Shirley. Colonel Washington was thus able to tell Governor Shirley the particulars of his son's death. The young colonel seems to have had a very pleasant sojourn at Shirley Place, where he stayed ten days. While there he visited places of interest in the neighborhood. Doubtless the knowledge of the region thus gained proved of value in the years which he could not foresee. Afterwards, while the British were in possession of Boston, his own soldiers made a barrack of the very house where he was then guest. Washington wrote to Lord Fairfax of Governor Shirley, that he was one whose "character and appearance have perfectly charmed me; his every word and action discover in him the gentleman and politician."

Madam Shirley was a woman of great ability and fine character. Being by birth a member of a noble British family, she easily led the aristocratic society of Boston. She died not long after the building of their house. In King's Chapel, the cornerstone of which Shirley laid,

August 11, 1749, he placed a memorial tablet and bust in her honor. The Castle guns were fired in honor of her funeral, and Dr. Colman commemorated her at the lecture before the General Court.

In September, 1749, Shirley went to England, and was soon appointed one of the commissioners to settle the American boundaries. His duties connected with the boundary question called him for some time to France. While in Paris he married a young girl, his landlord's daughter, and in 1753 brought this young Catholic girl to Boston to take precedence in the society of the Puritan city. This was a step which he had reason to repent as long as he lived.

In 1754 Shirley, who was a strong champion of the prerogative of the king and the power of Parliament, had several interviews with Franklin, to whom he communicated "the profound secret" and "grand design" of taxing the colonies by act of Parliament; in 1756 he advised the Ministry to impose a stamp tax in America. In 1755 Shirley was made major general, with the superintendence of military affairs in the northern colonies. The loss of Oswego was attributed to him, and in 1756 he was ordered to England to give an account of his stewardship. He was triumphantly vindicated as concerned Oswego, and two years later he was appointed

governor of the Bahamas. He stayed away from Boston until 1769, when he returned to spend his last days at Shirley Place, now owned by Judge Eliakim Hutchinson, his son-in-law. There he died, a poor man, March 24, 1771. His funeral was attended by the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, then commanded by Capt. William Heath. While the long funeral procession moved on its way, a detachment of soldiers under Lieutenant Sellon discharged at intervals seventy-six guns, denoting the governor's age. The body was interred under King's Chapel.

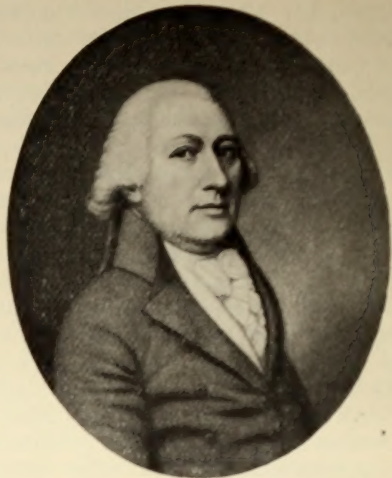
At the point farthest from the entrance door on the right hand wall is the beautiful tablet to Mrs. Shirley with its Latin inscription. The window just before one reaches it is at the side of what was the Shirley pew. All these pews are small compart-



ENTRANCE TO SHIRLEY HOUSE AS IT NOW APPEARS.

ments with high sides. Shirley's seat is under the gallery, and above in the plastering there is a crack outlining a square somewhat larger than the pew below. This is said to mark the place of certain fixtures upon which were hung curtains which surrounded the gubernatorial pew. The distinguished man had only to gather the draperies of his pew about him and settle down to pleasant dreams, while not even the minister could accuse him of disrespect. During his visit in 1756, Washington went to church with Governor Shirley and sat in the pew with the draperies.

Judge Hutchinson, Shirley's son-in-law, died in June, 1775. He having been a loyalist, the property was confiscated at his death, and the peaceful, prosperous days of Shirley Place were over, for a time at least. Revolution and war were in the air. The house was now used as a barrack by our soldiers, and necessarily came through the ordeal much the worse for wear. March 4, 1776, Col. Asa Whitcomb's regiment marched from this house, then its headquarters, to Dorchester Heights.



JOHN LANGDON, THE FATHER OF
CAROLINE LANGDON (MADAM
EUSTIS).

The estate was purchased in 1782 by Hon. John Read, a prominent Roxbury gentleman, who there exercised an elegant hospitality. In 1791 he sold the mansion and a part of the grounds to a widow, a French refugee, Madam Bertelle de Fitzpatrick, née Bovis, from whom it passed two years later to Giles Alexander. I find a story to the effect that this man treated his wife so shamefully that one night some young men of the best Boston families disguised themselves, and repaired to Shirley Place in the mood of avenging spirits. They began their work by breaking the stone lions which kept



THE REAR HALL, SHIRLEY HOUSE.

guard at the gate, and then treated the abusive husband to a coat of tar and feathers. A "labyrinth" in front of the house was said to bound the limits of Mrs. Alexander's outdoor exercise.

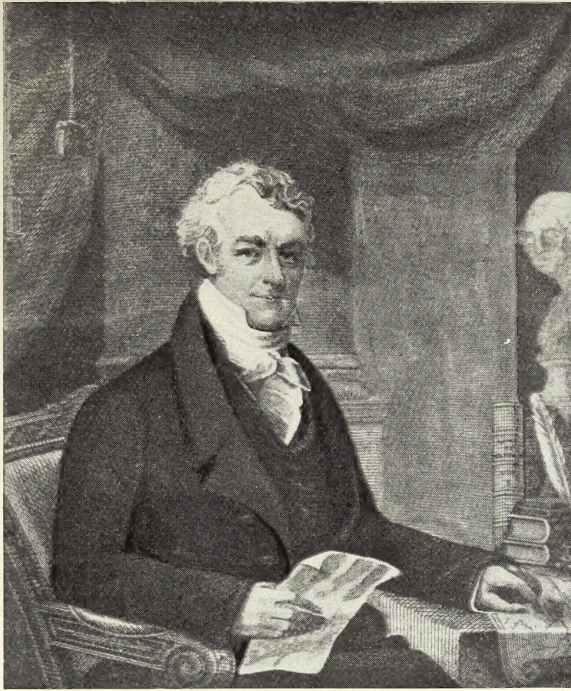
Again for a time the house was occupied by a French refugee, M. Dubuque, from Martinique. He brought with him a French cook called Julien, who later conducted the famous Julien restaurant at the corner of Milk and Congress streets, Boston. While the Frenchman, Dubuque, occupied the place, the people of Roxbury, staid descendants of the Puritans, must have had their feelings greatly tried by the sight of ball playing which went on on Sunday afternoons upon the Shirley lawn.

In 1798 the house again changed hands; it was purchased from Giles Alexander, Jr., by Capt. James Magee. Captain Magee is referred to as a convivial, noble-hearted Irishman, a shipmaster in the employ of Thomas H. Perkins. Shirley Place remained in the Magee family until 1819, when, in August, Governor Eustis bought it of Magee's widow. And now years of dignified prosperity once more blessed Shirley Place.

William Eustis was one of Boston's own sons and a thorough patriot.

He was a Latin School boy, and was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1772. He then studied medicine and surgery under Dr. Warren, the famous general who fell at Bunker Hill. To that battle Eustis rode with his teacher, and on this occasion the young man began his first independent practice. In 1776 he was appointed hospital surgeon at West Point, where he soon served as senior surgeon, which position he held to

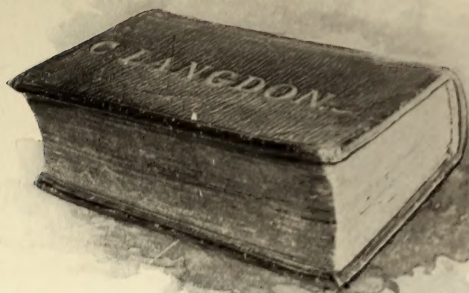
the end of the war. His great skill and kindness won for him a host of friends. At the close of the war his possessions consisted of a soldier's overcoat, four shirts, one pair of woollen stockings, a camp-bed, friends, and experience. The camp-bed occupied a small room, called the Prophet's Chamber, in the



GOVERNOR EUSTIS.

Shirley mansion, from the time Eustis took possession until the sale of the furniture, which occurred after his wife's death, at the close of the Civil War. For some years after the close of the Revolution he practiced medicine in Boston, and constantly filled positions of trust in the government, always growing in prominence.

Among his friends was Governor Langdon of New Hampshire. The experiences of the war had drawn the two men close together. Langdon had spent large sums from his pri-



CAROLINE LANGDON'S HYMN-BOOK.

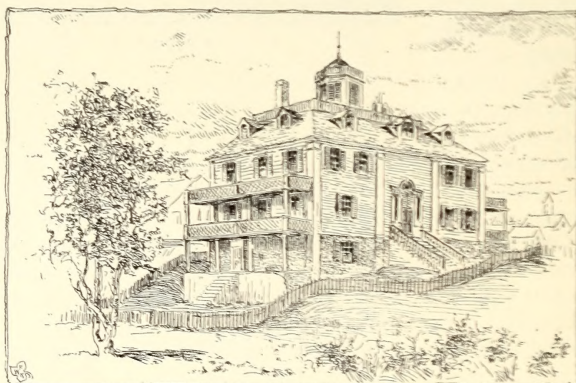
In the possession of the writer of the present article.

vate fortune for the Continental army. His home was a rendezvous for patriots. Young Frenchmen of nobility were frequently entertained there. Eustis and Lafayette thus became friends and co-workers. In the quiet days after the war Dr. Eustis often made his way up to the home of Governor Langdon in Portsmouth. Children were there in abundance, Mrs. Langdon having had eighteen, nine of whom lived to grow up. Though generally the children were kept strictly away from callers, when the doctor came they were invited to see him. Among them was Caroline, twenty-seven years younger than the doctor. She was a bright girl, and grew into a stately and beautiful woman. She was educated in her father's house, and seemed fated to come into contact with people of note. When she was still a baby the house in which she had been born was burned to the ground; it was on the site of the present Rockingham Hotel in Portsmouth. Visiting her father at the time was a French marquis. In the confusion of the fire some one appeared at an up-

stairs window with the baby Caroline in his arms. "Throw her to me," cried the marquis from below, and he caught her in his outstretched hands. It was prophetic of the welcome she always received from Europeans. Nevertheless she remained a true American and was very proud of her country. When she grew to be a young lady, a French nobleman fell in love with her, and his affection was reciprocated. But the course of their true love did not run smoothly. The

young man was ordered home when his family found how matters were tending, and the affair was stopped short, because Caroline was not of "noble" blood. This may have had something to do with her ill health at a time when Dr. Eustis made one of his visits to Portsmouth. However it was, he brought her to Boston for a change of air and scene, and she stayed under the doctor's care at his sister's. One day after he had made a professional call the lady of the house followed him to his carriage. There sat Caroline.

"Why, who is this, doctor, who looks so like your beautiful sister who died?" exclaimed the lady.



THE SHIRLEY MANSION, 1881.

Re-drawn from an etching published by J. H. Daniels and Son.

"Oh, this is Caroline Langdon, of Portsmouth. She is out of health, and I am going to cure her and then marry her," said he, as he got into the carriage.

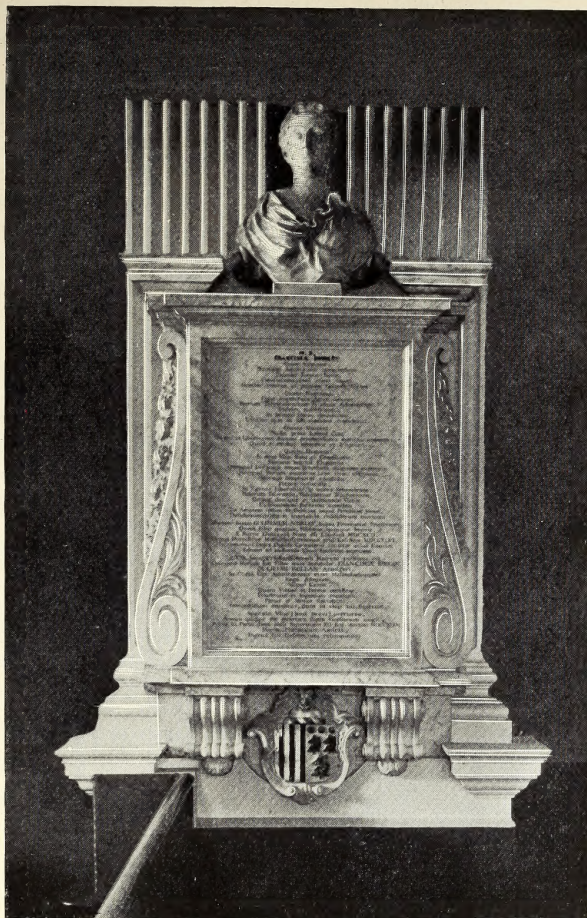
In speaking of this afterwards, the subject of the remark exclaimed, "When he said that, how I did feel!"

However, it evidently put an idea into her head. She had known him all her life, and her first memory of him was of sitting on his knee and playing with his shoe-buckles. Was he not as great a hero as the French nobleman? At any rate, she kept refusing offers of marriage for some years after this, and she was almost thirty when she added one more to the list. This made her father very angry;

but Dr. Eustis, who was at her home at the time, after Caroline's stormy interview with her father asked the young lady if there was any one in particular for whom she did care. Her reply must have been rather surprising to the old bachelor, —and it certainly delighted him: "I like you best of anyone."

In 1809 Dr. Eustis was appointed Secretary of War, towards which position he had been rising as the nation grew. Caroline and he were then married, and for a wedding trip rode in his coach all the way to Washington. Travelers on long journeys nowadays dress as simply as

they can, their main object being comfort. But when Mrs. Eustis went on her wedding trip she wore a large white satin bonnet trimmed with plumes which kept bobbing in her eyes and made them sore. She kept house in Washington, and had everything handsomely settled when the second war with England broke out. She then took up her new gray woolen carpets, and with the aid of Washington ladies



THE SHIRLEY MEMORIAL, KING'S CHAPEL.

made them into suits for the soldiers of 1812.

Two years later her husband was appointed Minister to Holland and Belgium. When Mrs. Eustis, who from the time of her life abroad was always called Madam Eustis, went to the Hague, she again set up house-keeping. She was a very capable



THE EUSTIS MONUMENT IN THE CEMETERY AT
LEXINGTON, MASS.

woman and thoroughly American in her self reliance. Her gowns were much admired by the court ladies, some of whom came in a body one day to find who made them. It appeared that Madam Eustis was unable to get any dressmaking done to suit her, and so her reply to their question was: "I am my own mantua-maker." She was a great favorite with the king and queen, and for years after her return to America she and the queen corresponded. She felt that to a very large degree she represented American womanhood to the Europeans, and she was very careful as to what she did. In her old age it was one of her boasts that the last time she danced it was with the king of Holland, William I. At one of the court balls he said to her: "I would like to waltz with you; but American ladies are too modest to waltz. May I have a dance?" Of course he had a dance. It was not a waltz; what it was I do not know. Among her friends she counted the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father. He had a parlor suit of green plush chairs, and she had a set upholstered

in red. As each liked the other's furniture best, an exchange was made; and the Duke's parlor set was used in the Shirley Place drawing room after Madam Eustis's return to America. This occurred in 1819, after a season of European travel.

After taking possession of Shirley Place, Dr. Eustis was repeatedly sent to Congress, where his wife accompanied him in the great coach, living in Washington during the sessions. In Washington society she was as great a favorite as she had been in Europe. In 1824 Dr. Eustis was elected governor of Massachusetts; and during that year came

Lafayette on his triumphal visit to America. One of the most important of his visits was that to Boston. He was met at the boundary of the state by an escort provided by Governor Eustis, who himself waited for his old friend at his house. Shirley Place was brilliantly illuminated to receive the visitor. Lafayette arrived at two in the morning. He was accommodated in the guest chamber, which after that for over forty years was left furnished as at the time when he used it. His body-guard bivouacked on the lawn, and at daybreak the next morning they waked Lafayette with music. Mrs. Eustis, seeing that all was in readiness for the Marquis's breakfast, went down stairs to look after the wants of the soldiers. She found them sitting on the lawn, feasting upon griddle cakes, which were cooked on a large flat soapstone griddle, built at the side of the winter fireplace. Lafayette and Governor Eustis departed for the city after breakfast, escorted by the light infantry whose martial music had awakened the Marquis and by a cavalcade of citizens who had started

from Boston for Shirley Place at seven in the morning.

Mrs. Eustis was feeling happy that Tuesday morning,—August 24, 1824,—for everything had gone well, and no doubt she was in a hurry to get to Boston to see the great celebrations there. But her plans were spoiled. Her husband turned to her as he was starting away and said:

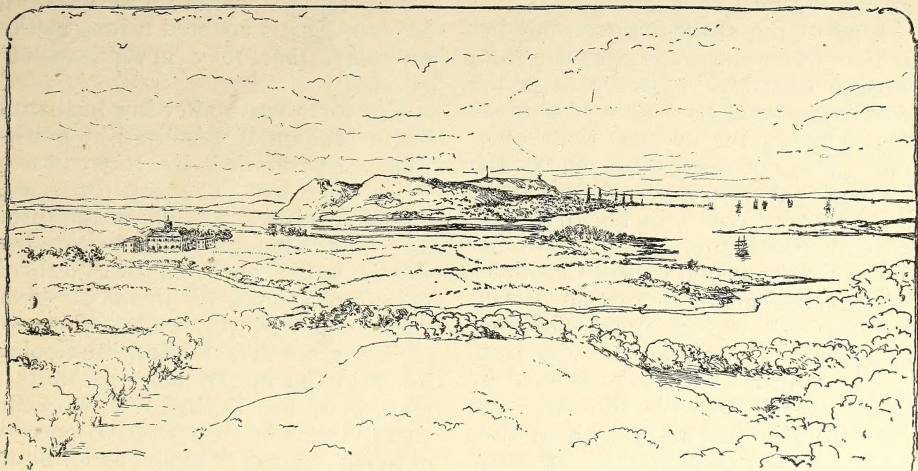
"Lafayette must dine here day after to-morrow."

"How is that possible?" she exclaimed.

"It must be done."

There had been a hitch in the plans

ordered a carpenter to make two great curved tables, which together would form a horseshoe. These were placed one in the dining room and one in the great hall, with ends touching at the foot of the stairs. Mrs. Eustis presided at one table, and the Mayor of Boston at the other. Besides Lafayette the special guests were General Dearborn, Ex-Governor Brooks, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the Council, with the military staff. The affair was a grand success. Mrs. Eustis considered it the greatest triumph of her life, for it was truly a home-made feast, all the



BOSTON FROM ROXBURY, IN THE TIME OF THE REVOLUTION, SHOWING SHIRLEY HALL AT THE LEFT. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

somewhere, and the gap had to be filled by a feast at Shirley Place, to which a large company was invited. In speaking of the event to friends of mine, Mrs. Eustis said that the first thing she did after hearing this was to go to her room and have a good cry; and then she made her plans. She had to depend on the home force alone, and that with the most capable servants gone to Boston with her husband. There were no caterers nor provision stores nearer than Boston. Thither she went and ordered supplies. Then how to seat the company was the problem. She

cooking having been done by herself and her servants in the two kitchens.

Another year saw Governor Eustis reëlected. He had just gone into town to their winter home on Howard Street, where they stayed during the sessions of the legislature, when his wife was called from Roxbury on account of his sudden illness. The illness lasted about a week, and on February 6, 1825, he died. He was the last chief magistrate of Massachusetts to die in office until the recent death of Governor Greenhalge. Mrs. Eustis was too ill to attend the funeral; but the great family coach

which had traveled so many miles with the governor now followed, empty, in the long funeral procession which escorted the body to the Old South Church. Underneath the coach walked the governor's large dog, seemingly conscious of what had happened. The burial was at Lexington. The widow wrote the inscription which is on the tombstone.

Governor Eustis left no will. Though his wife returned to Shirley Place to spend the remainder of her life, she was obliged to be very economical. It was said after her death that not one woman in ten thousand could have kept up the establishment as she did on her income.

One of the stories concerning her is that when she was returning from Boston one day in her carriage the coachman turned to her and said, as they entered the avenue, that someone of importance must be at the house, for there were tracks of horses and a heavy coach in the driveway. Madam Eustis found waiting for her a senator from one of the Carolinas, whom she had often met at Washington. He was charmed with her, and had now come all the way from his home in his carriage, attended by slaves, to ask her to be his wife. He received a prompt refusal when, after several weeks of courtship, he made his desire known. Madame Eustis was a strong anti-slavery woman, and the presence of the slaves was very vexing to her.

She was always sought after by men. Many of Boston's public men consulted with her upon government affairs. She was a diligent reader. They brought her books of the day and discussed them with her. Among her many friends none proved more valuable than Daniel Webster. He obtained a pension for her because of her husband's services in the Revolution. It is said that if she had not had that little ready money she would have been in a distressed condition.

As the years went on ghost stories

grew about the place. Part of a kitchen floor was removed and earth dug so that a foundation might be laid for a range. In the earth was found the skeleton of a child, evidently a negro. This started all manner of stories. The walls of the house are very thick, and the house had curious closets within closets and unexpected stairways. It was whispered that within the wall a person could walk all around the house. These secret passages were said to be haunted by ghosts of British officers, who were heard talking with the ghost of Governor Shirley. Be that as it may, I have the word of three housekeepers whose service to Madam Eustis covered a long period of years, that they never saw any ghosts.

For forty years after her husband's death Madam Eustis lived at Shirley Place, surrounded by souvenirs of years gone by. The house was elegantly furnished. Much of the furniture had been gathered by Madam Eustis while abroad. Beautiful oil paintings, some of them of great value, adorned the walls. Portraits of her father and mother, by Copley, hung in the upper hall. There is a picture of her husband now in the State House in Boston. No portrait of herself was ever made, as for some unknown reason she objected to it. She was a very beautiful woman, stately in carriage and courteous in manners. One little custom which she learned abroad she adopted and maintained. She never allowed any one of her household to turn his back upon her in leaving her presence. This was a court custom which she held to very strictly, and she was careful to treat others as she wished to be treated in this matter.

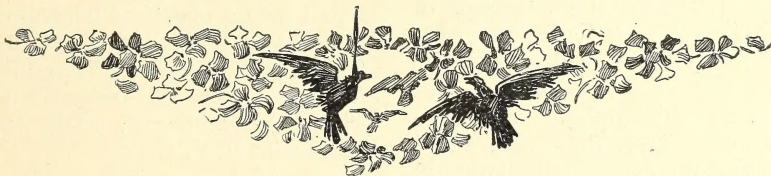
The last forty years of her life were spent quietly in reading, corresponding, receiving visits from a favored few, attending to her flowers, many of which were very rare, and managing her estate. She was keenly alive to the questions of the day, and a dili-

gent reader of the *Daily Advertiser*. Before his death, her husband and herself had become strong Unitarians, attending Dr. Putnam's church in Roxbury. One by one the old friends dropped out of her life; and although she had prominent relatives, they were of a younger generation. One of her nieces married the late Prof. A. P. Peabody of Harvard. Her favorite brother married the daughter of John Jacob Astor. Their son made Mrs. Eustis a short visit when she was too feeble to leave her chair, and delighted her greatly by presenting to her two miniatures on ivory of his father and mother. At this time she was much in the Lafayette chamber, knitting socks for the Union soldiers. The associations of the place doubtless attracted her, and the view of the harbor was especially pleasant. A lonely feeling took possession of her during those days. She used to say: "I was born on the last day of the week, the last day of the month, and the last day of the year. I am the last of everything." When the Civil War broke out, her constant prayer was that she might be spared to see its close. While she waited for the outcome of the struggle, she knit thirteen pairs of socks, and recounted the stories of her life to her nurse, who stayed with her during her last five years. She was accustomed to remark that few people were permitted to witness the birth of a nation, to watch it grow, growing with it, and to see its life struggle end in victory, as she was at last able to

do. She died in 1865, in her eighty-fifth year. She is buried beside her husband at Lexington.

With her death the prosperous days of Shirley Place came to an end. The first step in the downward direction occurred with the sale at auction of the relics and furniture. This occurred in November, 1865. Among other valuable things which were sold then was a secretary given by General Warren to Eustis, the furniture of the Lafayette chamber, a portrait on ivory of the Duchess of Orleans given by her to the governor, and the old family coach, built by Knowles and Thayer of Amherst, which sold for thirty dollars. The house was sold at auction in 1867. Since then it has passed through several hands.

Anyone who is interested enough in the house to visit it to-day needs to prepare himself for a sight of wholesale destruction such as usually takes place when some investor buys a grand old mansion and remodels it to meet the supposed needs of a cheap tenement house. Some of the people living there are courteous, intelligent working people, greatly interested in the history of the place. Others, like Diogenes, prefer sunlight to your presence, and have no more objection to telling you so than had that outspoken philosopher. Who lived there in the old days they do not know nor care to know. Nevertheless, the old place in its decay is worth a visit from lovers of the historic past who are able to see former glory through present wreckage.



A YALE STUDENT OF THE CLASS OF 1822.

By Amelia L. Hill.



In a former article some account has been given of child life in the first years of this century, drawn chiefly from the records of a Massachusetts family of that time.* The same papers furnish an account of the life of a member of the family while a student at Yale College in the class of 1822, which enable us to form a picture of the situation and pursuits of college students at that period. The same lad whose career at school furnished much of the information as to school-life in the article referred to entered Yale College in 1818, at the age of fifteen; and his correspondence while at college shows clearly that the student of those days was essentially the same being as the student of to-day, while it also shows the differences between manners and customs then and now.

The Reverend Jeremiah Day was at that time president of Yale College and also professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. Besides the president there were seven professors, two assistant professors and five tutors. Of these one was professor of divinity, three were professors and one was assistant professor of various branches of medicine, and only four professed those subjects which at the present day form a part of the college curriculum. These were the professor of chemistry, the professor of Hebrew, Greek and Latin, the professor of rhetoric and oratory, and the assistant professor of mathematics and natural philosophy. The professor of chemistry, mineralogy and geology was the celebrated Benjamin Silliman. The care and instruction of the undergraduates was largely

committed to the tutors. The students at this time were 294 in number. 29 were resident graduates; and of the remainder there were 43 "senior sophisters," 72 "junior sophisters," 82 sophomores, and 68 freshmen.

In 1818 the college campus occupied only the southeastern portion of the square now devoted to the college buildings. The buildings consisted of South College, South Middle, the Athenæum (then the Chapel), the Lyceum (in the rhetorical chamber of which the library was kept), and North Middle. These were then called respectively Union Hall, Connecticut Hall, the Chapel, the Connecticut Lyceum, and Berkeley Hall. To the northeast of the other college buildings, and fronting on College Street stood the president's house erected in 1799. Behind the Athenæum stood a brick building erected in 1782 for a dining hall and kitchen. In 1818 a new building was constructed for this purpose, afterwards known as the Cabinet, and standing behind South Middle College and the Lyceum. This building contained a basement in which cooking was done, a first story in which was the dining hall and an upper story which contained the valuable mineralogical cabinet acquired by Professor Silliman. Upon the completion of this building the old Commons Hall was turned into a chemical laboratory.

It was in the fall of 1818 that the student with whom we are concerned entered college. His sister in a letter written November 2, 1818, says to her cousin, E. S. G.:

"Jonathan you know has entered College. About four weeks since he went down to New Haven with Mamma. He was examined, was received, returned home immedi-

* *New England Magazine*, December, 1896.

ately, prepared his clothes, etc., and left us again in a week after his return. Papa carried him down. He boards with the widow De Forest, and from father's account is very pleasantly situated. We have received no letters from him yet, but expect one by the mail to-day. I hope you will write to him. He is quite alone for Mrs. De Forest has no other boarders, and he has no room-mate, though I presume he will, as soon as he can find one he likes. . . . I have just had a letter from Jonathan. He is perfectly contented—writes in high spirits, and when my letter is brought from the parlour, where it has been carried for the edification of the family at large, I will copy some poetry, the first I have ever had from his poetic genius, not for the excellence of the quality, but for your amusement, for it is John completely."

She copies:

"Ye good Dutch blankets, and thou feather bed,

On which I've often laid my learned head;
Till wak'd at eight o'clock from sleep profound

I heard of Molly's voice the solemn sound.
How much I miss you here no tongue can tell,

When wak'd at six o'clock by college bell—

In haste I shivering clap my clothing on,
And with my utmost speed to chapel run."

A few days later he writes his mother and sister the following letters, which give some idea of his studies and also of the hours of prayers and recitation, which would doubtless seem appalling to young people of the present day.

"New Haven, Dec. 6, 1818.

"*Dear Mother:* I devote a few minutes on Sunday evening to let you know I am well, and to give you some description of my situation. At six in the morning we arise and attend prayers, and then recitation. At eleven we recite in Arithmetic—at five in the afternoon in the Roman Antiquities. The morning's lesson therefore must be got in the evening. Now figure to yourself your son Jon with his blinder far down upon his nose, listening to his room-mates and endeavoring to obtain some knowledge of the lesson, and you will have my figure. I board in a very pleasant family. Old N. (Newport, the slave mentioned in the former article) is well and was provided with a goose and a turkey for thanksgiving. I dined that day at Mr —'s. Our vacation is five weeks from next Wednesday, when I intend to return to Greenfield in the stage in company with six other scholars, who are going to that part of

Massachusetts. Do not write anything to the contrary.

"Your dutiful son, J. L."

"New Haven, Dec. 11, 1818.

"*Dear Eliza:* It is now Saturday evening, the only evening in the week not devoted to Livy, and I trust I shall not be trespassing on this part of the Sabbath,* if I devote it to writing to my sister Eliza. I wish you could at this moment enter my room, and see my college habitation; my little Excellency (as my sisters always called me) in a large armed rocking chair; with a commodious leaf, cushion, etc., which I have purchased for three dollars—shoes off as usual—feet on the andirons, and his thoughts on the "Hall of his fathers." I perceive by your letters that you blame me for not writing. You say I have written but once. Have I not written once to A—, once to S. W.? Has not Mamma received my letter to her? What has become of the catalogue I sent you, thinking you would be pleased to see your brother's name enrolled on the list of Yale College. Last Saturday I went to East Rock and there saw a real hermit, a being who lives on the summit of the rock in a house made of stones like the black dwarf in the "Tales of my Landlord." Last Wednesday evening I went to see the steamboat, with which I was highly pleased. Vacation draws near. If it is the design of you good people that I shall then return to Greenfield please to signify by letter.

Monday morning. Cold, cold, cold work it is to get up at six o'clock, and go to prayers by moonlight. How do you like this cold weather? I am to speak before my class to-day, and to exhibit a translation from Sallust on Tuesday.

"Adieu, J. L."

It appeared to have been the design of the "good people" that their son should return to Greenfield for his vacation, which occurred during the first two weeks of January. When the vacation had ended and he had returned to college he wrote as follows to his sister:

"New Haven, Feb. 6, 1819.

"*Dear Sarah:* I write in haste to let you know I have arrived in safety at the place of my destination. At Deerfield I picked up Mr. P., at Hatfield my room-mate B., and at West Springfield L. A little this side of Northampton the fore wheel of our carriage failed, which hindered us no more than an hour. We dined at West Springfield at five o'clock, and arrived at Hartford about ten. The next day I reached New Haven. . . . We have had

*At this time in New England "Sabbath" was considered to extend from sunset on Saturday to sunset on Sunday.

no disturbance in college this term, but go on as regularly as in a private family. Our studies are Algebra, which I find very easy, Livy, a Roman Historian, a very interesting study, and Homer's Iliad, in the original Greek, in which it was written, which is a laborious study, though on a very interesting subject (viz., ladies, etc.), for we have to study long to find out the lady's name and turn over the leaves of the Lexicon to find the colour of her eyes, in which Homer is very particular. My eyesight is almost expended, therefore I must bid you farewell.

J. L."

"New Haven, March 27, 1819.

"*Dear Mary:* I received yours of the 23rd inst. yesterday, through favour of the Penny-Post; to which I remunerated the sum of one penny, therefor. The habitation, the dwelling-place, the delectable abode, of the most honorable, learned, eloquent, brave, and illustrious sons of Yale, beginneth to brighten up—and withal, the spirits of yours, etc., begin to be revived. In this place is a society called the Linonian:* Reverend and beloved of my soul, and dearest to my eyes; who, sheltering herself under the wings of old Yale, hath flourished like a green vine for these many years. In which my genius will undoubtedly shine, like a candle under a bushel. . . . On account of the alteration which is made in the time of election by the new Constitution of this state, the faculty have thought proper to shorten the term one week, which would bring the commencement of the vacation on the third day of May. The week preceding the end of the term is taken up in examinations and exhibitions of the Junior class.† It will, I think, be equally advantageous to return to Greenfield as soon as the studies of the term are through, that is a week before the close of the term, but if Papa is better I think I had better stay until the end of the term, as I have never witnessed a college exhibition. In a ramble this morning with a class-mate, I accidentally discovered what I had often sought for in vain. In an obscure corner of the old burying-ground, I found two stones, whose inscription was almost obliterated by time, but which I knew from the description I had read of them in Stiles' Judges. Here I read the names of the Judges of King Charles—

*The Linonian was a literary society, founded September 12th, 1753, and which, until recently, maintained at least a nominal existence. Its rival at this time was a society called Brother in Unity, founded in 1768. Both were in their prime at this period, and the night on which their weekly meeting was held was the important night of the week.

†"Junior Exhibition" took place annually the last, or next to the last, week of the second term, when orations were delivered by those members of the class whose rank entitled them to this distinction. The "parts," as they were called, had different names, such as orations, dissertations, disputes, etc., but were all similar in character, the difference in names only marking the differences in rank of those to whom the parts were assigned.

men who shone in their day of glory, who condemned to the block the crowned head of Britain. And now the heedless scholar's foot treads rudely on their ashes, as he pursues his ball over the green, and thinks not that beneath him lie outstretched the bones of the mighty."*

"April 19, 1819.

"*Dear Mother:* . . . I take a long walk every morning before breakfast, which I find is very beneficial, as it gives me a fine appetite, and it preserves me, in a great measure, from the laziness and headache that I generally feel in warm weather. We are called up at half-past five, which I think is a very healthy practise and one I mean to continue at home. Uncle H. has come, and Uncle H. has gone, and left me here alone. Last Thursday I spent with him. We visited the cabinet of minerals, called at Mr. —'s. About four in the afternoon he left New Haven. I rode with him as far as the chips,‡ where I left him to pursue his journey alone, and walked back to College. The velocipede, so famous here, is a pretty plaything. I rode on it some time yesterday, and could make it go with considerable velocity on the walks of the garden where I rode."§

To his sister he says:

"The walks in New Haven are now delightful. I find I am getting to be very much attached to the place. If I remain three years more here, I shall hardly know how to quit it. Moreover I have fallen into the hands of some very insinuating damsels—they insinuate me every time I come near 'em. Give my best regards to Miss H. and the whole generation of gals. I hope Miss E. will live through the hi-po, or low-po, or whatever disorder she has. What a place New Haven is for that generation of vipers, vulgarly called damsels. Thick as hops, sweet as white mulberries—white as slacked lime—meet 'em at every corner, smiling, jerking, bowing—how are you? Miss — has read me some most edifying lectures of late. The dear creature who goeth up and down seeking whom she may devour. Tell E. that Miss — with whom she was so intimate at

*The stones referred to are those which marked the burial place of Dixwell, Goffe, and Whalley, the Regicides, who were buried in the old burying ground referred to, which occupied a part of what is now known as "The Green" in New Haven. These stones are still to be seen within the fence which encloses the more conspicuous monument erected to the Regicides, upon the same spot, when the burying ground was turned to other uses.

†A common expression at the time, to accompany a person home as far as "the chips" was to go to his very door. To go with one who was taking leave as far as "the chips" was to go to one's gate. The expression probably arose from the fact that yards, in those days of wood-piles were apt to be strewn with chips.

‡The velocipedes of that day had little in common with machines since called by that name. They had no pedals, but were propelled by touching the feet to the ground.

Hadley's is here, and had the support of my arm, in a walk from Uncle Seth's to her boarding place. . . . Our studies have increased in difficulty within three weeks very much, and require diligent attention. Since I wrote you last I have had to declaim in the chapel, and to exhibit a translation from Quintus Curtius. So you may conclude I have been busy enough. The people here did nothing to celebrate the Fourth of July except ringing the bells. One of the students delivered an oration in the court-house—an oration which would do honor to any man living. . . . You have, as yet, said nothing about coming to New Haven at commencement. It is time to be making arrangements about it if you are coming. You know it is the intention of Papa and Mamma that you should attend Mr. H.'s school while I stay in College, and if you come here and see the beauties of this place you will be willing and glad to attend school here. You will be much pleased with New Haven. It is certainly a delightful place."

Commencement at that time occurred in September, and on October 23, 1819, we find our student back at college again, and he writes that he has "again attacked Horace, Euclid, and Geography with all possible vim." He also says: "I unfortunately left Dr. W.'s certificate at home, and if you do not immediately send it to me I shall be obliged to board in the hall." At this time all students unless excused on a doctor's certificate were obliged to board at Commons. For those who had such a certificate an "invalid's table" was provided, at which the fare was somewhat better than that furnished for the rest of the students. At meal times the Sophomores entered at the north door, the Freshmen at the south door, and the Juniors and Seniors at the middle door of the then new Commons building, since known as the Cabinet. The tutors sat at an elevated table and attempted to preserve order. The waiters were sixteen of the poorer members of the Junior class. The food was of a very poor quality, and its deficiencies occasioned much disorder and rioting. It is related that six hundred tumblers, thirty coffee-pots, and many other articles of table furniture were destroyed during one

term. We are told by a graduate of 1821 that "boiled potatoes, loaves of bread, balls of butter, and dishes would be flung back and forth, especially between Sophomores and Freshmen, and you would never be sure in raising a cup to your lips that it would not be dashed out of your hands." When peas were to be cooked all the undergraduates were summoned to shell them, and if any one shirked the others collected the pods and deposited them in his room. This was called "podding." The drink for dinner was cider, a large pewter jug of which stood at each end of every table. Up to 1815 every one drank in turn from the jug, but at this time tumblers were introduced. One class being tired of lamb, they came into the hall bleating. No notice being taken of this, a day or two later they entered the hall in advance of the tutors and threw it all out of the windows, platters and all. The head cook and his assistant at this time were named Canada. They went among the students by the names of Upper and Lower Canada.

In a letter to his sister J. L. says:

"I believe the Faculty are determined to raise hob with my class. For being Sophs, we feel a little antic. Three of my class-mates are suspended. Several others have received warnings and admonitions. As for myself, I steer clear as yet. How long I shall, I know not. . . . Our vacation begins on the eleventh day of January. As it is good sleighing here, I expect to see Papa. I have got me a plaid cloak and shall appear before you in all the dignity of Mr. ——. 'Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth, and tall.'"

We are told by a graduate of this period that at this time a passion for dress was manifested to such a degree that the Faculty thought necessary to use some means to arrest it. One student appeared in a suit of changeable silk. The Lycurgan Society was formed. Its members encouraged plainness of dress and simplicity of life. Some members desired to assume a distinctive dress, and the one proposed was similar to that worn

by Quakers.—a close coat with short skirts of a gray material and stand-up collar. The idea was unpopular and was not carried out.

The following letter gives an interesting picture of the manner of traveling in the period:

New Haven, March 12, 1820.

"... The United States mail was robbed night before last between this place and Stratford. The villain is caught, and is in jail. He has confessed himself guilty and will probably be hung. Fortunately there was but little money in the mail when it was plundered. College has been remarkably steady this term. Only one fellow has been rusticated for breaking windows. We have finished Trigonometry and commenced Mensuration. I have found Trigonometry quite easy, but the sums in Mensuration look rather threatening. William,* the little boy, will go home with me at the end of the term unless I receive contrary directions. I shall come home in the following manner. The man whom I hired to carry me to Hartford the last vacation (in order to avoid riding in the night) has offered to carry Dewey, Bradley, William, and myself to Greenfield for the usual stage price. He will carry us in a very handsome coach, with two horses, and he is a very good driver. By hiring him we shall avoid riding in the night, we can stop when and where we please, and shall incur no additional expense. If the plan does not meet with the approbation of Papa and yourself, I wish you would let me know it so that I may not engage the man."

His mother sends him "a considerable sum of money" and says: "Be very punctual in discharging your bills *all*, and come home in the way you propose. If you can rely upon your own prudence in care of the child and if your Papa writes not to the contrary. He is in Worcester at Court. Invite your classmates all here." Evidently Social Villa was filled with young life and gayety during this vacation, as our student writes that he is "riding, walking, shooting, fishing, waiting on the ladies and engaged in other such useless and gentleman-like employments"; and after a month we see him in college again.

*A child in the family of Mrs. De Forest, where Jonathan boarded. The child being out of health, Mrs. L. had offered to receive him at Greenfield, that he might benefit by a change of air.

"*Pax vobiscum dear sister Mary:* How doth the family since I left it? New Haven I find remains exactly as it was four weeks since, save that the right reverend elm-trees have brushed up their beautiful coats, and the lilacs and snowballs have put on their gay livery to welcome back the students. I can now play on my flute, without being requested to stop, or take the pigeon-wing without disturbing any one. We are engaged in studying navigation, with the mensuration of heights and distances with which I am well pleased. Yesterday afternoon I spent in endeavoring to make a quadrant; and though I was unable to bring the instrument to any degree of mathematical correctness, yet I so far succeeded as to make a quadrant by which I could illustrate the method of measurement. In our lesson yesterday we had a sum in which the diameter of the moon was required. We now rise at five in the morning, which though somewhat disagreeable to my laziness, is very beneficial to my health. It prevents the headache, gives me a degree of life and animation I never possess when I indulge in sleep till late in the morning, and enables me to study with much more pleasure and profit. New Haven never looks more beautiful than at this season. The trees (of which you know there is a great abundance) are covered with thick foliage. The green and college yard are spread with the most beautiful of carpets. Few persons in this world are so delightfully situated as the students at Yale College. And I am sometimes alarmed at the idea of leaving it when two more years shall have passed."

His mother is planning a visit to New Haven with her daughter, and writes:

"I have thought of spending Commencement at New Haven. Write me how you would like the plan. I think a visit to New Haven friends would prove quite delectable to Miss Mary, but I apprehend her fears of Knights Errant, etc., will fill her mind with 'scare,' and weaken my exhausted courage, for if we go I shall take Farmer, and spend a fortnight on the road down, and return slowly. Perhaps you can ride from Hartford with us. We have had pressing invitations to attend Commencement at Harvard, but excused ourselves, as we were to be at Yale. Cousin S. is in high glee. Has received one of the first appointments, and has invited the family en masse to go down to Cambridge, and witness his delivery. If Papa is able he will take the chaise and be in New Haven at nine o'clock Commencement Day, and leave the day after Commencement, so as to attend Probate Court the Monday after."

Whether this plan was carried out

does not appear. The next letter written on the student's return to college gives some suggestion of the inconveniences of travel at that time:

"I might give you an account of my journey hither if I had time—how we were detained in Northampton by the cattle show, how after that we got into a hole in the meadows, and staid there about an hour; how we got into Hartford at eleven o'clock, and could find no lodgings. But these particulars I must reserve for the fire-side in January. Since my return a destructive fire has laid waste a great part of the wharf. Our studies are pleasant enough. Prof. —'s lectures are quite interesting, and if I do not blow myself up in trying experiments, I shall find Chemistry a very pleasant study.

"Yours,

J. L."

The fire referred to was a destructive one, and drew out most of the college to witness it. The result for our student was a severe cold, which so affected his eyes that he was obliged to return home for a time. The following letter written to his chum gives a picture of his life at home:

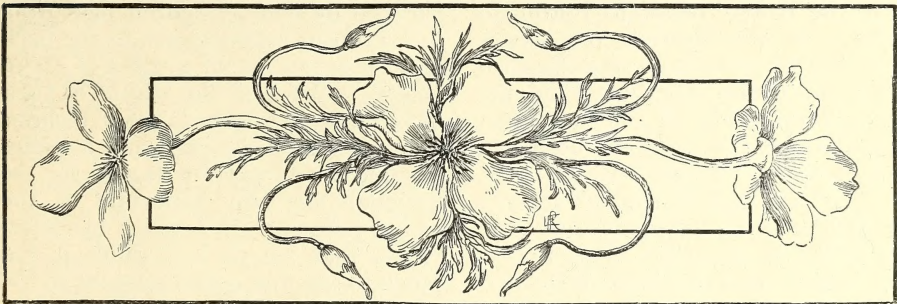
"I am very comfortably seated before a large fire, with a flute, flageolet and piano beside me; plenty of apples in the closet close by; beer, cider and other delectable comforts at hand; a good library, and sisters to read to me withal. You must suppose from my remarkably active dispo-

sition, that I rise extremely early, I am also in the habit of eating breakfast, notwithstanding the low opinion you have been accustomed to entertain of my eating faculties. Then I ride, then I skate and break my head on the ice by way of variety, but you can't expect perfection. And the girls, too, I find have increased and multiplied amazingly this winter, so that there are quite a number of respectable, blue-eyed and black-eyed, laughing, grinning damsels, roving about to my great satisfaction, as I am fond of looking at all beautiful objects—beautiful pictures, beautiful landscapes, beautiful horses and carriages, beautiful experiments in the laboratory or philosophical chamber, beautiful demonstrations, beautiful buildings, beautiful girls—for to my weak eye, no building is so elegant as a handsome, well-built edifice, except a lass neatly put together from the ridge-pole to the sill. On the whole I am enjoying myself pretty well.

"Yours,

J. L."

The correspondence contains no other letters of interest. In the spring of 1820 young L— obtained a part in the Junior Exhibition, which was to take place on the thirtieth of April, 1821. His parents went to New Haven to be present on the occasion, but found him ill,—and from this illness he never recovered. His life and his college career ended before the close of his Junior year, on the tenth day of May, 1821, when he was eighteen years of age.



EDITOR'S TABLE.



THE United States Bureau of Education is constantly giving us, in its successive reports and circulars of information, material of the highest value not alone for professional educators but for all American citizens. We wish that these reports had far more attention from the general public than they do have. We wish especially that our people throughout the country might "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" the leaflet which has just been issued by the Bureau, on "English Methods of Teaching American History." We took up this general subject in these pages last August, in noticing the misconceptions which are almost universal among our people as to the feeling of England concerning the American Revolution both at the time and since. We dwelt upon the fact that the best English sentiment was with us while the Revolution progressed, and English sentiment has been with us, almost unanimously, from that time to this. We have to go to the British poets, to Byron, to Burns, for the noblest panegyrics upon Washington, and the English historians, Green, Gardiner, and the rest, tell the story of the American Revolution precisely as we desire to have it told. "Above all," we said, "the boys and girls in English schools are taught this history from their text-books in the right way, in the way which makes them love and admire us and our fathers, instead of hating us. We wish that every one might read the 'Citizen's Reader,' that splendid little book by Arnold Forster, which circulates by hundreds of thousands in the English

public schools, and see how the American Revolution is treated in the two or three pages devoted to it there. Consider the infinite difference which it makes whether boys and girls are brought up upon such history, or upon such a view of England as most of our own text-books promote in touching the Revolution." Much of the ill-will toward England which undeniably exists in great sections of the American people and which the mischief-making politician can confidently appeal to springs from a false view of what the American Revolution was and what the history of England was in connection with it. The feelings of jealousy and anger which were born in the throes of the struggle for independence are indiscriminately perpetuated. Our children grow up with the feeling that "red coat" is the very badge and synonym of enmity to America. They are trained and fortified in it often by false and superficial text-books. The influence of false history and of crude, one-sided history is enormous. It is a natural and logical step by which children pass from many of our schoolrooms to the back yard, there to set up images of "Britishers" and fire at the whites of their eyes; and it is natural that feelings so born should die hard and at times become a dangerous factor in the national life. So important is the whole influence of popular historical views, that we do not think it too much to say that a vast amount of the persistent ill-will toward England of which from time to time we became conscious among our people, as compared with the almost universal kindness of English feeling toward us, is to be explained by the very

different spirit in which the history of the American Revolution is taught to the boys and girls in the schools of the one country and of the other.

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We called attention, when speaking upon this subject at midsummer, of the visit to America at that very time of Samuel Plimsoll, the well known member of the English Parliament, whose name is immortalized in the term "Plimsoll mark," which is given to the safety load-line of British ships. Mr. Plimsoll said to the New York newspapers: "I have come to this country to see if I cannot find the cause of the unjust dislike the Americans have for the mother country. That feeling is so uncalled for that there must be some cause for it,—fancied cause, I think. We in England have no such feeling toward America. We have only sympathy and admiration for her. It seems strange to me that you should allow the ill feeling caused by a war of 120 years ago still to exist. You must remember that nine-tenths of the English people were opposed to the war at the time, and that the remaining one-tenth, the governing class, was divided within itself on the subject. Why let the acts of a daft old king who was in retirement for insanity two or three times cause an everlasting animosity toward the England of to-day, which has no more to do with that time than the United States of to-day has? I believe the prejudice starts with the children and is taught to them from school histories that misstate facts; and in these histories I think the remedy lies. I have gathered together all the histories that are used in the board schools of England. There are thirty-four of them. I examined them carefully, and I did not find the slightest unkind allusion to the United States in one. And so I have come to this country to exam-

ine the school histories used here. I have been told, and believe, that most of them are unfair; that they foster a wrong feeling toward the mother country. I hope to live long enough to bring this to the attention of thinking men, so that a reform can be begun. If we begin with the children, I think the rest will work out itself."

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It is the collection of extracts made by Mr. Plimsoll, which is now published by the Bureau of Education. The pamphlet is so important, and is likely at best to win its way so slowly to the attention of our people, that we feel that we can put these pages to no other so good use at this time as that of making them give to our readers an idea of the scope and character of these extracts. The extracts presented in the pamphlet are from twenty-four books of English history used in the schools of the lower grades. The histories, we are assured by Mr. Plimsoll, were collected without any discrimination as to those that were favorable or unfavorable, and no effort to sift them has been made in this compilation. We have here therefore a full and true picture of the way in which the history of the American Revolution is taught to the boys and girls of England. It is impossible in the space at our command to give many of these extracts or to give long passages from them. We shall, however, choose such passages as give a true idea of the whole, taking as our first two those which stand first in the pamphlet. The entire body of extracts fills more than thirty closely-printed pages of the Bureau of Education report. If our reference to it prompts teachers of history or others to procure the report and study it carefully, we shall be very glad.

The first extract given in Mr. Plimsoll's collection is from a little reading book in history called "Our Kings and Queens," published by Thomas

Nelson & Sons in 1893. The work is evidently a mere outline, and the passage relating to the American Revolution is very brief:

"A quarrel now began between our colonies in America and the Government at home. An attempt was made to force the Americans to pay taxes on tea and other articles carried into the country. This they refused to do. When several ships, containing taxed tea sent from England, arrived in Boston Harbor, some of the people, dressed as red Indians, went on board and threw it into the water. The Government sent out soldiers to force the Americans to pay taxes, and war began, which went on for nearly eight years. The Americans raised an army to defend themselves. Their leader was George Washington. Then they declared themselves independent of Great Britain, and formed a union of thirteen States under the name of the United States of America. In 1783 the war ended and a treaty was made, in which Great Britain had to agree that the United States should be a separate country. Since then the colonists, or Americans, have governed themselves. They have no king or queen at their head. Instead of a monarch they choose one of their chief men, who is called the President, to be at the head of the Government. The first President was George Washington."

Nothing could be fairer than this. And nothing could be fairer than the fuller account which immediately follows, from a reader published by the same house, entitled "The United Kingdom":

"The seven years' war left North America in British hands. Now began a quarrel with our American colonies which caused most of them to separate from the mother country. The Government at home claimed the right of taxing them without their permission. The late war had cost a great deal of money, and as much of it had been spent on behalf of the colonies, Grenville thought that they ought to help to pay it. A stamp act was passed, by means of which he hoped to raise what he wanted in America. The Americans answered that they were willing to give money of their own free will, but that they would not be forced to pay taxes which they had no share in levying, as they had no members in the British Parliament. Grenville resigned and the stamp act was repealed. Pitt, who was now Earl of Chatham, had warned the Government against the stamp act, and told them what would happen. He was strongly against taxing

colonists at all; but the ministers, who had not yet learned wisdom, placed new taxes on tea, lead, glass, and other things which were sent to America. This soon made matters much worse. Chatham left the ministry, and two years after the Duke of Grafton gave way to Lord North. It was not because the tax was large that the Americans were unwilling to pay it, for it was very small, but because they considered that the home Government had no right to tax them at all. The King was more to blame than any of his ministers. He would not give way in what he thought was his right as Sovereign of the colonies. . . . Chatham said to the Lords that it was folly to force taxes in the face of a continent in arms. Burke bade the Commons take care lest they broke that tie of kindred blood which, light as air, though strong as iron, bound the colonies to the mother land.

"It was now ten years since the passing and withdrawing of the stamp act. Everything had been tried to bring about a settlement, but the foolishness of the King made all efforts vain. War began and went on for nearly eight years. The King found that he could get Lord North to do much as he wished, and so he kept him in power during the whole American war. The first fighting took place at Lexington, near Boston, between a few British soldiers and some American riflemen. The colonists, who were used to shooting deer in the forests, soon proved their skill, and they now shot down men with deadly aim. The British lost more than twice as many men as the Americans. The Americans next besieged the British under General Gage in Boston, and a battle took place on Bunker Hill near the town, where the Americans had thrown up earthworks. They were forced to retreat, but they did not lose heart. They now saw that they could hold their own when they met the best British troops on equal terms. The famous George Washington now took command of the American Army. He had done good service for the British in their struggle with the French in the seven years' war. Now he had but one thought, one desire, and that was to secure the freedom of his country."

These two extracts alone give a just idea of the spirit which animates all. In many of them the course of thought and often the words are the same as in the second extract given, the writers clearly drawing from common sources. Many of the accounts are much longer and completer. For these it is impossible for us to make place; but here are three admirable and thoroughly representative brief

extracts. The first is from a reader called "The Story of England":

"In 1765, trouble began with our colonies in North America. The prime minister, Mr. Grenville, had the stamp act passed, in order to raise money there on stamps which had to be bought from the government, and put on to deeds and other documents. The thirteen colonies, as they then were, containing about 2,000,000 people, spoke out strongly against this. They said they had no members to represent them in Parliament, and that, as British subjects may not be taxed without their own consent in Parliament, they ought not to pay taxes to the British Government at home. In 1766 the stamp act was repealed, but another was passed declaring that Parliament had the right, if it chose, to tax the colonists. An act was passed in 1767, putting duties on tea, glass, paper, and other articles of use, and riots then took place in the colonies. In 1769 the Virginian house of assembly declared that the colony could be legally taxed only by its own house. Still George and his ministers would take no warning. Lord North became prime minister in 1770, and Lord Chatham in the House of Lords, and the great Irishman, Edmund Burke, in the Commons, spoke strongly in favor of the colonists. Lord North then took off all taxes except that on tea, but this he kept to show the rights he claimed for the home country. In all these doings George backed his ministers with his usual dull obstinacy, which he took to be the firmness of a great ruler. In 1773, a party of men at Boston, in America, went on board some ships in the harbor and threw the cargoes of tea overboard. Another great speaker in the Commons, Charles James Fox, joined Burke and Chatham in supporting the cause of freedom; but North and the King could not be moved. Then in 1774 twelve of the thirteen colonies sent men to a meeting at Philadelphia, and they drew up a declaration of rights, which was another strong warning of what was to come. At last, in April, 1775, the war of American Independence broke out. At Lexington, near Boston, a force of colonial riflemen attacked a body of British troops and gave them a severe defeat. Col. George Washington was put at the head of the rebel forces, and, sometimes winning, sometimes losing, he gained undying fame by his cool courage, firmness, and skill throughout the war. On July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed by a meeting at Philadelphia of men representing all the thirteen colonies, and the great Republic called the United States began to exist. In 1777, a British force of 6,000 men, under General Burgoyne, was surrounded at Saratoga by a great American army, and

forced to lay down its arms. This was the turning point of the struggle. Early the next year our Parliament gave up the right to tax the colonies and wished to make peace. But it was now too late. The French Government of Louis XVI had already made an alliance with the new State, and sent out ships and troops. At last, in 1781, another large British force, under Lord Cornwallis, was forced to surrender at Yorktown, in Virginia, and by the peace of Paris, in 1783, England recognized the United States of America as an independent power."

The following paragraph is from one of Jarrold's "Empire Readers":

"The United States of America were at that time English colonies. George III wanted the people there to pay very heavy taxes, but they refused. One was a tax or "duty" on tea. The Americans said they would rather go without tea than pay it. So when ships came bringing tea they threw it all overboard. For ten years the colonists and the Government quarreled about it, and then they went to war. George Washington was the American patriot who led their armies, and the English were defeated. On the 4th of July, 1776, the United States of America became an independent nation. William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, had done all he could to make George III and his Parliament see that it was not fair to tax the American colonists in order to pay for England's European wars. These wars had been of no use to them, and they wanted their money to defend themselves at home. If the King had been wise enough to follow Pitt's advice he would not have lost these colonies."

The third extract is from one of Longman's "Ship" Historical Readers, published in 1895:

"We have read about the Pilgrim Fathers and how they sailed away to America and founded a colony there. In the course of time the colonists grew rich and strong. Their land was ruled over by the King of England. At last quarrels arose because King George III wanted to make them pay him money that they thought they ought not to pay. The King said they must pay him so much money as a tax upon all tea they used. The colonists thought he had no right to make them pay it. So they said that, rather than pay the tax, they would do without tea. Soon after this a ship laden with tea came into the harbor of Boston. The people said, 'The tea shall be sent back to the place from which it came. We will pay no tax upon it.' One man said, 'The only way to get rid of the tea is

to throw it overboard.' So a number of men dressed themselves like Indians and rushing on board the ship they threw the tea into the sea. After this it was seen that, as neither side would give in, nothing but a war could end the quarrel. Then both sides got ready to fight. It was a sad sight to see men of the same race fighting against each other. The colonists chose a brave and good man named George Washington to be their leader. He did not want to fight against the King, but he loved freedom, and he thought that the King was treating the colonists unjustly. So he was willing to spend his money and his life in the good cause. The war lasted for about seven years. The French helped the colonists, and in the end the colonists won, and so they were free. Since that time they have had no king over them and they have become one of the greatest nations upon earth; for in the land that is now called the United States there are over 60,000,000 people, and the vast country that was at one time the home of bands of roving Indians is now peopled by English-speaking folks."

References to our common English race and expressions of pride in America as the daughter of England are constant. In the brief account of the war in "Simple Stories Relating to English History" we read: "At first the English won; but a great man took charge of the American army. His name was George Washington, and he made his soldiers as brave and clever as Cromwell did those of England in the time of King Charles. He beat the British in many fights; and the end of it was that in the year 1776 England lost America, which ever since has been called the United States. Still we must not forget that most of the people in these United States are of English flesh and blood. They speak the English tongue, and have grown to be very rich and powerful."

This account begins with the statement that "though George III was a good man, he was not a very wise one, and before he died he quite lost his reason." George III is treated almost everywhere in these English school books in a way that ought entirely to satisfy our Fourth of July orators. The following energetic statement of the occasion and out-

break of the war is from a book called "Modern England":

"The chief causes of this long and disastrous conflict are to be sought in the high notions of prerogative held by George III, his infatuated and stubborn self-will, and in the equally absurd self-conceit of his English subjects. In her colonies England then acted on what was called the colonial system. According to it they existed for the benefit of the mother country, could export their chief products only to the British Dominions, and could import nothing from Europe which had not passed through England. A great deal of smuggling went on; but there had as yet been no serious quarrel, because the Imperial Government had for the most part hitherto left the colonies to themselves. Grenville, the English prime minister, now determined not only to put down the smuggling of the American colonists, but to tax them for the benefit of the Empire—the mode proposed for raising the revenue being to require that certain documents should be on stamped paper. The colonists at once took alarm, and the colonial assemblies declared against the measure. The descendants of the old soldiers of the Parliament began to repeat the grand lesson of the long struggle of their English forefathers against the crown, and 'Taxation without representation is tyranny' became the watchword of the brave patriots who were to fight in America for the selfsame rights that the Englishmen of old had wrung from the tyrant John, the haughty Edward, and the reluctant Charles I."

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Everywhere we find the highest tributes to the character and abilities of Washington:

"To Washington was mainly due the success of the colonists, and he has ever since been hailed by his grateful fellow-citizens as 'The Father of his Country.' This noble patriot might be described as the type of an English gentleman; a man without eloquence and of great modesty; but having great administrative powers, moderation, and self-control. Further, a certain nobleness of thought and lofty elevation of character distinguished him from his fellows."

"The commander-in-chief of the Americans was the great George Washington, who possessed all the high qualities needed for carrying to a successful close the struggle upon which they had entered. As the war went on, all the efforts of our generals failed to win any real success against the skill and perseverance of Washington."

"Washington was noted for his patriotic spirit, his infinite patience and his absolute unselfishness. There can be no doubt that the high character and sterling qualities of such a leader inspired the men under his command and helped in no small degree to bring the struggle to a successful issue."

"The Americans found George Washington not only a splendid general but, what was better, a man who set an example of patience and self-denial, and who was entirely without ambition."

"The success of the American Revolution was mainly due to Washington's appointment to the chief command. Only a man of his skill, firmness, patience, and judgment could overcome the jealousies of the various States, the want of discipline of the soldiers, the lack of money and stores, all of which, on several occasions, threatened the collapse of the revolt. He was always hopeful in the greatest difficulties, and cautious in every undertaking. He was known, besides, as a man of the highest integrity, whose truth and honor were never called in question."

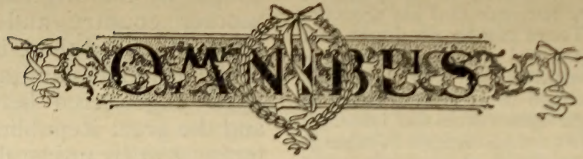
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Such is the teaching given to the boys and girls of England with reference to the American Revolution. Everywhere the King and government of England are made to shoulder the blame, and the American colonists are held up to admiration as the champions of law and liberty and the rights of mankind. "Had we then had a House of Commons elected by the people, as we have now,"—this word of one would be adopted by all,—"most likely the war with America would never have taken place." "If the counsel of some of the wisest statesmen in England had been followed, there is no doubt that a compromise would have been effected and peace maintained. But the King would not hear of making any concession. He regarded the colonists as rebels who must be forced into obedience." "England was fighting for a bad cause, and freedom and good government came from her defeat." "It has been well said"—this is the closing remark upon the matter in one of Arnold's History Readers—"that 'time has long ago healed the wound

caused by the original quarrel of the mother country and the daughter colonies; and if there have sometimes been misunderstandings and suspicions engendered between England and the great Republic, by unwise utterances or by unjust dealings of individuals or of sections on both sides, the sound sense, the cordial feeling, the spirit of kinship, and the community of speech, of interests and of sympathies entertained by the great mass of both peoples have prevented threatened collision and strife. For England and America to go to war would be a calamity to the entire race. It would put back the hand of progress and would arrest the course of civilization, commerce, philanthropy, and religion throughout the world."

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Never could a word like this come to us more impressively than at this moment, when our President and Secretary of State have just concluded the general arbitration treaty with Great Britain. This act, the crowning glory of Mr. Cleveland's administration, will appear in history as one of the greatest triumphs of diplomacy, and one of the epoch-making events in the advance of the rule of peace and reason among men. Henceforth, may we not confidently believe, war shall be no more among these two great English nations, standing in the vanguard of the world's democracy. To true fraternity and friendship there is nothing more important than a true treatment and understanding of the history of the nations in their relations to each other. It is fundamentally important that this history should be taught aright to the boys and girls, for they are to be the men and women, the sovereigns, to-morrow. May we not learn from these English school books lessons in fairness, in frankness, in temperance and breadth, in good humor, and in noble spirit?



DOLLY LOVES ME.

THERE isn't a happier creature than I
On all this broad planet beneath the blue
sky.

Are you really so blind that you need to
ask why?

Sweet Dolly loves me.

I thought I was homely, and laid on the
shelf;

I knew I could tempt no fair maiden with
pelf;

And yet she has whispered the sweet news
herself,—

That Dolly loves me.

I grudge no proud monarch his circlet of
gold;

I pity the rich, the heart-hungry and cold;

My prize were well bought with earth's
treasures untold;

For Dolly loves me.

She loves me, she loves me, she loves me!
O joy!

What grief now can vex me? What care
can annoy?

I breathe an enchantment no power can
destroy,

While Dolly loves me.

The birds sing more sweetly; the sun shines
more bright;

The day is more gladsome, more restful the
night;

There's beauty unknown in each common-
est sight,

Since Dolly loves me.

What matter the wounds or the scars of the
past?

The present is here; I am happy at last.

The fear of the future away have I cast.

My Dolly loves me.

James F. Morton, Jr.

* * *

A RARE MOOD.

THAT stolen kisses are sweetest,

For one, I flatly deny;

And I hold the man discreetest,

Who can let his chance slip by.

For the pleasure is completest

When she's willing to assist;

And Phyllis's kisses are sweetest

When Phyllis wants to be kissed!

Harry Romaine.

* * *

A NEW ENGLAND VALENTINE.

O, SWEET little maid of a Puritan line,

O, dear little maid of a Puritan town,

On the morn of that saint whom they name
Valentine,

I am asking a boon,—and I pray do not
frown;

For, coy little Puritan maid of to-day,

I ask but a quaint little Puritan "Yea."

Look around on the walls of your Puritan
home,

Where your prim lady ancestors hang in a
row,

In quaint little kerchiefs, in cap and in
comb;

Take counsel by them, dear, for well do
you know

You would not be here, little maiden, to-
day

If they had not spoken that Puritan "Yea."

Your pride is in them, and your faith and
your love;

Ah, is there not some overflowing for me?
They lived long ago, and they hang far

above,
I am nearer and younger,—Ah, cannot
it be?

Then send me an answer this Valentine's
day,

But pray it be not that cold Puritan "Nay!"
Abbie Farwell Brown.

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THE DAUGHTER OF THE YEAR.

NATURE, when she made thee, dear,

Begged the treasures of the year.

For thy cheeks, all pink and white,

Spring gave apple blossoms light;

Summer, for thy matchless eyes,

Gave the azure of her skies;

Autumn spun her gold and red

In a mass of silken thread—

Gold and red and sunlight rare

For the wonder of thy hair!

Surly Winter would impart

But his coldness, for thy heart.

Dearest, let the love I bring

Turn thy Winter into Spring.

What are Summer, Spring and Fall,

If thy Winter chills them all?

Ellis Parker Butler.





